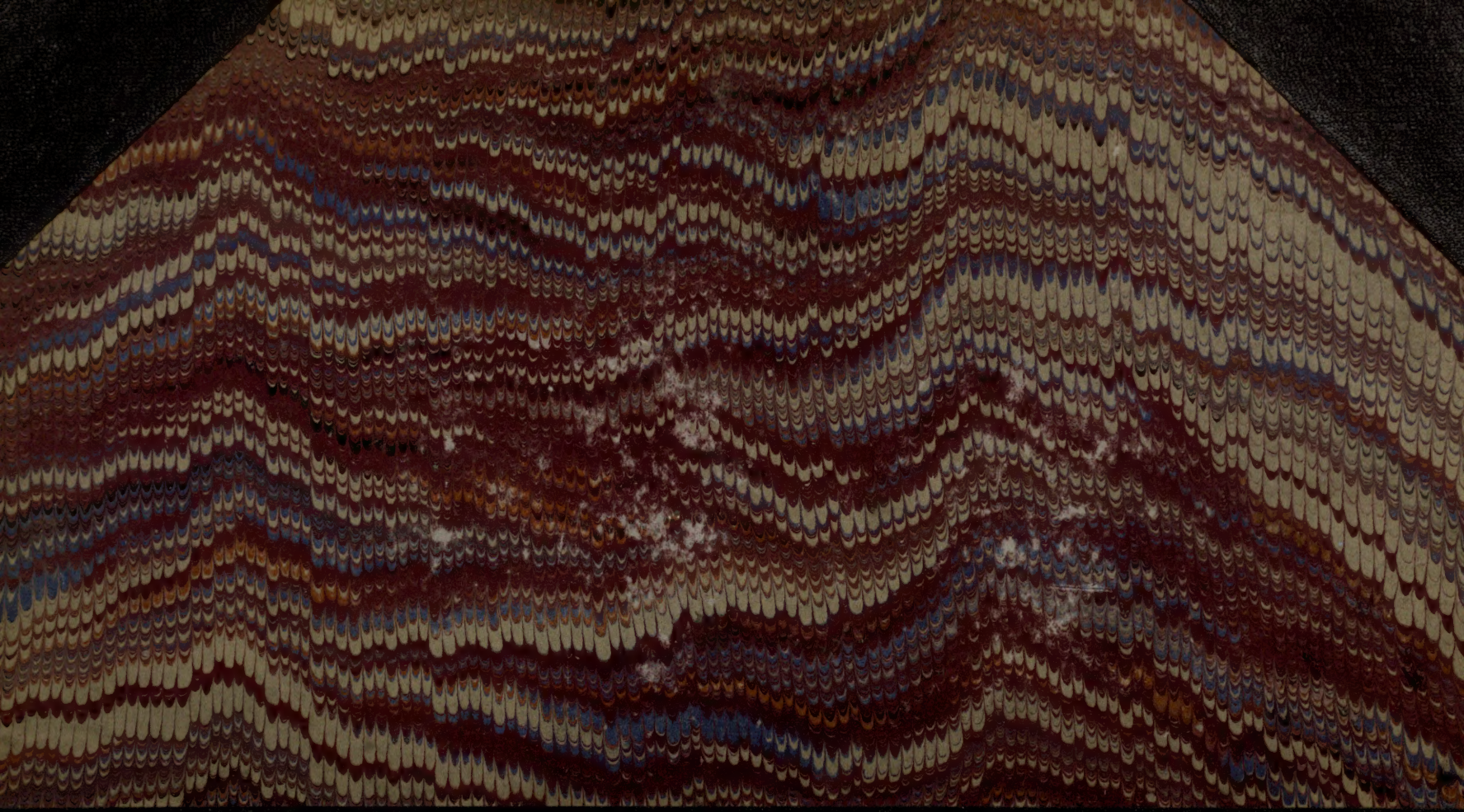
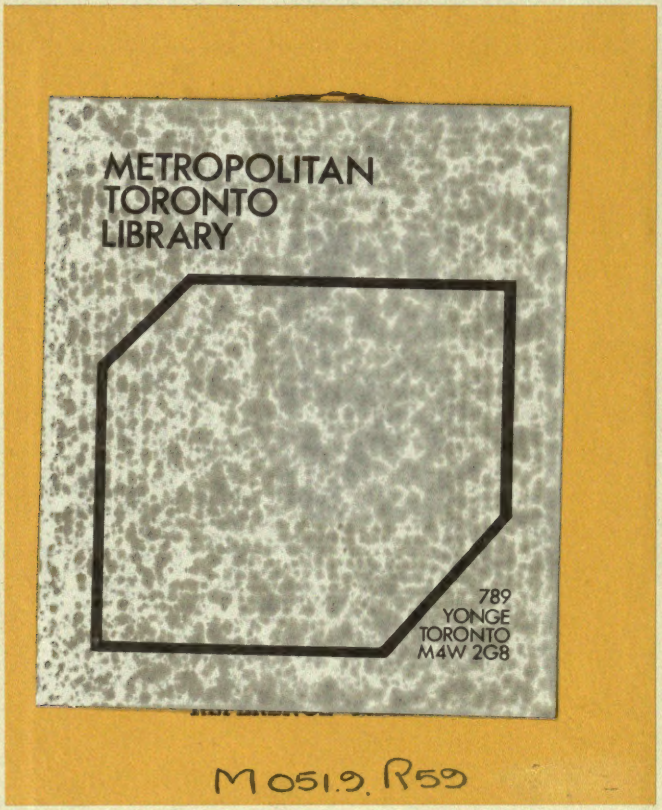
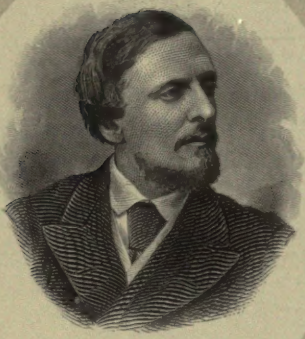


CIHM Periodicals 05010



M051.9. R59



British American Bank Note Co. Montreal

H. E. The Earl of Dufferin

(Governor General of Canada)

198

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME III.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

TORONTO:
ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.
1873.

361,116

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1873, by ADAM, STEVENSON & Co., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE.
Dec'r -8 1917

TORONTO:
HUNTER, ROSE & CO.,
Printers.

CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

PAGE.

Introductory 1

Bank of England and the Act of 1844, The, by the Hon. Sir Francis Hincks, K. C. M. G. 177

Burning of the *Caroline*, The, by G. T. D 289

Canada on the Sea, by J. G. Bourinot 89

Concerning Canadian Ship-building: its Record and Resources, by Capt. N. W. Beckwith 457

Current Events 53, 137, 225, 323, 419

Grand Trunk and other Railways of Canada, The 265

Irish Question, The, by Goldwin Smith, M.A. 116

Jeu d'Amour, by Cynic 15

Little Dorinn, a Fenian Story, by Louisa Murray 275, 379, 471

Mill, John Stuart, by Nicholas Flood Davin 512

Music and Morals 208

Notes on the Ballot, by Fennings Taylor 488

Notes on the Session of the Dominion Parliament 520

Our High Schools, by a Head Master 35

Our New Provinces:

British Columbia, by Lieut.-Col. Çoffin 361

Manitoba, by the Rev. Prof. Bryce 372

Public Service of the Dominion, The, by E. A. Meredith, LL.D 1

Reminiscences of a Young Soldier in Hospital: a Story of the Franco-Prussian War 100

Theatrical Gossip of an Old Stager 47

Trade of Canada during 1871–2, The, by James Young, M.P 221

Undine, translated from the French of M. A. Theuriet 499

Vendetta, The, translated from the French of H. de Balzac 191, 309

Wanderings in Spain 293

"What is Culpable Luxury?" a Reply to W. R. Greg by Goldwin Smith, M.A 410

Wirepuller of Kings, A 396

POETRY AND POETICAL TRANSLATIONS.

PAGE.

Captain of the *Northfleet*, The, by Gerald Massey 409
Coming Summer, from Havergal's "Ministry of Song" 292
Fatherland, The, from Lowell's Poems 99
Gold for Silver, by Alice Horton 288
Horace, Od. III., 13 and 21, by Goldwin Smith, M.A..... 46
" Lib. I. Ode 38, by E. A. M 220
Lines, by Alice Horton..... 498
Marriage Hymn of Julia and Manlius, The, from Catullus, by the Hon. Justice Bliss 469
My Sister's Sleep, from Dante Rossetti's Poems 189
New Year's Wishes, from Havergal's "Ministry of Song"..... 52
Renunciation, by Alice Horton 395
Rotten Row, from Locker's "London Lyrics" 308
Saint Valentine, by R. E. L..... 224
Songs, from Morris' "Love is Enough"..... 135
Sonnet, from Lowell's Poems 378
" by the Rev. John Carry, B.D..... 511
Spring, a Sonnet, by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A..... 418
Tale of a Temptation, The, by Alice Horton 12
Threnodia, from Lowell's Poems 274
To my Wife, by the Hon. Joseph Howe..... 32
Two Sonnets, by G 487
On Leaving Montreal, March, 1873.
"And there was no more Sea."
Wounded, from Havergal's "Ministry of Song"..... 207

SELECTIONS.

Austrian Romance, An, from Julian C. Young's Diary..... 339
Marine of Toronto, Habour, 1799–1816, from Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old"..... 345
Men of Letters and Unlettered Wives, from Jacox's "Aspects of Authorship"..... 241
Monologue on Matrimony, A, from "Salad for the Solitary and the Social" 437
Oxford, from Hughes' "Memoirs of a Brother"..... 537
Sailing on the Nile, from the French of Laurent Laporte..... 247
Toilette and its Devotees, The, from "Salad for the Solitary and the Social" 155
Work, from Smiles' "Character"..... 64

THE FINE ARTS.

The Ontario Society of Artists..... 261
The Fine Arts in Ontario..... 545

BOOK REVIEWS.

PAGE.

Burn's Sanitary Science and House Construction 170
Burton's History of Scotland 453
Darwin on the Expression of the Emotion in Man and Animals 166
Dawson's The Story of the Earth and Man 454
Eliot, George, Middlemarch, a Study of Provincial Life 549
Evans' Ancient Stone Implements 80
Figuier's The Vegetable World 260
Fisher's The Reformation 357
Forster's Life of Charles Dickens, Vol. II 171
Gibbon's For the King 81
Leifchild's The Higher Ministry of Nature 168
McNab (Rev. A. N.) Sketch of Life of 82
Nicholson's Manual of Paleontology 258
Oliphant's At his Gates 170
Palgrave's Herman Agha 82
Stanley's How I found Livingstone 75
Tyndall's Lectures on Light 359

SCIENCE AND NATURE 84, 253, 353, 446, 543

CURRENT LITERATURE 82, 173, 256, 355, 448, 547

LITERARY NOTES 86, 174, 263, 360, 455, 552

INDEX TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Beckwith, Capt. N. W., Hantsport, N. S. 457
Bliss, Hon. Mr. Justice, Halifax 469
Bourinot, J. G., Esq., Ottawa 89
Bryce, Rev. Prof. Winnipeg 372
Carry, Rev. John, B.D., Holland Landing 511
Coffin, Lieut.-Colonel, Ottawa 361
Davin, Nicholas Flood, Esq., Toronto 512
Hincks, Hon. Sir Francis, K.C.M.G., Montreal 177
Horton, Miss Alice, Ottawa 12, 288, 395, 498
Howe, Hon. Joseph, Halifax 32
Meredith, E. A., LL.D., Ottawa 1
Murray, Miss Louisa, Wolfe Island 275, 379, 471
Smith, Goldwin, M.A., Toronto 46, 116, 410
Taylor, Fennings, Esq., Ottawa 488
Withrow, Rev. W. H., M.A., Niagara 418
Young, James, M.P,, Galt 221

ANONYMOUS.

	Page.
Cynic	15
E. A. M.	220
G	487
G. T. D.	289
Head Master	35
R. E. L.	224

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 3.] JANUARY, 1873. [NO. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT would be ungracious to send forth our first number for 1873 without expressing our gratitude to those who have supported our enterprise through its first year of trial. By their aid we hope we have been enabled in some measure to surmount the belief, which seemed to be fixed in Canadian minds, that, in a literary way, nothing good could come out of Canada.

The management and general principles of the Magazine remain unchanged. We shall still endeavour to combine literary amusement with the practical treatment of Canadian questions. We shall still, also, be entirely neutral between political parties, though we can never, in deference to party, abstain from giving utterance to what we believe to be the truth.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE DOMINION—CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO THE PRESENT SCALE OF PRICES AND WAGES.

BY E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D.
Under Secretary of State for the Provinces.

THE utter inadequacy of the salaries paid to the Ministers of the Crown, the Judges of our Courts, and generally to the public servants of the Dominion, has of late been frequently animadverted upon by the public press, and was, during the last Session of Parliament, frankly admitted on more than one occasion by members of the Government, both in the Senate and the House of Commons. The fact itself has indeed for very many years past been painfully recognized by the persons most interested in the question—the entire body of the servants of the Government.

The present scale of official salaries in the Dominion does not differ materially from that which obtained 25 or 30 years ago in the old Province of Canada. In the interval,

however, and especially since Confederation, the responsibility and labour incident to the majority of public offices have materially increased, while the value of the money in which the official salary is paid,—that is to say, its purchasing power, or command over commodities and services,—has decreased probably 40 or 50 per cent, and is still decreasing.

During the same period, too, the condition and surroundings of most of the senior officials have in other ways been very materially altered. Let us take a single case by way of illustration.

Upwards of twenty-five years ago, a gentleman and member of the Bar gave up his profession and accepted one of the highest non-political offices in the service of the old Province of Canada, at a salary of £500 per annum. That gentleman now receives a salary (deducting superannuation charges) of £624. In view, however, of the depreciation in the interval of the value of money, his salary now should be £900 or £1,000, in order that his position, pecuniarily, should be as good as it was on the day when he entered the service. In effect, therefore, though his nominal salary is somewhat higher than it was 25 years ago, his real salary (measured by its purchasing capacity) is more than 30 per cent. less. But while this practical decrease of income was steadily going on, the demands upon his purse —for he married and had children—were as surely and steadily increasing. He may be pardoned if he does not consider the result as a very splendid reward for a quarter of a century of conscientious labour in the Public Service. Cases such as this, and the one we have cited is not by any means a solitary one, do not hold out any great encouragement to men of intelligence and education to enter our Public Service.

The extreme hardship of the present position of the officers in our Service, more particularly as regards the men of 20 or 30 years' standing, may perhaps be made clearer by a hypothetical case. Let us suppose a Government organizing its Service for the first time. The scale of official salaries being formally established, the ranks of the Service are filled up. Before, however, the first pay day comes, the Government has caused an alloy of 50 per cent. to be mixed with the coin with which the public officials are paid. Instead, therefore, of receiving the salaries they had counted upon, they receive salaries in effect 50 per cent. lower. Now, assuming that in Canada the purchasing power of £100 has fallen 50 per cent. during the last 25 years, the hardship suffered by the Canadian official of that number of years service is precisely the same as in the case we have supposed. The only real difference in the two cases is that in one the currency is depreciated by the direct action of the Government, and in the other, mainly at least, by external circumstances over which the Government has no control.

What, we would ask, is the meaning of a fixed scale of salaries for the Public Service, if it does not imply that the Government will, under ordinary circumstances, secure to the recipient of such salary a certain definite share of the decencies and comforts of life. If it does not mean this, and means merely that the recipient shall be entitled to receive a certain amount of current money, (which may become as worthless as the French assignats) then surely a fixed salary is merely a mockery, a delusion and a snare !

The continuous, and extraordinary, though irregular, advance in wages and prices during the last quarter of a century, and especially within the last six months, are facts painfully familiar to all house-keepers at least. To attempt to establish this fact by elaborate statistics would be worse than a waste of time. The object of the writer of the present article will be rather to call attention to the efficient causes of this uncomfortable economic phenomenon, and to point out how this depreciation of the value of money, necessarily pressing

with peculiar severity upon that class of the community to which the Civil Service belongs—the class of persons living upon fixed incomes—demands a raising of the general scale of salaries.

During the recent session it was officially announced that the subject of the re-adjustment of the salaries of all public officers must engage the early consideration of Parliament at the next session; and it is in the hope that we may, in the meantime, be able to contribute somewhat to the forming of sound views on this large and important public question (for it is by no means a class question, affecting the service only), that the writer has been induced, after much hesitation, to prepare this paper.

Economists generally are agreed that the elevation of prices in the Old and New World during the last 15 or 20 years, is mainly due to the extraordinary influx of gold into the markets of the world from the apparently inexhaustible mines of California and Australia. June, 1848, the date of the first discovery of gold in California, may be considered as the commencement of the new era of high prices. So far back as the year 1856, the writer of this article read a paper* before the Canadian Institute of Toronto, calling attention to the marked effect which, even at that early day, the greatly increased production of gold had had in raising the general level of prices both on this continent and in Europe To quote from that paper: "California and Australia, when they became "the centres of cheap gold for the world, "became of necessity, at the same time, the "centres of high prices. From those centres "the tide of gold has flowed over the civil-"ized world in all directions, and wherever "it has flowed, it has necessarily raised in a "greater or less degree the level of prices." That this astonishing influx of cheap gold (for it must be remembered that the gold of California and Australia was, and is, produced at a much smaller cost than the gold with which the world had previously been supplied) must necessarily bring about a rapid decrease of its value, or in other words a general rise in the level of prices, was from the first sufficiently obvious to all scientific economists, to all indeed who were willing to admit the elementary truth that the value of gold, like the value of all other commodities, is governed by the common law of "demand and supply."

So far back as 1852, indeed, Mr. Sterling, in his admirable work on the gold discoveries, writing with reference to the phenomena which had even then exhibited themselves in Australia, says: "The phenomena, as far as they have yet shown themselves, have occurred exactly in the order that might have been expected. First of all, we have a rise in the money prices of colonial labour, next in the prices of provisions and the other direct products of that labour; and lastly, and after a greater interval, we may expect to witness an elevation of the money value of commodities imported into the colony, with a corresponding rise of prices in England and the other countries whence those imported commodities are derived."

When we consider that for the decade of years preceding the gold discoveries in California and Australia, the average annual production of gold was probably under £11,000,000, and that ever since 1851 (when the Australian stream of gold came to swell that already flowing from California), the average annual production of gold has been between 40 and 50 millions, or more than four times the average of previous years; and that the amount of gold produced in the 20 years between 1850 and 1870 is double the entire quantity existing in the world before the more recent gold discoveries, our surprise will be, not that gold has fallen so much in value and prices risen so much, but that the fall in gold and the rise in the level of prices (for they

* See "The Canadian Journal," July, 1856.

are only different expressions of the same fact,) have not been much more sudden and more marked. We have said that the fall which has taken place in the value of gold was a necessary consequence of the increased production of cheap gold, and was anticipated by all persons acquainted with the first principles of political economy. It is indeed a much more difficult problem to gauge the ultimate extent of this fall, or to predict when prices will again have reached what we may term a "level of repose." The illustrious French economist, Chevalier, (whose exhaustive work on "The probable fall of the value of Gold," written in 1857, was translated by our countryman, Richard Cobden) discusses this branch of the question, and gives what appear to be good reasons for believing that the ultimate fall in the value of gold will be about 75 per cent.: "In other words that, to procure the same amount of subsistence as at present, it will then be requisite, all other things being equal, to give a quantity of gold greater than that necessary before 1848, in the proportion of four to one." "According to this," he adds, "we are still very far from the end of the crisis." We should not probably be far from the truth in estimating the fall which has already taken place in the value of gold at about fifty per cent. below its value at the beginning of 1848; that is to say, that £1,000 to-day would only purchase about the same amount of commodities and services as £500 would have purchased at that time. Be this as it may, it is at least clear that even now "we are very far indeed from the end of the crisis." The last few months have witnessed an extraordinary and sudden rise in the prices of coal and iron—two of the most important staples of commerce. When it is borne in mind that these articles, either one or both, enter into the cost of production of almost all manufactures, the inference is obvious that so far as the recent increase in their price is a permanent one (and there seems good reason to believe that, to some extent, it will be so), to that extent must we look forward to a still further rise in the prices of almost all manufactured articles. Indeed, already we hear day by day the unwelcome news that the price of this or that article in daily use has been raised 20 or 30 per cent., in consequence of the recent rise in iron or coal.

We have said that we have not yet reached the end of this great economic crisis, and that it is probable some years will yet elapse before gold, having achieved its entire fall, shall again have acquired a settled value, and prices have reached permanently that higher "level of repose" which they are now seeking.

The entire period between the beginning and the ending of this economic revolution, be it long or short, must of necessity be a period "marked," as Chevalier says, "by innumerable shocks and sufferings," a period of unusual disturbance of wages and prices, a period of general social unrest, and of great and injurious fluctuations in the value of property. Transition states are proverbially uncomfortable, and this one is not an exception to the general rule. But, as we have already stated, persons living on fixed incomes are those who are doomed to feel, in all their unmitigated severity, the evils of this protracted crisis.

The incomes of professional men and the wages of the workingman rise naturally, though it may be irregularly, with the general rise of prices.

Indeed it could easily be shewn that the very circumstances which have caused the depreciation in the value of money, have given a great impetus to business and agriculture, and in this way helped to build up the incomes of professional and business men. But besides this, men in other professions or walks of life can more or less adapt themselves to the varying state of circumstances. The doctor, the lawyer or the merchant, increases his fees or adds a percentage to the prices he puts on his

goods, and thus compensates himself for the diminished value of the money he receives in payment. Again, the mechanic or agricultural labourer, nay, even the servant girl, may rectify his or her position, by the rough and ready, but effectual agency of a "strike," but none of these courses is open to the official. The Service to which he belongs lacks this happy self-adjusting faculty. It cannot suit itself to the altered nature of its surroundings. Like the cripple by the pool of Siloam, the official is unable to reach the healing waters unless some friendly hand come to help him in. He, alas! has no other resource but to appeal to the Government, whose servant he is, and urge them to submit his claim to the Legislature and to the country. But the position of the Government in the matter is no doubt delicate and embarrassing. The Members of the Government are themselves Civil servants, directly and personally interested in the question at issue. The salaries which they now receive are confessedly miserably inadequate, whether we consider the dignity and responsibility of the high offices they hold, the onerous and harassing nature of their duties, or the personal sacrifices which they are in most cases compelled to make in accepting office. Whenever, therefore, the subject of the re-adjustment of the general scale of salaries of the Public Service comes before the High Court of Parliament, the Government of the day will find themselves in the embarrassing position of being, at one and the same time, parties to, and judges in, the cause. We can well imagine that a feeling of delicacy, arising out of their personal interest in the question, may have caused the Government to delay so long bringing the general subject under the consideration of the Legislature.

We have said that the evils of this transition state must press with especial severity on the members of the Civil Service. On this head we would quote the language of Chevalier, when treating of the sufferings incident to this transition period. He says: "It will be still worse for those whose incomes consist of a sum fixed in advance; they will live in a perpetual state of trouble, anxiety, and uneasiness. They will sink by whole sections from their present state to another in which they will enjoy only the half of their previous comforts; reasoning as I always do, upon the assumption that gold falls to the half of its present value. They will be flung headlong, without rule or measure, down to a lower station, and without ever having the chance of preparation; for it is the very essence of changes of this kind, subjected as they are to many opposing influences, to pursue an irregular and disorderly course." And again,—"We might add to this list, in a great measure, the multitude of Public Servants, Civil and Military. Not that they would be precluded from the hope, under such circumstances, of an augmentation of salary; we may suppose that a time would come when, by successive additions to their pay, they would receive in the number of *francs* double their present salary; but it is in the nature of things that additions of this kind arrive by very slow process. Inadequate salaries deter numbers of men who know their own value from entering the Public Service, and drive them into private employment. The best of natures may, under such circumstances, become embittered. No one can be more inclined than myself to bear testimony to the disinterestedness of French functionaries. They are, at least in this respect, upon a par with those of any other nation. But there is no reason why they should be subjected to the temptation which flows from straitened circumstances, and which has perverted the administrative morals of a certain great State which I could mention."

Chevalier's remarks were specially intended to apply to the Public Service of France, but they are in truth equally applicable to the Public Service of Canada.

We would bespeak special attention to his just observations, in the extract above quoted, as to the effect of inadequate salaries in deterring good men from entering the Service, or driving them, if they have entered it, into private employment.

Those who best know our Service are well aware that, within the last few years, it has lost some of its most promising members, who have left it avowedly because of the inadequacy of their salaries. And the public generally will probably in this way account for certain recent resignations (which all parties must regret) in the very highest ranks of the Service. But in spite of these facts there are still some (we trust their number is daily decreasing) who from motives of mistaken economy would screw down the servants of the Government to the smallest possible pittance, wholly ignoring the fact that an underpaid Service must of necessity become in time ill-served and over-weighted; and thus, as in other ways, prove in the long run the most costly to the country.

As a matter of fact the Government of the United States, and we believe all the Governments of Europe, have, within the last twenty years, again and again been obliged to interfere to rescue their servants from the ruinous effects of the enhanced prices of labour and the necessaries of life. In some countries, two, three, or even more additions have been made at various times to the scale of salaries existing twenty-five years ago. Within the first five years following the gold discoveries Congress raised the salaries of all its officers at rates varying from 25 to 40 per cent., and since that time we believe further additions have been made.

We learn also from the public papers that the Governments of Belgium and Germany have recently raised the salaries of their employés from 10 to 18 per cent.; what additions those Governments had previously made to the rates of pay before 1848, we do not know.

In England, too, we believe several additions have been made during the last twenty years to the rate of official salaries, although we are not able to give the precise figures.

The English papers received since this was written, announce the fact that the scale of salaries in the Colonial Office has quite recently been largely increased. Formerly the entering salary of a junior clerk was £100, henceforward it will be £250, and will rise to £600 by £29 per annum, while the salaries of first class clerks range from £1,000, to £1,200.

Banks and other Public Institutions on this Continent and in Europe have also during the same interval made liberal additions to the salaries of their clerks.

In the preceding remarks we have spoken of the public servants as being in the same general category as annuitants and other persons living on fixed incomes. In one particular, however, the former are in a still more helpless position than many of the latter. The annuitant or other outsider who finds the sources of his income gradually drying up, may possibly find some means of eking out his shrinking income. He may engage in some business or calling, and thus supply, or more than supply, the deficiency. But the public official, both by the nature of his duties, and by the rules of the Service, is precluded from doing anything which can add one farthing to his salary. There is indeed one large class of persons whose position is, if possible, worse than that of those in the Public Service. We mean the ministers of our various religious bodies. These men, men generally of high education and refinement, are also living upon fixed incomes, with the peculiarity that it is only the *maximum* limit which is fixed, and that there generally is no *minimum*—they too, like the officers of the State, are debarred from engaging in

any secular work by means of which they might supplement their scanty salaries. We can only say that they have our most heartfelt sympathy. "We give to misery—'tis all we have—a tear."

Thus far we have argued on the assumption that the Public Service of the Dominion is inadequately paid. The fact is, we believe, sufficiently notorious; but it may be well, *pro formâ*, to establish the truth of this assumption,

This we propose to do by taking as examples the salaries paid to some of the higher and some of the lower ranks in the Public Service, and comparing the persons receiving such salaries with the classes of persons outside the Service receiving similar remuneration. We shall take, as illustrative salaries in the higher ranks, those paid to the Ministers of State and the Judges, and in the lower grades the salaries paid to some of the junior clerks in the executive departments of the Government.

The salary now enjoyed (?) by a Minister of the Crown is $5,000 per annum—a rate of salary much lower than that paid to many of our managers of banks, and the exact sum (we believe) paid to the chief accountant of one of our large business firms. When it is remembered that for our Ministers we expect to command the services of the ablest men of the Dominion; that their departmental and parliamentary duties are most onerous and important; that the social obligations arising out of their position, though not always appreciated, are neither few nor small; that the holding of such office involves always many personal sacrifices, often separation from their families, and last, perhaps not least, a residence at probably the most expensive and least attractive city in the Dominion;* and when to this we add that the tenure of office is precarious, and rarely extends beyond five or six years, it will surely be admitted that the holders of offices so dignified and exalted, and involving such sacrifices and such toil, should receive something more than the remuneration of a bank manager, however respectable, or of an accountant, however competent.

So much for the salaries of our Ministers of the Crown. Take now our Judges.

The salary now paid to a Puisné Judge of our Superior Courts, in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, is £1000 per annum—the exact sum paid to the same high functionaries 50 or 60 years ago, under the old régime. This salary is not a third or a fourth of the income made by many professional men at the bar of either of those Provinces, and is, we are informed the exact amount paid to the manager of an ordinary forwarding company, to the cutter in a tailor's establishment, or the foreman in

* We readily admit that Ottawa boasts many natural beauties, but still we believe that few, besides the natives of the place, will contend that compared with other cities in Canada, it possesses any permanent attractions as a *residence*.

There is, indeed, one privilege resulting from a residence at Ottawa, which we doubt not the Ministers of the Crown, in common with the humbler members of the Civil Service, will appreciate as it deserves. We mean the privilege, so generously accorded them, of contributing quite out of proportion to any other class of the commnnity, to the support of the flourishing capital of the Dominion. We find from the printed assessment rolls of the city for the current year, that the 290 members of the Civil Service resident at Ottawa have the honour of paying nearly, if not quite, one-third of the entire assessment of the city, on personal property and income. Indeed we know nothing which we could recommend as a balm to the hurt mind of the discontented and desponding official at all comparable to this assessment roll, provided only it be read with faith. He will discover from the figures there set down that, after all, his income (which he thought so small) is really as large as that of many of the wealthy merchants or most successful legal practitioners in Ottawa.

But if he be a philanthropic man, there will be a painful drawback to the comfort which the record would otherwise afford; he will be surprised and grieved to learn that many whom he regarded as well-to-do, if not wealthy men, have in truth *no income whatever!*

a hatter's, in one of our smaller Canadian cities.

How it is that any man of really high standing at the bar is found willing to accept so laborious, responsible, and ill-requited an office, we know not, and we confess our surprise that we have not had to witness, what all would regard as a painful and unseemly spectacle, a Judge leaving the Bench and returning to the practice of his profession, because he could not afford to pay so dearly for the dignity of his position. *

We shall now turn to the salary which we have selected as illustrative in the lower grades of the Service, viz.: that of a junior second class clerk. The junior second class clerk commences with $700, and his salary is increased by $50 each year until it reaches the maximum of $1000, and under ordinary circumstances, a young man must pass at least eleven years before he rises out of this rank. This maximum even now is below the wages earned by a carpenter or mason, and the minimum is about half the salary paid this year to the foreman of the lumberers' shanties, and yet for this miserable pittance we would fain secure the services of young men of education and good character. "Why expect to attract," we quote Sir J. Stephens' words, speaking of the Civil Service of England, "by such inducements as these, any man of ability to whom any other path of life is open?"

The inadequacy of the salaries paid to the members of the Public Service of Canada may be shown in another way, viz.: by comparing official salaries in the Dominion with those allowed to similar officers in the other Colonies of the Empire.

A glance at a table, which has been prepared by Mr. Courtney, will show how low the general scale of salaries in Canada is, compared with that in either Victoria or New South Wales, and yet in revenue, expenditure, imports and exports, Canada stands much higher than either of these Colonies, while its population is more than three times the aggregate of that of both. The salary of the Governor-General of Canada is indeed the same as that of Victoria, which stands in that respect the highest in the Australasian group, but the salaries of the Ministers of State, Judges and other officers in Victoria and New South Wales, are double, and in some cases treble, the amounts received by similar officers in Canada. In addition to the liberal salaries paid to Ministers of the Crown in the Australian Colonies, they are in some, if not all of the Colonies, provided with official residences — a very substantial addition to their incomes. Even in Tasmania, with a population under 100,000, with only 20 miles of railway, and a revenue not equal to the Customs duties collected at the port of Toronto, and only about a quarter of those collected at Montreal, the scale of public salaries is generally higher than in Canada.

It may not be out of place to observe that the cost of living in Canada is believed to be quite as high, if not higher than in the Australian Colonies. House rent and servants' wages are, we believe, much the same in both; while butchers' meat, and many of the necessaries of life, are much cheaper in Australia than with us.

"It may be said, and with truth," observes an able writer in the London *Quarterly Review* for July last, "that money is not the sole measure of remuneration, nor the sole inducement to enter or remain in a profession. Honour, opportunities of distinction, social rank, congenial work, political power, professions which offer these may satisfy their members, and attract the highest class of aspirants, however low the rate of pecuniary remuneration. But then the Civil Service does not offer any of these things. The work of its members is done in silence and obscurity; — in hardly any case do they get the credit of it, save with their immediate colleagues, and with those chiefs

* This was written before the recent resignation of Mr. Vice-Chancellor Mowat.

who take the credit before the public. Opportunities of distinction are probably rarer in the service of the State than in any other walk of life."

If this be true of the Civil Service of the mother country, what shall be said of the Civil Service of Canada?

In Canada assuredly, the most successful official of 20 or 30 years standing—the envied possessor, it may be, of one of the few prizes which the Service has to offer—even he can hardly find much reason for self-gratulation, when he compares his position with that of others who started in life with him. He cannot fail to see, on every side, many of his contemporaries at school and college, nay, many of his juniors, who have already earned for themselves in their profession or in business a proud name and honourable rank, and have secured for their families a comfortable independence, while he is obscure and utterly unknown, and his family, hardly, if at all, raised above actual want;—and all the while he may feel keenly conscious that had he followed any other career, had he devoted to business, or to any of the open professions, the same energy and zeal which he has expended on the Public Service, he, too, might ere this have secured a name and position for himself and a comfortable maintenance for his family—that had he so done he would not be, as he now is, ever haunted by the feeling that at his death his wife and children must be left inadequately provided for, if not entirely destitute.

But if such be the feelings of the few so-called fortunate men in the Service when they look back on their past career, what must be the feelings of the crowds of the unfortunate men in the lower ranks of the Service? Many of these, gentlemen by birth and education, find themselves, at the end of 20 or 30 years of faithful service, the recipients of salaries below the wages earned by a stone mason or a carpenter. How, upon such slender pittance, they can eke out existence, how they can put bread into their children's mouths, or clothes upon their backs, how educate them, and pay the doctor's bills, is one of those profound and mysterious social problems, into which it is perhaps charitable not too curiously to enquire. Without, however, attempting to pry too closely into such delicate matters, we believe we can safely assert that, if it were possible to arrive at an accurate knowledge of the internal economy and condition of the families of the Civil Service, it would be found that while, as a rule, they practise a rigid economy in their households, and have recourse to every legitimate expedient to keep down expenditure, while they systematically deny themselves almost all the decencies and comforts to which their social position would seem fairly to entitle them, while they even reluctantly withhold from their children many of the educational advantages which they ought to enjoy; still, in spite of all their efforts to minimize their expenditure, a large proportion of them have already become hopelessly embarrassed, and a still larger proportion feel themselves to be drifting swiftly and surely to inevitable insolvency.

True it is, no doubt, that there are here and there, in the Service, a few individuals, who, being unmarried, without children, or possessed of private means, are enabled to live in some degree of decency and comfort, and to exercise even to some extent the pleasant offices of hospitality. But these are the rare exceptions, the *nova exempla* of the Service, and cannot for a moment be considered as fair illustrations of its general state. As regards the great body of the Service we do not hesitate to assert, and we do so deliberately and with an earnest wish not to over-state or exaggerate the case, that no official of any rank, be he Minister of State, Judge of the land, or humble copying clerk, if he has a family of five or six children, and lives in one of our large cities, can, on his ordinary official income, main

tain his social position, educate and support his family, and afford them the other advantages which are generally considered reasonable and proper for those who serve the State.

We have referred to the petty shifts and expedients to which the underpaid official is compelled to have recourse in his desperate but unsuccessful efforts to make both ends meet. We cannot bring ourselves to dwell on the degrading fret and worry every day brings with it respecting each paltry item of necessary expenditure. Often and bitterly must the unhappy official realize the truth of the words of the Roman satirist :— *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

But we can well believe that, so far as the official himself is concerned, the feeling of the ridiculous is lost in one of deep mortification, or replaced by a sense of injustice.

A country like Canada, which boasts, with reason, of its almost unexampled material prosperity, which can afford to expend upwards of one hundred million of dollars on one solitary public work, is certainly under no necessity to deal in this niggard spirit with her Public Service. Such a policy is not only illiberal, but, in the public interest, it is unwise. The servants of the State are no doubt the first and greatest sufferers, but in the long run the Government and the country must also suffer. It is not in human nature that underpaid, impoverished and therefore discontented employés, will long continue to discharge their public duties, as efficiently, zealously and honestly as if they received at the hands of the State, a fair and honourable remuneration for their services. The Public Service of Canada has hitherto been distinguished by the general integrity and high character of its members, but it is not right to try men too much. It is a significant fact that in no countries probably, is the remuneration of the employés of the Government on so low a scale as in Russia and the United States, and no country probably suffers to anything like the extent those two countries do from the wholesale corruption and dishonesty of their servants. Mortifying and humiliating as the present state of the Public Service of Canada is to all those who are engaged in it, it is their consolation to know that it has not been brought about in any degree through any fault or laches of theirs, but entirely by circumstances beyond their control. It is a still further consolation to feel that though their services may be under-paid they are not for that reason, under-valued. Within the last few months the character of the Public Service of Canada has, on more than one public occasion, been eulogised in high terms by the head of the Government. Again, some of the ablest and keenest men of the Opposition, men who have had the largest insight into the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government, have recently taken occasion to speak in terms of commendation of the Public Service of Canada—upon whose members it is felt that all political parties in turn can rely to carry on the work entrusted to them with scrupulous honesty and impartial fidelity. But however soothing such praise may be to the *amour propre* of the Service, it can hardly satisfy their present urgent wants, unless, indeed, they are prepared to accept as the motto of the Service, *Laudatur et alget.*

The future of the Public Service of the Dominion is in the hands of the Government and of Parliament, and from the tone of the remarks made during the recent Session both in the Senate and the House of Commons, by members of the Government and members generally of both political parties, when questions connected with official salaries were under discussion, we allow ourselves to believe that during the coming session the question of the rectification or revision of the present scale of Government salaries will be dealt with in a just and liberal spirit.

Deeply interested as the Civil Service is in the decision then to be arrived at, the gentlemen composing that Service would scorn to present themselves at the door of the Legislature in the character of beggars craving alms, or as petitioners with "bated breath and whispering humbleness" supplicating a favour. The Service asks no alms, it solicits no favour,—it merely desires justice. Its members claim the right, the common right of all working men, to be paid for good and honest work a fair and reasonable remuneration. They demand no extravagant salaries, but they do claim that their salaries should be sufficient to enable them decently to maintain and educate their families. They do not ask, in truth, for any increase in their salaries, but they do ask that their salaries should at least be restored to what they were in the old Province of Canada before the commencement of the era of depreciated gold. As regards the older men in the Service, those who entered it previous to the commencement of the depreciation, this is asked for as a simple act of *justice*. As regards those who have more recently joined its ranks, or who may hereafter do so, it is asked on grounds of public policy, and with a view to the true interests not only of the Service, but of the country generally.

It is for the Government and the Parliament to determine how these not unreasonable claims are to be met. It is for them to decide whether in the future the Public Service of Canada shall become a by-word and reproach, a synonym with genteel beggary, or be regarded as it ought to be—as an honourable career into which a young man of intelligence and ambition need not be ashamed to enter—a Service worthy of a wealthy and enlightened country.

In accounting for the extraordinary rise of prices and wages in Canada during the last quarter of a century, we have purposely confined our attention exclusively to the effects produced by the fall in the value of gold. This we consider as by far the most important factor in producing the phenomenon in question. Its influence in the case of some commodities, or classes of commodities, may, no doubt, be intensified by other causes; such as the general and increasing prosperity of the country—the large influx of foreign capital into Canada for the building of our great lines of railways—or again, increased taxation. Each of these causes, and there may be others, has probably done something to raise the rate of wages and prices. But we hold their effects to be insignificant as compared with the effect of the fall in the value of gold. Besides, there is a most important difference in the character of the effects produced on prices and wages by the fall of gold and those produced by any other agency whatever, inasmuch as the former is permanent, and affects all classes of commodities and services, and the latter are necessarily accidental, temporary, and for the most part affect only certain classes of commodities and services. A rise of prices occasioned by any of the former agencies might be adequately met, so far as the pressure on the Public Service is concerned, by a bonus, gratuity, or other temporary measure; but a rise of prices caused by a permanent fall in gold can only be adequately met by a permanent increase of salaries. There is another reason, too, why it appears to us desirable to fix public attention on the increased production of gold as the great efficient cause underlying the phenomenon of high wages and prices — it is because we are persuaded that it is demonstrable that the very same agency which is thus impoverishing the Public Service is enriching the Public Treasury.

The increased production of gold cannot fail to give an impetus to trade and commerce, and to augment the general expenditure of the country; but every development of the trade and commerce of the country, and every increase of the general

expenditure, must swell the revenues of the State. This is notably the case in the important matter of customs duties; as not only will the additional expenditure augment the quantity of imports, but the rise in the prices of the goods themselves must increase the customs duties on a given quantity of goods, notably so where the duties are *ad valorem*.

While, therefore, the increased production of gold diminishes on the one hand the value of each official's salary, and gives him to that extent a claim on the country, it augments on the other hand the receipts of the Treasury, and thus enables the Government to satisfy the claim which it has created.

THE TALE OF A TEMPTATION.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

HIS love was mine no more, mother,
I read it in his eyes;
I did not heed his tender words;
I knew that they were lies.
I could not be deceived, mother,
For love had made me wise.

II.

You wondered why I was so pale,
I would not tell a lie;
And yet how could I speak a truth
That almost made me die?
So I lay on your heart and cried, mother,
An exceeding bitter cry.

III.

A maiden's heart is lightly won,—
He won mine in a day;
How could I dream he wanted it
To break and throw away!
He had a noble face, mother,
And yet he could betray!

IV.

My world had never looked so fair,
He was the world to me;
I feared no future day—with him
What fear of woe could be—
I fled to him as to my rest,
And loved him utterly.

V.

I saw the rosy dawn, mother,
Cloud over gradually,
I saw the shadows deepen,
And the last sunbeam fly,
And then I cried:—"It is enough,
Would God that I could die!"

VI.

At last he came, to blame himself
For having long delayed;
I must not think he loved me less,—
"No, surely no," he said;
He kissed me with a Judas kiss.
I felt myself betrayed.

VII.

I would be strong, I would live on,
And in the end forget;
But sometimes in the night I woke
And found my pillow wet,
And knew that all the years to come
Must be a long regret.

VIII.

Soon tidings came that changed my love
To gall and wounded pride;
He who had knelt and sworn to love
Me only—none beside—
Had pledged his perjured word again,
And won a richer bride.

IX.

I hated him, I hated her,
I hugged my misery.
I writhed 'gainst God, 'gainst Earth, and Heaven,
I cursed my sunless sky;—
She to be building up her bliss
Upon my agony.

X.

And then one day, from weariness,
I slept till after dawn,
And started at a clang of bells,—
It was his bridal morn!
The whole world seemed to keep a feast—
And I was so forlorn.

XI.

I watched the clock—I told each beat,
And, as the hours went by,
I knew I must have cherished hope,
For some hope seemed to die.
I cried: "They shall not build their bliss
Upon my misery!"

XII.

I would go gliding up the church
Right to the altar-stair,
And steal, a spectre, to the feast,
And break upon the prayer,
And throw him back his ring, in sight
Of all the people there.

XIII.

Small pity had he had for me
That I should spare his bride!
Nay, I would laugh to see the girl
Turn pallid at his side;—
No mercy had been shown to me,
I would show none, I cried.

XIV.

Then quick as thought, my heathen thought,
I tore into the street,
And plucked my shawl about my face,
And never turned to greet;
But passed, like Vengeance, through the crowd,
With wings upon my feet.

XV.

The solemn, solemn church, it soothed
And healed me unaware;
The holy light came streaming in
Like balm, on my despair;
—How could I harbour evil thoughts
When Jesus Christ was there!

XVI.

And then I heard the organ peal,
No gorgeous burst of sound,
But a low, pleading, human voice,
Soul-thrilling, passion-bound;
That seemed to say: "My child was dead,—
Behold the lost is found!"

XVII.

I looked upon her face, poor bride,
So young, so true, and fair,
And blushing, half with love, and half
To see the people stare;
I quelled my soul, I hid my face,
And clasped my hands in prayer.

*d*VIII.

I heard their vows, I heard *his* voice,
I heard the priest who prayed;
I suffered still, yet, Christ be praised;
The thunder-storm was laid;
God had said "Peace be still!" and lo,
The stormy heart obeyed.

XIX.

Through tears I looked upon my love
In sadness—not in hate;
It was not he that wrought my woe,
Not he—but only fate!
Sorrowing, not sinful, bruised, not lost,
I left the church's gate.

JEU D'AMOUR.

BY CYNIC.

How may all this be soe?
The fire it cannot frese,
For it is not his kinde;
Nor true love cannot lese
The constancy of minde;
Yet as sone shall the fire
Want heat to blase and burne,
As I, in such desire,
Have once a thought to turne."

—*Surrey.*

I.

"COUNT Paul Rutkay, Hungary."

Such was the entry that figured in the visitors' book at the *Stadt Praag* in Dresden, the old quarters of this nobleman, who there found a letter from his friend Francis Stanley, recommending to his care and attentions his cousin Henry Woodville, then on his way through the capitals and sights of Europe.

Henry Woodville was a simple, good-natured young fellow, who, after taking his degree at Cambridge, had been sent forth on his travels under the charge of his former tutor, an excellent man, but little versed in the ways of life. How dreadful, therefore, to the worthy preceptor was the life which his pupil made him lead in Paris,—opera, ball, concert, rout, or other dissipation every night, and to fill the day, calls, lounges, drives, and riding in the *Bois*. A fortnight sufficed to completely knock up the *dominie*, and Henry, who was almost as fond of him as of his own father, willingly agreed

to give up Paris for the present and to continue their journey.

They went by way of Strasbourg and Kehl to Carlsruhe and Heidelberg, where Dr. Harris spent whole days endeavouring to rival some leaders of young Germany in the art of drinking much beer and smoking much tobacco, and was at last told by Woodville that he was behaving just as ill as he had accused him of doing in Paris. Whereupon the poor old fellow called for the bill with tears of repentance in his eyes.

Thence to Frankfurt-am-Main—the way to it being taken up by a long lecture against the sin and folly of gambling, to which Henry listened with becoming gravity and inattention, promising himself to have "at least one shy" at *rouge et noir*.

On the very day of his arrival at Homburg he repaired to the "*redoute*," and after leisurely strolling through the rooms, in one of which he unexpectedly encountered his chum, Bob Gresham, he staked a Napoleon on the red, and lost—another, lost;—another, lost again;—he walked away only to return ere long.

This time he staked five Napoleons, and won.

About two in the morning the doctor, who was peacefully snoring, was awakened by a terrible noise at his bed-head, and, opening his eyes, nearly fainted at the sight of two unearthly figures, the one entirely robed in flame-colour, the other in sable, standing on either side of him. Each bore in his hands a large silver tray, whereon rose a heap of gold, blazing gold—the blue flame licking the round pieces and curling up demoniacally. In a twinkling the sleeper—thoroughly awake now,—had recited half the litany and a dozen Latin prayers—a muttered exorcism died on his lips—the "*Abrenuntio*" changed into a hoarse whisper of terror as he beheld the evil spirits fade into thin air, and in their place the forms of Woodville and Gresham appeared clear in the light of two tapers.

"Lord, have mercy upon me! Where do you come from? Where are they? Who told them?"

"Why, my dear doctor, what is the matter? Who are you talking of? We have come from a late walk, after leaving the *redoute*, where, by the way, we have both won a good pot of money;—but what is the matter? There must be something wrong."

"Never, never again will I sin,—Avaunt ye fiends! . . . . Forgive me Harry—Mr. Gresham, is that you? I beg your pardon, but I have just seen a horrible sight."

And the poor doctor related his vision.

"No offence, sir," quoth Gresham, "but may I ask, did you spend all the evening on the promenade?"

"May I be forgiven—I did not. The devil tempted me into that cursed gambling hall, and I—I—

"Lost?"

"No, won. Won a great deal of money!"

"How much?"

"I do not know exactly—about a hatful. I gave it to the "*Tronc des pauvres*" half an hour after. It burned me; I could not rest with it—and you see how it haunts me yet. Oh dear! oh dear! Shall I ever get over this night's work! Harry, my boy, bring me a glass of water."

"You disposed of your gains in a way that ought to set your conscience at rest—and your brain too. It is by no means agreeable to Bob and myself to be taken for the incarnation of *Rouge et Noir*;—throw off your surprise, sir, and throw on your clothes and come down to supper with us. A glass of that *Hochheimer* will dispel all your horrid visions.

"*Hochheimer*, do you say? It is rather strange getting up in the morning for supper, but I may as well look after you; and as sleep is out of the question, I will rise and be with you in ten minutes."

The doctor never gambled again, but he never dared preach against it either.

On their arrival in Dresden, they found their apartments secured beforehand in the Moritz Strasse, as comfortable as could be desired by a couple of bachelors,—so comfortable, indeed, that as the town offered them numberless sources of amusement and instruction, they resolved to make a longer stay than they originally intended.

Whether or not this decision was brought about in a great measure by the charm which Henry Woodville found in the company of Diana Beachampton, to whose family he had a letter of introduction which he availed himself of two days after his arrival, it is not necessary to enquire. Evidently she was the chiefest attraction of Dresden for Henry, who constantly attended her at the Opera, at the Belvidere and Grosse Garten concerts, on her rides and drives, on the excursions to Neissen, to Tharandt, to Kriescha, and paid her such attentions that the circle of admirers which invariably surrounded the proud beauty soon began to yield him the place of honour beside her.

But little did it profit him. Diana Beachampton was a young lady who had "all her wits about her," and cared very little about favouring one or the other of the more or less eligible "*partis*," any of whom would have been too glad to lay hand, heart and fortune—the last two rather damaged in many of the suitors—at her feet. She was independent, careless, rich, and very much her own mistress in everything. Neither her father nor her mother would have thought of opposing the least of her wishes, and though both desired to see her married and settled, neither had ever dared broach the subject since an incident which occurred three years before.

They were then in England, living at Elton Chase, Sir Lionel Beachampton's seat, and seeing, as they always did, a great deal of company. Chief of the guests was the Earl of Laxdale, a man of great personal attractions and immense fortune, who, confident of success, had asked the hand of Diana.

Merciful Heavens! How speedily he was *éconduit*—rank, coronet, fortune and all; and how deeply did Sir Lionel and Lady Elizabeth repent of having unguardedly spoken to their daughter touching her folly in refusing such a splendid match! Had she any other suitor whom she would prefer? Let her name him, and whoever he might be, he would be welcome. No! she knew of no other present applicant for her wealth whom she fancied. "But you must settle some day." "I do not see the necessity of it," answered the proud beauty.

"I cannot understand her," quoth Sir Lionel to his lady, when taking his customary walk around the pleasure-garden, "she either has a decided antipathy to marriage, or—

"Or has given away her heart already."

"Precisely. But to whom? that is the question. Of all the men we have had here soliciting her hand, there is not one whom I would not gladly have accepted as her husband. Look at poor Colonel Hamilton, at Norfolk Fitz-Maurice, one of the most dashing young men I ever met, at Lord Trelawney, at Ralph Harcourt, and last, though not least, at Count Rutkay. There was a match every bit as good as the Laxdale one! A fortune much superior to hers; a man known and esteemed in this country, a true nobleman, one of the *vieille roche*—no, Miss Di cracks her fingers at one and all."

Yet Woodville was not deterred by this long tale of rejected suitors, duly related to him by the doctor, who was so sensitive to the feelings of his "boy" that the possibility of his proposing to and being refused by Diana Beachampton drove him to rash acts of predication, which Henry bore meekly, and wound up by proposing to call at the young lady's house. No wonder then that he fell deeply in love with her, for she was thoroughly fascinating, and used her many

accomplishments with a perfect disregard of the effect they might have on the hearts of her admirers.

"She has no heart herself," said Harris, one day, "how can you expect her to treat you as if you possessed the article."

Now this captivation of Henry had been gradually consummating itself, and when Count Rutkay called on him at Moritz Strasse, he found him the blind slave of Diana's caprices.

"The grandest presence you ever stood in, Count; she is the most beautiful and accomplished being on the face of the earth. Do you know I only fear one thing, and that is—your rivalry."

"Impossible. Out of the question."

"You do not do yourself justice."

"I do not shine by modesty. You have mistaken my meaning."

"How?"

"To be your rival, I should have to be the lady's lover. I feel no inclination to commit the rash act."

"*Qui peut la voir sans l'aimer?*"

"I."

"Be not too sure of that, Count; she has upset every man's resolutions. I do not speak of mine; I am incapable of revolt now."

"And I of traversing your views."

"As to that you are at perfect liberty to do it. I do not pretend to be the favoured suitor."

"*Apropos*, of whom are we speaking? You have not mentioned the lady's name yet."

"True. I fancied no one could be in Dresden an hour without hearing of the beautiful Diana Beachampton."

"Beachampton! Diana Beachampton, did you say?"

"Yes—do you—"

"Well! If you mean Sir Lionel's daughter—Sir Lionel of Elton Chase."

"The same. Now I remember; you were a guest at the Chase for some time, were you not?"

"Yes; that was three years ago. Since then I have been, as you are aware, travelling a good deal. So the Beachamptons are in Dresden!"

"As good as in it, at any rate. They have a splendid villa at Loschwitz. May I ask if you will do me the honour of accompanying me there? I was preparing to start when you were announced."

"With pleasure. I shall be only too glad to meet Sir Lionel and Lady Elizabeth; as for Miss Diana, I suspect she will not be very greatly delighted at my re-appearance."

Henry said nothing, but looked, as he felt, astonished.

"Because," went on the Count, "she considered me much too dogmatic and precise; slightly puritanical even, and certainly given to lecturing."

Miss Beachampton received Count Rutkay less coldly than the latter expected; to Henry there seemed to be real warmth in her welcome of the Hungarian, but when he said so, on their return to the city that evening, the Count laughed so heartily at the notion that it quickly faded from Woodville's imagination.

For several days after this the Count was a total stranger both at Loschwitz and at Moritz Strasse. He wrote a short note to Henry, stating that certain matters requiring his immediate attention would prevent their meeting, and begged him to present his excuses to Sir Lionel for not calling.

Miss Diana's lip curled with much scorn as she heard this—her father was looking at her—but when alone she gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

Great was her delight when, riding slowly home one evening, in company with her father and Henry, they suddenly met Rutkay at the junction of two roads. He was going their way, and must keep up with them.

The Count reined up, bowed, but seemed not to see Diana's proffered hand. For such an expert horseman it was strange he should be so greatly disturbed by the curvetting of his steed as he appeared to be.

Sir Lionel expressed his pleasure at the rencontre, and trusted the Count would join their party that evening.

"I am afraid not; I must hurry on to Pilnitz, where I am expected."

"This evening!" cried Woodville.

"Yes, Von Braunstein sent me an express this afternoon."

"To which you pay most unwonted heed!"

"Unwonted, Miss Beachampton. How so, I pray you?"

"I speak from the Baron's report. He told me yesterday that all attempts to get you had signally failed;—'Express or no express,' said he, 'the Count is absent in the evening, and his valet knows not where.'"

"True, I have been much occupied of late. Business of a pressing nature—"

"Along the most solitary paths and bridle roads, eh, Count!"

"Certainly, one requires to shorten the way when one is in a hurry."

"And to fully bear out the old proverb, 'more haste, less speed,' we do not presume to urge our horse to a faster pace than a snail's walk. Ha! ha! Count Rutkay, you cannot deceive a woman on such subjects, however well you may blind statesmen and boon companions."

"I protest—"

"Don't. It would be useless. You have been accused, tried and condemned. But the jury unanimously recommends you to mercy. Ha! ha! ha!"

"I am delighted, Miss Beachampton, to afford any amusement to one who generally is so careless of gaiety. But may I know the crime I have committed, and which so provokes your mirth?"

"Ask my father."

"Ask not me," said Sir Lionel, "your conversation is a sealed riddle to my powers of understanding."

"Then ask Harry—I mean Mr. Woodville."

"Oh!" whispered the youth, "always call me Harry."

"Well, Mr. Woodville, can *you* acquaint me with the solution of this mystery."

"I do not know what Miss Beachampton means, I———"

"Oh! he is as bad as you are, Count. One of these days *he* will have to be brought to the bar."

"I had rather it were the altar."

"To be sacrificed? You are vulgar in your tastes."

"Of course. It is not the noble Count Paul Rutkay," said Diana with visible irony, "who would suffer himself to be entrapped—is not that what you call it?"

"Forgive my reluctance to enter on a discussion of the subject. With such an adversary as you, Miss Diana, one may fairly retreat without loss of honour."

"The more so that having already rendered up arms to——"

"To no one, madam."

"How rude of you—interrupting me before I finish what I have to say. I was going to deal tenderly with you, Count, but you have put yourself in my power. Now listen, all of you. During the last week, if not more, the cold-hearted, sceptical Paul Rutkay has been nightly roaming on lonely paths and prowling around silent habitations. Sometimes on foot, more frequently on horseback; muffled up in a vast cloak—the image of the one rolled up on his saddle—and with his hat pulled well down over his brows, perhaps to preserve intact the bright flash of the eye meant for his fair alone. But he has appeared undecided, moving restlessly from place to place, now stopping opposite this house, now opposite that—now rapidly making his way to the town, now as slowly retracing his steps. Speaking half

aloud, after the fashion of desperate characters in melodramas, riding bare-headed when he fancied no one saw him; springing from his horse and plucking flowers, which, after passionately embracing, he threw again into the brook—to be carried where the Naiad might direct; soberly using pantomime to express the greatness of his passion, which, unfortunately, the fair one seemed not to understand, perhaps even not to see. Who she is I know not, and I believe the Count knows not either—else why his prolonged halts and musings before the various villas? One evening, indeed, a soft hope that I might be the fortunate maid who attracted this knight of evanescence, flitted across my brain and raised very tumultuous feelings in . . . Azor's heart, for he took to violent barking—as the unmistakeable form of Count Rutkay appeared beneath our windows. But, alas, I was doomed to disappointment, and the halt made by this gallant was of very short duration. Had I at the moment owned a lute or guitar, I should have essayed to recall him with witching sounds, as he dashed off at topmost speed 'on business of a pressing nature.'"

As Diana finished this long tirade, she indulged in another burst of laughter, in which she was joined by Henry. Sir Lionel looked grave, Rutkay calm as ever. Not a muscle of his face moved; his glance did not flash, his brows did not bend. Only when Miss Diana had indulged her merriment long enough and mockingly called on him for his defence, he replied: "To such grave and weighty accusations, Miss Beachampton, you can not expect me to reply, either by denial or affirmation. I may or may not have been the mysterious horseman who has so much engrossed your attention. Should I be he, how flattered must I feel at having succeeded in fixing for one moment the gaze of the fairest, and, let me add, the most capricious of women. But such luck is not reserved for me, nor would I prize it much, I fear, even if it were. Pardon my frankness, you know I have always been a Transylvanian bear."

"And you have not greatly improved your manners by travelling, that I must say."

"Diana!" said Sir Lionel, severely.

"Ah! Sir Lionel," broke in the Count, "pay no heed to Miss Beachampton's sarcasms. On me they fall harmless; I am so well protected against them that I am rather pleased to have them fired at me."

"And may your enemy inquire in what armour you have encased yourself?"

"My enemy taught me that *indifference*, which some call by the name of heartlessness, is proof to all reproach, to all rebuke, to all irony. As for tenderness, love, devotion, sacrifice, these are even less dangerous to the happy being fortified by indifference—it chills them ere they can approach."

"How cruelly hard that fair one must have been yesterday!"

"Nay, Miss Beachampton, she was no harder than is her wont."

"Then are you sure, Count, that your pretended indifference is not merely . . ."

"Merely . . . ?"

"Angry feeling? Stay, let me explain myself. Perhaps she is only so hard because she knows too little of you; if you *will* wrap your soul and heart in folds so thick that no eye can pierce them, how shall a woman ever give away her own trust and love to you, who obstinately refuse to let her read even a page of the book of your heart—who . . . ."

"Forgive my interrupting your plea, but I must repeat, you are in error. I had fancied you knew me sufficiently well to be aware that I could never endure to solicit the love of any woman. If you will have a confession, here it is: I loved but once in my life—a woman who could have made me happy. She soon discovered my affection, but it pleased her to laugh at it. I had no right to object to this, but I could and I did escape from a thraldom which was unworthy of me. I became free once more, I wan-

dered far and wide, and time and distance healed the wound I had received. When I met her again, she was brilliant and gay as of yore, but her power over me was gone, never to return. I looked on her, and feeling she was not changed, I rejoiced in my liberty. But do not imagine that the heart of a man is a marketable commodity; at least I valued mine higher, and as it had been once disdained, I buried it forever out of sight and out of mind."

"Now, Miss Beachampton, I trust your curiosity, which I easily perceive beneath your irony, is fully satisfied. I do not ask you to spare me your sarcasms; I can bear them well, as I told you, they fly off harmless. One thing alone would I wish you to respect, as you would respect a grave you strayed on by chance—the memory of my lost love."

With these words the Count bowed and dashed forward towards Pilnitz, waving an adieu to Sir Lionel and Woodville, who had ridden on in front.

Two days after he called on Henry, and finding him on the point of starting for Loschwitz, agreed to go with him. Lady Elizabeth received the visitors, and apologized for her daughter, who was out.

Poor Woodville was quite miserable. On his way he had confided to the Count his intention of declaring to Diana that he found it impossible to live any longer in his present state.

"I quite understand it, my dear Henry," said Rutkay. "Dr. Harris tells me that you have become most irregular in your habits. Is it true that you generally dine off a cigar and a letter?"

"I am afraid I do. I have never been so fearfully in love."

"Fearfully; you are right. Might I recommend the maxims of Epictetus to your attention. I would suggest your perusing them with diligence, especially those enforcing disdain of what we have not got."

"Don't banter me; I assure you I should go mad if she were to refuse me—and yet here am I going to stake all my chance of happiness on . . . . . "

"A woman's caprice, Mr. Woodville. I have no right to offer advice, but I have seen much of the world. I have studied to some purpose the hearts of men and women, and I would say to you: Be very sure before you venture to speak to Miss Beachampton on this subject. Remember what befell all your predecessors. Not that I would imply aught to your disadvantage—such is out of the question, for we daily see the noblest of women bend down to some man much inferior to them in every respect, and haughtily reject one who has conquered honourable distinction."

"You have not a very high opinion of Diana."

"Pardon me. No one more than myself admires the singular beauty of mind and person which is the share of Miss Beachampton, but where no heart beats, no lofty, sublime feeling can exist, and I am convinced that she is thoroughly heartless. Again, therefore, I say—be careful."

"What leads you to believe she is heartless?"

"Her contempt, so wittily expressed, of all that is noblest and best in our nature; her disdain for what is great, for what is tender, for what is sweet; the irony in her speech of men and their trust—far be it from me to say that men are always constant and true—but as I live, I believe they were first taught to roam and to deceive by the fickleness of woman herself. Have you ever seen her drink deep of the beauties of Nature? Have you ever seen her eye light up, her bosom heave at the recital of some deed of high daring? Have you ever seen the tear tremble, a crystal drop on her eyelash, when you read the writings of inspired men, who sing as birds sing, from fulness of heart? No, you never detected one flush, one change on that face; never traced the faintest emotion on that brow; never saw

the blood mantle more richly in that cheek. She has had lovers at her feet—how has she dismissed them? With scorn and haughtiness. She has seen men drawn to her by the irresistible force of her beauty, has she tried to warn them? Has she ever said to anyone, 'Seek not to win my heart; I can never love you'—even when she saw the fire of passion consuming the wretch? No; she allowed every one of her worshippers to sink into the whirlpool, and, Siren-like, she sang a joyous song as their remains, broken and mangled, were tossed up by the flood."

"Are you not rather hard on her?"

"Not one whit harder than her cruelty deserves. It is not idle talk when I speak of those she has destroyed. Did you ever meet Fitz-Maurice?"

"I saw him twice; once at a wine party that Harcourt gave shortly before leaving Oxford, and again at Marston Hall."

"That was just a week previous to his coming to Elton and seeing Diana. Eight months after Fitz-Maurice proposed, and was rejected with a coldness bordering on contempt. He had had every reason to believe that his love was returned, as far, at least, as such a woman gives reason—for all the family expected the match, and everybody rejoiced in it. In spite of her own deeds she threw him over—he left the Chase next morning, went straight to London, arranged his affairs, volunteered into the Garibaldian expedition, and died in my arms before Gaëta. Her name was the last sound that left his lips."

"You are not very encouraging," said poor Henry, with a dejected expression of countenance.

"If you came to me for encouragement in this matter, you made a greater mistake than you are about to make in proposing to Diana Beachampton. I should consider myself encouraging wanton destruction, certain as I am of what you will do should matters turn out as I foresee."

"Is there then no hope of any one ever gaining her affection?"

"Where is he that could do it? He would require a wondrous character; great qualities, immense love, powerful will. None of those who have yet sought her hand at all come up to that standard. Forgive me, Henry, if I speak so plainly; but I bear you peculiar good-will—you are a near relation of my dearest English friend, of one who has been to me a brother and a friend in very deed. So, moved by the remembrance of what *he* did for me, I now try to fulfil my task by warning you against Diana and yourself."

"I do believe you hate her, though you say it is she who detests you."

Had Woodville looked at his companion as he pettishly said these words, he would have been perplexed by the glance which shot from out the dark Hungarian eye.

"Hate her!" answered Rutkay, in a lower tone of voice; "hate her! No, I am sure I do not. I trust I hate no woman. I cannot say I hate no *man*, but I am convinced I never hated, and do not now hate, any woman. Hate her! How could I."

And he fell into a fit of musing which the younger man dared not break.

"How can one hate what is so beautiful?" exclaimed Paul at last.

"She may be heartless, but what a glorious intellect, what a great mind. Henry," and here he looked full at Woodville, "if you are accepted, remember that your trust will be immense. If you have gained her affection—supposing her capable of such—and do not make her grandly, serenely, sublimely happy, it were then better for you that you had never seen, never loved, never married her."

"One word, Count," broke in the Englishman, awed by the portentous force which swelled in that speech, "and answer me. Do you not love her yourself, and are you not in this matter deceiving yourself? Are you sure that . . . ."

"No more, Henry. I guess what you would say. But stay not your purpose in this by any thoughts such as are now in you. Hear me—and that I speak the truth I call on Heaven to witness—if Diana Beachampton loves you, even one-tenth as much as I know you now love her, and will accept you, no one will more sincerely rejoice than I, Paul Rutkay."

Thus ended this singular conversation, and the rest of the road had been gone over in silence.

Deep, consequently, was the mortification of the young man on hearing of Diana's absence; he looked uneasily about him, evidently anxious to leave—perhaps to set off in quest of the fair one—and again threw himself back in the arm-chair.

As for the Count, impassible and careless though he strove to be, Lady Elizabeth discerned that there was something off his mind which had weighed him down at his first coming.

The talk fluttered from subject to subject, kept up mainly by the hostess and her older guest—Woodville only throwing in a few words here and there.

Suddenly, through the glass doors of the conservatory—which opened off the drawing-room in which the party were sitting, he perceived the approaching form of the proud girl. She was coming through the flowers and plants, ignorant of any one's presence so near her. Neither Lady Beachampton nor Rutkay saw her, both having their backs turned that way, but by the change of Henry's face, they were led to look round and follow the direction of his glance, resting admiringly on Diana.

She, too, had just perceived the party, and she, too, bent her eyes intently on one, and one only—on Paul. She stood within an arch of verdure, the deep-green fronds of the palms forming a waving background on which her white dress showed with weird brightness, the black mantilla over her shoulders gave additional force to the brilliancy of her complexion, pure and transparent, and flushed with a faint tinge of rose unusual to her. Her eyes—but who ever yet described eyes—a woman's eyes. They were of such liquid depth, and filled with such worlds of thought and emotion, that the glance which flowed from them irradiated the room—they lived and burned—they spoke a language which yet was not understood of him to whom it was addressed. They changed, their glowing lustre softened, and was veiled by the droop of the long lashes; they were raised again—the old expression of indifference dulled them as before, and the spell which for an instant had fascinated all the actors of this scene, was dissolved.

Miss Beachampton came forward, exquisite in grace and beauty; adorable in her easy manner to both guests; inscrutable as to her inward self.

At her approach Paul Rutkay became constrained and embarrassed, silent and cold. His replies were now short and abrupt, and contrasted with the sudden lighting up of Henry's conversation.

Ten minutes of this tired every one.

"Come into the garden, both of you," said Diana. "I want you to admire a new bower I am having erected."

Henry sprang up joyously, glancing at the Count. The latter turned to Lady Elizabeth.

"Will you join the party?"

"With your leave, gentlemen, I shall let you escort Di alone. I feel so weary this morning, that I really must waive politeness for once."

"Pray, mamma," said Miss Di, "Do not let us interfere with the rest which you know you require. No doubt Count Rutkay and Mr. Woodville will do their duty as gentle squires, and attend me."

"Deeply do I regret, fair lady, that I at least must be a recreant knight, and that instead of wandering beneath the shade of boughs, must ride off on an errand . . ."

"Which always turns up most opportunely to remove you."

"You do me wrong, Miss Beachampton. Certes, were I sole disposer of my time and actions, I should gladly . . . ."

"Go away, then; and Mr. Woodville, do not let me keep you either. You ought to have another engagement."

And Diana fled the room, now tenanted only by Rutkay and the crestfallen Henry, who sank listlessly into a chair.

"How in the name of Opportunity," he groaned at last, "I am ever to propose to her, is more than I can make out."

"This is, evidently, not the time."

"But if I do not speak now, I shall *never* do it. Do you suppose it is an easy matter to declare such sentiments as I feel to such a person as she is?"

"I have never declared anything of the sort to anybody, but it seems to me that, nevertheless, your best course is to delay."

"But I shall be ever so miserable!"

"Tush! Are you a man, or a —— hm! On the point of forgetting myself.—Pardon me. Look quietly at the matter. Do you think Miss Beachampton was aware of your reason for coming here to-day?"

"I do not know, really. She may be, but . . ."

"She is; be sure of it. A woman will read a man's purpose in such things long before he has brought himself to the speaking point. I have often thought it must be most amusing to her to watch the absurd way in which the besotted fool flounders and staggers through the preliminaries, at one time verging on confession, and suddenly carried away from his aim by a spasm of terror; at another barely saving himself from undisguised revelation by a flight of fancy as absurd as it is unexpected. The tremors, spasms, flutters, contortions—mental and physical—the convulsions, the wishes, hopes and fears, which agitate him, the labyrinthine windings of his speech, the stuttered, choked utterance, the blank, nonsensical emanations of his muddled brain, the strenuous efforts he makes to be equal to the situation, and their thorough failure, must all combine as elements of the broadest farce that she—the sufferer and bearer of the results of this mangled conversation—can ever witness. No wonder women think us fools when we can deliberately abase ourselves to fawn and cringe at their feet for a caress, for a smile, or—as I have myself witnessed—for the mere dropping of a cold glance, which sent the despicable wretch into a seventh Heaven, where—were I ruler of the gods—none but toadies and flunkeys should enter."

"But that can only be if the woman do not love too."

"How else? I suppose when *both* have lost their senses that they pay small heed to the other's manner of confessing. Yet I am sure that the woman, on such occasions, is always clearer headed than the nobler animal, who does stultify his intellect and his judgment in a way incomprehensible to me."

"Talk on, Count, I see *you* have never been in love."

"What makes you imagine that?"

"Your perfect disregard for the affections of women, to begin with. Then your cynical, abominable pictures of Diana."

"Sir?"

"Confess that I do not apply any worse terms to them than they deserve. You run down Diana . . . ."

"Never, Sir. I may, and in so doing I fulfil a duty, warn you against her evident faults, and especially against your own blindness, but as to disparaging her in any way, the thought has never entered my mind."

"Well, your overdrawn—grant me that much—pictures of Diana's character, your contempt, so wittily expressed, for all that is . . . ."

"Stay, stay; quote my words against me, if you will, but quote them fairly. It was not at the beautiful, the tender, and the sweet in love that I was aiming my darts, but at the ridiculous manner in which some

dolts will insist on boring with their declarations women who have done them no harm."

"To the rescue! What is there ridiculous in love? If some poor fellow, wanting the brilliant utterance of men as thoroughly masters of themselves as you are, Count, finds it difficult, from very excess of passion, to breathe forth the words that are to convey its acknowledgment, do you fancy he thereby becomes ridiculous? No; no more than the mourner who, choked by tears, can only gasp out words of gratitude for the sympathy shown him. You would laugh at him for his awkwardness, think him amusing. Oh! look here, you talk of heartlessness, well, I tell you, that heartlessness filled that speech of yours. You do not care for any woman—you have been able to resist, and therefore I pity you—the beauty and grace of Diana—and because of this you sneer at at me, who am in reality more human than yourself."

"Henry, you are verging on the declamatory, and, besides, you again mistake me. What I condemn in you, hear it now plainly spoken, is your wilful blindness. I tell you that, knowing Diana as I know her, I am assured she has no such feeling for you as you force yourself to imagine. You accuse me of heartlessness—just as I once accused the surgeon who attended me on the battle-field of cold-bloodedness, because he did not wince at or heed the groans which sounded all around him, but calmly pursued his task. I am neither heartless nor a sneerer, but I have never seen why one calling himself a man should permit puny troubles to overcome him, as you have been overcome. There you sit, almost crying because a proud, haughty woman will not listen to your doleful, and, to her, very well known tale of immortal affection and undying constancy. And you want me to pity you! I, who have seen men and women bear cheerfully through life the burden of a misery which you have never dreamt of, and sink into the grave without one plaint, one murmur. Come, rouse yourself, and follow me. A long, swift gallop over the meadows will soon set you right. Come, the horses are pawing outside."

"Then you think there is no chance of her coming in again?"

"Do you want her to waste her time?"

"Waste her time?"

"Yes; she knows right well that whenever she may wish to see you at her feet, she will see you there."

"Oh! I am not so far . . . ."

"Sunk? With me, then, and prove it!"

"Yet, if she were to come."

"Stay, idiot, and dance to her tune!"

And Count Rutkay strode out of the room, sprang on his horse, and flew down the avenue.

As his steed's hoofs rang on the pavement before the door, a window above was hastily closed. He glanced round and caught a glimpse of Diana.

"What I expected! Now she will make him pay for me too. And serve him right!"

II.

COUNT Rutkay was sitting at breakfast the next day, entertaining his friends Von Braunstein and the Marquis de Vieille Roche, when to them entered, unexpectedly, Dr. Harris.

"What a pleasant surprise, doctor. Sit down and join us. But," added the host, noticing the altered countenance of the worthy man, "is there anything the matter?"

"Much, much. Can I speak to you for a few moments alone?"

"Certainly. Step into the next room. Excellency, Marquis, excuse me, in a couple of minutes I shall again be with you."

"Something gone wrong with Mr. Woodville, I presume," said the Marquis, as he poured out the Chambertin.

"I should then be inclined to suggest a lady's name," was the diplomat's answer.

"*Cela va sans dire*, and the Count is put into requisition for the purpose of cooling down the young Englishman."

"May he succeed! He is the only man who, to my knowledge, has neither fallen in love with nor proposed to ——," and the sentence was completed by a knowing wink, and a long draught of wine.

"*Messeigneurs*, permit me to formally introduce to you Dr. Harris, a most learned gentleman and an excellent companion. I neglected to to so at his first entrance, but his anxious appearance made me forget etiquette."

Bows were exchanged all round, and the new comer sat down to table. The breakfast went on now as gaily as before, every one, except the English *savant*, contributing his share to the enjoyment of the party.

At last, to the great relief of one at least, the guests rose to depart. Baron Von Braunstein's carriage whirled him away to Pilnitz—the Marquis sauntered to the café—and the Count, turning to the Doctor, said:

"Now, my dear sir, I think it will be best that you should not return to Moritz Strasse before me, or our young friend will suspect your move. Let me precede you, and return yourself in about half an hour, repairing to your own room without paying any attention to Henry's motions."

The news brought by Dr. Harris was what Rutkay expected. Henry had remained, seen Diana, proposed, and——been rejected. Thus much his tutor had been able to gather; of his movements since then he had not the slightest knowledge. He had returned that morning at about nine o'clock, his horse covered with mud and lather, himself in no better condition, and had immediately sat down to write letter after letter, interrupting himself frequently to walk up and down his room, uttering such horrible groans that poor Harris had taken fright and bolted for Rutkay, as people run for the doctor when death approaches, and after they have neglected his advice.

The Hungarian traversed rapidly the distance between his hotel and Woodville's rooms, went up, and was admitted by the valet.

"My master has locked himself in, sir, and won't answer."

"Very good. If any one should enquire for him or for me, say we are gone out."

And the Count strode in and knocked at Henry's door.

"Who's there?"

"Heartlessness."

"Enter and welcome!"

The door flew open, and the two stood face to face.

Rutkay at a glance saw how matters were. His quick eye rested on the case of pistols lying open on the writing-table. Without a word of greeting he crossed the room, locked the case, put the key in his pocket, threw a bottle of laudanum, which he perceived on the mantel-piece, into the fire, walked back to the door, closed it, locked it too, put two arm-chairs opposite each other, and said:

"Sit down."

Henry passively complied.

"Now, tell me all."

And out it all came. The whole story, with its minutest details, was inflicted on the listener, who sat leaning forward in a posture of deep attention. Out it all came. First confusedly, in detached morsels, that—but for the clear-headedness of the older man—would never have fitted together; then more rationally, as the scene revived to the young man's recollection—for a few moments very distinctly—again rambling, and escaping into digressions on the fickleness of woman—whereat the Count drew out his cigar-case, lit a Havannah, and lay back in the arm-chair—then more wildly than ever—the narrator rushing about the room and inflicting severe punishment on his hair and nascent

whiskers—then, subsiding into a calmer glow, it ended with a half-sob.

Rutkay rose as Woodville finished his story, put back the key of the pistol-case into the lock, saying:

"You may be trusted now. I shall be back shortly."

"Don't leave me. I feel such comfort in your presence. Where are you going?"

"Never mind. Only do me the favour to change your dress—you are shockingly bespattered all over—and restore some order in your papers. Why, there is a regular mess on that table, and the oddest confusion of billets-doux and receipted bills. To while the time till my return you may breakfast—indeed you had better do so, you will bear your troubles more easily—and either take a turn in the gardens or drive for a quarter of an hour. But remember, no more extravagance or noise."

The Count returned to his hotel, ordered out his horse, and in twenty minutes was at the Beachampton villa.

Miss Beachampton was in the garden and came to meet him. "Papa and mamma are both gone into town, Count, so that you need not dismount."

"I came to see you, Miss Beachampton."

"What condescension! Perhaps you will consent to sit in the arbour, then; it is very convenient for chatting in this hot weather."

"Anywhere, provided we are secure from listeners."

"Now," said she, looking at him with a comically demure look, "do not take advantage of my solitude to read me a sermon."

"*That* I have done with years ago, Miss Beachampton. I only want to tell you a little story, and to ask your opinion of the chief character."

The grave tone in which this was uttered told Diana that the hopes which, for one instant, had beamed upon her, were futile and groundless.

The pair walked slowly to the arbour—a veritable nest of leaves and flowers, approachable only by one path, and looking as if designed for confidential converse. Diana sat down and made room by her side for Paul, who, however, waved his hand in refusal and leant against the entrance. Thereby his face was thrown into shade, and it was difficult for his companion to read it, even were it to bear another than the fixed and calm expression it now wore.

There was a silence of some moments.

"Well—when do you begin your story?"

"I was hunting for some mode of introducing it; I confess I scarcely know how to commence."

"Spare me a long preface; of all things I abhor prefaces."

"Do you? I pass on to Chapter the Third, in that case, and save you all description of my hero or heroine. I will only say that she was beautiful, accomplished, and proud—rich of course, and—as much of course—had lovers. Many lovers, who, as far as my memory serves me, she treated rather coolly when they offered all they had to offer. Some much love, others some love and much gold. I do not blame her for refusing them—I have nothing to do with that, I only relate—she had undoubtedly the privilege of dismissing them. But one trait about her is rather black: she was fond of refusing with marked contempt the very men whom she had previously seemed most to favour. Lord and commoner, wit and booby, soldier, lawyer, squire, all alike shared the same fate. One only saw the danger in time and wisely retreated—not without hurt though, for, in spite of his reserve, she had penetrated the secret of his passion—but with him we shall have little to do. He fled, and recovered.

"But the proud beauty wearied of her home, and quitted it after a time in search of scenes more varied. She came to a lovely town in a lovely land—and as in her own country, all flocked to swell her train. From amidst

that train she selected one, a young man, gay, bright, and happy; ignorant of life, of woman's arts, of the possibility of woman's falseness. Him she bade do her good pleasure, follow her wheresoever she went, anticipate her least wishes; him she fascinated with her beauty, and bound with chains all the stronger for being gilded and wreathed with flowers. He lived on her smiles, on her looks; made himself the willing slave of all her caprices, and fell deeper and deeper into the abyss she prepared for all who presumed to love her."

"Poor girl!"

"Poor boy, you mean. What did she know of deep feeling, of true passion, of passion in any shape?"

Here the speaker stopped for a time, as if feelings too great for words prevented his utterance. Diana looked at him with a long and searching gaze.

"Ah!" thought she, "how blind men are!"

And she, too, mused in silence.

"Well," at last broke in the Count, "this boy ventured to tell her of his love—as others had told of theirs before—and as she had been to all she was to him: pitiless, cold, and cruel. 'Look not for love from me,' said she, after teaching him to believe that his affection was returned."

"'Tis false! False! She never . . . . but I interrupt your tale. Forgive me and proceed."

"She *had* encouraged him; she had favoured him more than all those who surrounded her; she had never forbidden him to talk of love, she had listened to his fervent outbursts without once warning him against the inevitable result, and when he came with words of passion, of heartfelt passion on his lips . . . . "

"Heartfelt? You are a good advocate, Count."

"I am but a poor pleader, no eloquent one."

"Nay, nay. And what is more, so thorough. Pity you are not also conscientious."

"Miss Beachampton!"

"Oh frown not! I can prove to you that your love for your hero has carried you too far."

"It has not."

"It has. You spoke of heartfelt passion. By your own acknowledgment, Count, you have yourself experienced this, now—answer truly—your hero's folly merits not the appellation of heartfelt, does it?"

"You press me hard, lady."

"But answer, answer."

"If you will it, I say it does."

"Oh fie! That *you* should say so. You who know that it is but the fancy of an hour, fanned into seeming flame by contrary winds."

"You have not yet heard all my tale. When I am done tell me whether even I may not call his passion heartfelt."

"Go on. But I *know* it is not."

This time it was Rutkay's glance that sought the other's face—in vain; Diana had buried it in her hands.

"He left her, maddened by disappointment, a world of misery and wretchedness in his heart; filled with distracting thoughts he dashed away—where he spent that night, no one knew, himself could not say. He had ridden long and fiercely, and, when morn was far advanced, his horse carried him, half insensible, to his home. The consciousness of his blasted hopes, of his rejected love, rose up once more before him. He wrote—scarce in his senses yet—a wild farewell to the mistress of his heart; he thought of his happy English home, and for a time calm returned to him. But only to leave him again desolate. Like one before him, he resolved to die."

Was that a sob that came from the bowed form?

"Already had he prepared the deadly weapons, when one entered—one by name Heartlessness—who drew from him the story

of his woe. Now this one had before lost a friend—sacrificed to the pride of this haughty girl—had before seen one expire in his arms, and breathe with his last breath the name of the woman who had——Oh! I cannot, must not recall this remembrance."

Again there was silence.

"This man Heartlessness, after he had learned from the broken youth the whole sad story, heard within himself a voice, which he ever had trusted—and the voice told him that the proud girl loved the youth, but that pride alone, or haply some other reason, forced her to destroy his happiness and her own. And without telling the boy, the man came to the proud girl to entreat her to be true to herself, to her love—to spare and be spared. And he told her as well as he might, all the sufferings of the brave youth, and waited her answer—as I now wait."

With these words, Rutkay bent down towards Diana, and listened for her reply.

How completely was he disappointed if he presumed that it would come in broken, mournful sentences, from a heart utterly stricken, from eyes red with weeping! Diana rose slowly, drew herself up to her full height, and with a voice clear and cold as steel said:

"I do not know what your reason for telling me this melo-dramatic story may be, but as you seem to expect me to answer for her whom you have made your heroine, I will tell you that she sees no necessity for withdrawing her previous refusal; and since she is already so stained with crime as you represent her, she fancies it will be easy to bear the burden of this additional one. As for the 'poor boy,' she bids me tell you that you need not distress yourself as you are doing; he will not kill himself. She thanks you for the tender and considerate way in which you have arranged the facts of her life, and does not deny your right to alter them to your own fancy. But she declines the responsibility you would cast on her, and—bids you farewell."

Wherewith Diana swept out of the arbour, walked down the path, and disappeared at length behind a clump of laurel.

"'*Væ victis!*' I am not to be envied. And why too should I insist on her loving some one or another—and pester her as I do! I cannot say that I have given proof of much discretion in this matter. Does she? does she not? How can I tell? Evidently, if she does, it is not that young sprig Woodville. She can see through bluster. As for the poor boy; how pleasant to be called the 'poor boy' that way! And as if it were not enough to have offended her once already in England, I must needs seize the earliest opportunity of quarelling with her here! Idiot! Fool! No wonder she detests me! And yet, if only *she* would, how willingly would I, sign the peace! But these are dreams not fit for me. I must return to my Englishman, and get him to leave this place with me. I must not think of presenting myself again before Miss Diana. So farewell, dear spot where I have seen her; farewell dear flowers—not half so fair as she!"

III.

"'TIS false! False!" cried Henry, passionately, and unconsciously repeating Diana's own words. "I am sure she *does* love me. They say no one loves fervently but it awakens in another an equal love."

"Who says so?"

"Everyone, every poet; Byron says it,"

"I have not read Byron for many years; but for all that I might well puzzle you by demanding a passage in support of your assertion. Don't swear. I dare say you could quote readily enough any amount of 'Remind me not!' or of 'Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me!' but I object thereto, as it is neither appropriate nor polite."

"Not appropriate! I should like to know what is then?"

"Pardon me, Henry; but do you mean to say you received from the lady such undoubted pledges of affection as to warrant your raving in this manner?'

"What you call pledges of affection may not be what she gave me. But look," said the excited youth, upsetting the contents of a desk, and ferretting out a withered flower, "she gave me this."

"Did she?"

"And what does it mean, but that she loved or pretended to love me?"

"Do crumpled-up, withered leaves, smelling of patchouli, mean 'I love you, or pretend to love you?'"

"No! No! You unfeeling, cruel brute! Oh, sir! I beg your pardon."

"Go on; I am not offended. You are desperately in love, and at the same time undoubtedly rejected, while I—am merely indifferent."

"These flowers—why she wore them a whole day—the day you met us on your road to Pilnitz; and she gave me them after you left us so suddenly."

"Still I do not understand that the mere giving you these carried with it such a great avowal."

"But you know not what she said as she gave me them, and which emboldened me to speak to her—how else should I have dared?"

"Stay. Before you tell me *what* she said, answer me this—was it solely on her gift, and on the meaning conveyed by the words which accompanied it, that you ventured on your rash declaration?"

"Yes."

"And had she previously said nothing to reveal to you the state of her heart?"

"No. But, Count, you are contradicting yourself. You remember, or ought to remember, that you deem her heartless."

"Not now. In spite of her firmness, of her impassibility—but this is needless talk. What were the words that hurried you to your doom?"

"I dare scarcely repeat them now. As she gave me the flowers she looked at me with a glance in which Heaven seemed to have concentred all its fires and all its immensity, and said, "I would these were restored to me by somebody.' 'By somebody?' replied I, eagerly. 'Yes; by somebody I love?' And after that she was long silent; indeed said not a word during the whole evening, except when we parted."

"And what did she say then?"

"'Throw them away; he will never come, I fear.' But I kept them, and I had resolved to offer them to her when I called yesterday. Would you believe it, I forgot them! Now, however, they are needless, and therefore away they go!"

Out of the open window flew the faded leaves. Rutkay rose, removed his cigar from his lips, leaned out and watched the fragile parcel fall to earth in the court.

"Safely vanished into space. *A présent.* Having taken your farewell of your souvenirs, let us talk of what your next move is to be. Of course you leave Dresden."

"Of course. But where I shall go I know not. I thought of Algeria."

"Ha! ha! ha! Why not Timbuctoo? Why, my dear Woodville, do you suppose you will forget Diana in the African solitudes? No, no. The only place where you can really act on your English Beaumont's advice to

> "Fly lonely walks, and uncouth places sad—
> . . . . . ,
> Shun no man's speech that comes into thy way;
> Admit all companies . . . . ."

is Paris. Paris, the lovely; Paris, the enchanting; Paris, the centre of the world, as those boastful French repeat. So to Paris ought you to go, or, if not caring to return so speedily to the gay capital, come with me to an almost as beautiful place—Vienna. Thence, if society really lose its charms for you, we can sail down the Danube into my

own country, and I warrant you that once there, in the midst of glorious scenery and unbounded hospitality, you will soon sing, with the divine Milton :

"Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

"I never can, never shall surmount this."

"Am I mistaken, or have you not a song, rather too popular, in your language, ending in every verse with 'never shall be slaves?'"

"What a comparison!"

"I do not see that it is at all a bad one. If you can ride the waves of ocean, why not, too, the storms of misfortune? Come, pluck up heart, and decide. Poor Dr. Harris must be by this time ready to assent to any plan with a glimmering of sense in it—the more joyfully, therefore, to one evidently good."

"I could not go to Paris, or to your Vienna either."

"Why?"

"I want solitude."

"Just what you should avoid. Only I have no doubt—however uncomplimentary this may sound—that you will soon sicken of yourself with nothing but remembrance for company."

"Oh no! I am used to being alone. I love it."

"Do you? Go to Iceland then; I should imagine there would be not much else than solitude in that country."

"No; but I will go to Norway. I have always had a vague hankering after Norway."

"And the salmon fishing? Well go there. And if you do not succeed in curing yourself, write to me, and we will go to Rome together for the winter."

"Will you not come with me now?"

"Truth to tell, I scarcely feel the same devouring anxiety to behold the North. I rather incline to my ancestral halls, which have not seen their owner for nearly four years."

"Travel with me as far as Copenhagen, at least."

"Well, that is feasible. But—," and here the Count stopped short.

"But!"

"Can you leave without saying good-bye to the family at Loschwitz?"

"Oh! I cannot again face her!"

"You must."

"I cannot. Count, will you do me one favour?"

"I am afraid I cannot say 'with pleasure.' I guess what you want."

"Yes. I wish you to bear my farewells to Sir Lionel and his lady, and—and—"

"Enough, Henry. I would rather face a hostile battery alone and unarmed than go up again there to meet—, but for your cousin's sake and yours, I will."

"Thanks, thanks. And when you return I will be ready."

"What! do you mean to go at once?"

"Naturally. Did you expect—"

"Oh! nothing. You are quite right; I strongly approve you. But, in that case I shall have to go at once too; shall I?"

"Pray do. Don't think me unmanly, but I would so like to know how she will take my departure."

"You incorrigible! Still a hope she may relent?"

"Those flowers, you know!"

"Well?"

"She said herself she loves some one."

"Who now won't find it out, for you have thrown away the flowers, and ere this the wind will have wafted them to Bohemia. At any rate, I promise you to go immediately, and to return shortly. I imagine we shall not have a very long interview. Meanwhile, cheer up and pack."

Count Rutkay started very slowly; and more than once was on the point of turning back. But his promise! So he kept on. He kept on, too, pulling out a certain sprig of withered flowers which the breeze had *not* removed from the place where they fell in the court-yard in Moritz Strasse. He reached

the villa. Sir Lionel and his lady had not yet returned, the lodge-keeper said. He entered the avenue, but scarcely went ten yards before he dismounted, led back his horse and gave it into the charge of the porter's son, a healthy, blooming German boy. And instead of directing his steps to the house, he half unconsciously wandered towards the arbour. Nearing it, he perceived some one there—some one leaning over the table, looking intently at something small. What was it made Paul Rutkay leave the path so suddenly, and recklessly tread over flowers, behind shrubs, screening his approach till he gained unnoticed the side of the arbour?

She who was sitting there, gazing at a portrait—his own, he recognized it: 'twas one he had given her when in England—was Diana! No word, no whisper escaped from her lips, pressed tightly together—no sound broke the stillness that reigned in that spot. Rutkay saw revealed to him in one glance the secret of years—a secret that else must have remained dead to all.

Without noise, gently, softly, he slipped round almost to her feet. He knelt, in his hand the withered flowers—the sun shot a glittering beam through the waving leaves—Diana looked up—half rose, and fell into his outstretched arms.

At last!

TO MY WIFE.

BY HON. JOSEPH HOWE,

Secretary of State for the Provinces.

MY gentle wife, though girlhood's peach-like bloom
Perchance is passing from thy cheek away,
And though the radiance that did erst illume
Thine eye be temper'd by a milder ray;
And though no more youth's airy visions play
Around thy heart or flutter through thy brain,—
Still art thou worthy of the poet's lay,
Still shall my spirit breathe the lover's strain,
And, if approved by thee, not breathed perhaps in vain.

E'en as the Painter's or the Sculptor's eye
Dwells on some matchless vision which combines
All that they deem of Beauty, ere they try
By inspiration's aid, to catch the lines
To deck earth's highest and her holiest shrines,
So did I oft my boyhood's heart beguile
With one fair image,—and the glowing mines
Of Ind would have been freely given the while,
To bid that being live to glad me with her smile.

But when in maiden loveliness you came,
Giving reality to all the fair
And graceful charms that, blent with woman's name,
Had seem'd too rich for earthly forms to wear,
Yet stood beside me in the twilight there—
Then came the agony, to artists known,
The dread that visions so surpassing rare
May fade away, and ne'er become their own,
And leave their hearts to mourn, all desolate and lone.

Thou wert the guiding star whose living beam
Flash'd o'er Youth's troubled thoughts and vague desires;
Something of thee was blent with ev'ry dream
That fed Ambition's fierce but smother'd fires.
The gentle fancies Poesy inspires—
The hopes and fears of Manhood's early dawn,
That lend their witchery to youthful lyres,
Were of thy guileless fascinations born,
And threw their spells around the fount whence they were drawn.

If in my youthful breast one thought arose
That had a trace of Heav'n, it caught its hue
From the instinctive virtue that o'erflows
Each word and act of thine,—and if I threw
Aside those base desires that sometimes drew
My spirit down to earth's unhallow'd bowers,
'Twas when I met, or heard, or thought of thee,
Or roved beside thee, in those ev'ning hours,
Beneath the boughs that waved wide o'er your Island flowers.

Thou canst remember,—can'st thou e'er forget,
While life remains, that placid summer night
When, from the thousand stars in azure set,
Stream'd forth a flood of soft subduing light,
And o'er our heads, in Heaven's topmost height,
The moon moved proudly, like a very Queen,
Claiming all earthly worship as her right,
And hallowing, by her power, the peaceful scene
Spread out beneath her smile, so tranquil and serene.

Then, as you wander'd, trembling, by my side,
Gush'd forth the treasured tenderness of years;
And your young ear drank in the impetuous tide
Of early passion—boyhood's hopes and fears—
Affirm'd with all the energy of tears.

And then Love wove around our hearts a chain
Which ev'ry passing moment more endears—
Mingling our souls, as streams that seek the plain,
Through wastes and flowers to pass, but never part again.

Years have gone by since then—and I have seen
Thy budding virtues blossom and expand;
Still, side by side, amidst life's cares we've been,
And o'er its verdant spots roved hand in hand;
And I have mark'd the easy self-command
That every thought and movement still pervades—
The gen'rous nature and the lib'ral hand—
The glance that gladdens me, but ne'er upbraids,
And the confiding soul whose faith faints not nor fades.

Like to the young bard's Harp, whose magic tone
Delights, yet startles, when he strikes the strings,
And stirs his soul with rapture all its own
As an unpractised hand he o'er it flings,
Thy heart was once to me. But now its springs
Of deepest feeling I have known so long,
Its treasured stores of rich and holy things,
Its sweetest chords round which soft accents throng,
That life becomes to me like one inspiring song.

Nor think, my love, that time can ever steal
Its sweetness from me. Years may wander by,
And in their course the frolic blood congeal,
Or dim the lustre of that hazel eye.
But, even then, with proud idolatry
On that pale cheek and wasted form I'll gaze,
And wander backward to those scenes where I
Bent o'er them first, in youth's primeval days
Where memory all her wealth of hoarded thought displays.

The lonely beach on which we often roved,
And watched the moonbeams flickering on the sea—
The ancient trees, whose grateful shade we loved,
The grassy mounds where I have sat by thee—
The simple strains you warbled, wild and free,
The tales I loved to read and you to hear,
With every glance of thine so linked shall be,
That every passing day and circling year,
Shall to my faithful heart my early love endear.

I'll paint you as you bloom'd in that sweet hour,
When friendly faces beamed on every side,
And, drooping like a frail but lovely flower,
'Fore God and man you claimed to be my bride:
Or, as you now, with all a mother's pride,
Fold to your beating breast your darling child;
And thus, though years beneath our steps may glide,
My fancy still, by mem'ry's power beguiled,
Shall whisper: Thus she looked—'twas thus in youth she smiled.

July, 1832.

OUR HIGH SCHOOLS.

BY A HEAD MASTER.

IT is the object of the writer of this article to give, in the following pages, a brief historical sketch of the High School System of Ontario, and to discuss its defects. These defects are of such a character that the evils arising from them will increase from year to year, and it is therefore the duty of the Government to seek immediately to remove them as far as that can be done by legislation. This duty it is generally understood they are about to perform, so that a discussion of the subject at this moment will be peculiarly seasonable.

Few general readers, probably, are aware that the High School System of Ontario is older than the Public School System. Such is, however, the fact. As long ago as 1798 an appropriation of wild land was made for the purpose of furnishing a permanent endowment for Grammar Schools. In 1806 an Act was passed granting the sum of £100 currency per annum to a Grammar School in each of the eight districts into which Upper Canada was then divided, and it was not until 1816 that any steps were taken by the Legislature to provide elementary instruction in Common Schools. It must be remembered, in explanation of this fact, that at the beginning of this century there were but few persons who held the views which prevail at the present time respecting the paramount necessity for the instruction of the masses. The political tendencies of the times, arising from the natural revulsion of feeling excited by the French Revolution, were unfavourable to progress and reform in the New as well as in the Old World, and the peculiar circumstances of the history of Canada, and especially the fact that so many of its early settlers were men who had taken the losing side in the American Revolution, tended to give us the conservative position we still hold on this continent.

Before proceeding further it will be necessary to give explanations of the meaning of certain terms which will occur frequently in the course of this article. Neither the objects aimed at in the different Educational Acts of the Legislature, nor the functions which the different classes of schools have at different times been expected to discharge, have been always the same. This source of confusion was to be

anticipated. But there is another source of confusion to the enquirer into the history of school affairs, namely, that the names of the corresponding classes of schools under the different educational enactments have not remained the same. The schools for the elementary instruction of the masses are at present legally denominated Public Schools. Previously to 1871 they were legally known as Common Schools, and from 1816 to 1841 their legal designation was District Schools. There are at present two classes of superior schools: the High Schools, which are intended to be the finishing schools for the great bulk of the population, and the Collegiate Institutes, which are intended to serve as feeders to the University. Previously to 1871, these two classes of schools were both called Grammar Schools, and previously to 1839 they also were known as District Schools, while before 1816 they appear to have been called Public Schools. The term Grammar School originated at a time when the grammar of the Latin language was the only grammar taught, and therefore denotes a Latin school. In many of the cities of the American Union, however, the term is used to denote a school intermediate between the primary schools, in which reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing, and geography, are taught, and the High School. The distinguishing feature of these Grammar Schools is, that in them the study of English grammar is begun. In England again, the term Public School, which we have adopted for our elementary schools, is used to denote endowed classical boarding schools, such as Harrow, Eton, and Rugby. Throughout this article the terms Public School and Common School will be used as synonymous, and likewise the terms Grammar School and High School.

In 1816 the Grammar School and all the Common Schools of each district were placed under the control of a District Board of Education. For several years three of the District Grammar Schools, namely those of the Eastern, Midland, and Niagara Districts, situated respectively at Cornwall, Kingston, and Niagara, were distinguished as Royal Grammar Schools, and received an additional grant of one thousand dollars, so that the total Government grant to them was fourteen hundred dollars per annum. It may be presumed that the object of this arrangement was the same as that of the Collegiate Institute clause in the Act of 1871, namely, to provide a few schools in which a respectable classical education could be obtained. These grants were, however, withdrawn about 1830, and the three Royal Grammar Schools were placed on the same footing as the other District Grammar Schools in respect to their Government grant.

With the increase in the number of districts, the number of District Grammar Schools increased, till in 1839 it reached thirteen. In this year the sum of £200 was offered to each district which would raise an equal amount for the erection of a Grammar School building. Also, the sum of £100 was offered for the establishment of a school at four towns in each county, provided that any town applying for this grant should be at least six miles distant from the county town. In consequence there were, in 1854, sixty-four Grammar Schools in twenty-eight counties and unions of counties. Some of these, however, were not equal to average Common Schools at the present time. Twenty-one are reported as receiving pupils unable to read, and thirty-six as receiving pupils unable to write. One did not teach arithmetic; one taught neither Latin, Greek, nor French; six did not teach geometry; eight did not teach algebra; and twenty-three omitted Greek from the programme of studies.

In 1853 an Act was passed which placed the Grammar Schools under the control of the Chief Superintendent of Education.

Among the other noteworthy provisions of this Act were: First, the retention of the division of the Grammar Schools into Senior and Junior County Grammar Schools, which had been established by an early enactment, the Senior County Grammar Schools being those situated in the county towns. Second, the allotment of $400 per annum to each Senior County Grammar School, and $200 to each Junior County Grammar School, and the division of the remainder of the income of the Grammar School Fund among the counties according to population. Third, the direction to the Council of Public Instruction to appoint Inspectors of Grammar Schools. Fourth, the prescription of the qualifications of head masters, and of the subjects of study in the Grammar Schools. Fifth, the investing of the Council of Public Instruction with power to prescribe text-books, courses of study, and general rules and regulations for the Grammar Schools. Sixth, the power given to the Boards of Grammar and Common Schools, in any locality, to unite the schools under their charge.

Under this Act the Grammar Schools still remained an independent and disconnected part of the educational system, with no regular arrangements for receiving a supply of trained pupils, and no well established connection with the University, except in the case of a few. The Council of Public Instruction prescribed an entrance examination to be passed by pupils entering the Grammar Schools, but as it was left to the local authorities to enforce it, and no supervision was exercised, it was not enforced, and pupils continued to be received at very early ages. The Act of 1853, indeed, contained a provision intended to draw closer the bonds of connection between the Grammar Schools and the other parts of the educational system, in the well known "Union" clause, which enabled Boards of Grammar and Common School trustees to unite the schools in their charge under one management, and to provide for regular promotion from the Common to the Grammar Schools. But this clause, owing to the defective operation of another part of the bill, did not have the effect intended. Under this Act the number of the Grammar Schools rapidly increased, but the quality did not keep pace with the quantity. The County Councils were given power to establish new Grammar Schools wherever and whenever they thought fit, provided the state of the Grammar School Fund was such as to enable the Chief Superintendent to set apart the sum of two hundred dollars annually for the new school. By virtue of this power many of the larger Common Schools in towns and villages were nominally elevated into Grammar Schools for the sake of the Government grant, but in reality remained Common Schools. The process of reasoning which led the local authorities to desire the change, may be understood from the following supposed case—a case, however, very near the actual facts in many instances. Suppose that in a given village the trustees are paying the head master of the Common School a salary of $500. They learn that by paying $600 they can secure the services of a man legally qualified to act as a Grammar School master. The additional grant to the school as a Grammar School will be at least two hundred dollars. Subtract $200 from $600 and $400 remain, so that there will be a net gain to the municipality of $100 by having the school erected into a Grammar School. The County Council is applied to and grants the request of the petitioners; a few pupils are put into the Latin grammar to save appearances, and the municipality is saved $100 per annum of taxation. In many of these schools no pupils ever advanced beyond the rudiments of Latin. The master's time was mainly occupied in doing Common School work, and being frequently an inexperienced young graduate, he did the work less efficiently than his experienced predecessor.

In 1865 the next legislation took place, and in 1865 the number of Grammar Schools had increased to one hundred and four, which is about the present number. By the Grammar School Improvement Act of 1865, the distinction between Senior and Junior County Grammar Schools was abolished; the income arising from the Grammar School Fund was annually apportioned among the schools on the basis of the average attendance of admitted pupils, obtained by dividing the aggregate attendance by the legal number of teaching days, whether the school was kept open every such day or not; a check was put on the creation of new Grammar Schools; and it was enacted that the local authorities should raise by taxation, annually, a sum of money for teachers' salaries equal to one half the Government Grant. The provision with regard to the apportionment of the Government money on the basis of the average attendance of admitted pupils was strictly carried out; and, by a regulation of the Council of Public Instruction, the Grammar School Inspector supervised the admission of pupils and carried a uniform standard of admission from one end of the Province to the other. This was a step in the right direction, but unfortunately it was only one step, and no other steps were taken at the same time. As the Government grant depended on the number of admitted pupils, and not on the progress they made after admission, it became the object of the local authorities to have as many pupils admitted as possible. The consequence was that, in many cases, the masters devoted a very large portion of their time, not to teaching the admitted pupils, but to preparing candidates for admission. Another curious result followed. The examination for entrance to the classical course was easier than that for entrance to the higher English course. In nearly every school there were some girls in attendance. In many schools they formed a moiety of the pupils. Very few of these were equal to the work of passing the examination for the higher English course, and therefore they were put into Latin and counted as classical pupils.

The non-professional reader, if he have followed me through this somewhat dry account of the history of the High Schools, may feel inclined to ask how it happened that the entrance examination was lower for the classical than for the English course. The explanation is this. The men who prescribed these examinations held the view that it was desirable that those who were to study classics should begin young, and should not be kept out of the Grammar Schools by too severe an examination, while on the other hand the English department of the Grammar Schools should teach only such subjects as were beyond the curriculum of the Common Schools. Their opinions had many arguments to recommend them, but they led to grievous practical results.

Though under this Act the examinations for admission were rendered uniform, yet the business of examining the candidates for admission took up so much of the Inspector's time that he could not properly inspect the work done in the schools.

In February, 1871, the last amendment to our educational code was passed, and among the changes in the Grammar School System caused by, or connected with it, the following are the most important:—The appointment of two Inspectors instead of one; the establishment of Local Boards of Examiners, consisting of the County Inspector, the Head-Master, and the Chairman of the Board of Grammar School Trustees, to admit pupils to the High Schools; the establishment of a distinct class of High Schools to be known as Collegiate Institutes, for the purpose of preventing the decay of classical learning, which it was feared might follow from the operation of some other parts of the new enactments.

How does the present system work? It

is by no means perfect, but yet it would be folly to deny that since 1864 the improvement in the High Schools has been very great. The improvement has, however, been chiefly due to the improved method of inspection introduced by the Rev. G. P. Young. The example set by him of taking up certain points and fearlessly publishing the results of his investigations of the state of the schools in these respects, has been followed with the happiest results. The doubling of the number of Inspectors, in consequence of which each Inspector can thoroughly inspect every school in the Province once in the year, has been very beneficial. But the legislation we have had has not eradicated the abuses of the system, but only changed their character. There is no use in mincing matters. The abuses of the High Schools are as great as they were ten years ago, in spite of the improvement of the schools. The abuses of the Grammar School System have always arisen from the method of apportionment of the Government grant.

Head masters and trustees are but men, and if the conditions on which the money is granted to the High Schools are such that it is the pecuniary interest of the master or the locality to pursue some other object than efficiency, that other object will in nine cases out of ten be pursued. I do not mean to say that the head masters would set before themselves as a conscious aim the Horatian precept,

"rem, facias rem :
Si possis, recte, si non, quocunque modo rem,"

but I do mean to say that the *res augusta domi* of educated men, compelled to live, and in many instances support families, on salaries that averaged $685 in 1865, has necessarily a very strong silent influence on their modes of thinking and acting. I am far from wishing to convey the impression that High School masters are more deficient in moral backbone than other classes of the community, but it requires no great penetration to discover that a sort of spinal curvature is apt to affect the moral perpendicularity of the average human being when his financial environment is unfavourable. Under the law as administered from 1853 to 1865 there was a strong temptation to the multiplication of nominal Grammar Schools. In point of fact, the Government offered a bonus for their establishment. By the Grammar School Improvement Act of 1865 that evil was partially checked, but another evil was called into existence and still survives. By the system of distributing the Government grant on the basis of average attendance, it becomes the interest of the local authorities to have as large an attendance as possible of admitted pupils, the consequence being, as I have said before, that the time of many of the masters is devoted to preparatory work instead of to the proper work of a Grammar School. Not only is this still the case, but by the Act of 1871 another abuse has been added to it. By that Act the business of examining the entrance pupils was transferred from the Inspectors to a local board consisting of the County Inspector of Public Schools, the Chairman of the Grammar School Board, and the head master. It was supposed that a Board so constituted would be free from the temptation to admit unfit pupils into the High Schools. They may be above the temptation in some places, but in the majority of cases they simply act as the head master wishes them to act; and, as it is generally his interest that the numbers should be large, very many unfit pupils are admitted. The following account is current among teachers with respect to the admission of pupils at a western school. The examinations, according to a regulation issued in August, 1871, must be in writing. The authorities had decided to admit two or three divisions of pupils from the Public School, and brought them up for examination. But when the answers were examined they were discovered to be very incorrect. The local author-

ities, not wishing to lose the grant of $18 per head of average attendance, gave the answers back to the pupils, pointed out where they were wrong, made them correct them, then formally examined the corrected answers, and admitted the candidates on the strength of the answers so corrected. The school at which this was done is generally reputed to be a third-class school, but it receives Government money at the same rate as a first-class school. Whether the account given above be correct or not, it is certain that in one year the attendance at the school referred to increased from about 60 to about 260, while there was no improvement in the instruction given. The school in consequence receives about $3000 more annually from Government than it previously did, and the municipality in which it is situated has been saved just so much taxation. For the same teachers who taught these pupils as Public School pupils now teach them as High School pupils, but instead of being paid from the Public School taxes they are paid from the Government grant for High School purposes.

Another portion of the present law which works badly is the clause relating to Collegiate Institutes. The object of the clause which empowers the Lieutenant Governor in Council to grant to any school having an average attendance of sixty boys in Latin, and employing the whole time of four masters in teaching them, the title of Collegiate Institute, and a bonus of $750 per annum, is obviously praiseworthy ; but as the title and bonus will be lost if the average attendance falls below the required number, the attention of a master whose average is just above sixty is constantly directed to keeping up the numbers instead of improving the condition of the school. The clause has also led to the erection of one or two schools into Collegiate Institutes which have been by no means prominent as classical schools, while some schools which are good feeders to the University have not received the title and bonus on account of the smallness of their numbers.

The clause is faulty in another respect. It is calculated to make it the interest of the masters of the larger High Schools to give the classical departments of their schools a sort of hot-house culture in order to raise the average attendance in classics, if possible, as high as sixty. In this way the master, who ought to be the exponent of modern culture in the place of his abode, becomes inclined to take a position antagonistic to it, to the manifest injury of education. If he succeeds he will probably increase his salary, but the school will be less beneficial to the country than it was before, for the master will be compelled to continue to discourage the English and scientific course in order to keep up the attendance in classics.

It would be well, I think, to repeal the clause and to enact that Collegiate Institutes should give instruction only in the classical course; that they should be distinct and separate institutions from the High Schools in the same localities ; that they should be established at the places in which they now exist, and, on the recommendation of the Council of Public Instruction, at any other places in the Province in which they are or shall be in its judgment required, on compliance with such of the following conditions as affect the local authorities : that two thirds of the original cost of land, buildings, and furniture, should be defrayed by the Government and one third by the municipality in which they are situated ; that all subsequent expenses should be borne by the municipality ; and that the Government should make an annual grant of $3000 to each Collegiate Institute, on condition that the local authorities should provide $1500, annually, exclusive of fees, and pay at least $5000 for the services of the masters employed. Some such arrangement as the above would make the Collegiate Institutes real feeders to the University, and would ensure the existence of a few good classical

schools, whose existence would moreover be independent of fluctuations in their attendance.

Last August a regulation of the Council of Public Instruction was issued, the main object of which was to secure a uniform entrance examination to the High Schools throughout the Province. It directed the various local boards to hold the examinations on October 10th, and prescribed the method of examination minutely. Sets of questions were to be prepared in Toronto and sent under seal to each school, to be opened at 9 A. M. on the day of examination, so that at the same time throughout the Province the applicants for admission would be engaged in answering the same questions. The answers were to be valued by the local boards and afterwards transmitted to Toronto, along with the values given, in order that the High School Inspectors might test the fairness with which the work had been done, and either allow or disallow the admissions made. The plan was an ingenious one, and was not ill-devised except in one particular. The minimum for entrance was placed at 75 per cent. when 50 per cent. would have been sufficiently high. This, however, may have been an inadvertency, as the Council of Public Instruction afterwards, when it was too late, issued directions to reduce the minimum to 50 per cent. The plan, at any rate, deserved to be tried, but the fates were against it. Before the tenth of October came, the Lieutenant-Governor, by an Order in Council, rescinded the regulation on the ground that in making it the Council of Public Instruction were adding to, not administering, the law. There were whispers at the time about influence brought to bear on the Government by parties whose pecuniary interests were likely to be injuriously affected by the carrying out of the regulation, and in these whispers there was probably a modicum of truth. But though I think so, and though I think that the effect of rescinding the regulation will be bad though I think that its effect will be to give those managers of schools who are inclined to take advantage of it, full scope to exercise their ingenuity in obtaining an unfairly large proportion of the Government grant, yet I am far from thinking the action of the Government indefensible. The clause in the Act referring to the examinations is, in fact, so obscurely worded as to afford ground for arguments on both sides of the question, and if the Government has, as some think it has, rescinded the regulation with the view of settling the point by legislation, after due deliberation during the session of the Local Legislature, its course is worthy of praise. The question at issue is how far the power of the Council of Public Instruction should be allowed to extend in the way of supervising the examinations for entrance. I think it desirable that they should have the fullest power, but if the law does not confer it on them, the proper course is, not to assume the power, but to alter the law.

The reader who has followed me so far will have noticed that I admit that the intentions of the various Acts which have been passed to improve the High Schools, have been laudable, but that I contend that the provisions of the Acts have not been so framed as to carry out the intentions of the framers.

To what are we to attribute the failure in framing the laws? To the neglect of the subject by Parliament, and its mismanagement by the Education Department. The various measures proposed by the Chief Superintendent have all betrayed a certain crudity and lack of precision which have been fatal to their success. The head of the Education Department, whom I credit with the best intentions, and with the possession of no mean abilities, has often, I fear, been led astray by his hobbies, and by the advice of incompetent subordinates. It is of the utmost importance that the Chief Super-

intendent, whoever he may be, should be provided with competent advisers.

A body has, indeed, been provided to advise, and restrain if necessary, the Chief Superintendent, namely, the Council of Public Instruction. It consists of two classes of members, the members for all purposes, and the members who have a right to vote only on measures affecting the High Schools. This latter class consists of the president of University College and the presidents of all colleges affiliated to the University of Toronto. This class of men, did they attend, would be a valuable element in the Council, if for no other reason, simply because they are educated men, but as they all reside out of Toronto, with, we think, one exception, and as no allowance is made to members for travelling expenses, they are seldom present at the meetings. It is evident, however, that their services can be valuable in only one respect, namely, with reference to the connection between the High Schools and the University, unless, indeed, any of them happen to have an intimate knowledge of the working of the High Schools, derived from observation or experience. The members of the Council of Public Instruction for general purposes, have heretofore been selected with the view of securing the good-will of the stronger religious denominations for the national system of education. In consequence the clerical element has an unfairly strong representation in the Council, while the lay element is illiterate. It is unnecessary any longer to secure the good-will of the various sects for the system of education, as the people will never consent to its destruction, so that the present constitution of the Council renders it absolutely useless for any purpose. It has never served any purpose except the religious one; it does not consist of men able to advise Dr. Ryerson, and it is, therefore, no check at all on bureaucratic mismanagement.

A much better check on bureaucratic mismanagement and defective legislation would be the formation of a sound public opinion, and the rise of a healthy interest in the subject of superior education. I regard the formation of a tolerably correct public opinion on this and other questions which do not touch the popular heart, though they are of immense indirect importance to the welfare of the State, as one of the most valuable functions of this Magazine. It is a function which can be discharged only by a national periodical. Magazines published elsewhere may satisfy the literary tastes of Canadian readers, but in no foreign magazine can room be profitably made for the discussion of Canadian subjects of local interest. In a new country like Canada, where the exertions of all are devoted to securing their material well-being, it is important that there should be some means of directing public attention to those subjects affecting the national welfare which yet never decide the casting of a single vote at the polls. If the *Canadian Monthly and National Review* succeeds in building up a proper state of feeling in reference to even one of these subjects, it will have bestowed on the country a greater benefit than can easily be repaid.

There is no doubt that there is in the minds of the people of this country an indifference to the subject of High Schools, arising from the opinion that the masses have no interest in them. It is true that they have no direct interest in them, that under the very best system only a very small per centage of the population can ever enter for educational purposes the doors of a High School, but yet it is not the less true that they are of immense indirect importance to the masses. Not only is it of importance that every lad who has the ability to profit by a superior education should have the means of readily obtaining it at hand; not only is it important to the general well-being of a community that it should have in it a body of highly cultivated men; not only are clergymen, lawyers, medical men, and teachers necessary, who must be trained in the High Schools, but the High Schools

are most advantageous in another respect, namely, in giving tone to the lower schools. If the High Schools are put in a thoroughly efficient state, the elementary schools will be immensely better than they are. The boys educated in the High Schools will, as men, be the natural leaders of the communities in which they reside, and must give a tone to everything in them. But it must be unnecessary to convince the readers of this Magazine that, next to the establishment of a system of elementary instruction, nothing can be more important than the efficiency of a system of schools immediately above the elementary ones.

I regard the dormant state of public opinion on the subject of superior education, and its activity with regard to popular education, as the reason why the Public School system of elementary instruction has been better managed than the High School system. For there can be no doubt that the Common School system has been, throughout the length and breadth of the country, a great success, while the Grammar School system has been, in most places, a comparative failure. There are, it is true, many exceptions. There are High Schools well managed, owing to the liberality of the trustees or the zeal of the masters. But it is undeniable that there are cancers in the system still, which must be excised before the whole body can be in a healthy condition.

The greater part of the avoidable evils which have arisen since 1853, have arisen from the injudicious methods of distributing the Government grant which have been adopted. The thirty-seventh section of the Act of 1871 provides that the grant shall be apportioned on the basis of the average attendance of pupils, their proficiency in the various branches of study, and the length of time each High School is kept open as compared with other High Schools. Are these conditions all that should have weight in settling the amount of the annual grant? I think not. Two other conditions should be added: the quality of the instruction and the quality of the school accommodation. In regard to the first point it does not follow that the proficiency of the pupils will indicate the quality of the teaching. The pupils may not remain sufficiently long at school to benefit by the instructions of a good master, or after a change of masters a poor successor may, for some time, reap the benefit of the labours of a good predecessor. At any rate it is desirable to offer to localities in which, from paucity of numbers and the short period of attendance of the pupils, or from some other cause, there are special difficulties in the way of the improvement of the High Schools, some direct inducement to secure the services of masters who will be likely to bring the schools to the maximum of efficiency attainable under the circumstances. With regard to my second suggestion, I think it desirable that boards of school trustees that go to the expense of providing suitable and sufficient accommodation should feel that this will be directly instrumental in the augmentation of the grant.

The bases of apportionment, therefore, of which I would approve are five: average attendance, proficiency of pupils, quality of instruction, quality of school accommodation, and length of time during which the school has been kept open. The first and last of these bases are easily ascertainable, and it is on them that the apportionment has been made since 1865. Since 1871, when the basis of proficiency of pupils was first recognized, no attempt has been made to act on it from the difficulty of devising a fair method of comparing the different schools. A scheme has been proposed, known as the scheme of "payment for results," which covers the whole ground of the bases of apportionment, and seems likely, if adopted, to work better than any scheme which has yet been suggested. The following is the form of the scheme of which the writer would approve:

Let each Inspector be directed to classify each school he visits, in numbers ranging from six, the highest, to one, the lowest mark, in each of the following particulars :

(*a*) Proficiency of pupils in Classics.
(*b*) " " Mathematics.
(*c*) " " English.
(*d*) " " Science.
(*e*) " " French and German.
(*f*) " " History, Geography, Writing, &c.
(*g*) Discipline.
(*h*) Quality of Instruction.
(*i*) Quality of School Accommodation.

The highest number of marks that any school could receive from one Inspector would be 54, from both Inspectors 108. The lowest number of marks that any school could receive from one Inspector would be 9, from both 18. After both Inspectors have visited all the schools, let them meet, add together their marks, and report them to the Chief Superintendent, who will apportion the money as follows :

Each school having 36 marks or under will receive a grant of $10 *per caput* of average attendance, and each school having

Over	36	marks,	and	under	55,	$15,
"	54	"	"	"	73,	$20,
"	72	"	"	"	91,	$25,
"	90	"				$30,

per caput of average attendance.

In the preceding draft scheme I have divided the schools into five classes, and proposed to grant the money accordingly. But it would be easy to divide the schools on this principle into a much larger number of classes, and to proportion the differences in the payments to much smaller differences in their actual standing.

There is but one objection to the above scheme, that it puts too much power in the hands of the Inspectors. The objection is a serious one, I admit, but it is not so serious with two Inspectors as it would be with one. The chances of error from negligence, prejudice, or active antipathy to particular individuals, are considerably lessened where there are two Inspectors. Still, it must be admitted that their responsibility would be great. It would not, however, be greater than that of a judge, and it would probably become with them, as with judges, a point of honour to do justice. The case of examiners is a parallel one, and it is with examiners a point of honour to mark fairly. Granting, however, that the power of the Inspectors would be great, and that it might be abused, the lesson that the whole history of the Government grants to the High Schools teaches me is, that large powers must be entrusted to somebody in order that the full benefit which the country has a right to expect from a large grant of public money may be realized. It will not do to retain the present system. It would be far better to go back to the system of making the grants to municipalities for High School purposes dependent on population or some other standard, the practical application of which could not be affected by the school authorities. The unseemly exertions now made to secure a large Government grant must be stopped, and they can only be stopped in one of three ways : by resorting to some arbitrary principle of apportionment, by the abolition of the grants, or by payment for results.

I may add that the preceding sketch of the scheme, though substantially the same as every sketch that I have ever seen, differs from all in its details. I prefer, however, to put the scheme in the concrete form in which I have put it in order that it may be generally intelligible. The system of payment for results which was adopted and afterwards abandoned as a failure in England, differed in principle from the one proposed above, which is simply a development of a suggestion thrown out by the Rev. G. P. Young. The English scheme required the Inspector to classify every individual pupil

in every school, and was found unfair in practice.

As so much power must be placed in the hands of the Chief Superintendent, it is desirable that his advisory body, the Council of Public Instruction, should be qualified to advise him. A good deal has been said of late years about the desirability of infusing new life into the Council. It was proposed in the Local Legislature, when the Act of 1871 was under discussion, to introduce representatives of the High School masters, the Public School masters, and the County Inspectors into the Council, but the motion was lost. The question has been frequently discussed in the Ontario Teachers' Association. There is one great difficulty in the way of all attempts to improve the *personnel* of the Council of Public Instruction, the difficulty of finding men not engaged in instruction who possess the requisite education, acquaintance with teaching, and knowledge of the requirements of the country, to fit them for a seat in the Council. For it would, in my opinion, be exceedingly injudicious to place a teacher engaged in the exercise of his profession in the Council. He would have a voice in the appointment of his own Inspectors, would have access to the private reports of the Inspectors, and would be in a position to obtain information which might give his school an unfair advantage over others, and he might assist in passing measures which would be for his personal interest. Notwithstanding the difficulty of finding suitable men, I am strongly in favour of an elective element in the Council. I would propose the election of one member, not a teacher or Inspector in actual employment, by each of the three bodies mentioned above, the High School masters, the Public School masters, and the County Inspectors. These members should not hold office for life as the present members of the Council do; but their term should be limited to say three years, and they should be eligible for re-election. There would thus always be members of the Council who would make it their business to ascertain how any proposed measure would affect their constituents, and who would feel bound to understand the regulations that were proposed. It may very reasonably be doubted whether at the present time all the members of the Council, or indeed many of them, have any clear idea of the objects and probable effects of proposed measures. The elected members would all be men of some ability, and would add not a little weight to the Council. It would be desirable, in the event of any change in its constitution, that provision should be made for the payment of the travelling expenses of those members who do not reside in Toronto.

In a perfect school system it ought to be made the interest of every master to direct his energies to teaching to the best of his ability those entrusted to his care. He should not be tempted to reflect that if he can push this boy into the High School, or if he can induce him to study Latin, his salary will be increased by so much per annum. His interest should be solely in preaching and practising the gospel of human culture. A new pupil should be to him a bundle of undeveloped potentialities which are to be developed to the best possible purpose for the possessor—not for the master. It rests with society to see that the masters are put into such position that their duty and their interests shall coincide. In order that the educational mill may grind well let the millers be paid better for flour than for bran. Bran enough, indeed, will always be furnished for nothing.

HORACE, OD. III. 21.

"O nata mecum consule Manlio."

My good contemporary cask, whatever thou dost keep
Stored up in thee—smiles, tears, wild loves, mad brawls or easy sleep—
Whate'er thy grape was charged withal, thy hour is come; descend;
Corvinus bids, my mellowest wine must greet my dearest friend.
Sage and Socratic though he be, the juice he will not spurn,
That many a time made glow, they say, old Cato's virtue stern.
There's not a heart so hard but thou beneath its guard canst steal,
There's not a soul so close but thou its secret canst reveal.
There's no despair but thou canst cheer, no wretch's lot so low
But thou canst raise, and bid him brave the tyrant and the foe.
Please Bacchus and the Queen of Love, and the linked Graces three,
Till lamps shall fail and stars grow pale, we'll make a night with thee.

HORACE, OD. III. 13.

"O Fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro."

Spring of Bandusia, crystal clear,
  Worthy this cup of votive wine,
And these first blossoms of the year,
  To-morrow shall a kid be thine.

Yon kid, whose horns begin to bud
  And tell of love to be, and fight,
In vain! The little wanton's blood
  Is doomed to dye thy streamlet bright.

The sultriest summer's burning ray,
  Taints not thy virgin wave, and dear
Is its cool draught at close of day,
  To wandering flock and weary steer.

Thou too shalt be a spring renowned,
  If verse of mine can fame bestow
On yonder grotto ilex-crowned,
  From which thy babbling waters flow.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP OF AN OLD STAGER.

IT is difficult to describe or explain the charm which things theatrical, the life behind the scenes, and those who live it, have for the general public, but certain it is that few subjects are more sure of finding readers than theatrical gossip. The wit of the green-room is so witty, its absurdities are so absurd, and its objects so exceptional, that the outside world is always ready to share the secrets and fun of the foot-lights. Besides there is the natural curiosity to know how those Shadrachs, Meshachs and Abednegos of ours, who pass nightly through the burning fiery furnace of public opinion, live in the daylight; whether they eat, drink, sleep and talk like other folk; what manner of men and women they are in private life.

A contribution has just been made towards satisfying this curiosity. J. R. Planché—a name familiar and dear to old country play-goers—has just published a couple of volumes of * "Recollections and Reflections," full of the chit-chat supplied by his own long experience, which dates back as far as the peace of Amiens, celebrated in the April of 1802, and recalls the brilliant London illuminations which honoured that hollow farce.

Riding round the drawing-room in Sackville Street, London, on the gold-headed cane of its owner, Charles, 4th Duke of Rutland, whose duchess was extremely friendly with his mother, young Planché was in a fair way to have led his regiment at Waterloo, an ensign's commission being offered by His Grace for the boy, said boy then ætat. 4, remembering no more of the circumstance than that His Grace was "a fine tall young man of three or four and twenty, wearing a blue-tailed coat with gilt buttons, buckskin breeches and top boots." The offer was not accepted, and a dramatist was thus preserved from being made food for powder. The *cacoëthes scribendi* set in with him early, and in company with other boys of similar tastes, one of whom is the present Chief Baron of the Exchequer in England, he wrote and acted plays, and at ten years old was already poet and dramatist; while at twenty-two, having strutted his hour on many an amateur stage meanwhile, a play of his, his first-born, was actually accepted for the boards of old Drury. By its success "Amoroso, King of Little Britain," decided the career of its author, and with its hundred and seventy successors, placed him in intimate connection with the stars of the dramatic and literary world of the past half century. There were giants in those days when young Planché first went to the play-houses. Mrs. Jordan, the beautiful and witty, was before the public. George Frederick Cooke was playing Iago to Pope's Othello. John Kemble was electrifying the world with his wonderful impersonation of Macbeth, with Mrs. Siddons in the *rôle* of Lady Macbeth. Of her Planché writes: "Her whole performance impressed me with an awe that, when I met her in society, several years afterwards, I could not entirely divest myself of." Mrs. Powell succeeded to the post held by Mrs. Siddons, a beautiful woman too, and with a wit as pungent as could be desired of a green-room toast. She was twice married, but for family reasons concealed her second marriage. An actress in the Covent Garden company, who bore the title of "Mrs." by courtesy rather than of right, one night said before a crowded company with considerable malice—"Mrs. Powell, every body says you're married." "Indeed!" retorted Mrs. Powell coldly; "everybody says you are not." Those were the days of green-room wit and humour. All the chief writers, wits, and men of fashion and position, had

* London: Tinsley, Brothers.

the *entrée*, and the green-rooms of the great London theatres were the most delightful resorts in town. The etiquette was severe. No visitor was allowed to enter who was not in full evening dress. The principal actresses each had her page waiting in the corridor to pick up her train as she issued from the green-room to make her entrance upon the stage, and everything was conducted upon courtly and drawing-room principles; only the result was vastly more amusing than the principles. Stephen Kemble, brother to the great Kemble, was at Drury Lane when Planché made his bow to the green-room belles and beaux; a man whose obesity was so great that he played Falstaff without stuffing! Enormous prices were paid for the rental of the big theatres. In 1821, when Elliston, the best general actor of his own or after days had Drury Lane, he was paying the sum of £10,200 per annum for rent, and in his company were Charles Young, Macready, Liston, and Miss Stephens. It was necessary that some one should "draw" under such circumstances. Admirers and detesters of the sensational school of play writing may be interested to learn that Planché himself, now some fifty years ago, brought out the first "sensation effect" scene on the English stage. The play was "Kenilworth," and by means of a "dummy figure," Amy Robsart was made to follow the text of the novel, and fall headlong down the trap set by Varney, in the face of the audience. The thrill of horror they felt was also a thrill of satisfaction, and the "sensation" "took" immensely. In these days, thanks to that first start, we shall soon have real murders, authenticated suicides, actual poison, and genuine executions. Of course, as the "sensation" is all that is required, our actors will be taken from the condemned cell straight; the only point is that we shall have to widen the net of our criminal law, so as to keep up the supply of histrionic talent.

To Mr. Planché the world is largely indebted for having been the first to notice and remove the barbarisms of the stage in the matters of costume and scenic detail. Garrick had been content to play Brutus in a bag wig, and Macbeth in a gold lace suit; while King Lear, in common with other plays founded on English history, was performed in the costume of the Elizabethan period. The sympathy of Kemble having been enlisted in the cause, King John was, after infinite trouble and research, produced with appropriate surroundings, armour and costume. The audiences were delighted, the house filled, the receipts increased immensely, and the first blow was struck at slovenly stage-mounting.

In 1826 one of the greatest of the world's lords of song, Carl Maria von Weber, wrote his opera "Oberon" for Covent Garden. It was his swan-song—his last. Planché was engaged to write the libretto, Weber having chosen the subject himself. As the great composer was at Dresden, the necessary conferences took place by means of letters, in an early one of which he writes, "I thank you obligingly for your goodness of having translated the verses in French; but it was not so necessary, because I am, though yet a weak, a diligent student of the English language." In another letter he says, "Russia, Sweden, Holland, France, Scotland, and England, have brought on the boards my performances without their being entitled to it; for my works have not been printed; and though I do not value money to take notice of it, the world forces me at last." Poor Weber! his was too great a soul to be vexed with the copyright question. He apologises for this plaint on the score that "poets and composers live together in a sort of angels' marriage." Criticism in England must have been in a poor way at this time. Weber's "Freischütz," which had come out just before, was only saved from condemnation by its "Huntsman's Chorus" and its general *diablerie*, the exquisite melodies in it being compared by musical *critics* to

"wind through a key hole!" "Oberon" came out with Madame Vestris, Miss Paton, Mrs. Keeley, Fawcett, and the greatest of English tenors, Braham, in the cast. The exquisite "Mermaid Song" was being sung at a full rehearsal, and the effect not being satisfactory, Fawcett cried, "That must come out!—it won't go!" Weber, who was standing in the pit, leaning over the back of the orchestra, being very feeble, shouted, "Wherefore shall it not go?" and, leaping over the barrier, snatched the baton from the conductor, and led the song himself. It is needless to say that it *went*. Braham afterwards being asked by Cooke, leader of the orchestra at Drury Lane, how "Oberon" was going on: "Magnificently!" said he, "it will run to the day of judgment." "My dear fellow," rejoined Cook, "that's nothing! ours has run five nights after!" One more anecdote of Weber should have place. At the rehearsal of his last concert, the chorus began to sing a certain prayer at the top of their lungs. Weber hushed them in a moment, exclaiming, "If you were in the presence of God Almighty you would not speak loud."

Planché tells a capital and hitherto unrecorded witticism of Tom Hood's, with whom he was dining at a party where one of the guests told wonderful stories as to his shooting. At the close Hood quietly remarked:

> "What he hit is history,
> What he missed is mystery."

In his last illness, being reduced almost to a skeleton, he noticed a large mustard poultice which Mrs. Hood was making for him, and exclaimed, "O, Mary! Mary! That will be a great deal of mustard to a very little meat!"

Going behind the scenes of the Coburg theatre one night, after being much struck with the merits of one scene, Planché complimented the manager on his artist. The answer was that the scene was painted by two boys, one of the boys, whom they discovered playing at leapfrog, was the afterwards renowned Clarkson Stanfield, R. A., perhaps the greatest of our scenic artists.

The inauguration of the "Garrick" Club in 1831 was the means of gathering to one centre an unrivalled coterie of wit and talent, and the club-room took, to a great extent, the position once held by the green-room. Of titles and London swelldom generally there was no lack, but the charm of the place lay, of course, in the presence, as members, of the bright particular stars of the literary, artistic, and theatrical firmaments. Amongst the early members were James Smith, Poole, the witty author of Paul Pry, and Charles Mathews, the elder; while later on came the Rev. Richard Barham—"Ingoldsby Legends" Barham—Theodore Hook, Thackeray, Charles Dickens, and a host of others, all men of mark. Hook and Planché were intimates despite the difference in their ages. Planché was present at a dinner given by Horace Twiss, where Hook, being pressed to sing one of his extemporaneous songs, agreed, saying that the subject should be John Murray (the great publisher), who was present. Murray objected, and a chase ensued round the room, in the course of which Hook let off his verses, commencing as follows:

> "My friend John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,
> And the wonder is, at this time of night, that John Murray is able.
> He's an excellent hand at a dinner, and not a bad one at a lunch,
> But the devil of John Murray is, that he never will pass the punch."

Thackeray at this time was a "slim young man, rather taciturn, and not displaying any particular love or talent for literature," but whose taste for sketching and caricaturing led him to cover the blotting pads of the club, and every available scrap of paper, with the most amusing specimens of his ability.

The non-engagement of Madame Vestris at Covent Garden was the cause of her taking on herself the cares of lesseeship at the

Olympic, and, in conjunction with Planché, inaugurating that brilliant series of productions which has handed her name and his down as the most tasteful of managéresses and the most brilliant of play-writers. How charming a contrast to the dull prose of one of our heavy courtesy dinners must have been a dinner the veteran describes with Bunn, where the party consisted of Malibran, De Beriot, and Thalberg, and where Malibran sang "notes" to Thalberg's improvised melodies, De Beriot accompanying on the violin. Then came an original performance of De Beriot's, in imitation of a Frenchwoman who had danced on the tight rope whilst playing the French horn. De Beriot with a bunch of keys tied to the strings of his violin, going through the performance on a chalk line drawn across the carpet, till a lovely summer morning found them all sitting out in the garden eating mulberries! Cliquot and Chateau Margeaux, Lafitte, and the vintage of '49, make poor weight against such good company. Poor Malibran! her early death was a great loss to English opera. When she was dissatisfied with the libretto of Bunn, who composed a libretto for her, she would send her music to Planché with the expressive notice "Betterer words here." In the March of '33 Planché saw Edmund Kean's last performance. He was acting Othello to the Iago of his son Charles, and having given the fine speech terminating with "Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone!" seizing Iago, as his use was, by the throat, he had scarcely uttered the words "Villain! be sure—" when his voice died away, his head sank upon his son's breast, and the curtain fell on the great tragedian.

It was a great victory for the right of brain to its own productions when in '33 the Royal assent was given to the Dramatic Authors' Act, and through the exertions of Planché and others, English dramatic authors were placed upon the footing of their continental brethren. The vexed question of copyright is still a vexed question, but the injustice does not now exist which has left the families of Douglas Jerrold, Robert and William Brough, Mark Lemon, and hundreds of others in poverty, and the brain-work of a life is allowed to rank as a provision for the future as much as its physical work.

As this century went on new faces appeared on the horizon for the entertainment of the world, and new wits sprang up, amongst whom came the poet Rogers and his accomplished friend Luttrell. Of the latter a brilliant *mot* is told. Accepting a verbal invitation to dinner, he said "Who is going to dine there?" The answer was, "I believe the Bishop of —— for one." "The Bishop of ——!" exclaimed Luttrell. "Mercy on me! I don't mix well with the Dean, and I shall positively effervesce with the Bishop." Amongst the many associations of his busy life there was one which will be a source of regret to many, and to Planché himself must be one of the greatest annoyance and pain. In '38 he received an invitation to write an opera for Mendelssohn, and went so far as actually to write it; but when submitted to the great composer, he failed to feel himself in harmony with the plan or the character of the piece, and after a long series of letters, in which he expresses strong admiration of the poetry of the work, the negotiation fell through. There is one point of good about members of the "sock and buskin" order "which nobody can deny"—the ready, open-handed generosity with which they combine for the purpose of assisting an unfortunate brother or sister. Perhaps it is the consciousness of a Damocles' sword of failure which impends over all members of the profession, from the highest to the lowest, that makes them kind. Or is it that but few know the petrifying action of wealth upon the heart? The widow and children of Thomas Haynes Bayley were plunged into distress by the death of the "bread-winner," and a perfor-

mance was got up at Drury Lane for their benefit, in aid of which figure the names of Theodore Hook, Captain Marryat, and Miss Burdett Coutts. Of a thrifty soul whose aid was meagre and parsimonious, Hook wrote: "I have often heard of the golden *mean*. I now know what it is." The last few years of the famous old veteran, Thomas Dibdin, were cheered by the proceeds of an annual dinner got up by the Hon. Edmund Byng, at Evans' hotel, on his behalf. The following note from the poor old man, then just upon seventy, shows his appreciation of the kindness done him:

"Dear Sir,

"If words could express genuine thanks, you should have a specimen of more than common eloquence from a pen that can only plainly acknowledge your repeated and persevering kindness, exhibited on the birthday anniversaries of

"Dear Sir,

"Your truly obliged servant,
"THOMAS DIBDIN.

"King Street, March 24, 1839.
"R. PLANCHE, Esq."

The Roman augurs could never meet without smiling; the same freemasonry would seem to exist between actors. Munden, whenever he met Planché in the street, used to get astride his great cotton umbrella, and ride up to him like a boy on a stick. Meadows would seat himself on the curbstone opposite Planché's house in London; with his hat in his hand like a beggar, and remain in that attitude till one of the family threw him the beggar's dole of a halfpenny. Wallack and Tom Cooke would gravely meet, remove each the other's hat, bow ceremoniously, replace it, and pass on without exchanging a word, to the astonishment of the beholders. Sheridan Knowles was *the* eccentric of his time, and numerous are the anecdotes told of him. The following is no bad sample of his frequent absence of mind: Seeing O. Smith, the melo-dramatic actor, on the opposite side of the Strand, Knowles rushed across the road, seized him by the hand and enquired after his health. Smith, who only knew him by sight, said, "I think, Mr. Knowles, you are mistaken; I am O. Smith." "My dear fellow," cried Knowles, "I beg you a thousand pardons; I took you for your *namesake* T. P Cooke!" Of all literary men, poor Leigh Hunt, gentle, affectionate, simple-hearted as he was, was, perhaps, the most loved by his friends of any author, and Planché pays a just tribute to his memory. The following is a characteristic extract from a letter written by him in '46, on the occasion of the death of Planché's wife, to the bereaved husband:

"We shall all see one another in another state—that's the great comfort; and there too we shall understand one another (if ever mistaken,) and love and desire nothing but the extreme of good and reason to everybody. Nothing could persuade me to the contrary, setting even everything else aside, were it only for the two considerations—that the maker of love must be good, and that in infinite space there is room for everything."

It is no longer necessary for one to be an octogenarian to be a sharer in many of Planché's "recollections" at this date; the names we now come across are those familiar enough to most of those of us who hail from the white cliffs. Miss P. Horton (now Mrs. German Reed,) Alfred Crowquill, Mons. Jullien, whose monster promenade concerts drew so successfully, and our great tenor, Sims Reeves, who took the town by surprise at this date, and has held the lead, *facile princeps*, ever since, are names which are easily associated with personal recollections. Planché produced a long line of the most charming extravaganzas at the Lyceum, whose scenic wonders were created by William Beverley, then new to the public, but now long acknowledged as at the head of his profession, and the public taste went wild in favour of exquisite stage pictures, upholstery, and the *mise en scène*, till the mounting of the play was the consideration, and the drama itself became merely a peg on which to hang the pretty pictures. Twenty years have only strengthened this feature of the public taste, and the Herods of those days are out-Heroded in the mat-

ter of lavish expense in the get-up of a play. Those were the palmy days of pantomime when Bologna was Harlequin, Barnes the Pantaloon, and Grimaldi, the inimitable, the prince of Clowns, was clowning it to crammed houses at Sadler's Wells; but the pantomime of these degenerate days are very different matters. Is the world getting too old for the red hot poker of Grimaldi's time, or is the poker getting too old, "stale, flat and unprofitable" for the world? It probably shows a weak mind, but there are people who hold that the lovely fairy scenes, to which Planché, by the way, was the first to introduce us, are preferable to the poker; but then these are not days of simplicity, and Grimaldi himself would be yawned at or worse.

These later years of theatrical reminiscence, though they deal with some great actors and a very widely extended experience, are not yet distilled of their anecdotal treasures. It is only when a man dies that the world cares to hear much about his personal peculiarities, and the friends of the days of his flesh begin to grub up their divers items of gossip and scandal about him, or to overhaul their budgets of old letters for specimens of his powers of domestic composition; and may such attentions be yet far removed from the names of those bright links of the present to the past, in things dramatic, whom we have yet amongst us.

Apart from purely theatrical and literary gossip, there is an immense fund of information and interest in Planché's "Recollections." He may be fitly styled the father of the drama of the present day. It is to his able guidance that we owe the present accuracy of detail in matters historical on the stage; the exquisite perfection to which scene painting has been brought is due to his taste; while, as we have incidentally observed, the dramatic author owes to him that just recognition of the dues of his brain productions, which gives him the fruits of his own works. As for his "Recollections," the revelations of such a memory as his are a reflex of the past, and his pages are a magician's mirror in which the great ones of by-gone times come before us "in their habit as they lived," and we learn to know our departed heroes with the intimacy of personal friendship.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

(From "The Ministry of Song.")

A PEARL-STREWN pathway of untold gladness,
Flecked by no gloom, by no weary sadness,
Such be the year to thee!
A crystal rivulet, sunlight flinging,
Awakening blossoms, and joyfully singing
Its own calm melody.

A symphony soft, and sweet, and low,
Like the gentlest music the angels know
In their moments of deepest joy;
Mid earth's wild clamour thy spirit telling
Of beauty and holiness, upward swelling,
And mingling with the sky.

A radiant, fadeless Eden flower,
Unfolding in loveliness hour by hour,
Like a wing-veiled seraph's face;—
Such be the opening year to thee,
Shrouded though all its moments be,
Unknown as the bounds of space.

Blessings unspoken this year be thine!
Each day in its rainbow flight entwine
New gems in thy joy-wreathed crown;
May each in the smile of Him be bright,
Who is changeless Love and unfading Light,
Till the glory seem to thy trancéd sight
As heaven to earth come down.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE leading topic of our last paper was the Jesuit movement in the Province of Quebec. This movement, which has already produced the political revolution indicated by the fall of Sir George E. Cartier, and which threatens materially to affect the character of the Province and its relations to the other Provinces, is still the most important of Canadian topics, while its connection with a similar movement in all Roman Catholic countries raises it to the higher level of a subject of universal interest. Since we last wrote, the Jesuits have received a check in the refusal of the Pope to sanction the erection of a Jesuit University in Montreal, in opposition to the national and comparatively liberal University of Laval. But we strongly suspect that this check will prove merely temporary. The interests of the Papacy are completely identified with those of the Jesuits, and the fear of giving offence to the national church and hierarchy of Quebec will cease to restrain when Jesuit arts have made further progress among the people. The declaration of Infallibility and the Syllabus are the definitive triumph of Jesuitism in the Church of Rome, and the logical consequences will everywhere ensue.

The ultimate aim of Jesuitism is, as it has always been, the extinction of freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, political liberty; in a word, of that modern civilization from which, according to Pius IX, "come so many deplorable ills, so many detestable opinions; which even countenances faiths that are not Catholic, which does not repel unbelievers from public employments, and which opens the Catholic schools to their children." Of the manner in which the Jesuits set about their work in a free country, and prepare, as it were, to strangle liberty with a cord woven by liberty herself, we have a striking example in the case of Belgium, the vaunted land of young constitutional freedom, which appears to be fast sinking under the fatal domination of this hydra. Our authority—and we could not have a better—is the eminent publicist Emile de Laveleye, who has published a paper on the subject in the cosmopolitan *Fortnightly Review*. The first step is to get

hold of education. Already in Belgium, the institutions for securing a superior instruction belonging to the clergy number twice as many pupils as those of the State. The Ultramontane party being in power will give all the professorial chairs to men devoted to Ultramontane ideas. The parish schools for primary instruction have been clericized by subjecting them to priestly inspection. The young ladies are brought up in convents, the daughters of the poor by the Sisters of Mercy. When the Ultramontanes have renewed, according to their own wishes, the staff of the schools and Universities of the State, they will be masters of the education of all classes; and as M. de Laveleye observes, he who is master of education is master of the future. Convents, another great instrument of ecclesiastical domination, are multiplying with such rapidity that they will soon absorb a large portion of the wealth of the community and of the influence attached to it. They are invading town and country alike. In large cities they occupy whole quarters. They erect magnificent buildings, but they invest the bulk of their wealth in shares and bonds so as to escape notice. In the twenty years preceding 1866 their number had nearly doubled, and the rate of increase has not slackened since that time. It is reckoned that there must be two convents to every three parishes, and soon every parish will have its own. There are laws restricting incorporation, but these laws are evaded, and, as soon as the Ultramontanes have grasped power, will be repealed. An attempt to repeal them was made by an Ultramontane ministry in 1859. The liberals of the cities then made demonstrations which compelled the withdrawal of the bill. "But," says M. de Laveleye, "the Ultramontane party will no longer tolerate such manifestations; it will employ armed power to repress them as it wished to do last November; it will sweep the citizens aside by grapeshot, and profiting by the terror inspired by a bloody massacre of this sort, it will stamp out the last elements of resistance." The pulpit is systematically used for political purposes; attacks are incessantly fulminated from it in the name of the liberal party and their principles; they are denounced as without faith, immoral, and instinct with all the criminal propensities of the monsters of the French Revolution. As the elections approach, none but political sermons are preached. If a tavern or a café in a village ventures to receive a journal not approved of by the clergy, it is marked as a bad house, and loses character and custom. "The effect of this interdict is terrible; not a soul in the village dare resist the anathema. The apprehension of being denounced from the pulpit fills everybody with dread, and breeds a readiness to absolute submission." In proof of this M. de Laveleye mentions that in a village in the environs of Ypres, a few liberals used to meet once a week in a tavern to read a newspaper which one of them received privately. The priest got intelligence of it, patrolled with his breviary before the tavern at the appointed hour, and not one of the liberals ventured to enter. The confessional is an agency of still greater power. Absolution is refused to subscribers to liberal newspapers, even though the newspapers never touch on religious questions. In the confessional the Jesuits obtain from mothers of families that their sons shall be sent to Jesuit places of education. By the same means legacies for the endowment of congregations and the foundation of new convents are secured. The influence has been intensified by a system of confessional tickets, failure to be provided with which entails clerical wrath, with loss of customers and connection. What is still more sinister, and menacing to the very life of the community, the clergy, as M. de Laveleye asserts, begin to use the confessional as the means of obtaining decisions conformable to their interests from the judges. If a magistrate shrinks fiom deciding in the interest

of the Church, absolution is refused to him, and by this means the clergy will soon have the judiciary at their disposal. M. de Laveleye cites a recent case which he says made a considerable stir. A magistrate, M. Iveins, had decided in favour of the town of Ypres against a church fabric which claimed the property of a certain Lamotte endowment. Last Easter the vicar of the parish wrote to the magistrate that if he did not withdraw his decision and apologize for his fault, absolution would be refused to him. The magistrate complained to the (Ultramontane) Minister of Justice, who advised the Bishops to hush up the affair. What the Jesuits are doing with the judiciary they may also do in course of time with the executive, and the days may return in which a Jesuit confessor dictated to Louis XIV the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When the elections are approaching the priest is actively at work. He visits his parishioners and enjoins them under spiritual penalties to vote for the candidate of the church. He addresses himself especially to the wife and daughters, and by speaking of refusal of the sacrament and eternal damnation, frightens them into procuring from the husband a vote pleasing to God and his ministers. The bishops publish mandates directing the elections, and the priests are beginning to follow their example. The clergy are learning to make a bold use of all the instruments of political agitation. They have electoral clubs, hold mass meetings, and send out addresses. They march at the head of their flocks of voters to the polls. They are setting up clerical associations for skittles and archery, the members of which are supplied with beer and tobacco at a low price. They are organizing conventual workshops to which they hope to attract the artizans. The aristocracy and the great landowners, who, in Belgium as well as in other countries, belong to the party of reaction, draw with them a multitude of dependents. "The interference of the priests in marriage also gives them an ascendency over many families. If a young man wishes to marry a rich heiress, he has only to get himself recommended by the dictator of conscience. The latter says to the mother that the young man is religious, has a good character, and is cut out for family life, and such testimony, coming from so high an authority, exerts an influence that is decisive."

"It would take a volume," proceeds M. de Laveleye, to describe all the means of influence that the clergy set to work. The fact is, that they have made themselves masters of the country. In the election of the 11th of June last, out of nineteen arrondissements which had to elect deputies, nine only fought for the liberals. In the ten others the liberal party abstained. When the clergy have once won an electoral college, the pressure which they exercise is so strong that candidates are no longer to be found. This is the case nearly throughout Flanders. At present, in all the Flemish part of the country, comprising something like half the total population, there are no more than two liberal representatives, and they only keep their places by virtue of their personal popularity." Thus Belgium, with all her constitutional liberties and all her hopes, is on the very point of being strangled by Jesuitism. For the final object, as M. de Laveleye says, in terms substantially identical with those we have used, "is, and must be, the restoration of the régime which the Vatican declares to be the only legitimate régime; in other words, that which once existed in Spain, at Naples, and at Rome itself."

The same process appears to be going on in Italy, where the priests, supporters of despotism while despotism can be supported, and moral gaolers of the dungeons of Naples, have now received the order from the Vatican to assume the part of the demagogue and throw themselves into the elections; and where a cry of anguish at the growing ascendency of Jesuitism bursts

from the lips of Garibaldi. In the case of the State of New York, we on this side of the Atlantic have already had a specimen of the manner in which Jesuitism operates and compasses its ends, even in the most democratic communities of the New World. There, the Ultramontane party allied itself with Tammany and the New York Ring, receiving, as the price of its support, a large annual subsidy out of the State revenues, contrary to the fundamental principles of the Constitution, for the promotion of sectarian objects. Nor did it abstain from manipulating the judiciary, through the means which the calamitous system of electing the judges placed, it may be said legally, in its hands.

The danger, for the time, to all communities in which there is a strong Roman Catholic element, and in which the Jesuit has any footing, is great. Finally, of course, truth, morality, science, and civilization will prevail. That flood out of which modern society emerged with throes so terrible and volcanic, will cover the earth no more. In vain, in centuries gone by, the Jesuit laboured to rear again the throne of falsehood on court or cabinet intrigue; in vain he will labour to rear it on popular ignorance, the superstition of the masses, and woman's weakness, now. No really leading mind in philosophy, in science, or in any other department of intellect, has yet been seduced or terrified into abjuring its allegiance to the God of Truth. The nearest approach to such a case is the conversion of Dr. Newman, whose understanding is rather subtle than strong, who was bred at Oxford, and who, moreover, it is evident, has never been thoroughly incorporated and trusted by the Church of Rome. But for the time, we repeat, the danger is great. So thinks Prince Bismarck, though he meets it, as he has met every danger, with a strong heart and a strong hand.

The silence of our party organs on the subject probably arises from the political connections which both parties have formed with Roman Catholicism, and which will, no doubt, throw them into the same ludicrous and ignominious perplexities on the question of the Jesuit University, should it come before Parliament, as they did on the question of the New Brunswick schools. But an irrepressible conflict is at hand, and one which will not be averted by tricky amendments or double-faced manifestoes. The *Parti National*, which at present occupies the scene as the antagonist of Jesuitism, and which has of late induced the Rouges rather to keep themselves in the background, will fail and cease to exist; room for a Roman Catholic to be national or liberal, the Encyclical and the Syllabus leave none. The Rouges will then stand forth as the champions of modern society against the Jesuit. With them it will be a struggle for life or death: they will not allow themselves to be manipulated or trammelled for the party and personal objects of Ottawa politicians: and if they can nowhere else find a refuge from the coils of the hydra, they will seek one in annexation.

In the meantime, let it not be forgotten that the strength of Jesuitism depends on the absence of strong religious convictions and corresponding energy among Protestants and Liberals; in a word, on the prevalent scepticism of our age. The spell of the Jesuit will be broken when the world has received new assurance of a moral and rational faith; and that we may obtain such new assurance, it is at once our spiritual duty and our social interest to encourage free inquiry when carried on in a reverent spirit, with competent knowledge, and with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth. If free inquiry is outlawed, as it was in the last century, by a mistaken zeal for orthodoxy, it will again be, as it was in the last century, the assailant and the subverter, instead of the purifier and renovator of religion.

— The question of Dual Representation in the Quebec Parliament has brought on a collision between the two Chambers, which will, no doubt, stimulate the agitation for the abolition of the Upper Chamber. This occurs simultaneously with the grand collision between the two Chambers in Prussia on the subject of rural jurisdiction, and the coercion of the Prussian House of Lords by the iron will of the great Chancellor. What did people expect of the Prussian House of Lords but a defence of privilege, of which it is avowedly the embodiment? What do they expect of Houses of Lords generally but a similar course of conduct on all similar occasions? What do they expect of nominees of the Crown in the Colonies but collisions with the representatives of the people? It is amusing to hear the cry raised against the Quebec Upper Chamber by the organs of those very liberals who, when in power, signalized their liberalism by discarding the elective principle, and giving to a body of Crown nominees a veto on the will of the nation.

The whole theory of the second Chamber, as a necessary part of a constitutional government, seems to be traceable to a misconception as to the real character of the English House of Lords. The House of Lords, as we have pointed out before, is not a second Chamber, but an Estate of the Realm, the counterpart of similar Estates in other feudal kingdoms. Its separation from the other Estates in its place of sitting was an accident of English history; in other countries the Estates sat together, though they voted apart. In no instance can the House of Lords be shown to have exercised what are imagined to be the functions of an Upper Chamber, as an organ of more mature wisdom impartially revising the hasty decisions of the popular House. In every case its vote, whether right or wrong, has been clearly determined by its natural bias as a separate Estate. Tacitly perceiving this, though always unwilling to recognize any ground for constitutional change, the British nation has now settled down into the habit of introducing every popular measure in the Commons, carrying it there, and then kicking the Lords into compliance. Such a system must be supposed to have some practical advantages, or it would not be adopted by the most practical of nations; but it has the not inconsiderable disadvantage of imparting to all important legislation a character of violence, and making it, in effect, a chronic revolution.

If the constructors of Upper Chambers in Canada, whether in the case of the Province of Quebec or in that of the Dominion, had any idea of the special material of which their Upper Chamber was to be composed, or of the special foundation on which its authority was to rest, they failed to impart that idea to the nation. The only notion they seem to have had was that of a legislative plutocracy, to which they gave feeble and illusory effect in the shape of a nominal property qualification. Very little foresight on their parts was required to show them that the nomination to their Senate would become simply an addition to the bribery fund in the hands of a party minister, and that the surest qualification for a place in the gilded hall at Ottawa would be the having spent a large amount of gold on the Government side in elections. Of course such bodies can command no respect. If, on any question in which the nation is seriously interested, they presume to have an opinion of their own, they will be swept like a straw over a cataract; and any resistance they may make will serve merely to inflame the violence of the people. It is impossible to divide the national will, though, by well devised forms of election and legislation, we may provide that its expression shall be deliberate.

— The Silver Islet case in Ontario has

unhappily found a counterpart in the Asylum case in Quebec. It seems to be clearly proved that a prominent member of the Quebec Legislature has been not only evading the law against Government contractors sitting in Parliament, but deriving illicit gains from a clandestine connection with an institution employed by the Government for Provincial purposes. We shall not waste any moral reflections on the subject. The politicians who do these things, and who leave honest callings in order that they may do them, are not to be deterred by any amount of denunciation ; and the public, having no practical remedy in its hands, languidly echoes the censure and goes about the business of the day. In course of time communities will learn that political corruption is a crime which, like any other crime, commercial fraud for instance, to be practically repressed, must be brought directly under the cognizance of the criminal law. Cataracts of denunciatory eloquence were poured forth in England, from the newspaper press and all other organs of morality, against commercial dishonesty with worse than no effect, since daily familiarity with an evil only breeds on the part of the public a lazy resignation to its continuance. At last, the mischief spreading beyond all endurance, the Fraudulent Trustees' Act was passed ; Paul and Strahan were seen undergoing penal servitude in prison clothes, and an excellent effect was at once produced. The framers of our Federal constitution omitted to provide a law and a tribunal, accessible to the public, for the repression of political corruption. If the omission is not supplied, we shall come at last to the lamp-post, as they were very near doing the other day in New York. To say that the malady of corruption is incurable, is nonsense ; it will not cure itself ; but it may be extirpated, and has often been extirpated, by the use of adequate powers, lodged in vigorous hands.

—It is announced that the rival claims of the two Pacific Railway combinations have been reconciled ; that a united company will be formed, and that the work will commence. It is further announced that as a constitutional security Directors, though not shareholders, will be excluded from Parliament, and that, as a national security, measures will be taken to confine the stock to the Province of the Dominion. Both provisions are nugatory, however well intended. If there is any danger of corrupt influence, it will be just as great in the case of a shareholder as in that of a director ; and stock once offered for sale is thrown upon the market of the world. Canadian capital is wholly insufficient for the undertaking. British capital, already sickened by the Grand Trunk, will be still further repelled by the recent *éclaircissement.* If a prospect of profit appears, American capital will rush in ; this road, like so many of our other roads, will fall mainly into American hands ; and as political power on this continent gravitates more and more towards the depositories of commercial influence, the Pacific Railway may lead to consequences little contemplated by those who regard it as a great political, and military bulwark of Canadian nationality against the American Republic.

As to the commercial merits of the enterprise, apart from the political necessity of stringing together the long row of territories belonging to the British Crown, there are, it is needless to say, very different opinions. Many see in it a source of unbounded prosperity, and the realization of all the benefits hitherto sought in vain by the explorers of of a North-West Passage. Others have deep misgivings ; and we are bound to say that in the latter class are to be found some of the most successful, sagacious, and clear-headed of our great merchants and financiers. The idea that we can command an unlimited supply of emigrant labour is, as we have already shown, fallacious. Wages in England and the other European countries have greatly risen, and are still rising, indicating that no large surplus now remains. The la-

bour for building the Pacific Railway will have to be withdrawn to a great extent from other Canadian objects ; and to this farmers and other employers must make up their minds. What we feel, however, is not so much that the case is clear either for the enterprise or against it, as that the decision of a government constituted like ours on commercial questions is untrustworthy ; and untrustworthy in direct proportion to the magnitude of the questions and to the amount of money which they involve. Political motives, connected with the maintenance of the party in power, inevitably come in and vitiate the commercial deliberation. When parties are evenly balanced especially, the excitement of the political gambling table becomes so intense that the most vital interests of the country lose all sanctity in the gamblers' eyes, and a scheme which may bring ruin in its train becomes simply a trump card. The only chance of evading calamity under the party system would be to relegate public works to commissions largely composed of professional men, who would answer with their professional reputations for the success of their plans. Happy Canada—happy in her present well-being and in her assured prospect of solid prosperity—if the politicians would only let her alone !

—Montreal has been the scene of an economical as well as an ecclesiastical crisis—the Servant question. That melancholy but ever-recurring theme of Canadian conversation has there come to a head, and meetings have been held by the despairing mistresses in the hope of finding, by common counsel, some relief from their daily misery. A homily was immediately read by some of our journals to the conveners of the meeting on the necessity of showing more consideration for their servants, but we believe that the implied reproach is undeserved. It appears to us that, in this country at least, the mistresses have pretty well learnt their lesson, and that servants, in most households, receive more consideration from their employers than an apprentice receives from his master, or persons in the mechanic class, generally, from persons of the same class when placed over them. On the other hand, the behaviour of servants, even to the kindest of mistresses, is often rude and ungracious to an extent that would not be tolerated on the part of a lady of high rank towards her equal ; while their disregard of contracts and engagements would render the conduct of ordinary business impossible. We need not exaggerate the hardships of our peculiar lot. The "constant service of the antique world, when duty sweat for service, not for meed," had its existence mainly in the imagination of the poet. In the domestics of the good old time there was some fidelity and still more servility ; but, as all who are familiar with old novels and other records of the social and domestic life of our fathers know, there was also a great deal of idleness, roguery, and drunkenness. There were semi-slavish virtues, in short, and semi-slavish vices. Even in the age of chivalry, we find the death chambers of great kings, such as William the Conqueror and Edward III, pillaged, and their corpses deserted by the domestics who the day before had been serving them on the knee, and over whom they had exercised almost unbounded power. We look with envy to the old country, but even there, though there are still some households of the antique stamp, chiefly in the country homes of very quiet and old-fashioned people, the ancient relations between master and servant are rapidly breaking up, and the complaints of employers are almost as loud as they are here. Canadian servants, if they are insubordinate and sometimes uncivil, are as a rule honest ; and it must be remembered that they do, if not more work, more kinds of work than the servants of the old country, where, in the large establishments, each servant has a special function, often very limited and always tenaciously observed. Nor is there any-

thing to surprise us in the present state of things. The fact is, simply, that the scarcity of servants, and the great demand for them, have given them the upper hand. Their increased intelligence, the result in a great measure of popular education, has made them alive to their advantage; the example of the trade unions has not been lost upon them; in the democratic communities of the new world, the spirit of democracy has thoroughly entered into them; they are daily claiming, and probably will continue to claim, greater privileges at the expense of their employers, and, at the same time they are making their independence felt, as people of their condition are apt to do, by a change of manner and language of a very disagreeable kind. There are still exceptions not a few, and the difference between a kind and judicious employer and one who is not kind or judicious is seen in its effect on the person employed in Canada as well as elsewhere. But, as a general rule, a profound change is taking place in the relations between domestic servants and their masters and mistresses in this country. Nor do we deem it likely that the old state of things, or anything approaching to it, will ever return. In the other departments of labour, where it is merely a case of contract, and there are no personal difficulties, wages and other conditions of work having found their level, the present disturbances will subside. But the personal subordination of the kitchen to the parlour is a thing which, in a democratic society, it will be difficult to restore. The restless nomadism, indeed, which inflicts upon mistresses the nuisance of perpetual change, probably springs, in part at least, from the smallness of our households, and the consequent want of company for the domestics; in large boarding houses or hotels where the servants are company for each other, that particular annoyance, we believe, is not so much felt; but as the number of our domestics in ordinary households is likely to be diminished rather than increased, an abatement even of domestic nomadism can hardly be expected.

Little comfort from any source is in store for those who, having limited incomes, are very dependent upon servants. To make ourselves as independent of them as possible is the only hopeful course. If we would be free from Bridget's growing tyranny, ourselves must strike the blow. Through increased self-help alone can we look forward with any confidence to domestic peace and happiness in the future. When families begin to do for themselves any part of what is now done by servants, invention will be at once stimulated to render the work lighter and less coarse. Children may be also trained to do a great many more things for themselves and even for the household than they do now, without any diminution of their happiness, or rather with an increase of it: for it is their restlessness that finds vent in mischief, and they are never better pleased than when they are being made useful. Their characters will be improved at the same time; and if a precedent for the employment of young gentlemen and ladies in household work is desired, it may be remembered that under the chivalrous régime of the middle ages, the young man of rank commenced life as a page. Help may also often be obtained from female relatives in need of a home. As to the artificial encouragement of immigration, to which people naturally turn first for a solution of the problem, there is little hope from that quarter. Servants' wages, like the wages of labour generally, are rising in England as well as here.

It will be no loss, but a great gain, if in order to meet this domestic exigency we are all compelled to adopt simpler habits of life. People little know the extent to which our social enjoyments are curtailed, and our lives robbed of gaiety and brightness by our slavish adherence to the conventionalities of the old world with its six course dinners, its crush-room receptions, its midnight balls and its morning suppers. These things be-

long to a land of great county families, where you rumble ten miles in a family chariot to a dinner party dull as Lethe. They belong to the solemn domain of grandees and butlers, in which the conversation of the butlers is as sparkling as that of the grandees. There, if you are rich, you have all the machinery for great entertainments ready made to your hand, and with every wheel well greased. The great lady simply gives her order to her housekeeper, and without any further trouble or anxiety on her part, the dinner for twenty appears with all its pomp and circumstance at the appointed hour. Here, the cares of preparation for a dinner party are enough to turn Delia's hair gray. We have a certain number of wealthy people in Canada who aspire to be Belgravians: let them do as Belgravia does. But Canada generally must strike out socially for herself. By the help of music and other amusements within everybody's reach, and without any cost or trouble but that of providing the very simplest refreshments, evenings may be spent far more agreeably than in those formal entertainments of which Sir George Lewis said, with a groan, that life would be pleasant enough if it were not for its pleasures. Anything on a larger scale may be done by those who desire, and can afford it, in public rooms or by contract, where the servant difficulty does not come in. By taking the lead in this direction the ladies of Montreal will render a great service to Canadian society, besides getting rid of what we suspect is often a heavy burden even to the most hospitably inclined.

— From recent occurrences in one of our Medical Schools, which were themselves the sequel of a previous disturbance in the medical world, the question between regular practitioners and quacks seems likely to force itself upon the attention of the public, and, perhaps, upon that of Parliament. It is easy to excite popular prejudice against the claims of the regular practitioners; but their cause is, in fact, that of the public. All civilized nations have recognized the policy of requiring a regular preparation, duly certified, on the part of those who are to be licensed to deal with human health and life. In ordinary cases, the customer can protect himself, but he cannot protect himself against the ignorance of a physician, and the consequence of his error may be death. Nobody considers the law bigoted or exclusive because it requires that a druggist, before he opens his store, shall satisfy us that he knows arsenic from white sugar. The notion that by requiring medical men to be educated we interfere with the advancement of science is surely absurd. Let a practitioner be once duly qualified, and there is nothing to prevent him from introducing any new modes of treatment that he thinks fit. When he has shown that he understands the nature of aneurism, and also that of mustard poultices, there is nothing, so far as we know, to prevent him from curing aneurism with a mustard poultice, if he can. What the advocates of quackery have to prove is, that in the science of medicine knowledge is injurious to invention. But the public is indifferent, and the quacks will probably have their way.

— There has been a tightness in the money market, and a depression of stocks, caused partly by the issue of the new stock of the Bank of Montreal. In no other way can the Bank of Montreal, or any other bank, be really responsible, in any material degree, for the state of the market. At worst, they can only register somewhat inexactly a stringency which they do not create. The immense absorption of money by France for the payment of her war indemnity, is probably felt through the whole financial world; as the waste and the interruption of production caused by the war are, no doubt, felt in markets of all kinds. But it should never be forgotten that the general cause of scarcity of money in the aggregate, as well as in individual cases, is over expenditure or over speculation, and that the balance can be restored only by frugality. At this moment,

however, the leaders of our commercial world are urging the country to undertake simultaneously a multitude of enterprises, to the completion of which we hope they see their way more clearly than we can pretend to do. It would be lamentable if men whose names have become blended for ever with the commercial glories of the country, should at last mar their splendid reputation by heading a mania for speculation which, in a community of limited resources like ours, may lead to the most ruinous results.

—The report of a December session of the British Parliament proved to be erroneous. It arose, no doubt, from a misconstruction of the ordinary form of prorogation. But we wish it had been true, because we hold that an important treaty, and especially one pledging the legislature to the expenditure of a large sum of public money, ought to be laid before Parliament without delay. The prerogative of making treaties without consulting the great council of the nation, claimed for the Crown but really exercised by the Prime Minister of the day, is one of a very equivocal kind, and by no means as is commonly assumed, an original part of the British Constitution. The consultative powers of Parliament were recognized not only by our early kings, but by William III. and Anne, the latter of whom submitted to Parliament, in the most formal manner, the proposed terms of peace with France. It was under the House of Hanover, and perhaps partly in consequence of the exigencies of the secret diplomacy rendered necessary by the disputed succession, that the present system of excluding Parliament from the deliberation was gradually introduced. These are not the days of secret diplomacy, at least in the case of free countries ; and there can be no reason why the nation should not be taken into council through its representatives in all cases seriously affecting its purse, its territory, or its honour. The deference which has been already paid to the Canadian Parliament on this subject must soon be paid equally to the Parliament of the Empire ; and the result, as we believe, will be a great improvement in the diplomatic attitude of the nation.

—It was unpleasant to see that the insolent absurdity of Sergeant Bates in carrying the American flag through England was rewarded with something like an ovation by the Londoners. But the unfortunate policy of the Government in first refusing any reparation for their unquestionable want of vigilance in the case of the *Alabama*, and then giving, under the influence of a groundless alarm, far more than was in any sense necessary, has so broken the spirit of the people, that there is no knowing to what ignominy they may next descend.

—President Grant tells us that no shadow now rests upon the relations between the two countries. Having exacted far more than the due reparation for the wrong done to him, and having peremptorily refused any reparation for the far greater wrong done by him to others, he thinks that now all is as it should be ; and in this we fear he perfectly represents the general sentiment of his nation. But we trust that Canada, at all events, will refuse to be a tacit accomplice in this outrage on international justice. We say it with the strongest sense both of the expediency of maintaining friendly relations with the United States, and of the propriety of accommodating our course of action in all matters as far as possible to the policy of the mother country. The money question must be regarded as settled by our acceptance of the Pacific Railway guarantee, though we cannot flatter ourselves that the transaction will shine a beacon of honour in Canadian history. But there still remains the duty incumbent on our national honour of shewing that we are not regardless of the blood of our citizens, shed by hordes levied for the invasion of this country, on the territory and among the population of the United States, with the full knowledge and permission of the American Government, and without the

shadow of an excuse afforded by any breach of international obligations on our side. If the Government of the Dominion does not feel itself at liberty to move a temperate and dignified protest against this great wrong, the duty ought to be assumed by the Opposition. Of course the American Government will take no more notice of that protest than it would have taken of a remonstrance from Nicaragua against the brigand invasion of that unoffending State by Walker and his filibusters, at which the Government connived just as it did at the Fenian raids. But this is no reason why we should desert our own honour.

—The hope entertained by the better class of President Grant's supporters, that he would discard his unworthy advisers and amend his ways after his re-election, does not seem likely to be fulfilled. At his right hand still stands Simon Cameron, not merely an unscrupulous politician, but a branded villain, whom Lincoln appointed to a place in his cabinet only after an agony of conscientious reluctance, and afterwards dismissed for offences which probably deserved a halter. Cameron's undiminished ascendency has been signalized by a display of paltry spite, on the part of the Ministerialists whom he leads in the Senate, against the memory of poor Greeley. As we have said before, Grant is a well-meaning, though far from high-minded, man; but as a politician, he is ignorant and impotent; and, even if he strongly desired it, he would not know how to extricate himself from the grasp of the political sharpers into whose hands he has fallen. Cameron and his crew are the organizers and upholders of the infamous misrule which has been going on at the South, and which we would commend to the notice of American moralists as not less deserving of their consideration than the wrongs of Ireland. The scandalous conflict at New Orleans is simply a struggle between two sections of the Carpet-baggers over their prey. Governor Warmoth was placed in office and held there by the aid of Grant's bayonets, to rob for the whole gang; but he has quarrelled with some of the other leaders, and a scene in the Executive Legislature and Judiciary of the State worthy of a brigand's cave is the result. The New York *Herald*, a strong supporter of Grant, calls upon him to put an end to the present state of things. He must now see clearly, it says, "that the rights and interests of the white citizens of the South are made the prey of an unscrupulous set of political adventurers, and that the Enforcement Act, instead of being simply a protection to the negroes, is used by designing men to destroy the last vestige of liberty in that unhappy section of the Union." We must go very far back in Old World history to find a parallel to the infamies of Carpet-bagging rule in the South, and in it we may see the foreshadowing of our own lot if Annexation should ever place us in the power of the party which rules at Washington.

SELECTIONS.

WORK.

(*From "Character." By Samuel Smiles.*)

"Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."—1 *Chronicles*, xxii., 16.

"Work as if thou hadst to live for aye;
Worship if thou wert to die to-day."
Tuscan Proverb.

"C'est par le travail qu'on regne.—LOUIS XIV.

"Blest work! if ever thou wert curst of God,
What must His blessing be!"
J. B. SELKIRK.

"Let every man be *occupied*, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best."—SYDNEY SMITH.

WORK is one of the best educators of practical character. It evokes and disciplines obedience, self-control, attention, application, and perseverance; giving a man deftness and skill in his special calling, and aptitude and dexterity in dealing with the affairs of ordinary life.

Work is the law of our being—the living principle that carries men and nations onward. The greater number of men have to work with their hands, as a matter of necessity, in order to live; but all must work in one way or another, if they would enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed.

Labour may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also an honour and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labour abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by moral death.

It is idleness that is the curse of man—not labour. Idleness eats the heart out of men as of nations, and consumes them as rust does iron. When Alexander conquered the Persians, and had an opportunity of observing their manners, he remarked that they did not seem conscious that there could be anything more servile than a life of pleasure, or more princely than a life of toil.

When the Emperor Severus lay on his deathbed at York, whither he had been borne on a litter from the foot of the Grampians, his final watchword to his soldiers was, "*Laboremus*," (we must work); and nothing but constant toil maintained the power and extended the authority of the Roman generals.

There is, perhaps, no tendency of our nature that has to be more carefully guarded against than indolence. When Mr. Gurney asked an intelligent foreigner who had travelled over the greater part of the world, whether he had observed any one quality which, more than another, could be regarded as a universal characteristic of our species, his answer was, in broken English, "Me tink dat all men *love lazy*." It is characteristic of the savage as of the despot. It is natural to men to endeavour to enjoy the products of labour without its toils. Indeed, so universal is this desire, that James Mill has argued that it was to prevent its indulgence at the expense of society at large, that the expedient of Government was originally invented.*

Indolence is equally degrading to individuals as to nations. Sloth never made its mark in the world, and never will. Sloth never climbed a hill, nor overcame a difficulty that it could avoid. Indolence always failed in life, and always will. It is the nature of things that it should not succeed in any thing. It is a burden, an incumbrance, and a nuisance—always useless, complaining, melancholy, and miserable.

Burton, in his quaint and curious book—the only one, Johnson says, that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise

* "Essay on Government," in "Encyclopædia Britannica."

—describes the causes of Melancholy as hinging mainly on Idleness. "Idleness," he says, "is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the devil's cushion, his chief pillow and reposal. . . . An idle dog will be mangy; and how shall an idle person escape? Idleness of the mind is much worse than than that of the body; wit, without employment, is a disease—the rust of the soul, a plague, a hell itself. As in a standing pool worms and filthy creepers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts in an idle person; the soul is contaminated. . . . Thus much I dare boldly say: he or she that is idle, be they of what condition they will, never so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy—let them have all things in abundance and felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment—so long as he, or she, or they, are idle, they shall never be pleased, never well in body or mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other."*

Burton says a great deal more to the same effect; the burden and lesson of his book being embodied in the pregnant sentence with which it winds up: "Only take this for a corollary and conclusion, as thou tenderest thine own welfare in this, and all other melancholy, thy good health of body and mind, observe this short precept: Give not away to solitariness and idleness. *Be not solitary—be not idle.*"†

The indolent, however, are not wholly indolent. Though the body may shirk labour, the brain is not idle. If it do not grow corn, it will grow thistles, which will be found springing up all along the idle man's course in life. The ghosts of indolence rise up in the dark, ever staring the recreant in the face, and tormenting him:

True happiness is not found in torpor of the faculties,‡ but in their action and useful employment. It is indolence that exhausts, not action, in which there is life, health, and pleasure. The spirits may be exhausted and wearied by employment, but they are utterly wasted by idleness. Hence a wise physician was accustomed to regard occupation as one of his most valuable remedial measures. "Nothing is so injurious," said Dr. Marshall Hall, "as unoccupied time." An Archbishop of Mayence used to say that "the human heart is like a millstone: if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat, it grinds on, but 'tis itself it wears away."

Indolence is usually full of excuses; and the sluggard, though unwilling to work, is often an active sophist. "There is a lion in the path;" or "The hill is hard to climb;" or "There is no use trying—I have tried, and failed, and can not do it." To the sophistries of such an excuser, Sir Samuel Romilly once wrote to a young man: My attack upon your indolence, loss of time, etc., was most serious, and I really think that it can be to nothing but your habitual want of exertion that can be ascribed your using such curious arguments as you do in your defence. Your theory is this: Every man does all the good that he can. If a particular individual does no good, it is a proof that he is incapable of doing it. That you don't write proves that you can't; and your want of inclination demonstrates your want of talent. What an admirable system!—and what beneficial effects would it be attended with if it were but universally received!"

"I don't believe," said Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby), at Glasgow, "that an unemployed man, however amiable and otherwise respectable, ever was, or ever can be, really happy. As work is our life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are. I have spoken of love of one's work as the best preventive of merely low and vicious tastes. I will go further, and say that it is the best preservative against petty anxieties, and the annoyances that arise out of indulged self-love. Men have thought before now that they could take refuge from trouble and vexation by sheltering themselves, as it were, in a world of their own. The experiment has often been tried, and always with one result. You cannot escape from anxiety and labour—it is the destiny of humanity. . . . Those who shirk from fac-

* Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," part i., mem. 2, sub. 6.

† Ibid, end of concluding chapter.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices.
Make instruments to scourge us."

‡ It is characteristic of the Hindoos to regard entire inaction as the most perfect state, and to describe the Supreme Being as "The Unmovable.

ing trouble find that trouble comes to them. The indolent may contrive that he shall have less than his share of the world's work to do, but Nature, proportioning the instinct to the work, contrives that the little shall be much and hard to him. The man who has only himself to please finds, sooner or later, and probably sooner than later, that he has got a very hard master; and the excessive weakness which shrinks from responsibility has its own punishment too, for where great interests are excluded little motives become great, and the same wear and tear of mind that might have been at least usefully and healthfully expended on the real business of life, is often wasted in petty and imaginary vexations, such as breed and multiply in the unoccupied brain."*

Even on the lowest ground—that of personal enjoyment—constant useful occupation is necessary. He who labours not cannot enjoy the reward of labour. "We sleep sound," said Sir Walter Scott, "and our waking hours are happy when they are employed; and a little sense of toil is necessary to the enjoyment of leisure, even when earned by study and sanctioned by the discharge of duty."

It is true there are men who die of overwork; but many more die of selfishness, indulgence, and idleness. Where men break down by overwork, it is most commonly from want of duly ordering their lives, and neglect of the ordinary conditions of physical health. Lord Stanley was probably right when he said, in his address to the Glasgow students above mentioned, that he doubted whether "hard work, steadily and regularly carried on, ever yet hurt any body."

Then again, length of *years* is no proper test of length of *life*. A man's life is to be measured by what he does in it, and what he feels in it. The more useful work the man does, and the more he thinks and feels, the more he really lives. The idle, useless man, no matter to what extent his life may be prolonged, merely vegetates.

The early teachers of Christianity ennobled the lot of toil by their example. "He that will not work," said St. Paul, "neither shall he eat:" and he glorified himself in that he had laboured with his hands, and had not been chargeable to any man. When St. Boniface landed in Britain, he came with a gospel in one hand and a carpenter's rule in the other; and from England he afterwards passed over into Germany, carrying thither the art of building. Luther also, in the midst of a multitude of other employments, worked diligently for a living, earning his bread by gardening, building, turning, and even clock-making."‖

It was characteristic of Napoleon, when visiting a work of mechanical excellence, to pay great respect to the inventor, and, on taking his leave, to salute him with a low bow. Once at St. Helena, when walking with Mrs. Balcombe, some servants came along carrying a load. The lady, in an angry tone, ordered them out of the way, on which Napoleon interposed, saying, "respect the burden, madam." Even the drudgery of the humblest labourer contributes towards the general well-being of society; and it was a wise saying of a Chinese emperor that "if there was a man who did not work, or a woman that was idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger in the empire."

The habit of constant useful occupation is as essential for the happiness and well-being of woman as of man. Without it women are apt to sink into a state of listless *ennui* and uselessness, accompanied by sick headache and attacks of "nerves." Caroline Perthes carefully warned her married daughter Louisa to beware of giving way to such listlessness. "I myself," she said, "when the children are gone out for a half-holiday, sometimes feel as stupid and dull as an owl by daylight; but one must not yield to this, which happens more or less to all young wives. The best relief is *work*, engaged in with interest and diligence. Work, then, constantly and diligently, at something or other; for idleness is the devil's snare for small

* Lord Stanley's address to the students of Glasgow University, on his installation as lord rector, 1869.

‖ Writing to an abbot at Nuremberg, who had sent him a store of turning-tools, Luther said: "I have made considerable progress in clock-making, and I am very much delighted at it, for these drunken Saxons need to be constantly reminded of what the real time is; not that they themselves care much about it, for as long as their glasses are kept filled, they trouble themselves very little as to whether clocks, or clock-makers, or the time itself, go right." —MICHELET'S *Luther*, (Bogue's ed.), p. 200.

and great, as your grandfather says, and he says true."*

Constant useful occupation is thus wholesome, not only for the body but for the mind. While the slothful man drags himself indolently through life, and the better part of his nature sleeps a deep sleep, if it be not morally and spiritually dead, the energetic man is a source of activity and enjoyment to all who come within reach of his influence. Even any ordinary drudgery is better than idleness. Fuller says of Sir Francis Drake, who was early sent to sea, and kept close to his work by his master, that such "pains and patience in his youth knit the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compact." Schiller used to say that he considered it a great advantage to be employed in the discharge of some daily mechanical duty —some regular routine of work that rendered steady application necessary.

Thousands can bear testimony to the truth of the saying of Greuze, the French painter, that work—employment, useful occupation—is one of the great secrets of happiness. Casaubon was once induced by the entreaties of his friends to take a few days' entire rest, but he returned to his work with the remark, that it was easier to bear illness doing something than doing nothing.

When Charles Lamb was released for life from his daily drudgery of desk-work at the India Office, he felt himself the happiest of men. "I would not go back to my prison," he said to a friend, "ten years longer for ten thousand pounds." He also wrote in the same ecstatic mood to Bernard Barton: "I have scarce steadiness of head to compose a letter," he said; "I am free! free as air! I will live another fifty years. . . . Would I could sell you some of my leisure! Positively the best thing a man can do is—Nothing; and next to that, perhaps, Good Works." Two years—two long and tedious years—passed; and Charles Lamb's feelings had undergone an entire change. He now discovered that official, even humdrum work—"the appointed round, the daily task,"—had been good for him, though he knew it not. Time had formerly been his friend; it had now become his enemy. To Bernard Barton he again wrote: "I assure you, *no* work is worse than overwork; the mind preys on itself—the most unwholesome of food. I have ceased to care for almost anything. . . . Never did the waters of heaven pour down upon a forlorner head. What I can do, and overdo, is to walk. I am a sanguinary murderer of time. But the oracle is silent."

No man could be more sensible of the practical importance of industry than Sir Walter Scott, who was himself one of the most laborious and indefatigable of men. Indeed, Lockhart says of him that, taking all ages and countries together, the rare example of indefatigable energy, in union with serene self-possession of mind and manner, such as Scott's, must be sought for in the roll of great sovereigns or great captains, rather than in that of literary genius. Scott himself was most anxious to impress upon the minds of his own children the importance of industry as a means of usefulness and happiness in the world, To his son Charles, when at school, he wrote: "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that *labour* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life; there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. . . . As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labour than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labour, therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up; but if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate."†

Southey was as laborious a worker as Scott. Indeed work might almost be said to form part of his religion. He was only nineteen when he wrote these words: "Nineteen years! certainly a fourth part of my life; perhaps how great a part! and yet I have been of no service to soci-

* "Life of Perthes," ii., 20.

† Lockhart's "Life of Scott." (8vo. ed.), p. 442.

ety. The clown who scares crows for twopence a day is a more useful man; he preserves the bread which I eat in idleness." And yet Southey had not been idle as a boy—on the contrary, he had been a most diligent student. He had not only read largely in English literature, but was well acquainted, through translations, with Tasso, Ariosto, Homer, and Ovid. He felt, however, as if his life had been purposeless, and he determined to do something. He began, and from that time forward pursued, an unremitting career of literary labour down to the close of his life—"daily progressing in learning," to use his own words—"not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy."

The maxims of men often reveal their character.* That of Sir Walter Scott was, "Never to be doing nothing." Robertson the historian, as early as his fifteenth year, adopted the maxim of "*Vita sine literis mors est*," (Life without learning is death). Voltaire's motto was "*Toujours au travail*," (Always at work). The favourite maxim of Lacepede, the naturalist, was, "*Vivre c'est veiller*," (To live is to observe): this was also the maxim of Pliny. When Bossuet was at college, he was so distinguished by his ardour in study, that his fellow-students, playing upon his name, designated him as *Bos-suetus aratro* (the ox used to the plough). The name of *Vita-lis* (life a struggle), which the Swedish poet Sjoberg assumed, as Frederick von Hardenberg assumed that of *Nova-lis*, described the aspirations and the labours of both these men of genius.

We have spoken of work as a discipline: it is also an educator of character. Even work that produces no results, because it *is* work is better than torpor—inasmuch as it educates faculty, and is thus preparatory to successful work. The habit of working teaches method. It compels economy of time, and the disposition of it with judicious forethought. And when the art of packing life with useful occupations is once acquired by practice, every minute will be turned to account; and leisure, when it comes, will be enjoyed with all the greater zest.

Coleridge has truly observed that, "if the idle are described as killing time, the methodical man may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours and gives them a soul; and by that the very essence of which is to fleet and to have been, he communicates an imperishable and spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies thus directed are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days and months and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the record of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more."†

It is because application to business teaches method most effectually, that it is so useful as an educator of character. The highest working qualities are best trained by active and sympathetic contact with others in the affairs of daily life. It does not matter whether the business relate to the management of a household or of a nation. Indeed, as we have endeavoured to show in a preceding chapter, the able housewife must necessarily be an efficient woman of business. She must regulate and control the details of her home, keep her expenditure within her means, arrange everything according to plan and system, and wisely manage and govern those subject to her rule. Efficient domestic management implies industry, application, method, moral discipline, forethought, prudence, practical ability, insight into character, and power of organization—all of which are required in the efficient management of business of whatever sort.

Business qualities have, indeed, a very large field of action. They mean aptitude for affairs, competency to deal successfully with the practical work of life—whether the spur of action lie in domestic management, in the conduct of a profession, in trade or commerce, in social organization, or in political government. And the training which gives efficiency in dealing with these various affairs is of all others the most useful in practical life.‡ Moreover, it is

* Southey expresses the opinion in "The Doctor," that the character of a person may be better known by the letters which other persons write to him than by what he himself writes.

† "Dissertation on the Science of Method."

‡ The following passage, from a recent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will commend itself to general approval:

"There can be no question nowadays, that appli-

the best discipline of character; for it involves the exercise of diligence, attention, self-denial, judgment, tact, knowledge of and sympathy with others.

Such a discipline is far more productive of happiness, as well as useful efficiency in life, than any amount of literary culture or meditative seclusion; for in the long run it will usually be found that practical ability carries it over intellect, and temper and habits over talent. It must, however, be added, that this is a kind of culture that can only be acquired by diligent observation and carefully improved experience. "To be a good blacksmith," said General Trochu in a recent publication, "one must have forged all his life: to be a good administrator, one should have passed his whole life in the study and practice of business."

It was characteristic of Sir Walter Scott to entertain the highest respect for able men of business; and he professed that he did not consider any amount of literary distinction as entitled to be spoken of in the same breath with the mastery in the higher departments of practical life—least of all with a first-rate captain.

Like other great captains, Wellington had an almost boundless capacity for work. He drew up the heads of a Dublin Police Bill (being still the Secretary for Ireland) when tossing off the mouth of the Mondego, with Junot and the French army waiting for him on the shore. So Cæsar, another of the greatest commanders, is said to have written an essay on Latin Rhetoric while crossing the Alps at the head of his army. And Wallenstein, when at the head of 60,000 men, and in the midst of a campaign, with the enemy before him, dictated from headquarters the medical treatment of his poultry-yard.

Washington, also, was an indefatigable man of business. From his boyhood he diligently trained himself in habits of application, of study, and of methodical work. His manuscript school-books, which are still preserved, show that, as early as the age of thirteen, he occupied himself voluntarily in copying out such things as forms of receipts, notes of hand, bills of exchange, bonds, indentures, leases, land-warrants, and other dry documents, all written out with great care. And the habits which he thus early acquired were, in a great measure, the foundation of those admirable business qualities which he afterwards so successfully brought to bear in the affairs of government.

The idea has been entertained by some that business habits are incompatible with genius. In the Life of Richard Lovell Edgeworth,* it is observed of a Mr. Bicknell—a respectable but ordinary man, of whom little is known but that he married Sabrina Sidney, the *élève* of Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton"—that "he had some of the too usual faults of a man of genius: he detested the drudgery of business." But there cannot be a greater mistake. The greatest geniuses have, without exception, been the greatest workers, even to the extent of drudgery. They have not only worked harder than ordinary men, but brought to their work higher faculties and a more ardent spirit. Nothing great and durable was ever improvised. It is only by noble patience and noble labour that the masterpieces of genius have been achieved.

Power belongs only to the workers; the idlers are always powerless. It is the labori-

cation to work, absorption in affairs, contact with men, and all the stress which business imposes on us, give a noble training to the intellect, and splendid opportunity for discipline of character. It is an utterly low view of business which regards it as only a means of getting a living. A man's business is his part of the world's work, his share of the great activities which render society possible. He may like it or dislike it, but it is work, and as such requires application, self-denial, discipline. It is his drill, and he cannot be thorough in his occupation without putting himself into it, checking his fancies, restraining his impulses, and holding himself to the perpetual round of small details—without, in fact, submitting to his drill. But the perpetual call on a man's readiness, self-control, and vigour which business makes, the constant appeal to the intellect, the stress upon the will, the necessity for rapid and responsible exercise of judgment—all these things constitute a high culture, though not the highest. It is a culture which strengthens and invigorates if it does not refine, which gives force if not polish—the *fortiter in re*, if not the *suaviter in modo*. It makes strong men and ready men, and men of vast capacity for affairs, though it does not necessarily make refined men or gentlemen."

* Maria Edgeworth, "Memoirs of R. L. Edgeworth," ii., 94.

ous and painstaking men who are the rulers of the world. There has not been a statesman of eminence but was a man of industry. "It is by toil," said even Louis XIV., "that kings govern." When Clarendon described Hampden, he spoke of him as "of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed on by the most subtle and sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts." While in the midst of his laborious though self-imposed duties, Hampden, on one occasion, wrote to his mother: "My lyfe is nothing but toyle, and hath been for many yeares, nowe to the Commonwealth, nowe to the Kinge. . . . Not so much tyme left as to doe my dutye to my deare parents, nor to sende to them." Indeed all the statesmen of the Commonwealth were great toilers; and Clarendon himself, whether in office or out of it, was a man of indefatigable application and industry.

The same energetic vitality, as displayed in the power of working, has distinguished all the eminent men in our own as well as in past times. During the Anti-Corn Law movement, Cobden, writing to a friend, described himself as "working like a horse, with not a moment to spare." Lord Brougham was a remarkable instance of the indefatigably active and laborious man; and it might be said of Lord Palmerston, that he worked harder for success in his extreme old age than he had ever done in the prime of his manhood—preserving his working faculty, his good-humour and *bonhomie*, unimpaired to the end.* He himself was accustomed to say that being in office, and consequently full of work, was good for his health. It rescues man from *ennui* that is the chief cause of his superiority over the brute—as it is the necessity which he feels for escaping from its intolerable suffering that forces him to employ himself actively, and is hence the greatest stimulus to human progress.

Indeed, this living principle of constant work, of abundant occupation, of practical contact with men in the affairs of life, has in all times been the best ripener of the energetic vitality of strong natures. Business habits, cultivated and disciplined, are found alike useful in every pursuit—whether in politics, literature, science, or art. Thus a great deal of the best literary work has been done by men systematically trained in business pursuits. The same industry, application, economy of time and labour, which have rendered them useful in the one sphere of employment, have been found equally available in the other.

Most of the early English writers were men of affairs, trained to business; for no literary class as yet existed, excepting it might be the priesthood. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was first a soldier, and afterwards a comptroller of petty customs. The office was no sinecure either, for he had to write up all the records with his own hand; and when he had done his "reckonings" at the custom-house, he returned with delight to his favourite studies at home—poring over his books until his eyes were "dazed" and dull.

The great writers in the reign of Elizabeth, during which there was such a development of robust life in England, were not literary men according to the modern acceptation of the word, but men of action, trained in business. Spencer acted as secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland; Raleigh was, by turns, a courtier, soldier, sailor, and discoverer; Sydney was a politician, diplomatist, and soldier; Bacon was a laborious lawyer before he became lord keeper and lord chancellor; Sir Thomas Browne was a physician in country practice at Norwich; Hooker was the hard-working pastor of a country parish; Shakspeare was the manager of a theatre, in which he was himself but an indifferent actor, and he seems to have been more careful of his money investments than he was of his intellectual offspring. Yet these, all men of active business habits, are among the greatest writers of any age; the period of Elizabeth and James I. standing out in the history of England as the era of its greatest literary activity and splendour.

In the reign of Charles I., Cowley held various offices of trust and confidence. He acted as private secretary to several of the royalist leaders, and was afterwards engaged as a private secretary to the queen, in ciphering and

* A friend of Lord Palmerston has communicated to us the following anecdote: Asking him one day when he considered a man to be in the prime of life, his immediate reply was, "Seventy-nine!" "But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it."

deciphering the correspondence which passed between her and Charles I.—the work occupying all his days, and often his nights, during several years. And while Cowley was thus employed in the royal cause, Milton was employed by the Commonwealth, of which he was the Latin secretary, and afterwards secretary to the lord protector. Yet, in the early part of his life Milton was occupied in the humble vocation of a teacher. Dr. Johnson says, "that in his school, as in everything else which he undertook, he laboured with great diligence, there is no reason for doubting." It was after the Restoration, when his official employment ceased, that Milton entered upon the principal literary work of his life; but before he undertook the writing of his great epic, he deemed it indispensable that to "industrious and select reading" he should add "steady observation," and "insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs."*

Locke held office in different reigns: first under Charles II., as secretary to the board of trade, and afterwards under William III., as commissioner of appeals and of trade and plantations. Many literary men of eminence held office in Queen Anne's reign. Thus Addison was secretary of state; Steele, commissioner of stamps; Prior, under-secretary of state, and afterwards ambassador to France; Tickell, under-secretary of state, and secretary to the lords justices of Ireland; Congreve, secretary to Jamaica; and Gay, secretary of legation at Hanover.

Indeed, habits of business, instead of unfitting a cultivated mind for scientific or literary pursuits, are often the best training for them. Voltaire insisted with truth that the real spirit of business and literature are the same; the perfection of each being the union of energy and thoughtfulness, of cultivated intelligence and practical wisdom, of the active and contemplative essence—a union commended by Lord Bacon as the concentrated excellence of man's nature. It has been said that even the man of genius can write nothing worth reading in relation to human affairs, unless he has been in some way or other connected with the serious every-day business of life.

Hence it has happened that many of the best books extant have been written by men of business, with whom literature was a pastime rather than a profession. Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly," who knew the drudgery of writing for a living, once observed that "a single hour of composition, won from the business of the day, is worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the trade of literature: in the one case the spirit comes joyfully to refresh itself, like a hart to the waterbrooks; in the other, it pursues its miserable way, panting and jaded, with the dogs and hunger of necessity behind.†

The first great men of letters in Italy were not mere men of letters; they were men of business—merchants, statesmen, diplomatists, judges, and soldiers. Villani, the author of the best history of Florence, was a merchant; Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were all engaged in more or less important embassies; and Dante, before becoming a diplomatist, was for some time occupied as a chemist and druggist. Galileo, Galvani, and Farini were physicians; and Goldoni a lawyer. Ariosto's talent for affairs was as great as his genius for poetry. At the death of his father he was called upon to manage the family estate for the benefit of his younger brothers and sisters, which he did with ability and integrity. His genius for business having been recognized, he was employed by the Duke of Ferrara on important missions

* "Reasons of Church Government," book ii.

† Coleridge's advice to his young friends was much to the same effect. "With the exception of one extraordinary man," he says, "I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession; *i. e.* some regular employment which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far mechanically, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unalloyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial than weeks of compulsion. . . . If facts are required to prove the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon, among the ancients—of Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Paxter (or, to refer at once to later and contemporary instances), Darwin and Roscoe, are at once decisive of the question."—*Biographia Literaria*, chap. xi.

to Rome and elsewhere. Having afterwards been appointed governor of a turbulent mountain district, he succeeded, by firm and just government, in reducing it to a condition of comparative good order and security. Even the bandits of the country respected him. Being arrested one day in the mountains by a body of outlaws, he mentioned his name, when they at once offered to escort him in safety wherever he chose.

It has been the same in other countries. Vattel, the author of the "Rights of Nations," was a practical diplomatist, and a first-rate man of business. Rabelais was a physician, and a successful practitioner; Schiller was a surgeon; Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Camoens, Descartes, Maupertuis, La Rochefoucauld, Lacepede, Lamarke, were soldiers in the early part of their respective lives.

In our own country, many men now known by their writings earned their living by their trade. Lillo spent the great part of his life as a working jeweller in the Poultry, occupying the intervals of his leisure in the production of dramatic works, some of them of acknowledged power and merit. Izaak Walton was a linen-draper in Fleet Street, reading much in his leisure hours, and storing his mind with facts for future use in his capacity of biographer. De Foe was by turns horse-factor, brick and tile-maker, shopkeeper, author, and political agent.

Samuel Richardson successfully combined literature with business—writing his novels in his back shop in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, and selling them over the counter in his front shop. William Hutton, of Birmingham, also successfully combined the occupations of bookselling and authorship. He says, in his Autobiography, that a man may live half a century and not be acquainted with his own character. He did not know that he was an antiquary until the world informed him of it, from having read his "History of Birmingham," and then, he said, he could see it himself. Benjamin Franklin was alike eminent as a printer and bookseller—an author, a philosopher, and a statesman.

Coming down to our own time, we find Ebenezer Elliott successfully carrying on the business of a bar-iron merchant in Sheffield, during which time he wrote and published the greater number of his poems; and his success in business was such as to enable him to retire into the country and build a house of his own, in which he spent the remainder of his days. Isaac Taylor, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," was an engraver of patterns for Manchester calico-printers; and other members of this gifted family were followers of the same branch of art.

The principal early works of John Stuart Mill were written in the intervals of official work, while he held the office of principal examiner in the East India House—in which Charles Lamb, Peacock, the author of "Headlong Hall," and Edwin Norris, the philologist, were also clerks. Macaulay wrote his "Lays of Ancient Rome" in the war office, while holding the post of secretary of war. It is well known that the thoughtful writings of Mr. Helps are literally "Essays written in the Intervals of Business." Many of our best living authors are men holding important public offices—such as Sir Henry Taylor, Sir John Kaye, Anthony Trollope, Tom Taylor, Matthew Arnold, and Samuel Warren.

Mr. Proctor the poet, better known as "Barry Cornwall," was a barrister and commissioner in lunacy. Most probably he assumed the pseudonym for the same reason that Dr. Paris published his "Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest" anonymously—because he apprehended that, if known, it might compromise his professional position. For it is by no means an uncommon prejudice, still prevalent among City men, that a person who has written a book, and still more one who has written a poem, is good for nothing in the way of business. Yet Sharon Turner, though an excellent historian, was no worse a solicitor on that account; while the brothers Horace and James Smith, authors of "The Rejected Addresses," were men of such eminence in their profession, that they were selected to fill the important and lucrative post of solicitors to the Admiralty, and they filled it admirably.

It was while the late Mr. Broderip, the barrister, was acting as a London police magistrate, that he was attracted to the study of natural history, in which he occupied the greater part of his leisure. He wrote the principal articles on the subject for the "Penny Cyclopædia," besides several separate works of great

merit, more particularly the "Zoological Recreations," and "Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist." It is recorded of him that, though he devoted so much of his time to the production of his works, as well as to the Zoological Society and their admirable establishment in Regent's Park, of which he was one of the founders, his studies never interfered with the real business of his life, nor is it known that a single question was ever raised upon his conduct or his decisions. And while Mr. Broderip devoted himself to natural history, the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock devoted his leisure to natural science, recreating himself in the practice of photography and the study of mathematics, in both of which he was thoroughly proficient.

Among literary bankers we find the names of Rogers, the poet; Roscoe, of Liverpool, the biographer of Lorenzo de Medici; Ricardo, the author of "Political Economy and Taxation;"* Grote, the author of the "History of Greece; Sir John Lubbock, the scientific antiquarian;† and Samuel Bailey, of Sheffield, the author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," besides various important works on ethics, political economy, and philosophy.

Nor, on the other hand, have thoroughly trained men of science and learning proved themselves inefficient as first-rate men of business. Culture of the best sort trains the habit of application and industry, disciplines the mind, supplies it with resources, and gives it freedom and vigour of action—all of which are equally requisite in the successful conduct of business. Thus, in young men, education and scholarship usually indicate steadiness of character, for they imply continuous attention, diligence, and the ability and energy necessary to master knowledge; and such persons will also usually be found possessed of more than average promptitude, address, resource, and dexterity.

Montaigne has said of true philosophers that "if they were great in science, they were yet much greater in action; . . . and whenever they have been put upon the proof, they have been seen to fly to so high a pitch as made it very well appear their souls were strangely elevated and enriched with the knowledge of things."‡

At the same time it must be acknowledged that too exclusive a devotion to imaginative and philosophical literature, especially if prolonged in life until the habits become formed, does to a great extent incapacitate a man for the business of practical life. Speculative ability is one thing, and practical ability another; and the man who, in his study, or with his pen in hand, shows himself capable of forming large views of life and policy, may, in the outer world, be found altogether unfitted for carrying them into practical effect.

Speculative ability depends on vigorous thinking—practical ability on vigorous acting; and the two qualities are usually found combined in very unequal proportions. The speculative man is prone to indecision; he sees all the sides of a question, and his action becomes suspended in nicely weighing the pros and cons, which are often found pretty nearly to balance each other; whereas the practical man overleaps logical preliminaries, arrives at certain definite convictions, and proceeds forthwith to carry his policy into action.§

* Mr. Ricardo published his celebrated "Theory of Rent," at the urgent recommendation of James Mill (like his son, a chief clerk in the India House), author of the "History of British India." When the "Theory of Rent" was written, Ricardo was so dissatisfied with it that he wished to burn it; but Mr. Mill urged him to publish it, and the book was a great success.

† The late Sir John Lubbock, his father, was also eminent as a mathematician and astronomer.

‡ Thales, once inveighing in discourse against the pains and care men put themselves to to become rich, was answered by one in the company that he did like the fox, who found fault with what he could not obtain. Thereupon Thales had a mind, for the jest's sake, to show them the contrary; and having upon this occasion for once made a master of all his wits, wholly to employ them in the service of profit, he set a traffic on foot, which in one year brought him in so great riches that the most experienced in that trade could hardly in their whole lives, with all their industry, have raked so much together.—MONTAIGNE'S *Essays*, book i., chap. 24.

§ "The understanding," says Mr. Bailey, "that is accustomed to pursue a regular and connected train of ideas becomes in some measure incapacitated for those quick and versatile movements which are learnt in the commerce of the world, and are indispensable to those who act a part in it. Deep thinking and

Yet there have been many great men of science who have proved efficient men of business. We do not learn that Sir Isaac Newton made a worse Master of the Mint because he was the greatest of philosophers. Nor were there any complaints as to the efficiency of Sir John Herschel, who held the same office. The brothers Humboldt were alike capable men in all that they undertook—whether it was literature, philosophy, mining, philology, diplomacy, or statemanship.

Niebuhr, the historian, was distinguished for his energy and success as a man of business. He proved so efficient as secretary and accountant to the African consulate, to which he had been appointed by the Danish Government, that he was afterwards selected as one of the commissioners to manage the national finances; and he quitted that office to undertake the joint directorship of a bank at Berlin. It was in the midst of his business occupations that he found time to study Roman history, to master the Arabic, Russian, and other Sclavonic languages, and to build up the great reputation as an author by which he is now chiefly remembered.

Having regard to the views professed by the First Napoleon as to men of science, it was to have been expected that he would endeavour to strengthen his administration by calling them to his aid. Some of his appointments proved failures, while others were completely successful. Thus Laplace was made minister of the interior; but he had no sooner been appointed than it was seen a mistake had been made. Napoleon afterwards said of him, that "Laplace looked at no question in its true point of view. He was always searching after subtleties; all his ideas were problems, and he carried the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus into the management of business." But Laplace's habits had been formed in the study, and he was too old to adapt them to the purposes of practical life.

With Daru it was different. But Daru had the advantage of some practical training in business, having served as an intendant of the army in Switzerland under Massena, during which he also distinguished himself as an author. When Napoleon proposed to appoint him a councillor of state and intendant of the imperial household, Daru hesitated to accept the office. "I have passed the greater part of my life," he said, "among books, and have not had time to learn the functions of a courtier." "Of courtiers," replied Napoleon, "I have plenty about me; they will never fail. But I want a minister at once enlightened, firm, and vigilant; and it is for these qualities that I have selected you." Daru complied with the emperor's wishes, and eventually became his prime minister, proving thoroughly efficient in that capacity, and remaining the same modest, honourable, and disinterested man that he had been through life.

Men of trained working faculty so contract the habit of labour that idleness becomes intolerable to them; and when driven by circumstances from their own special line of occupation, they find a refuge in other pursuits. The diligent man is quick to find employment for his leisure; and he is able to make leisure when the idle man finds none. "He hath no leisure," says George Herbert, "who useth it not." "The most active or busy man that hath been or can be," says Bacon, "hath, no question, many vacant times of leisure, while he expecteth the tides and returns of business, except he be either tedious and of no dispatch, or lightly and unworthily ambitious to meddle with things that may be better done by others." Thus many great things have been done during such "vacant times of leisure," by men to whom industry had become a second nature, and who found it easier to work than to be idle.

Even hobbies are useful as educators of the working faculty. Hobbies evoke industry of a certain kind, and at least provide agreeable occupation. Not such hobbies as that of Domitian, who occupied himself in catching flies. The hobbies of the King of Macedon, who made lanterns, and of the King of France, who made locks, were of a more respectable order. Even a routine mechanical employment is felt to be a relief by minds acting under high pressure: it is an intermission of labour—a rest—a relaxation, the pleasure consisting in the work itself rather than in the result.

practical talents require indeed habits of mind so essentially dissimilar, that while a man is striving after the one, he will be unavoidably in danger of losing the other." "Thence," he adds, "do we so often find men, who are 'giants in the closet,' prove but 'children in the world,'"—"*Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions*," pp. 251–'253.

But the best of hobbies are intellectual ones. Thus men of active minds retire from their daily business to find recreation in other pursuits—some in science, some in art, and the greater number in literature. Such recreations are among the best preservatives against selfishness and vulgar worldliness. We believe it was Lord Brougham who said, "blessed is the man who hath a hobby!" and, in the abundant versatility of his nature, he himself had many, ranging from literature to optics, from history and biography to social science. Lord Brougham is even said to have written a novel; and the remarkable story of the "Man in the Bell," which appeared many years ago in "Blackwood," is reputed to have been from his pen. Intellectual hobbies, however, must not be ridden too hard; else, instead of recreating, refreshing, and invigorating a man's nature, they may only have the effect of sending him back to his business exhausted, enervated, and depressed.

Many laborious statesmen besides Lord Brougham have occupied their leisure, or consoled themselves in retirement from office, by the composition of works which have become part of the standard literature of the world. Thus "Cæsar's Commentaries" still survive as a classic; the perspicuous and forcible style in which they are written placing him in the same rank with Xenophon, who also successfully combined the pursuit of letters with the business of active life.

To conclude: a fair measure of work is good for mind as well as body. Man is an intelligence sustained and preserved by bodily organs, and their active exercise is necessary to the enjoyment of health. It is not work, but overwork that is hurtful; and it is not hard work that is injurious so much as monotonous work, fagging work, hopeless work. All hopeful work is healthful; and to be usefully and hopefully employed is one of the great secrets of happiness. Brain-work, in moderation, is no more wearing than any other kind of work. Duly regulated, it is as promotive of health as bodily exercise; and, where due attention is paid to the physical system, it seems difficult to put more upon a man than he can bear. Merely to eat and drink and sleep one's way idly through life is vastly more injurious. The wear-and-tear of rust is even faster than the tear-and-wear of work.

But overwork is always bad economy. It is, in fact, great waste, especially if conjoined with worry. Indeed, worry kills far more than work does. It frets, it excites, it consumes the body—as sand and grit, which occasion excessive friction, wear out the wheels of a machine. Overwork and worry have both to be guarded against. For over brain work is strain work; and it is exhausting and destructive according as it is in excess of nature. And the brain worker may exhaust and overbalance his mind by excess, just as the athlete may overstrain his muscles and break his back by attempting feats beyond the strength of his physical system.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE; Travels, Adventures and Discoveries in Central Africa, including four months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley, Travelling Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. (Canadian edition.) James Adam & Co., Toronto, 1872.

IT is not to be wondered at that the world, and foremost of all the American literary world, received with undisguised incredulity the announcement that a correspondent of the *New York Herald* had gone to Zanzibar by order of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, marched from thence right into the centre of Africa, and meeting there the veritable Dr. Livingstone, about whom the aforesaid amiable and sympathetic world had been suffering in anxiety so sorely and so long, our travelling correspondent "walked deliberately up to him, took off his hat, and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'YES,' said he, with a smile, lifting his cap slightly." And so the great feat was accomplished—the lost one was found! It was enough to stir up the unbelieving into new faithlessness; and it looks more comical than ever as presented to us on the embossed boards

of Mr. Stanley's portly volume. A petticoated negro, of doubtful gender, stands in the centre waving a huge banner of the Stars and Stripes; on the left Mr. Stanley, in bookbinder's gold-foil, lifts his cocked hat as he says "Dr. Livingstone, I presume!" On the right, the Doctor in a short smock—so at least it seems—with three Arabs behind him, lifts the bluish cap with its faded gold band, and the feat is before us in grand tableau. But this climax of the exploring expedition is only reached by the reader at the 412th page. The reverse of the startling picture meets us in the introduction. Mr. Stanley is in Madrid, "fresh from the carnage of Valencia," when a telegram is handed to him with the laconic message: "Come to Paris on important business.—Jas G. Bennett, jun." On the following night this scene transpires at the Parisian bedside of Mr. Bennett:

"Come in," I heard a voice say.

Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Stanley!" I answered.

"Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you."

After throwing over his shoulders his robe-de-chambre, Mr. Bennett asked, "Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not be!" I answered.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him;" and so the matter is settled. Mr. Stanley does not conceal the fact that this "cool order to go to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead," looked something very much of a wild-goose chase. But Mr. Bennett's authority to draw on him for £1,000 at a time, till Livingstone was found, settled the matter. "The old man may be in want: take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Do what you think best—BUT FIND [illegible]" This idea of the aged and venerable aspect of the traveller meets us again and again. Selim comes back to Stanley as he approaches Ujiji, and tells him: "I see the Doctor, Sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." There is indeed some confusion between pen and pencil in this same matter of the beard. Stanley himself, in describing the first sight of him, says, "I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard;" but in the accompanying illustration, as also in others of the numerous pictorial chroniclings, such as "Our levee at Magala, Urundi," and still more unmistakeably in "Dr. Livingstone at work on his Journal," there is the smooth-shaved chin, in notable contrast to a pair of bearded Arabs who look in upon him. Here is the account of this bit of pencil-work in Central Africa: "We arrived at Ujiji from our tour of discovery, north of the Tanganika, December 13th (1871), and from this date the Doctor commenced writing his letters to his numerous friends, and to copy into his mammoth Letts' Diary, from his field books, the valuable information he had acquired during his years of travel south and west of the Tanganika. I sketched him while sitting in his shirt-sleeves on the verandah, with his Letts's Diary on his knee; and the likeness on the other page (563,) is an admirable portrait of him, because the artist who assisted me has, with an intuitive eye, seen the defects in my sketch; and by this I am enabled to restore him to the reader's view exactly as I saw him, as he pondered on what he had witnessed during his long marches."

Between Selim's "white beard," Stanley's "grey beard," and Stanley and his artist-with-the-intuitive-eyes "no beard," there is some discrepancy, which suggests somewhat of book manufacture, so far at least as the prolific pictorial department is concerned. If one but think of it indeed, unless Mr. Stanley had carried into Central Africa his friend with the "intuitive eye," it is not easy to see how, just at the time when, in the valley of the Loajeri, for example, and when, as he says, "the quinine which I had taken in the morning seemed to affect every crevice of my brain," he was planting a successful shot behind the shoulder of a fine buffalo cow, he at the same time accomplished the spirited picture of himself, Livingstone, the buffalo cow, and the fine theatrical ravine in which they are posed. Or again, just as he is scared out of his wits by a huge elephant, with nothing but "a pea-shooter loaded with treacherous sawdust cartridges" in his hand; and moreover while congratulating himself that the "Tembo," or big elephant, has not pounded

him to a jelly, he says, "a wasp darted fiercely at me and planted its sting in my neck, and for that afternoon my anticipated pleasures were dispelled." These, accordingly, are the circumstances under which he made the charming study on p. 580, of himself, the "colossal monster, the incarnation of might of the African world, with his large, broad ears held out like studding sails;" and the young rascal Kalulu "flying as soon as he had witnessed the awful Colossus in such close vicinage." The truth is, such a picture as this is all very well for a child's story book; but that forest, elephant, Kalulu and Stanley finely attitudinising, and all else were drawn by our friend with "the intuitive eye," out of the depths of his inner consciousness, with such hints as the African adventurer might give him, is obvious at a glance. The "bush" in which the elephant stands so composedly was probably sketched in the vicinity of Hampstead Heath. It does not look much more tropical!

Among the illustrations are plates of native arms, implements, pipes, &c., groups of natives that look as if they had been photographed from nature; a fine, genuine-like head of Susi, the servant of Livingstone; with specimens of pottery, illustrations of native architecture, native idols, &c., all of which are interesting and valuable. Even the very magnificent portrait of the "proprietor of the *New York Herald*," with hair in elegant curl, and waxed moustache done up to the last degree of barberous perfectibility, is doubtless truthful; and the gold snuffbox, with the V. R. of its Royal donor in brilliants on the black ground of the tailpiece, is a no less appropriate finale. But the "attack on Mirambo," with "the Stars and Stripes" planted in the foreground; "the mutiny on the Gombe river," or—not to needlessly enlarge the list—His Sable Majesty, King Manyara, rolling on the ground and rubbing his stomach, while Stanley stands over him with the bottle of concentrated ammonia from which His Majesty has just been physicked;—such illustrations of a book of "Travels, Adventures and Discoveries in Central Africa," make one look with some incredulity on the accompanying maps of "Eastern Central Africa, *shewing the routes and discoveries of Henry M. Stanley* whilst in search of Dr. Livingstone, 1871–1872."

The "old man with the white beard" attracted our eye when we first opened the volume. Doubtless hardships, privation, and African fever have told on the indomitable, lonely man, who has for long years battled with the mystery of the great lakes which are the perennial feeders of the Nile; but reckoning by years, we have the best of reasons for saying that Dr. David Livingstone is a long way still from old age. Thirty-four years ago we remember him well, a bright, quiet, clever youth, busily engaged in the laboratory of Professor Graham, of University College, London. The Professor, himself a Glasgow man, was interested in the thoughtful, eager, dark-eyed youth; and then, and in at least one subsequent year, he continued to prosecute his practical studies under the great chemist whose statue has been erected during the past year, alongside that of James Watt, in his native city.

How time does run by with us all. When the quietest and most staid of mortals bethinks him of the circle of thirty-five years ago, the chances are that he has to hunt them up in fancy in every corner of the wide world. But this hunting up of Livingstone in the centre of Africa—not in fancy, but literally—is certainly one of the achievements worthy of a red-letter day in the calendar of 1872. At Zanzibar Mr. Stanley met Dr. Kirk, and in answer to his inquiry, "Where is Dr. Livingstone do you think now?" received the comforting reply: "Well, really, you know that is very difficult to answer. He may be dead; there is nothing positive whereon we can base sufficient reliance. Of one thing I am sure, nobody has heard anything definite of him for over two years;" and then Mr. Stanley reports some more of the British Consul's talk; which, if he had any idea of its being reported in the preface to such a sequel, he would have certainly kept to himself. According to him Livingstone is "not quite an angel," one who hates to have anyone with him; who if Burton, Grant, Baker, or Stanley himself were known to be nearing him, would "put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between him and them." Mr. Stanley says Dr. Kirk very kindly promised him all the assistance in his power; but he drily adds, "But I cannot recollect, neither do I find a trace of it in my

journal, that he assisted me in any way." It is not easy, we suspect, to be a friend of Livingstone and also of Dr. Kirk. Some others of Mr. Stanley's studies at Zanzibar are tempting, such as his sketch of "poor, dear Bishop Tozer, Missionary Bishop of Central Africa, ineffably happy in his crimson robe of office, and in the queerest of all head-dresses, stalking through the streets of Zanzibar, or haggling over the price of a tin pot at a tinker's stall." But we must not follow the example of the Bishop of Central Africa, and stick fast on this island outpost; though with a volume of 700 pages, the most we can do is to glean a few characteristic episodes from the traveller's experiences and adventures.

Here is a piece of race-portraiture, sketched by the pen of an American among the woolly-haired negroes of Africa, worth reproducing: "The Wahumba, so far as I have seen them, are a fine and well formed race. The men are positively handsome; tall, with small heads, the posterior part of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or a flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small; the nose is that of the Greeks, and so universal was the peculiar feature that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa. Their lower limbs have not the heaviness of the Wagogo and other tribes, but are long and shapely, clean as those of an antelope. Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully. Athletes from their youth, shepherd bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for the sculptor who would wish to immortalize in marble an Antinous, a Hylas, a Daphnis, or an Apollo. The women are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear, ebon skins, not coal black; but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass pendent from the ears, brass ring collars about the necks, and a spiral cincture of brass wire about their loins for the purpose of retaining their calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and, depending from their shoulder, shade one-half of the bosom and fall to the knees."

Here again is a piece of royal state worthy of the meeting between a representative of science and the sovereign of part at least of the Blacks' own continent. The Sultan of Manyara has come, with his chiefs, to visit the camp of the stranger. He has looked all around, examined the double-barrelled guns, the rifle, &c., and our traveller thus proceeds: "After having explained to them the difference between white men and Arabs, I pulled out my medicine chest, which evoked another burst of rapturous sighs at the cunning neatness of the array of vials. He asked what they meant. "Down," I replied sententiously, a word which may be interpreted medicine. "Oh-h, Oh-h," they murmured admiringly. I succeeded before long in winning unqualified admiration; and my superiority, compared with the best of the Arabs they had seen, was but too evident. "Down, down," they added. "Here," said I, uncorking a vial of medicinal brandy, "is the kisunger pombe (white man's beer); take a spoonful and try it," at the same time handing it. "Hacht, hacht, oh, hacht! What! eh! what strong beer the white men have! Oh how my throat burns!" "Ah, but it is good," said I, "a little of it makes men feel strong and good; but too much of it makes men bad, and they die." "Let me have some," said one of the chiefs; "and me," "and me," "and me," as soon as each had tasted.

"I next produced a bottle of concentrated ammonia, which, as I explained, was for snake bites and headaches. The Sultan immediately complained he had a headache, and must have a little. Telling him to close his eyes, I suddenly uncorked the bottle, and presented it to His Majesty's nose. The effect was magical, for he fell back as if shot, and such contortions as his features underwent are indescribable. His chiefs roared with laughter, and clapped their hands, pinched each other, snapped their fingers, and committed many other ludicrous things. The chiefs in turn had each a sniff at the same wonderful bottle. "Oh!" said the Sultan at parting, "these white men know everything; the Arabs are dirt compared to them!"

Of the meeting and intercourse between Livingstone and his enterprising friend, our readers will doubtless learn for themselves in the pages of his large but attractive volume. It is lively and well written, considering the haste, from beginning to end, of outfit, jour-

ney, book-making and all. It would be easy, of course, from a volume of upwards of seven hundred pages, to glean abundant extracts wherewith to swell out this notice; but we have probably said enough to tempt our readers to study it for themselves. They cannot fail—whatever other defects they may find—to admire the pluck, resolution, and perseverance with which Mr. Stanley undertook and carried to so thoroughly successful an issue, the seemingly hopeless, if not hair-brained, commission of seeking a solitary stranger in some unknown spot in the heart of an unexplored continent, the way to which had to be forced through jungle, fever swamps, faithless assistants, and hostile natives.

The maps, with their interesting details of lake and river, help to give countenance to the assumption of original exploration and geographical discovery, which it would be absurd to lay claim to seriously, as any source of Mr. Stanley's undoubted merit. By a bold dash he solved a mystery which seemed to baffle all the efforts of the Royal Geographical Society; and accomplished single-handed what neither their consular agent, nor the exploratory expedition they organized with so much effort, seemed equal to. But if the mystery of ages is to be solved by the raid of a *New York Herald* reporter in a single season, then the weary years of exile which Dr. Livingstone has endured in the fever-haunted regions, where he still lingers under the idea that the problem is still unsolved, are years of misspent labour and sorrow.

An outlet for Lake Tanganika is one of the great unsolved problems of African exploration. Captain Burton conceived it had no outlet, and Dr. Beke would give it none other than the skyward one of the tropical sun's evaporation. But Mr. Stanley has an astounding native story of the "Kabogo, a great mountain on the other side of the Tanganika, full of deep holes, into which the water rolls; and when there is wind on the lake there is a sound like thunder." Mr. Stanley believes in this subterranean outlet of the great lake, for he "distinctly heard a sound as of distant thunder in the west," and he accordingly enters into a careful calculation; which he thus sums up:—"Therefore the sound of the thundering surf, which is said to roll into the caves of Kabogo, *was heard by us at a distance of over one hundred miles away from them!*" Bethink you, good reader, it is computed that the Niagara Falls discharge twenty millions of cubic feet of water per minute; and sharp ears are said to have detected the sound at Lewiston—seven miles below the Falls. But a hundred miles off!—what must that Kabogo be?

The mysterious river of Egypt owes its remarkable character to the relations it bears to two very diverse geographical areas. The annual overflow of the Nile, and the fertilizing mud which it deposits in the lower valley, are contributed by the tributaries of the great river which have their rise in Abyssinia. There the rainy season lasts among its highlands from June to September, while for the remaining nine months of the year the river is fed from the great equatorial lakes which Speke, Grant, Baker and Livingstone have made known to us anew, but which it is indisputable were already laid down in ancient maps of the Arabian geographers. Thus the perennial flow of the Nile is maintained from the latter source; while the annual overflow, on which the fertilizing of the great Egyptian river-valley depends, is secured by the floods of the Abyssinian highlands in our summer quarter of the year.

The celebrated traveller, Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, was the first to reveal, in modern times, the wonders of Abyssinia. He told a "traveller's tale" so full of marvels that no one would believe it. Of all his stories, that of cutting steaks out of the buttock of a live cow was received with most unbounded ridicule. But hardly a statement of the traveller which possessed any notable specialty escaped the stigma of falsehood; till this unjust incredulity and ridicule culminated in the extravagant satire of Baron Munchausen and his wonderful adventures.

It seemed for a time as if Mr. Stanley was to experience anew the fate of the great Abyssinian traveller; and none were so virulent in their aspersions as his own American brethren of the press. But we live in an age of more easy and rapid correction of misapprehensions such as this. The statements of Bruce have been proved to be correct by Salt, Burckhardt, Clarke, Belzoni, and every later traveller who has crossed his tract. But the assaults of malignant ignorance haunted the traveller to his

grave. For years before his death the only reference he ever made to his African travels was a remark to his own daughter, that she would live to see the truth of all his narratives confirmed. It has been far otherwise with Stanley. Ridicule and detraction have only added to the ultimate popularity of his adventures, and conferred on them even an exaggerated importance. A single season has sufficed to right his wrongs; and his handsome and highly attractive, though necessarily superficial volume, bids fair to return to its author a very substantial, though fully merited reward. Every admirer of the great traveller whom he has succoured owes to Mr. Stanley a debt of gratitude; and the closing words of grateful thanks and kindly congratulations sent to him by Queen Victoria, along with the more substantial memorial of Her Majesty's good will, are as welcome to the sympathetic reader as they can have been to himself.

THE ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENTS, WEAPONS, AND ORNAMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By John Evans, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

In an elaborate and copiously illustrated treatise, extending to 640 pages, Mr. Evans here deals in exhaustive fashion with one of the most interesting phases of primeval archæological history. The era of the Norman Conquest seems very ancient to us; Alfred and his Saxons lie on the mythic and legendary border-land of fable; and as for Arthur and his Britons, we are well content that our poet laureate should have them all to himself. Yet the oldest of those eras is but of yesterday compared with the eras of the "Stone Period."

That flint arrow-heads—such as are common enough on many Canadian localities—were of frequent occurrence in Britain, has long been known. Stone axe-heads, like the primitive tomahawk of the American savage, are equally abundant; but they remained for centuries the elf-bolt and thunder-stone of popular superstition. In an old Scottish trial for witchcraft, one of the witnesses describes, in all gravity and good faith, a cavern where the arch-fiend is known to carry on the manufacture of elf-arrows, surrounded by his attendant imps, who rough-hew them out of the blocks of flint. These were believed to be the sources of many evils, and especially of cattle diseases. Dr. Hykes writes to the old diarist, Pepys, how Lord Talbot did produce one of these elf-arrows, which one of his tenants took out of a cow that died an unusual death; and also records a well attested story of an elf-arrow shot at a venerable Irish bishop by an evil spirit, in a terrible thunder-clap, which shook the whole house where the bishop was!

Such was the nature of current belief in these relics. Set in gold or silver, they were worn as amulets or charms; and they are similarly used by the Arabs of Northern Africa at the present day. They have been found on the field of Marathon; the lasting relics of the barbarian hordes of Persia. They were almost the only ancient weapons which the antiquaries of last century did not class as Roman. But before the close of the eighteenth century, ere speculations as to the antiquity of the human race had began to puzzle men's minds, a remarkable discovery of large, rude flint implements was made at Haxne in Suffolk, under circumstances which even then suggested to their observer, Mr. Frere, F.R.S., that they belonged "to a very remote period indeed, even beyond that of the present world." Fortunately, Mr. Frere presented some of these primitive implements to the Society of Antiquaries of London. They lay as mere "Celtic weapons," safe in the cabinets of the Society till, in 1859, Mr. Evans returned from an exploration of the famous drift deposits of Amiens and Abbeville, which were then exciting so wide-spread an interest, and recognised the very same characteristics in the Suffolk implements as in those which formed the noticeable type of those of France.

Implements of this type have been recovered in modern years from the same locality, alongside of the fossil deer, horse and elephant. Research has been extended in other localities. The disclosures of France have been followed by others of no less interest in Switzerland, Spain and Italy. The Palestine Exploring Expedition has sent home Syrian flint-implements, with their other relics of the Holy Land. Wherever research extends, fresh evidences present themselves of periods of great antiquity and long duration, during which man, in a state of the rudest barbarism, supplied all his tool-using requirements by means of flint or bone. What were at first but the vague disclosures of what was regarded as a primitive Stone Period, now marshals itself, under the intelligent systematizing of its students, into distinct periods of very diverse antiquity.

There is first and most modern of such primitive eras of barbaric art: The Neolithic period, with its varied implements of flint and stone, hewn, polished and decorated with the rudiments of artistic taste. To this period also belong many rude personal ornaments, vessels of stone, elaborately decor-

ated balls, table-men and other objects, supposed to have been used in games ; beads, buttons, armlets, &c., of shale and other similar material. Some of them undoubtedly tell us of British arts of times coeval with the Roman presence in Britain ; but others carry us backward to that primeval dawn in which the British Isles were first colonized by man.

But the very name of the Neolithic period implies that it is modern after a sort. Altogether behind this there reaches away into geological ages, before Britain was severed from the neighbouring Continent, in eras when the Mammoth and the Reindeer, the Cave Tiger and Cave Bear, the Irish Elk and creatures of equally strange character, were the living fauna, a Palæolithic period of vast duration, with its cave implements and its relics of a river-drift of remote antiquity.

This question of the Antiquity of Man, with its allied subjects, is the great question of the day. It involves results of momentous significance, and has to be faced and intelligently dealt with by all who recognize th importance of the results which it involves. Mr. Evans discusses with great temperateness and the marshalling of all available evidence, the possible chronology of the periods embraced within the two great divisions, and produces the results of observations by some of the ablest and most distinguished English and Continental savans. The following is his own summing up :

"On the whole it would seem that, for the present at least, we must judge of the antiquity of these deposits rather from the general effect produced upon our minds by the vastness of the changes which have taken place, both in the external configuration of the country and its extent seaward, since the time of their formation, than by any actual admeasurement of years or of centuries. To realize the full meaning of these changes almost transcends the powers of the imagination. Who, for instance, standing on the edge of the lofty cliff at Bournemouth, and gazing over the wide expanse of waters between the present shore and a line connecting the Needles on the one hand, and the Ballard Down Foreland on the other, can fully comprehend how immensely remote was the epoch when what is now that vast bay was high and dry land, and a long range of chalk downs, 600 feet above the sea, bounded the horizon on the south ? And yet this must have been the sight that met the eyes of those primeval men who frequented the banks of that ancient river which buried their handiwork in gravels that now cap the cliffs, and of the course of which so strange but indubitable a memorial subsists in what has now become the Solent Sea.

Or, again, taking our stand on the high terraces at Ealing, or Acton, or Highbury, and looking over the broad valley, four miles in width, with the river flowing through it at a depth of about a hundred feet below its former bed, in which, beneath our feet, are relics of human art deposited at the same time as the gravels, which of us can picture to himself the lapse of time represented by the excavation of a valley on such a scale, by a river greater, perhaps, in volume than the Thames, but still draining only the same tract of country ?" This is the great basin on which London stands, and has stood since Roman times ; but its history and traditions lend us no help in reaching back even to the Bronze Age, much less to that Neolithic age which is still modern when compared with the era of the British Mammoth and Rhinoceros. Yet it is to this elder era that the palæolithic flint implements belong. The student of history, accustomed to deal with periods of moderate limits, is lost in amazement at the vista of antiquity which thus opens on his mental vision, replete in its remotest distance with evidence of the presence of man.

The work, as a whole, is a careful, judicious and temperate demonstration of the facts of an inquiry of surpassing interest. Mr. Evans has freely used the labours and researches of his predecessors, and everywhere gives reference to his authorities. In point of illustration, the work embodies a comprehensive series of carefully executed figures, showing the characteristics of human art in that primeval dawn, and thus placing the fireside student nearly on an equality with the traveller and scientific explorer by whom they have been handled and described. The American publishers appear to have been furnished with duplicates of the original illustrations, and the reprint does great justice to the author and the subject.

FOR THE KING. By Charles Gibbon. Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," &c. New York : Harper Brothers.

This is a tale of the Civil War in 1745. Its key-note is given in the quotation prefixed from the *Chronicles of the Rebellion* :—"The most intimate relations were suddenly broken off ; friendship was forgotten in feud ; families were divided, and, frequently, fathers and sons stood in opposing factions. Women shared in the wretched dissensions ; and those of them who had favoured the Prince, or whose friends had done so, suffered much of the cruelties with which Cumberland followed up his victory at Culloden." The Earl of Strathroy is for the Pretender ; his son-in-law, Sir Malcolm Oliphant, is for King George II. ; his daughter, Lady Margaret, is torn between her duty to her father and her duty to her husband. Colonel Strang, a military adven-

turer in the service of the King, but in secret communication with the Pretender, and a rejected suitor of Lady Margaret, plays the villain of the piece, and certainly with the highest moral qualifications for the part. Dr. Fairlie, an eccentric, genial, shrewd old gentleman, plays the good angel. In character the tale is not very strong; but it is full of incident which most readers will find highly exciting, though the few will pronounce it too melodrama

---

Sketch of the Life of the Late Rev. Allan Napier MacNab, B. A. Toronto: Church Printing and Publishing Co., 1872. 8vo. pp. 33.

We have here an *In Memoriam* of a young man of great promise, a deacon of the Church of England, bearing a familiar name, historic in Canada. Judging of his character, as delineated in this pamphlet by a "friend of the family," and from the specimens of a few written relics here presented in print, we doubt not, had the life of Mr. MacNab been prolonged, he would have reflected honour on the name he bore. *Si qua fata invida rumpas, tu Marcellus eris.* Such brief existences are not wasted. A young life worthily spent is not unfruitful. Its record retains an enduring charm, and often silently stimulates to emulation in quarters where such an effect might be little looked for. The premature death of young Thomas Whytehead, Chaplain to Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, just after the arrival of the Bishop's party in New Zealand in 1843, will possibly be recalled. The history of the short career of that gifted and accomplished young man helped in no slight degree to inspire and maintain among English students a living interest in the New Zealand mission, which was finally crowned with such signal success. Short and simple annals, like those of the life of the late Allan Napier MacNab, circulating quietly in Canadian families, will, in an analogous manner, we feel confident, yield in the future results beneficial to the best interests of the local Anglican Church.

Herman Agha. By W. G. Palgrave. (Leisure Hour Series.) Holt & Williams: New York.

Anything on the East from the pen of Mr. W. G. Palgrave is sure to be interesting; and Herman Agha possesses high merit, not only as a picture of Eastern life, character and scenery, but as a tale. Its weak point is at the end, where it runs off into something a little too wild and mystical. Some of the reflections are certainly not Oriental. But these have an interest of their own as expressions (we may presume) of the present creed, or no-creed, of one who, after being a High Anglican at Oxford, where he was distinguished as a student, became a Jesuit, and has now left the Order. We can confidently recommend the book as far above the common order of novels.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ATTENTION continues to be attracted to the so-called "Prayer Gage" and the controversies respecting the efficacy of prayer and the general relations between Man and the Deity, to which that strange suggestion has given rise. The "Contemporary" for October contained three letters on the subject, one from Professor Tyndall, the patron of the Prayer Gage, another from its anonymous projector, and a third from Dr. McCosh. Professor Tyndall tenders an important explanation. "The bone of contention at present is *the physical value of prayer.* It is not my wish to excite surprise, much less to draw forth protest by the employment of this phrase. I would simply ask any intelligent person to look the problem honestly and steadily in the face, and then to say whether, in the estimation of the great body of those who sincerely resort to it, prayer does not, at all events upon special occasions, invoke a Power which checks and augments the descent of rain, which changes the force and direction of the winds, which affects the growth of corn and the health of men and cattle—a Power, in short, which, when appealed to under pressing circumstances, produces the precise effects caused by physical energy in the ordinary course of things. To any person who deals sincerely with the subject, and refuses to blur his moral vision by intellectual subtleties, this, I think, will appear a true statement of the case." It is under this aspect, according to Professor Tyndall, that the scientific student has any wish to meddle with prayer, which is forced upon his attention as a form of physical energy, and which he therefore claims leave to examine by scientific tests. The Professor admits that there is no inherent unreasonableness in the act of prayer. "The theory that the system of nature is under the

control of a Being who changes phenomena in compliance with the prayers of men, is, in my opinion, a pefectly legitimate one. It may of course be rendered futile by being associated with conceptions which contradict it, but such conceptions form no necessary part of the theory. It is a matter of experience that an earthly father, who is at the same time both wise and tender, listens to the requests of his children, and if they do not ask amiss, takes pleasure in granting their requests. We know also that this compliance extends to the alteration within certain limits of the current of events on earth. With this suggestion, offered by our experience, it is no departure from scientific method to place behind natural phenomena a Universal Father, who, in answer to the prayers of his children, alters the currents of those phenomena." Professor Tyndall, however, insists that this hypothesis shall be submitted, like any other hypothesis, to verification, and shall stand or fall by the result. Perhaps his religious antagonists might ask him whether even the alteration of phenomena by an earthly father, in compliance with the prayer of his child, can be absolutely verified—whether it can be scientifically proved, even in this instance, that the accordance of the event with the prayer is a consequence and not a coincidence.

The Professor protests that it is not his habit of mind to think otherwise than solemnly of the feeling which prompts to prayer, and that he does not wish it to be extinguished, but devoted to practicable objects. His tone is one of great reverence for religion and religious persons.

In a somewhat different tone, the author of the proposal vehemently maintains the validity and pertinency of his Gage, and argues that the Creator might fairly be expected to respond to such an appeal, if prayer was really efficacious.

He is evidently an ultra-physicist, excluding from his mind altogether the conception of a Personal God, which he stigmatizes as anthropomorphism. "An unerring order," he says, "which, in our experience, knows no exception, is all-sufficient, and furnishes to us, its children, the highest type and model of perfect organization. * * * * * There is no influence so soothing, none so reconciling to the checquered conditions of life, as consciousness of the absolute stability of the Rock on which the physicist takes his stand; who, knowing the intelligent order that pervades the universe, believes in it, and, with true filial piety, would never suggest a petition for a change in the Great Will as touching any childish whim of his own." The answer to this seems to be one supplied by our actual experience. A man of the most perfect and settled character does not derogate from his consistency in granting the prayer of his child, because, in the act of preferring the prayer, the child alters his own moral state, and therefore his fitness to receive the benefit for which he prays. The writer, however, though he uses the expression "Great Will," evidently no more allows a will to God than he does to man. The only idea he has is an aggregate of necessary and unchangeable laws, which, *vi termini*, excludes prayer.

Dr. McCosh rebukes the physicists for forgetting that a man has to enter the spiritual kingdom, as he has to enter the kingdom of science, by attention to its laws, and argues that the proposal of the Prayer Gage is not consistent with the laws of the spiritual kingdom. In demonstrating that the answer to prayer may be determined in the Divine mind by circumstances which we are incapable of estimating, he is rather unfortunate in the selection of an instance. "A few years ago," he says, "the late Prince Albert was in a raging fever, and hundreds of thousands were praying for his recovery. Must God answer these prayers by restoring the Prince to health, and this whatever be the consequences? It is said—on what I believe to be good authority—that shortly after the death of the Prince, the wise and good Queen of Great Britain declined following the counsel of her advisers, when they wished to proclaim war, and she did so because her departed husband was always opposed such a fratricidal proceeding. We may put the supposition that the Prince, if alive, might not have had influence to stop the war, and that it could have been arrested only by the firmness of a woman, inspired by regard for the dead." In the first place the statement that the Cabinet wished to proclaim a "fratricidal" war against America is totally unfounded as well as most injurious to the characters of the statesmen concerned. In the second place, Dr. McCosh's opponents will ask whether it was not as much in the power of the Almighty to stop the war as it was to determine whether the Prince Consort should live or die?

The "Prayer Gage" may be said to have been an insult unintentionally offered to the feelings of religious people, by a physicist who could not enter into the idea of a Personal God, or of the relations between God and man which that idea involves.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

TIN IN AUSTRALIA.

FEW of the explored parts of Australia are possessed of greater natural attractions than Queensland, not the least of which is to be found in the recent discovery of tin in large quantity. This discovery is not like the "diamond swindle" of Arizona, or even like certain reported "finds," of which we have had experience nearer home. Though but a young colony, things of this kind are better managed in Queensland than in some other places which might be expected to show more sense. When any mineral discovery is reported in Queensland, a qualified "Mining Land Commissioner," retained by the colony as a permanent official, is dispatched to report on it to the Government, and his report is made public; so that fraud is rendered almost an impossibility. From a report, then, presented by the above named functionary to the Earl of Kimberley, we learn that the district in Queensland, in which tin has been discovered, is situated about the head-waters of the Severn River and its tributaries, comprising an area of about five hundred and fifty square miles. The district is described as an elevated granitic table-land, intersected by ranges of abrupt hills, some attaining an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The richest deposits are found in the beds of the streams and in alluvial flats on their banks. The aggregate length of these alluvial bands is estimated at about one hundred and seventy miles, and every linear chain of the stream-beds is calculated to yield about ten tons of ore. Not only is the ore found disseminated over the surface of the ground, but the actual veins from which it has been derived have also been in some cases discovered. Similar discoveries have been made in the most northern part of the colony of New South Wales, in the district known as "New England." There is thus every probability that Australia will in a few years be *the* great tin-producing country of the world. The value of the one hundred and seventy miles of stream tin works in Queensland alone is calculated at the enormous sum of thirteen millions sterling; and it is stated as probable that the production of tin ore from the district in New South Wales will reach, if not surpass, that of all the old tin mining countries combined.

LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERIES.

It will be long before we shall be able to speak positively as to the discoveries made by Dr. Livingstone during the last four years, and indeed we can hardly do so until he is once more restored to civilization in his own person. It is well known that his own belief, as stated in his letters, is that the mighty river which he has been following so long and so patiently—the Lualaba—is the Nile. It is well known also with what energy, not to say discourtesy, Mr. Stanley has met all attempts on the part of geographers at home to decide on the value of this belief. And yet its correctness can be to a certain extent decided, without actually penetrating into the interior of Africa, by data already in our possession; and these data go to show that the Lualaba cannot by any possibility be the Nile. The following is the summing up of this question given by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, in his recently delivered inaugural address to that learned body:

"There can be no reasonable doubt that this great water-system of central Africa belongs to the Congo and not to the Nile. The proofs of the identity of the Lualaba and the Congo, derived from a comparison of height measurements, of volume of water, of the periodical rains, and the rise of the rivers, &c., have been put together very clearly in a paper by Dr. Behm, which has just appeared in the current number of Petermann's '*Mittheilungen*,' and many arguments arising from local information, as well as from coincidences of Natural History or Ethnology, might be added in corroboration. The only impediment, indeed, to a full and clear understanding upon this point is the remarkable fact that, although Livingstone had followed down the gradual slope of the Lualaba from the high plateau where it

rises, 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the sea-level, to a point where the barometer gave an elevation of only 2,000 feet—that is, to a point depressed 1,000 feet below the parallel Nile basin to the eastward; and although the constant trending of the waters to the west haunted him with misgivings, still he clung tenaciously to his old belief that he must be on the track of the Nile, and even speculated on the possibility of the great river he was pursuing debouching by the Bahr-el-Ghazal. It must be borne in mind, however, that Livingstone, in his African solitude, had no knowledge of Schweinfurth's discoveries. He had no idea that one, or perhaps two, watersheds intervened between the Lualaba and the head-waters of the Bahr-el-Ghazal; nor does he seem to have been aware that his great river at Nyangwe contained nineteen times the volume of water contained by the western affluent of the White Nile. When this revelation breaks on him it is not too much to suppose that he will abandon his Nile theory, and rest satisfied with the secondary honour—if indeed it be secondary—of having discovered and traced the upper course of the Congo, which is emphatically called by the natives 'the great river' of Africa."

In connection with the above, it may be mentioned that a new expedition is in process of being fitted out by Dr. Livingstone's friends. It will be called the "Livingstone-Congo Expedition," and it is to ascend the Congo from above the rapids of that river. The intention is to try and penetrate to the equatorial lake where Livingstone's rivers are lost, and in the vicinity of which it is expected the great explorer will be found at the close of next year.

THE EMOTIONS AND THE HAIR.

That "deadly fear can time outgo, and blanch at once the hair" has long been an article of popular belief; and unlike many popular beliefs, modern science will allow us to believe that it is true. Though such cases are rare, there is no doubt that the hair does sometimes turn gray or white "in a single night," under the influence of some overwhelming terror, or some crushing sorrow. The cause of this sudden blanching of the hair has never been completely investigated, though recently a high authority has suggested that "during the prevalence of a violent nervous shock the normal fluids of the hair might be drawn inwards towards the body, in unison with the generally contracted and collapsed state of the surface, and that the vacuities left by this process of exhaustion might be suddenly filled with air." Whilst grayness or whiteness of the hair or baldness may be produced by the influence of painful emotions, cases are not altogether wanting in which the hair which turned gray in the natural course of life, or has actually fallen out, may become dark in colour or may grow again under the stimulus of especially favourable circumstances. A singular example of this has recently been given by Dr. Daniel Tuke, in the *Journal of Mental Science*. An old Government *employé* of the time of George IV. became so disgusted at the vileness of the political atmosphere by which he was surrounded, that he threw up a lucrative position in one of the Royal Yards, and made up his mind, at the age of seventy-five, to emigrate to America, where he imagined he would find greater political purity and freedom. He took with him his wife, who was about seventy years of age, who had been toothless for years, and whose hair was as white as snow. Six or seven years afterwards, the old lady, then living in New York, was found with a new set of teeth (real, not artificial,) and with her head covered with a plentiful growth of dark brown hair! If Dr. Tuke was not imposed upon, we have here one of the most remarkable examples of which we have ever heard, of the wonderful effects of living under American "institutions."

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

Dr. John C. Draper, of New York, has recently been carrying out some careful experiments upon the effects produced by the application of cold to the surface of the body. He finds that the primary and most important effect of the application of cold to the whole surface of the body is to lower the action of the heart, and reduce its powers. This reduction is still further increased on removing the cold, if the application has continued for a sufficient length of time; and as a consequence of the reduction of the heart's action, the phenomenon of stupor or sleep appears, produced either by deficient oxidation, or by imperfect

removal of carbonic acid gas. There is also a tendency to congestion of various internal organs, especially of the lungs, whilst the ratio between the number of beats of the heart and the number of respirations becomes nearly the same as in inflammation of the lungs.

The Maharajah of Cashmere is desirous of having several scientific works translated from the English into the Sanscrit language; and as he understands that there are many able scholars in England and Germany, he has placed the matter in the hands of Colonel Nassau Lees, who is to select competent persons for the task. His Highness has had some works already translated in Calcutta. He has requested that, as the first instalment of the European series of translations, Prof. Liebig's work on Chemistry, or some other standard work on the same subject, should be one of the works translated. An undertaking of this kind ought to prove most useful, and cannot fail to exercise a most beneficial effect upon the future of India.

There is one respect in which scientific men —who are sometimes narrow enough in some matters—are more liberal in their views than the community at large, and more especially than either theologians or politicians, namely, in the position which they take up towards a man who has changed opinions which he formerly expressed. Instead of regarding this either as weakness or as apostacy, they generrally regard it as being a very creditable thing, and as showing that the mind is open to all the impressions of truth. In the words of Faraday, "the only man who ought really to be looked upon as contemptible is the man whose ideas are not in a constant state of transition."

Constadt, a well-known chemist, has recently shown that sea-water, in addition to silver, which has long been known to be present, also contains gold in small quantity. The gold is completely dissolved, and appears to be held in solution by iodate of calcium. The proportion is estimated to be less than one grain of gold to the ton of sea-water.

It has been often said that animals are not liable to disease until they are brought into contact with man, and there are many facts to support this view. Prof. Struthers, of Aberdeen, believes, however, that whales are very liable to rheumatism. He states that he has often seen examples of "rheumatic" inflammation of the bones in whales, which is very remarkable when it is considered how little whales are exposed to changes of temperature. It would be difficult, however, to prove that whales suffer from any disease at all comparable to rheumatism in man, and the facts brought forward by Dr. Struthers may admit of a different interpretation.

LITERARY NOTES.

The action of "Hepworth Dixon *v. The Pall Mall Gazette,*" has been decided, after a four days' trial, nominally in favour of Mr. Dixon, for he has been awarded one farthing damages, but virtually in favour of the English newspaper. Criticism may be trenchant but it should not be reckless. While excessively pungent criticism at the same time is impolitic and likely to be undignified, there does seem occasion in these days of outrageous sensationalism to lay on the scourge and to expose the writer who degrades literature from its wholesome and elevating environment to the low level of sensuous indecency. Though there is much, however, that is objectionable in Mr. Dixon's *Spiritual Wives*, particularly in the tone of the work and in the straining after sensation-excitement which well merited the reviewer's censure, yet the decided virulence of the review, and its contemptuous allusions to the author could not be legally or morally justified. Is there not a lesson in this law-suit for our own writers and journalists?

If we have not positive indecency to complain of, it is fast becoming a public duty in Canada to repress the flippancy of the day in reference to sacred things; while, at the same time, the license of the press in its would-be facetious but, in fact, impudent trifling with the reputations of our public men, is a scandal and reproach to us as a people. We should be glad to see public opinion more wholesome and more active in regard to this matter.

The "Memoirs of Baron Stockmar" have now been issued from the press. The volumes will be found most important reading, as they are replete with interest on the subject of English and European politics during the early part of the Victorian era. The Baron was an intimate friend and adviser of Her Majesty, and his influence in royal circles and in the political world, during the period referred to, was very great. A cheap re-publication of these memoirs, on this side the Atlantic, will be a great boon to readers of political history, to whom we heartily commend the study of the work.

We regret, however, to find the book disfigured by considerable egotism and an undue laudation of the subject of the memoirs.

In the Department of Biography, also, may be noted as having just appeared, the second volume, from 1842 to 1852, of Mr. John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," and a cheaper edition of Sir Arthur Helps' "Life and Labours of the late Mr. Brassey." The following announcement of forthcoming memoirs may interest readers:—"The Life of Baron Humboldt," compiled in commemoration of the centenary of his birth, and translated from the German; "The Life and Times of Sixtus the Fifth," by Baron Hübner, from unpublished diplomatic correspondence in the State Archives of the Vatican, Simancas, Venice, Florence, &c.; "The personal Life of George Grote," the Historian of Greece; "A Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne;" "The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas;" "Life and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, Bt.," comprising extracts from his journal during the Peninsular and Crimean Wars, &c., and the "Memoirs of the life of Sir James Y. Simpson, Bt.," the distinguished Edinburgh surgeon.

A memoir of the novelist who has given us the creations of "Midshipman Easy," "Jacob Faithful," "Peter Simple," and other characters dear to our early youth, appears in the "Life and Letters of Captain Marryatt," edited by his daughter; "Modern Leaders," a series of biographical sketches, by Justin McCarthy, reprinted from *The Galaxy*, should not be omitted in this category. A perusal of the work cannot fail to instruct and entertain the lovers of literary gossip.

If our civic fathers could be hired and paid to read Dr. Bastian's "The Beginnings of Life," (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) the sanitary condition of the city, we opine, would be more satisfactory. The results of the researches of the author are curious and interesting; if it is not alarming to know how amazingly productive Street *debris* and decaying vegetable matter is. In the approaching elections, let each alderman be provided with this valuable work; or with a good microscope, let him investigate for himself the phenomena of life-evolution from any specimens he may find in the back-lanes of the city. In the interest of sanitary science, if not of literature, let Dr. Bastian's work be perused.

"The True History of Joshua Davidson," (Strahan & Co.) is a work that will set society by the ears. It professes to be written by a Communist of the working classes; but the style and matter of the book would indicate a workman in the higher walks of literature. It is earnest and out-spoken, and deals some heavy blows at the oppression of the upper classes. Its humour carries a bitter sting.

Humour, in literature and art, combines to make "The World of Wit and Humour," (London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin) an acceptable volume. The collection is a good one, and the pictures add seasoning to the dish. "Humorous Poems," selected and edited by W. M. Rosetti, (Moxon & Co.) is a selection of over two hundred pieces of rare, versified fun, in the series of Moxon's popular poets. "Judy Comicalities" is a gathering of droll odds and ends, profusely illustrated from the pages of *Judy*, and uniform with the "Essence of Fun" expressed from *Fun*—both English Comic Weeklies.

Messrs. Scribner, of New York, have brought out an authorized reprint of the first volume of Mr. Froude's "The English in America in the Eighteenth Century," which is to be completed in another volume. Mr. Froude's presence on this side the Atlantic, on the Quixotic sort of mission on which he has come, together with the ever active interest in the fruitful theme of "Irish grievances," will incite many to read the work. Whether the reader, however, will make out that he has been reading history, fiction, or mythology, when he has finished the perusal of the volume, we will not be bold enough to say.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. send us Mr. Darwin's new work on "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," which, no doubt, will be eagerly read. The book has the attraction of a number of interesting photographs, illustrating physiognomical expression, which will be found very curious. We trust to notice the volume, critically, in our next issue.

The People's Edition of Thomas Carlyle's Works, lately issuing from Messrs. Chapman & Hall's press, is to be continued by the publication, in the same cheap form, of the author's "History of Frederick the Great." Volume I is now issued.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have been entrusted by the eminent orator and divine, the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., with the publication of a collected volume of his famous Lectures, together with several much admired Sermons. The work, which is designed to be a memorial of the distinguished gentleman's residence in Canada, is to appear in March, and prior to the author's return to England.

In "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Augustus C. Hare (Strahan and Co.), we are introduced into one of the finest types of English home-life—the domestic world of the Two Brothers, Julius and Augustus Hare, the authors of "Guesses at Truth." The "Memorials" appear principally in the form of letters and journals illustrating the family life of these devout and scholarly men, and the picture is one which cannot fail to deeply impress every reader.

The Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works of Henry Thomas Buckle, whose death limited the author's "History of Civilization" to a mere fragment of what was intended to be a colossal undertaking, are now ready. The new volumes are mainly made up from Mr. Buckle's commonplace books; and the abstracts here given reveal the various quarries in which the author had worked, and makes one more than ever regret the incomplete character of his great design.

Mr. Proctor's "The Orbs Around Us," is intended as supplementary to the author's recent volume on "Other Worlds than Ours." The subject of the plurality of worlds and of their habitable condition is discussed in the work, as well as the nature and meteoric properties of the planets, comets, &c.

"The Social Growths of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. F. R. Statham, is the substance of several lectures, delivered at Edinburgh, on the principal social movements of the day. The science of sociology is certain, in these utilitarian times, to become the most engrossing of studies.

The late Mr. Seward's diary of his "Travels around the World" is announced for early publication by Messrs. Appleton, of New York. The work can hardly fail to prove of interest, as it is heralded

by the announcement that the distinguished statesman, in his remarkable journey, crossed nearly all the mountains, rivers and oceans of the globe; and interviewed and chatted with Presidents, Kings, Emperors, Sultans, Khedives, Tycoons, The Pope, East Indian Potentates, and other exalted personages. The same publishers are to issue immediately a reprint of Mr. Darwin's new work on "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," of the English edition, of which we learn, that over 6,000 copies were ordered by the trade at Mr. Murray's recent trade sale, and before the appearance of the work in London.

In "The Poet of the Breakfast Table," Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes has completed a triad of books as rich in literary entertainment as any the present century has produced. The present work is a fit companion to the "Autocrat," and the "Professor," and it lacks none of the charm of those books.

Another contribution to High Church literature, on topics for the times, appears in "Essays on Ecclesiastical Reform," edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley. Among the subjects treated of are the "Existing Relations between Church and State," "Creeds in Relation to Reform," "Rights of the Laity," "Decay of Discipline," "Ecclesiastical Suits," &c., &c.

Religious novels, as a rule, one has little patience to read. "Fleurange," by Mme. Craven, the author of a story which has won universal admiration, "Le Recit d'une Soeur," is an exception. It is a heart-stirring, high-toned, and gracious book. We wish it a world-wide circulation.

"Expiated," by the author of "Vera" and "Six Month's Hence," is a novel that will have many readers. The situations are dramatic, the characters well drawn, and the whole effect of the book pleasing. While on the subject of novels, it may interest our readers to know that Miss Amelia B. Edwards' new story is to bear the title of "In the days of my Youth."

Fiction is further represented this month in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by Wm. Black, of which there has been a popular American reprint, from the third English edition. This charming story has been appearing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and we would advise all who wish to make the acquaintance of a most attractive young lady, who enjoy descriptions of beautiful scenery, and can appreciate graceful narrative and natural incident, to procure and read this most fascinating novel. A new story, by the author of "Broken to Harness," "Dr. Wainwright's Patient," by Edmund Yates, is just ready, and will attract the many readers of this novelist. "The Vicar's Daughter," by Dr. George Macdonald; "At his Gates," by Mrs. Oliphant; and a new Christmas story, "The Wandering Heir," by Charles Reade, are introduced to Canadian novel readers by Messrs. Hunter, Rose and Co, of Toronto, who are fast becoming the Harpers of this side the line. The completion of George Eliot's great story, "Middlemarch," is among the notable events in this department of literature. No writer of the day can approach this author in the talent for delineation of character; and in the novel before us she is evidently in the maturity of her power.

As a contribution in Political Science, we have to notice the appearance of the new issue of the "International Scientific Series," viz., "Physics and Politics; or Thoughts on the Application of the Principle of 'Natural Selection' and 'Inheritance' to Political Society," by Walter Bagehot—a work of solid and serviceable character; and the brilliant book, M. About's "Hand Book of Social Economy," a translation from the French of a series of papers on many interesting subjects in Political and Social Science.

"Brides and Bridals" is the subject of Mr. J. C. Jeffreson's new work, which will, no doubt, be eagerly scanned by the fair sex, who will learn from its historic pages from what tyranny and serfdom the civilization of to-day has emancipated them in the matter of matrimonial rites and customs. To the wife of to-day, the former times of feudal barbarism and marriage by capture, when the wife was the slave and chattel of her husband, were, verily, not better than these.

The second volume of the translation of M. Lanfrey's masterly and brilliant "History of Napoleon the First" is now before us, and embraces the thrilling period 1800 to 1806, in which the events—Jena, Austerlitz, and Trafalgar had their play. The author inveighs in bitter terms against the charlatanry, the vanity and the blood-thirstiness that characterized his evil hero, while the aggressive and perfidious policy of the despot are severely lashed. M. Lanfrey, of course, is a stern republican.

A curious work appears in "The Geographical Distribution of Disease in England and Wales," by Dr. Haviland, illustrating by coloured maps and a series of tables, the local distribution in England of all the principal diseases. The chartographical study of diseases may be called a new science, but an important one, as indicating the relative mortality arising from the ravages of certain diseases, in the various counties of Britain.

An important historical work on "The Administration of Justice under Military and Martial Law" has just been published. It is written by the Soli citor to the War Office (Mr C. M. Clode), and does much to dispel the ignorance which prevails as to the administration of codes which regulate the military forces of modern nations, as well as to distinguish between them, and to explain the two systems of Martial Law and Military Law by legal trials.

A reprint, by Messrs. Harper, of M. Elisee Reclus' new work "The Ocean, Atmosphere and Life," appears. It is uniform with the author's former work, "The Earth, a Descriptive History of Life on the Globe."

"Enigmas of Life," is the title of a new volume by Mr. W. R. Greg, author of "The Creeds of Christendom."

A Professor of Comparative Literature at Florence announces a work on "Zoological Mythology," a series of legends of animals, in the various characters assigned to them, in the myths and legends of all civilized nations.

"Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond, a Morality," is the title of Mr. Wm. Morris's new poem. The admirers of "The Earthly Paradise" by the same author, will be eager, we trow, to make the acquaintance of this new issue. It is curious to observe that in the present poem we have the revival of the alliterative measure, long disused, in the metrical construction of the narrative. It is a most successful innovation, and produces a degree of melody most agreeable to the reader.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 3.] FEBRUARY, 1873. [No. 2.

CANADA ON THE SEA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

NO country in the world possesses more admirable facilities for the prosecution of all the branches of maritime enterprise than the Dominion of Canada. Looking eastward we see the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with an extensive line of sea-coast, indented, especially in the case of the latter, with bays and harbours offering every possible inducement to commerce. Still further to the east lies the island of Newfoundland, the Prima or Buena Vista of the early navigators, in the midst of the finest fishery of either continent, destined ere long to form a part of the Confederation, and become the headquarters of an immense trade. As one great island forms the eastern barrier, so another, smaller in extent but equally important in a maritime point of view, defends the approaches to the Pacific Coast of the Dominion. While the eastern and western extremities of Canada are washed by two oceans—the one the road to Asia and the other to Europe —Nature has given her a system of internal communication unrivalled even by the Republic on her borders. The St. Lawrence runs through a large portion of her most valuable and at present most populous territory, and carries to the ocean the tribute of the great lakes and the noble rivers that water the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick both possess numerous rivers, some of them of very considerable length and magnitude, and connecting the most inland counties of those provinces with the sea-board. By energetically availing themselves of these natural advantages, the people of British North America have been able, in the course of a very few years, to attain a commercial position which is most creditable to their industry and enterprise.

The people who own this immense stretch of country, extending from ocean to ocean, are of the same races who, from times immemorial, have been famous for their achievements on

the seas. They take as much pride as the men of Devon themselves in the record of Grenville, Gilbert, Frobisher, Raleigh, Drake, and all those gallant men whose names are so intimately associated with the maritime triumphs of the parent state, and with the history of discovery on the continent of America. If there is an era in English history specially interesting to Canadians, it is that Elizabethan age when England laid deep and firm the foundation of her maritime superiority, and her adventurous sons, above all "the sons of Devon," went forth to plant her flag in Prima Vista, in the ice-bound regions of the North, or on the islands and coasts of the Tropics.

But whilst the energy and enterprise of the British races have to so large an extent made Canada what she is now, we must not forget that it was to England's great rival across the Channel that we owe the first settlements on our shores. The Basques, the Bretons, and the Normans, themselves a maritime people by virtue of descent and occupation, were the first to till "the deep sea-pasture" of American waters. From Dieppe, St. Malo, Rochelle, and other ports of France, came those maritime adventurers who, in frail craft hardly larger than the smallest fishing schooners on our sea-coast, dared all the dangers of unknown seas, and planted the first colonies on the banks of the St. Lawrence or on the shores of Acadie. With wonderful discrimination they selected those harbours and bays which are best adapted for trade, and modern enterprise has not denied in a single instance the wisdom of their choice. Quebec, Montreal, and New Orleans, still remain to attest the prescience and sagacity of the French pioneers. Louisbourg, it is true, is only the abode of a few fishermen, but its natural position for trade is unrivalled, and sooner or later we must see a town rise above the green mounds which now alone remain to tell of its greatness in the days of the French régime.

The early history of Canada is a record of tumult and war, and if we would follow her commercial and maritime progress we need not go back many years. Traffic in fish and furs was prosecuted to a limited extent during those times when the French and English were establishing themselves on the continent, and struggling for the supremacy. Next followed the War of Independence, and many years later the War of 1812–14, to the great injury of Canadian industry, then in its very infancy. But since those warlike times in the early part of the century, there has been an era of peace, only disturbed by the political dissension and strife of 1836–7, and Canada has been able to go steadily forward in the path of commercial and industrial progress. Year by year, since 1815, the pioneer has advanced up the St. Lawrence, and made his settlement in the Western Province. Craft of various sizes soon commenced to whiten the waters of the lakes, and eventually the population and commerce of the west so increased that canals had to be built to give speedy and secure access to the ports of Montreal and Quebec. Railways followed canals, and steamers the clumsy schooners and flat-boats of old times, while cities and towns grew with unexampled rapidity throughout the Province, where not a single settlement of any importance existed in the days of French rule on the St. Lawrence. The population of Ontario, or Upper Canada, in a very few years from the date of the Union considerably exceeded that of the French Canadian Province, which had been given so long a start in the race of civilization. The provinces by the sea, then politically isolated from the country on the St. Lawrence and lakes, also made, during this era of peace, steady advances, especially in maritime enterprise. But in tracing the commercial progress of Canada we cannot fail to remark that it really dates from the extension of her political privileges, and the removal of those restrictions which England imposed on Colonial trade and navigation

during those times when sound principles of political economy were hardly understood, and commercial fallacies lay to a great extent at the basis of all her commercial and fiscal legislation. The result of the statesmanlike policy that the mother-country, within a quarter of a century, has adopted towards Canada, in common with other Colonial dependencies, has not only tended to stimulate the energy and enterprise of the Canadian people, but has equally benefited the manufacturing and mercantile community of Great Britain, inasmuch as the provinces are now far larger consumers of British merchandize than would have been possible under the old system of monopolies and navigation laws. Fifty years ago the whole population of all British North Amewas not equal to one million of souls, whilst it is in excess of four millions at the present time. The total trade did not exceed twelve millions of dollars in value; whereas it may be estimated at very little below two hundred millions of dollars in 1872. This is the natural result of the peace, and the political and commercial freedom which we have now so long enjoyed under the protecting guidance of the parent state.

The commercial progress of Canada has been so fully illustrated of late, that it is superfluous for me now to dwell on the subject of trade in general; and all that I propose to attempt in the present paper is to give some facts and figures to prove the value of her maritime industry. In her extensive range of sea-coast and river navigation, in her unrivalled fisheries, in her wide sweep of forests, and above all in the energy and endurance of her inhabitants, we see the elements which have enabled her to reach a foremost position among maritime nations —equal, in fact, to the country which gave birth to Cartier and Champlain, and far ahead of the Spaniards and the Dutch, supreme on the ocean when the name of Canada was never heard of. For a great change has taken place since the century when many stately Spanish galleons crossed the ocean from the Spanish Main, and Van Tromp swept the seas with a broom hoisted at his masthead.

The Fisheries have naturally laid the foundation of the maritime industry of the provinces. From the earliest time of which we have any record, fishermen from the Basque and Norman coast have flung their lines on the banks of Newfoundland, and carried home full fares long before a single English vessel ventured into the same seas to prosecute this lucrative branch of industry. But the French settlements on the Lower St. Lawrence, on the shores of the Gulf, or on the coast of Acadie, had but limited opportunities of following the fisheries in the warlike times which preceded the conquest. Louisbourg was then the headquarters of the French fishermen who yearly resorted to American waters, and it is recorded that in the year preceding the capture of that fortified town by the English fleet, under Warren, and the fishermen of New England, under the command of Pepperrell, France had some 600 sail, manned by 20,000 sailors, employed on our shores. For many years after the conquest of Canada the French did not prosecute this branch of industry to any extent; but during the past half century it has revived. Of all the possessions France formerly owned in America, she now only retains the insignificant islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, to the south of Newfoundland, and enjoys certain fishing privileges on a large portion of the coast of that colony. Though the number of vessels varies according as there is peace or war in Europe, yet she has not failed to send out a fleet from year to year to St. Pierre, where a little colony of officials, merchants, and fishermen has been established. The official statistics for 1865 show that 530 vessels were employed in the French cod fishery, with a combined capacity of 65,929 tons, and manned by nearly 11,000 men; and so far as I can learn from sources within my reach, the amount

of tonnage at the present time is between 60,000 and 70,000, whilst the total value of the product, exclusive of the bounty she pays on each ton, may be estimated at between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000. Slight as is the hold France now retains on the northern half of this continent, she values it highly and clings to it with tenacity, because it gives her a *point d'appui*, or base, for the prosecution of the fisheries, which she has followed for so many centuries with such valuable results to her material wealth and her naval strength. She may colonize the islets of St. Pierre and Miquelon, but she cannot build fortifications or keep an armed force, except a few gens d'armes for police purposes. Under the Treaty of Utrecht it was also allowed the subjects of France "to catch fish, and to dry them on the land, in that part only, and in no other besides, of the said island of Newfoundland, which stretches from the place called Bona Vista to the northern part of the said island, and from thence running down by the western side, reaches as far as the place called Point Riche." By a subsequent treaty it was agreed that the French rights should extend from Cape St. John to Cape Ray. The French have more than once asserted an exclusive right to the fisheries on that coast, but it is now understood that they only enjoy a "concurrent right" with British subjects. The existence of these rights has long caused considerable irritation to the people of Newfoundland, and no doubt in the course of time, when the island forms a part of the Dominion, and the French coast is required for purposes of trade and settlement, some understanding will be arrived at with the French Government on the subject of these claims.

The people who have most coveted the British American fisheries are the inhabitants of the Atlantic States, who have long fished in our waters and drawn from them a considerable portion of their wealth. The importance and value of these fisheries can be immediately seen from the disputes and difficulties that have, for half a century, arisen between England and the United States on account of the determination of the latter country to have access to these fishing grounds at all hazards. The British Government has, however, never acknowledged the validity of these claims, but has excluded the Americans from the Bays of Chaleurs and Fundy and the Strait of Canso, and from fishing anywhere within three miles of the shores, harbours, and bays of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. The fisheries most valued by the Americans are those of the Mackerel, which are only now to be prosecuted with profit in Canadian waters—off Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and in the Bay of Chaleurs especially. They have also, during the times they have been given access to our grounds, availed themselves largely of the cod and herring fisheries within the three-mile limits of the shores of the Maritime Provinces, but it is the mackerel they chiefly covet, and for which they have always been prepared to make certain commercial concessions. Now that they are again to enjoy the rights they possessed under the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854–65, it is important to consider the value of the fisheries we concede to them, and the value of the privileges we receive in exchange. I shall, therefore, attempt to present certain facts and figures which will best illustrate a subject of considerable interest at the present juncture, when a commission must shortly sit at Halifax to consider the question whether any pecuniary compensation is due to us over and above the right which we are to enjoy—of taking our fish free into the American market.

It is very difficult to get full and accurate statements of the tonnage and value of the fish actually caught by the Americans in our waters. According to a return lately issued by the Secretary of State, Washington, the following represents the tonnage employed

for a number of years in the deep sea fisheries:

Year.	Mackerel.	Cod.	Year.	Mackerel.	Cod.
1820	.....	60,843	1863	51,019	117,290
1830	35,973	61,555	1864	55,498	92,745
1840	28,269	76,036	1865	41,209	59,288
1850	58,112	85,646	1866	46,589	42,796
1860	26,111	136,654	1867	31,498	36,709
1861	54,296	127,310	1868	83,828	
1862	80,597	122,863			

Massachusetts is the State of the Union which devotes most attention to the mackerel fishery—the total value of the catch in 1855 having been $1,355,332, in 1865, $1,886,837. The value of the cod fishery of the same State in the same years, was $1,413,413, and $2,689,723 respectively. The total value of the Fisheries in 1864-5, while the Reciprocity Treaty was still in operation, but when the civil war had sadly disturbed this branch of industry, is put down as follows, by the same authority:

Whale fishery	$4,871,347	in gold.
Cod and Mackerel fishery	4,026,849	"
Total	$8,898,196	

But if we go back to 1860, before the war occurred to cripple this branch of industry—especially in the case of the whale fishery—we find the amount of tonnage employed was, in the aggregate, nearly double that of 1865, and the catch may be fairly valued at between $14,000,000 and $15,000,000—the value of the whale fishery alone having been $6,504,838. Mr. E. H. Derby, in his official report laid before Congress in 1867, cites authority to prove that, during the two last years of the Reciprocity Treaty, the United States had, fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of Chaleurs, no less than 600 sail, which must have taken fish to the amount of $4,500,000. The same authority says that "nearly one-fourth of our fishing fleet, with a tonnage of 40,000 to 50,000 tons, worth $5,000,000 to $7,000,000 annually, fish *near* the three-mile limit of the Provinces"—"near" being Mr. Derby's euphemism for "within." Since the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty and the disturbance of industry by the civil war, the fisheries have not been prosecuted to the same extent as they were up to 1865, but the moment the new treaty comes into force American fishermen will flock in larger numbers to the gulf and bay, and enter into the most active competition with our own people. Even under the license system, which was so persistently evaded, 454 permits were issued in 1866 to American vessels, which by no means represented the total number known to have fished within the three-mile limit. The Minister of Marine and Fisheries calculates that the Americans employ between eight and eleven hundred vessels in our fisheries, and that their annual catch, chiefly within the three-mile limit, may be valued at upwards of $8,000,000. It is safe to say, with all these facts before us, that the money value of the concessions made to the United States will be between $6,000,000 and $7,000,000, Canadian currency, a year—a very moderate estimate if the New England fishermen go into the fisheries with anything like the energy they displayed under the Reciprocity Treaty.

Now, in considering the value of the concessions on the part of the United States, we may as well leave altogether out of the account the privilege of fishing on the American coast—a privilege which will not be used by Canadians to any extent worth mentioning. The repeal of the duties on the Canadian fish brought into the American market, however, is a valuable concession to a leading interest of the Dominion, but it is still very far from being adequate compensation for the use of the fisheries. According to the same authority from which we have already quoted—and on a question of this kind it is advisable, when practicable, to quote from American official documents—the United States received the following produce of the fisheries from *all* British North America, and collected the following duties thereon:

		Value.	Duty Paid.
Mackerel, bbls.....	77,503..	$675,986...	$155,006
Herring, bbls.....	97,595...	321,404...	97,597
Salmon, bbls.....	6,216...	125,413...	18,648
Other fish, bbls. ...	152,688...	152,688...	36,943
Fish not bbls—lbs..	6,505,942...	197,686...	32,529
Oil, seal, gals.....	340,035...	185,132...	18,513
Whale & cod, gals..	180,504..	115,360...	23,072
Total.....		$1,773,669	$382,308

The same authority gives the following table of the value of imports of similar produce from the Provinces for a term of years :

1858.....	$1,500,000	1864.....	$1,477,155
1860.....	1,500,000	1865.....	2,193,384
1861.....	1,797,722	1866.....	1,627,000
1862.....	1,078,073	1867.....	1,773,669
1863.....	957,166		

If these figures prove anything it is this, that the value of the export from all British North America into the United States has varied very little before and since the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty. The Canadian returns give the total value of all the fish exported to all countries in 1870-71 as about $4,000,000, of which not more than one-third was sent to the United States. It may be safely estimated that half a million of dollars will, for some years, represent the total value of the remission of duties on Canadian produce imported into the American market. It may, indeed, be urged that the free use of our fisheries will increase the catch of the American fishermen, and, consequently, tend to diminish the sale of our own in the American markets. At all events, it is reasonable to suppose that the quantity henceforth exported by Canada to the United States will not be much greater than heretofore. The Americans, under any circumstances, would have to buy a certain quantity of our fish, and in case of a duty, the consumer would necessarily have to pay it. We must remember, too, that instead of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty crippling us to the extent expected, it has stimulated our energies, and forced the Canadians to seek new markets for the sale of their surplus products. It is now within our power to supply South America more cheaply with the fish which the Americans have hitherto bought from us and re-exported to those Southern countries. Under these circumstances the American trade, valuable as it is, is not indispensable to Canada, and cannot be considered anything like an equivalent for the fisheries we give up.

The growth of the fishery interest of British North America has been steady during the past twelve years. In 1860 the value of the fish caught in the Dominion was about $4,000,000, and adding $4,440,000 for Newfoundland, and $272,532 for Prince Edward Island, we have an aggregate value of $8,712,532. In 1866 the value of the Dominion catch was estimated at $6,263,000, and at $10,837,000 for all British North America. The actual product of the fisheries, exported and consumed within the Dominion, was estimated by the Marine and Fishery Department at about $8,000,000 in 1870, and adding the proportion caught by the other Provinces, we have an aggregate of some $16,000,000. While the tonnage of the American fishing interest has steadily declined since 1860, the value of the same branch of industry in the Dominion, as well as in all British North America, has about doubled. The value of the exports in 1871 was as follows :

Nova Scotia..	$2,852,255	Quebec	$678,162
New Brunswick	374,379	Ontario.....	89,479

Total for the Dominion $3,994,275, equal to whole product of 1860.

Newfoundland	$7,825,159	P. E. Island...	$350,000

Total for B. N. A... $12,169,434

The value of all the fish caught in British North American waters may be estimated as follows :

By B. N. America	$16,000,000
" United States	8,000,000
" France	3,000,000
Total.....	$27,000,000

British Columbia, as yet, prosecutes the fisheries to no extent worth mentioning, but she possesses great quantities of salmon, and is within easy reach of the valuable whale and cod fisheries of the North Pacific. At

the present time California has some thirty vessels engaged in the cod fishery, principally in the vicinity of the Chamouguin and Fox Islands. British Columbia also sends several small schooners to the Russian coast, where there are numerous cod banks. Of late years the number of American whalers that resort to the northern waters has been steadily decreasing—from two hundred and seventy-eight, in 1852, to some eighty or ninety at the present time—and the whales are consequently increasing in numbers and becoming less wild ; and, perhaps, when the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed, and population and capital have found their way into that distant Province on the Pacific coast, it will engage largely in the whale and cod fisheries, and help to swell the aggregate of the product of the Dominion.

In the men that sail the fishing fleets of Canada, we see the elements of a very powerful marine, which will be found invaluable in time of national danger. Should ever a national exigency demand the services of this class, they will prove as useful auxiliaries as ever were the fishermen who first captured the most powerful French fortress on this continent, or as were their descendants, who again rallied to the public defence during the Civil War, and manned the navies of the Republic. It may be estimated that the number of men employed in the fisheries of all the Provinces is about 75,000.

On the energetic prosecution of the rich fisheries of this continent rests the very foundation of our national strength in the future. It would, indeed, say little for our energy or industry were we to allow ourselves to be beaten by foreigners in the competition in our own waters ; but the figures we have given prove that we have made rapid progress in the development of this source of wealth, and now stand the foremost people in the prosecution of the sea fisheries—the aggregate of the product now exceeding that of Great Britain, France, United States, Norway, Holland, which have always devoted a large amount of labour and capital to the development of this branch of industry.

No doubt, if Canada could enjoy the exclusive use of the fisheries, she would soon control the fish markets of the world, and make immense additions to her wealth in the course of a few years, but such a contingency is unlikely under the circumstances. We have never refused to Americans the right of fishing in our waters, when they have consented to deal with us in a spirit of fairness and justice. We have recently agreed to the Treaty of Washington out of deference to the wishes of the Imperial Government, and under the strong conviction that it is most desirable to avoid any unpleasantness with our Republican neighbours. Any serious difficulty in connection with the fisheries would precipitate a conflict which would soon entail a loss on the Dominion of more consequence than any gain we might make by shutting out all foreigners from the use of our fishing grounds. We feel, too, that as the fisheries are at our very doors, and our taxes lighter, we are in a position to compete successfully with the energy and enterprise of the fishermen of New England. The Americans themselves see this fact, for we find this language in an official document :—

"The contrast in the condition of the re-
"spective fisheries of the United States and
"the Provinces is now still more in favour
"of the latter than in 1853. The salt in
"both cases may be considered free of duty.
"They are, therefore, on a par in this re-
"spect. The advantages, however, possessed
"by the Provinces, of proximity to the fish-
"ing grounds, and of the employment of
"boats, rendering it unnecessary, in a great
"degree, to invest a large capital in vessels
"and outfit ; the low duties imposed upon
"tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, &c., and on
"woollens, cordage, duck, &c., in compari-
"son with those imposed by the tariff of the
"United States ; the cheaper labour ; the light
"dues exacted from American fishermen, all
"tend to enable the Provinces to undersell

"the United States in exterior markets." But the fact that we enjoy these advantages does not depreciate the value of the concessions we have made. If we admit the American fishermen to a partnership in the fisheries, we can fairly ask them for a considerable amount of capital as their payment on coming into a remunerative business all ready for their use.

It is to the fisheries we owe, to a very great extent, the origin and prosperity of the mercantile marine of British North America, Though our commercial history only commenced as it were yesterday, yet we already own an aggregate of tonnage exceeding that of all other countries in the world except Great Britain and the United States, and equal to that of France. The little Province of Nova Scotia alone possesses a navy nearly, if not equal, to that of Holland, whose marine also sprung from the successful prosecution of the fisheries—whose capital, it has been said, was built on a foundation of herring bones. Shipbuilding was carried on in the Provinces with great activity between 1840 and 1865. In the latter year,

		Vessels.	Tons.	Value.
Nova Scotia	built	294	56,768	$2,481,752
New Brunswick	"	148	65,474	2,618,960
Ontario and Quebec	"	—	63,915	2,556,600
P. E. Island	"	130	26,193	916,753
Newfoundland	"	71	2,010	80,400
Total value				$8,654,465

The increased demand for steam and iron vessels has of late years interfered very materially with the construction of the wooden vessels built in the Provinces; but, nevertheless, the interest is flourishing, as the following return for 1871 shows:

Ontario	built	55	vessels equal to	7,777	tons.
Quebec	"	80	" "	20,664	"
New Brunswick	"	108	" "	33,355	"
Nova Scotia	"	146	" "	44,307	"

But the Provinces now chiefly build vessels for their own commerce, and, consequently, own and sail a large amount of tonage.

In 1806, all British America only owned a tonnage of 71,943; in a quarter of a century it had reached 176,040; in fifty years it had more than doubled, 399,204. In 1867, the mercantile marine of Canada showed 224,000 tons increase over 1801, and was distributed as follows:

	No.	Tons.	Value.
Ontario	481	66,959	$2,787,800
Quebec	1428	155,690	4,633,945
New Brunswick	826	200,777	5,904,505
Nova Scotia	3,087	352,917	10,256,812
Total for Canada	5,822	776,343	$23,583,062
Newfoundland	1,557	82,939	3,117,560
P. E. Island (about)	280	40,000	1,600,000
Total for B.N.A.	7,659	899,282	$28,300,622

We have not the complete returns of the census of 1870 at hand, but it is estimated, on good authority, that the total tonnage of the Dominion at the present time is at least a million, and that of all British North America as probably one hundred and fifty thousand tons greater. Of this aggregate there is a considerable part made up of small vessels engaged in the fisheries. Of late years the Maritime Provinces have embarked more largely in the fisheries in the Gulf and on the Banks, which can only be prosecuted in schooners. Still a great proportion consists of vessels of a large class, many of which are classed A1 at Lloyds', and carry freights in every quarter of the world. Propellers are rapidly taking the place of sailing vessels on the lakes, and already not a few of them are of a size beyond the capacity of the canals. It was a Nova Scotian, Sir Samuel Cunard, who established the most efficient and successful line of steamers that has ever carried the British flag across the ocean. A firm of Montreal merchants, the Messrs. Allan, are also the proprietors of another line of ocean steamships, equally famous for their speed and safety. This company was formed in 1853, and now owns some twenty steamers, those of the main line ranging from 4,000 to 2,000 tons, and not surpassed by the Cunarders in all the essentials of comfort.

Whilst the marine of Canada is making steady progress, that of the United States is exhibiting a rapid decline. Shipbuilding has almost ceased in the New England States; the bulk of foreign commerce is carried in foreign ships; not a single line of Atlantic ocean steamers is owned by the United States. The depredations of the Confederate cruisers no doubt did much to injure American shipping; the preference given to iron vessels, over wooden ships, has also tended in the same direction; but the real causes of the silence that still exists in the once noisy shipyards of Maine and Massachusetts, and of the decadence of the American marine generally, must be sought in the fiscal legislation of the United States. From 1861 to 1870 the amount of the foreign trade carried in American vessels decreased some 40 per cent. as compared with 1860, when the great proportion of the foreign trade was carried under the American flag. In 1860 the total tonnage belonging to the United States was 5,353,808, but by 1868 it had decreased to 3,674,482, and there has been no improvement up to the present time. The tonnage of vessels engaged in the fisheries has decreased from 323,606 in 1860 to about one-half in 1870–1. With an irredeemable and fluctuating paper currency in circulation; with a high rate of wages; with a large increase in the prices of necessaries and the cost of living generally; with an exorbitant duty on coal, iron, and other materials, the energy and enterprise of the people of the United States have naturally been paralyzed, and the American marine has been unable to compete with the marine of other nations on the broad field of commercial rivalry. On the other hand, the commercial policy of Canada has been based on those liberal principles which are best calculated to develope trade and enterprise. When the Americans, so foolishly for themselves, repealed the Reciprocity Treaty, under which a lucrative trade had grown up to afford employment to American shipping, Canada never exhibited the same selfish and domineering disposition, but threw open her fisheries on the payment of a nominal license fee, and always showed a willingness to come to some arrangement with her neighbours on matters of trade. Her tariff has been so adjusted as to encourage the shipping interest, by the free admission of all materials that enter into the construction of vessels. Large sums of public money have been annually expended for the improvement of our lake and sea-coast navigation; a careful system of steamboat inspection has been devised, and so efficiently carried out that fewer accidents occur on our inland waters than on those of the United States; legislation has been passed for the relief of sick and distressed seamen, and for the examination of masters and mates, who henceforth can rate with the same class in England. All this Canada has done with the view of promoting her great maritime industry, and her wise policy stands in remarkable contrast with the illiberal and indiscreet system of her American neighbours, under which the American marine has so rapidly declined. At the last session of Congress, the question of reviving shipbuilding was discussed, and an Act passed to allow a rebate on certain articles used in the construction of vessels, but so far this legislation has resulted in no practical result whatever. It is now believed that an attempt will be made during the present session to repeal that feature of the old navigation laws which prevents American citizens from buying foreign built vessels for an American registry, and exacts that coastwise trade shall be done in American bottoms. Such legislation has long been anxiously desired by the people of Canada, for it will still more stimulate shipbuilding, and increase the profits of the shipowners of the Provinces. The Americans are now awakening to the consequences of their short-sighted policy, and can fully appreciate the significance of the warning which Mr. Secretary McCulloch gave them

a few years ago. "It is a well established fact," he said, "that the people who build ships navigate them; and that a nation which ceases to build ships, ceases, of consequence, to be a commercial and maritime nation. Unless, therefore, this state of things is altered, the people of the United States must be subjected to humiliation and loss. If other branches of industry are to prosper, if agriculture is to be profitable, and manufactures are to be extended, the commerce of the country must be sustained and increased."

Of the future of our maritime industry we need have no fears, while Canada enjoys peace within her borders, and a broad enlightened policy prevails in her councils. Since the Provinces are no longer isolated from each other, but firmly united for their mutual development and expansion, their progress must be more rapid in the future than in the past. The construction of canals and railways must necessarily give additional employment to her marine, and place it eventually in the very foremost position. Sooner or later the bulk of the carriage of the trade of the great West, of the United States, and Canada, must follow the natural route of the St. Lawrence in Canadian ships. The fish, coal, lumber, and grain alone of Canada, should give abundant employment to her ships, for these products of her soil and waters are in ever increasing demand, and are every day finding new avenues of trade. The coal-fields of Nova Scotia are inexhaustible, and must be developed henceforth to an extent of which the past few years can give no adequate conception. Even now the proprietors of mines find it difficult to charter vessels to supply the orders they are receiving. The iron exists alongside of the coal in the same Province, and must soon be largely manufactured into railway iron and other hardware, constantly in demand, and there is little doubt that in the course of time iron vessels will be built within the Dominion itself. Between 1860 and 1871, under an ordinary condition of things, British America doubled her tonnage, and it is safe to predict that, in view of the more rapid development of her commercial and industrial resources, and the stimulating influence of territorial expansion and public works, the increase of her mercantile marine will be still greater within the next decade. The prospects of the maritime industry of the Dominion were never more brilliant than they are now, and must be viewed with the deepest satisfaction by all who take an interest in the welfare and prosperity of this portion of the British Empire. The same adventurous, courageous spirit that in days of old carried the maritime heroes of England to unknown seas and continents, and has founded new states throughout the habitable globe, still exists in all its pristine vigour among the Canadian people; and as this spirit now impels them to energetic action in building up their commercial and material prosperity, so in the hour of national danger will it animate them to the performance of deeds of "bold emprise."

THE FATHERLAND.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

(Author of the BIGELOW PAPERS.*)*

WHERE is the true man's Fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O, yes! his Fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is?
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
O yes! his Fatherland must be
As the blue heavens wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair:
There is the true man's birth-place grand—
This is a world-wide Fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birth-place grand—
This is a world-wide Fatherland!

REMINISCENCES OF A YOUNG SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

(*Translated from the* REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.)

CHAPTER I.

OUR train sped swiftly towards Rouen, and had passed Amiens about midnight. We were soldiers of the 20th *Chasseurs* who, after a month's sojourn at Boulogne, where the depôt was, were returning to rejoin our corps in the Army of the Loire. We were crowded together in third-class carriages of angular compartments, and being encumbered by our numerous military equipments, each of us was obliged to take his seat at hap-hazard. There had been no lack of gaiety along the road; no end of laughter, puns and jokes at the expense of the Prussians. We sang patriotic songs, the voices from each carriage joining in chorus, and, when we reached the stations, our clarions sounded the charge right cheerfully. But when night came on all the enthusiasm of departure had calmed down, and even the most excitable among us would fain have slept. As for myself, when getting on board the train I became separated from my squad, and was only able to discover one of my friends, Paul V . . ., an enlisted volunteer. I was seated opposite to him, and, overcome with fatigue, had dropped asleep. Suddenly there came a tremendous shock, and we felt ourselves raised from our seats; the partitions were all crushed in around us, the benches shattered, the window-panes and lamps shivered into a thousand pieces, and we, mangled and crushed, seeking vainly to escape from the confused mass of muskets, knapsacks and fragments of wood which overwhelm and lacerate us, are carried off in the vortex. This, however, lasted only a minute, but it was a frightful, agonizing minute, with its shrieks of pain, cries of rage, prayers, and blasphemies. Then a last vibration was felt and all was still.

Later I learnt the details of the accident. At the time we left Amiens, the station-master of Critot, a little village of the environs, had been apprised of our departure. Either from forgetfulness or some other cause he neglected to place a man at the switch, who would have given us notice; consequently, on arriving at Critot, instead of following the main road the engine ran on the side track, struck the signal tower and broke the masonry which supported it, traversed about thirty metres off the rails, and, with a last bound, buried itself several feet in the earth. The succeeding carriages endeavoured to surmount the obstacle, but the shock had been so violent that the chains of the fifth carriage broke, proving the salvation of those that followed. Unfortunately for me I was in the first part of the train. I was severely bruised and suffered the most excruciating pain. When I found breathing time, I discovered myself on the track, my body entangled in an immense heap of wreck, from which alone my head protruded; I was choking. With my left arm, which was free, I endeavoured to raise myself slightly in order to get breathing room; but my mutilated wrist would not support me; the very effort had the effect of bruising me still more, and I fell back with my face to the ground. A little above me, in the last agonies, lay a poor young *Chasseur*. Caught between two timbers his bruised body remained suspended, and his warm life-blood trickled in large drops on my forehead.

RONTO
UBLIC

Meanwhile the excitement among the rest of our comrades was intense. Their first idea was an attack by the Prussians, and every one alighted. The soldiers were hastily loading their muskets, while the officers, sword in hand, endeavoured to rally them, and shouted "Forward." But the sad reality was soon apparent to them. They met two or three of the wounded, thrown on the road by the violence of the shock, dragging themselves slowly and laboriously along the declivity. There was no light: voices called to each other in the gloom; the night was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the forms of those who so cautiously advanced by the light of the wrecked locomotive. Recognizing friends at last, I called. They hastened eagerly forward, removed the mass which was weighing me down, and in less than a minute I was extricated. They wanted me to stand up; but alas! that was too much for my disjointed limbs, and I fell back with a groan. Raising me gently, four of them carried me into a meadow bordering on the track. There, lying on the grass, I found about thirty men dead or dying. The one I was placed beside was no other than my friend Paul V . . . . . With the aid of a lantern I could see that his right foot was terribly shattered, and was uncovered by either shoe or gaiter. I had as yet not lost consciousness a single instant, and was perfectly aware of all that had occurred; but from time to time the great pain I suffered wrung a cry from me. Paul V. suffered without complaint. Here and there we heard our names called by those who sought us, but had not strength to reply.

Immediately after the accident the clerks had come out of the station-house in order to see what had happened. By-and-bye a train arrived with workmen, torches and tools. At the same time the country people began to awake. The two church bells of the little village tolled dolefully, carrying afar the bad tidings. Believing it was a Prussian attack, the peasants armed themselves with pitchforks and muskets, and prepared to make a vigorous resistance. When undeceived, they set to work at once to relieve the sufferers. Thanks to this reinforcement the labour went on rapidly. The bodies were laid out in a line in the meadow. The scene was a strange and truly mournful one—more than a hundred bodies were lying in the plain; we had all been covered with the short blue cloak of the *Chasseurs.* The lips of some of those near me were black, their teeth clenched, their eyes wild and staring, and their heads turned convulsively, telling of terrible sufferings. In their agony they dug their nails into the frozen ground. A shadowy group, with torches in their hands, flit from one to another; these were our officers, seeking to recognize their men; they stooped to look at the faces, the rosin trickling down their fingers. The night was starless, and the mist of early morning, falling on the plain, encircled the flame of the torches with a halo which, from a distance, gave it a bloody hue. With the officers came a medical student, a pupil of the Parisian hospitals, then residing at Critot. He also stooped and gazed; occasionally he spoke a few words, and then the body was carried away and placed near the declivity where the other dead had been piled. Behind the group came a priest. When they approached me, one of the officers, a lieutenant, recognized me and shook hands; the young student who had just left Paul V . . . looked for a few moments at my features, distorted by suffering, said "Well, well!" and then passed on. In front of me was a poor fellow whom I had heard complain a little while before, but now he no longer moved. Two several times the student held a glass to his lips. "He is dead," said he at last, and the new corpse was taken away.

Here my recollection stops; the trial had been too great, and I fainted. I only regained consciousness when I was hoisted, with other unfortunates, into one of the two-wheeled carts used by our peasantry. In

stalled as comfortably as possible, we proceeded slowly on our way to Critot. Every jolt of the cart on this stony road renewed our sufferings, and caused us to utter cries of pain. In one of the jolts my hand came in contact with my neighbour on the right, whose arm I felt already stiff under his cloak, and when he was taken out he was, indeed, a corpse. But I could no longer distinguish the surrounding objects, and must have been delirious. At the entrance of the village was a barn, where we were placed side by side; a few bundles of straw spread on the barn floor formed a bed for our mutilated bodies. A smoky candle, whose waning light trembled on the walls, barely lit this large room, leaving the corners and the beams of the roof in darkness.

Racked with fever and thirst, we had just enough feeling to suffer. Thus passed the night, and in the morning we witnessed the arrival of six or seven physicians and surgeons, brought here by special train from Rouen. They were provided with their cases of instruments, and wore their aprons ready for operations. Without loss of time they applied themselves to dressing our wounds. As for me, my left leg and right thigh were fractured, my left arm shattered, and my head badly cut, besides other wounds. Alas! poor me, who had confided so much in my ardour, and in the strength of my twenty years, and had resolved to fight the enemy so valiantly.

No sooner were my wounds dressed than I was placed on a litter and carried to the station, to wait for the train which was to take us to Rouen. The report of our deplorable accident had already spread all over the country, and attracted a crowd, who were moved to pity on beholding us. The waiting-room in which I was placed contained four or five wounded. I recognized one of them, Coulmy, an old soldier of the Crimean and Italian campaigns, whose breast was fairly covered with medals. He had enlisted in order to gain the Cross, and now the poor man's left leg was completely crushed. We were kept waiting more than four hours. The inquisitive multitude crowded round the waiting-room and looked eagerly through the windows, loudly giving vent to their sympathies. I heard the murmur of voices indistinctly, and in my feverish hallucination all the figures seemed to grin through the panes and dance before my eyes. At last the train arrived; we were installed in the cattle vans, so that we might not be incommoded by the seats, and started for Rouen.

All these movings had greatly fatigued me, and the last was not by any means the least painful. I saw the General Hospital of Rouen, with its grating, its long avenue, planted with linden trees, and its old blackened buildings. By especial favour, Paul V . . . and I got a little private room, while the other wounded were conveyed into the public wards. Our room was in the second story, and contained four beds. Beside me lay an honest pensioner of the hospital, in front Paul V . . ., to the right, a poor old man in his dotage, whose regular and monotonous wail continued far into the night. Between the two beds at the far end was the window, whence were seen successively the avenue, the walls of the hospital, and the entrance to the station. The iron bedsteads were provided with little white curtains, hung on rods. The furniture consisted of some straw-bottomed chairs, a table of varnished wood, a stove in the centre of the room, and on the wall hung an old cracked piece of canvass, which represented a cardinal, whose name I could never discover. An unskilful hand had touched up the cardinal's features, the ample scarlet robe and curling moustaches giving him a resemblance to Richelieu. The fresh paint, with its bright colours, looked like stains on the tarnished background. How often, during my long sleepless nights, have I seen this figure come out of its ungilt frame, walk towards my bed, and, fixing on me its vacant gaze, fill my

mind with fear. The red cloak, with its deep folds, lengthened immoderately, the thin lips moved, the right hand raised as if to bless, suddenly made threatening gestures. Even awake, I had to struggle against this nightmare. Such was the room in which I was confined nearly eight months.

The first few days I lay between life and death. My lucid intervals were quickly followed by fits of fever and delirium. It was during one of these sad attacks that the funeral of those who had been killed took place. The train in which we came to Rouen brought also a dozen corpses; they were placed in the hospital over night, and buried the following day. All the troops then quartered in the town, some battalions of *Mobiles* and a few hussars, had been mustered for the ceremony. The drums, draped in black, were beating funeral marches. Doubtless suffering had deadened all my energy, but this muffled sound, ascending to my ears through the avenue, occasioned a singular emotion in me; I felt a choking sensation in my throat, and put my head under the pillows. I was afraid. Towards evening our officers and a few comrades came to bid us farewell as they were to set out at daybreak. All were painfully affected: of the three hundred who had started, scarce one hundred and fifty were left, and this without even having seen a battle-field.

As is the custom when there is no barrack accommodation, our *Chasseurs* had been quartered among the inhabitants. One of them was gloomy and dejected, and spoke to no one. On this same day, the eve of their departure, he was leaning his elbow on the marble mantel-piece, weeping silently and refusing to eat. When asked the cause of his grief—"Ah!" said he, "I leave here one of my dear friends whom I will never see again!" Some time afterwards I met by chance the people who had entertained him. By the description they gave me of his short bristly hair, large frank eyes, strong and regular features, I recognized him at once as George E——, one of my old companions. We had studied law together, and had enlisted at the same time. Alas! two months later he fell, struck by the enemy's bullets, and I survive him who wept for me. In truth it now seemed as if my end was nigh; and it was only by the care which was lavished on me that I was saved from certain death. Many people nursed me assiduously; first of all the nun in our ward, whose silent shadow I saw gliding every minute along the bed-curtains. Whenever she was near I felt more at ease. Every morning, about six o'clock, the hospital doctor visited us. It was no trifling matter to dress three fractures on one body, and sometimes he remained over an hour at my bedside. In the evening a young house-surgeon came to ascertain our condition and dress our wounds for the night.

I had caused my family to be apprised of my condition. A young *Mobile*, who slept in an adjoining room, had undertaken to write the letter. One day—the doctor having just left—the door opened and I saw my mother and little sister enter, both clothed in mourning. In spite of her efforts at self-control my mother turned frightfully pale on beholding my livid and emaciated face, in which she could with difficulty recognize the features of her son. She approached, and without speaking imprinted a long kiss on my forehead. Large tears filled her eyes. Though I was excited by the presence of these two beings, who were so dear to me, yet, to reassure my mother, I began to talk and laugh, turned a cigarette in my fingers, and even managed to draw a few whiffs out of it. A mother's heart requires hope—mine little suspected that the doctors had given me up. She spent every afternoon with me without speaking, for fear of fatiguing me. My sister was there also, and equally still; she had undertaken to supply me with lint. When I turned my head a little on the pillow, which was the only movement allowed me, I saw her with bent head, her fair curls

falling around her cheeks, busily unravelling the linen with her slender little fingers; happy, when the woof was easily undone, to witness the threads piled up in the basket, forming a little white mountain.

However the Prussians were expected. For a month past it had been given out that they were marching towards Rouen. When once communication had been cut off, what would become of our grandmother, whose great age had kept her at the other end of Normandy? Rent with conflicting affections, my mother still hesitated. A few kind words from the Doctor decided her, and I was once more alone. Alone, I am wrong to speak thus, for had I not Paul V . . ., now my companion in suffering as he had formerly been of my games and pleasures? The poor fellow was very ill, the inflammation had spread from his foot to his leg; they had been compelled to bind him to his bed to prevent his moving, and he ate nothing. His strength visibly declined. When I watched his hollow eyes, his wan and sallow forehead, and his emaciated features through the white bed-curtains, I could not but fear for him. I, on the contrary, felt my appetite revive, and catching hold of the little wooden bar, which in hospital beds assists the patients to raise themselves, I would get into a sitting posture. One day he asked me to sing. Sing! I could not have done it; but in a low tone of voice I recited a few of the songs we liked so much and which but lately we sang together. "Le lac" by Lamartine, and the poems of Alfred de Musset; then I spoke of the past. Carried away with the tide of my recollections I reminded him of the College of Saint-Barbe, where we had both been educated. Then I spoke of our youth, of our first days of liberty which we spent so gaily. A thousand details came into my mind; the recollections revived me and wholly absorbed in my egotistical pleasure I still went on. Paul V . . . said not a word. Leaning his head on his hands, and with eyes full of tears, he smiled sadly at these pictures of a past which it was pleasant for me conjure up, but which saddened him, for he was going to die.

At day-break, I was wakened by the croaking of the crows that had alighted on the bare trees of the avenue. I saw them wheeling slowly round in sinister flight ere perching on the branches, and their large black wings grazed the window-panes. At the same time, in the yards of the neighbouring barracks, the clarions of the hussars sound the reveillé, at times interrupted by the distant neighing of the horses. A balloon had arrived bringing delegates from the Government at Paris. Enthusiasm was at its height in the whole town, the crowd hurried to the station, and we could hear the cheering and hurrahs from a distance. All this mixed us up in some degree with the war; and even in our misfortunes we experienced a strange comfort in putting up prayers for France. On the 26th of November I received a letter which bore the red cross seal of the ambulances—it was from R . . ., another of our comrades with whom we had left Paris. In his first engagement, at Saint-Laurent des Bois, he had been wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh; his wound was not dangerous, however, and he hoped soon to return to face the enemy. The 20th *Chasseurs* had conducted themselves bravely throughout, and M . . . and George E . . ., two of ours, were to be promoted. He, in conclusion, hailed the day when, once more reunited, we five could shake hands and relate our sufferings.

This wish, alas! was never to be realised. I handed Paul V . . . our friend's letter, but noticed that instead of reading it he muttered incoherently. Two days before hemorrhage had set in, which had only been stopped with great difficulty. The overseer whose duty it was to watch us had absented himself. At the cry which Paul V . . . uttered when he felt his life ebbing away, the feeble old man whose bed

was beside mine, bounded to his paralytic limbs. I see him yet, though quite impotent, bending and leaning on the walls for support, drag himself quickly to the door and call for help. From this day the hours of my unfortunate comrade's life were numbered. His last agony soon commenced, and extended over forty-eight hours. One night, overcome with fatigue and emotion, I had fallen into a doze. On awaking I glanced instinctively towards the bed in front. The little night-lamp on the table shed a feeble light through the room—the bed was empty. I remained dumb, motionless; my eyes were haggard; I still gazed, failing to understand. Then the paralysed man, who was watching my waking, stooped towards me and said, in a low voice—"He is gone."

CHAPTER II.

IT was now the beginning of December. The arrival of the Prussians had been heralded so often that the people refused to believe in it; so that when, on the morning of the fourth, they appeared before Rouen, the surprise and terror were extreme. Nobody was prepared to give or execute orders; the National Guards and *Mobiles* threw down their arms—worthless fellows took possession of them and rushed away to break the windows of the Town-hall. They believed in riot and plunder. A few hours later a deputation of the principal magistrates repair into the presence of the enemy's officers and invite them to enter the town. The only incident worth recording was the inconsiderate act of a poor grocer who fired at a Prussian officer and was immediately shot.

Snow had fallen during the night, and the sky was of a dull, leaden hue. By raising myself slightly in bed, I could distinguish through the window the rampart of the hospital, covered with a vast white cloak. The suburbs were deserted and silent. Four Uhlans appeared first, passing over the Pont de Pierre. Musket in hand, and with body bent over the saddle, they advanced abreast on the whole width of the road, cautiously, steadily, on their slow-pacing bay horses. Looking persistently from right to left, they appeared anything but confident. After these came eight, then sixteen, then thirty, and still more. As soon as the first had traversed about two or three hundred metres, they turned off to those who followed, and four others disengaged themselves in their turn to explore the ground. The same manœuvre was renewed in each group; from time to time a shrill and protracted whistle was heard. The prudent tactics of the Prussian scouts, however, are well known. An hour passed thus in marches and counter-marches, and the main body of the army arrived. It was then about one o'clock in the afternoon. Soldiers with every style of arms, and from all the different countries, passed along—Bavarians, Saxons, Prussians, Wurtembergers, some with pointed helmets, others with round berets, of coarse blue cloth. They marched in fine order, with close ranks, to the sound o music in which I seemed to recognize some bars of our national airs, which were interpolated to insult us. Apart from this, everything was quite opposed to the idea we have in France of a military march. The shrill sound of the fife predominated, alternately mingled with the roll of the drum. At intervals a superior officer would gallop past, and shout out some order in a guttural tone of voice, which others would repeat after him; at the word of command we could see the battalions quicken or slacken their pace. The defiling lasted thus until evening. Then the artillery came; we heard it passing through the avenue the whole night long; the cannon and waggons rolled heavily over the beaten snow-track, and their clumsy jolts shook the ground. The manœuvres were directed by whistling. The old invalid in our ward did not cease his plaintive

wail, as if he understood what was going on. My heart was very heavy, for I had just witnessed the invasion, and I now more than ever felt my own misfortune and utter powerlessness.

The following day there was more defiling. The rear-guard of the Bavarian *Chasseurs*, with their little oil-skin shakos, large visors, and iron-grey cloaks, trotted laboriously through the mud, and seemed overcome with fatigue. During these first few days, I had at several other times the opportunity of seeing German troops pass. Perhaps this was but a stratagem of our enemies, multiplying their movements to deceive us in regard to their numbers. In reality a French corps still had possession of the neighbouring country. One fine morning the cannon commenced to roar; there was a fight at Moulineaux, above Rouen. In that place, one of the finest sites of Normandy, and on a rising ground, is a heap of shapeless ruins, known all over the country as the castle of Robert le Diable. It is there, intrenched behind the crumbling walls and ancient moats, that some *Mobiles* of Ardèche were surprised, or, perhaps betrayed, and struggled energetically during three hours, managing their weapons like old soldiers, and occasioning great loss to the Prussians. In Rouen there was a moment of insane exultation, not kept in check even by the presence of the invaders. In proportion as the struggle was prolonged, hope and confidence returned to our hearts. On the watch, and trembling with emotion, I exchanged a few words with my right-hand neighbour, Father Gosselin, as he was familiarly called. Since Paul V's death I had become intimate with him, and we frequently chatted together. Formerly a *garde-mine*—exposed by his profession to sudden changes from heat to cold—he was at an early age attacked with rheumatic pains, which had by degrees robbed him of the use of his legs. The modest pension he was paid enabled him to get nursed at the hospital, which he had not quitted for fifteen years. He was accustomed to his life there, and provided nothing interfered with his simple habits, if his tortoise-shell snuff box was filled with fresh tobacco every week, and his clean linen was deposited on the foot of his bed, he was perfectly satisfied. As we had opened the window to hear better, I said to him :—"Listen, they are fighting, the wounded will arrive presently. "Yes, corporal," he replied, alluding to my gold lace, which I had not worn for a very long time. "Ah! I am scarcely in good health, and it is with great difficulty that I can keep on my legs, and yet I would be delighted to yield my place to one of our brave soldiers."

The wounded did not arrive till the following day, and then under the care of a Prussian *Hauptmann*. Immediately on their entry into the town, without loss of time, but with the systematic regularity for which they are distinguished, the Prussians had taken possession of all the public buildings. A strong detachment watched the hospital, while their physicians went through the wards and examined the patients. They touched our sores, probed our wounds, and assured themselves with their own eyes that it was really French blood that stained the lint. Among us were several *franc-tireurs*, poor creatures who had been detained on the road, some by the enemy's balls, others, and by far the greater number, through misery and cold. Now the Prussians had the reputation of not liking the *corps-francs*; they were even already speaking of retaliation and revenge. The nuns at once hastened to throw into the fire every article of clothing that might compromise us. There still, however, remained the cards hanging over each of our beds, with different inscriptions, such as: "Avengers of Havre," "Hussars of Death," and such like pompous names, with which our volunteers loved to baptize their battalions. They hastened to change these cards, and with pious fraud replaced those by others, more modest ones, such as

"Mounted Scouts." The good Germans doubtless ignored the fact that our regular army never had any corps thus designated, so they appeared convinced. However, their vigilance was not easily baffled. Two days after their occupation, while still asleep, I felt myself touched on the shoulder. I turned round. The steward of the hospital stood before me, and with him a tall, dark, stern looking man, with thick black moustaches. This was the Prussian doctor, who was commissioned to question me. He wore a little cap with a red border, and high yellow boots; a large furred cloak covered, without concealing, his short blue tunic, ornamented with large gilt buttons. He wore several decorations, among others the Iron Cross. Two rows of gold lace were on his sleeves. Other officers were heard speaking in the lobby. "Your name?" he asked drily. I pointed to my *Chasseur's* certificate, which lay on a shelf at the head of my bed. He took it and began to read.—"Where were you wounded?" he continued, after a moment. "In a railway accident at Critot," the steward answered for me. The German approached the table and was taking notes. "Ah, yes," said he, speaking by jerks, and seeking his words, with a very Teutonic accent, "yes, we saw it in passing, carriages heaped one above the other, and the locomotive shattered—oh! it was a sad accident."

Presently, as if seized with sudden suspicion, he advanced towards me, and with a quick gesture raised the bed-clothes. Doubtless what he saw reassured him as to my condition, for he hesitated no longer; he replaced my certificate on the shelf, slightly touched his cap with the tip of his finger, and went away. This visit was repeated every week.

Several wounded Prussians had been brought to the hospital along with our own men, for, as may easily be conceived, our conquerors had assigned a part of the buildings to their soldiers, and there was no lack of invalids among them. Every morning they crossed the avenue in bands of thirty or forty, pale and emaciated, followed by some comrades in better health, who carried their muskets and knapsacks. The wards which had been reserved for them were situated in a private part of the building in the rear of the hospital, but they did not remain there. They were scarcely convalescent ere they issued forth into all the corridors, prowling about, rummaging, and seeking to penetrate everywhere, nor did we dare to order them away. Their clumsy, heavy step, was easily recognized. Sometimes one would come into our ward; through the embrasure of the half-open door I have detected a broad face with large round eyes and neglected reddish beard. The intruder would gaze a moment with a scared look, and then, embarrassed by our silence, would disappear as he had come. A great deal too much has been said about the German taste for the ideal: those people thought of nothing but eating, and fortunately there was always something to cook. The nuns were incessantly obliged to protect the stoves in which the rations for the sick were cooking against their claims. Being refused, they would bow their heads and retire obediently, murmuring "ya, ya," but would presently return.

In Rouen it was a very different matter. Bloody conflicts broke out at every turn between the foreign soldiers and the inhabitants, and scarcely a day passed without some unfortunate being brought to the hospital who had his head split open with a sabre-cut. It is true the Prussians lost men in this way, and soon an order was issued forbidding them to appear on the streets after dark. The curfew tolled at nine o'clock, and sounded so sad and doleful that it seemed like a prolonged sigh. I eagerly welcomed all reports from the town. Sometimes I heard that ten Prussian soldiers had been publicly decorated for having killed the same number of French officers; sometimes, on the con-

trary, that one of theirs had been shot in the public square of Rouen, for disobedience towards his superiors. Even in a conquered country the iron discipline of the Prussians abdicated nothing of its rights. At other times, when an officer died in consequence of his wounds—and this occurred pretty frequently—the funeral was celebrated with great splendour, the regimental bands playing funeral marches, and I could hear, in the distance, the large brass instruments wailing like church organs.

One fine day Prince Frederick Charles arrived. He was cheered a thousand times by the Germans, but in the town many houses had hoisted the black flag, at the risk of having to lodge a double number of Prussians the following day—which really often occurred. At the same time the strangest and most contradictory reports were circulated respecting events at Paris: General Ducrot had broken through the lines—King William was flying from Versailles—the National Guard was marching on Etampes, where the junction with the provincial troops was to take place; and the same evening everything would be denied. Alternately experiencing such different sentiments, either boundless joy or the most cruel despondency, we no longer knew what to believe, and we scarcely dared face the future. If a letter, even a note, from some relation, bearing truth within its folds, could have reached us, who knows if the interchange of our patriotic sorrows might not have restored our courage and confidence? But the Prussians had looked to everything. Communication with the outer world had been cut off, no mails arrived; perhaps one, and that not the smallest reason of our enemy's success, was this void and silence, this atmosphere of doubt and ignorance with which they knew so well how to surround each town and every province of the besieged country, so that France, dissevered and dismembered, no longer felt her strength or her unity.

Shortly before the Prussians entered the town, one of the 20th *Chasseurs* passed through Rouen; he had been wounded at the battle of Villepion, and was returning to the depot. From him I learned that George E—— had so far escaped every danger, and I hastened to send the good tidings to my friend's old mother. I had time to get an answer; this, however, was the last letter that reached me. Madame E—— thanked me for the interest I took in her son, and, being reassured for the present, she formed wishes for our future happiness. Poor woman! six months had elapsed ere I heard that the very evening of Villepion, at Loigny, after the good luck of the day, as our soldiers were compelled to fall back in a last bayonet charge, George E—— was struck in the forehead by a ball. Some comrades saw him fall; unfortunately, he was not lifted, but as his name appeared on none of the ambulance registers, and on none of the interment lists, for a long time one might have thought he was merely a prisoner: but he never appeared again.

Meanwhile I began to improve. By degrees all the dressings of my fractures were left off, and it is impossible to express the comfort and relief I experienced on once more feeling myself free, for the torment had lasted four months. Although, when moving them, my legs as yet felt heavy as lead, I now foresaw the day when I could get up. At first this was not accomplished without great difficulty: it required no less than four persons to move my sluggish body. Very cautiously I was placed in a large easy-chair, with two cushions under my feet. I did not wish to wear hospital clothing, so, at my earnest request, they had repaired my blue trowsers and my *Chasseur's* coat, although some drops of blood still tarnished the gold lace on the latter. Let him who will laugh at this feeling, but the soldier's costume, for which I had suffered so cruelly and so long, consoled me and raised me in my own eyes.

I had been placed near the window for a few minutes, but it was in vain that I tried to deceive myself and master my fatigue the fresh air intoxicated me, and I had to be taken away at once. By degrees, however, my strength returned, and I was at liberty to remain up for a longer period, and, consequently, spent many long hours reclining in my easy-chair, gazing at the horizon through the open window. Winter was rapidly passing away; the sun showed himself more frequently and emitted more heat; in the avenue, also, the ripe buds on the trees burst through their brown covering. Facing the hospital, beyond the rampart, was a rugged and stony hill. Neither houses nor any signs of cultivation were to be seen; but, half-way up the hill, there was a large space encircled by a stone wall; this was the private cemetery of the hospital. Owing to the situation of the ground, I was able to notice its minutest details. One can fancy nothing more bare and desolate than this "field of the dead." No monuments or grave-stones were to be seen, only a few black wooden crosses about two feet in height. Large square grassy mounds marked the common graves, which had been filled, one by one, with the victims of misery and sickness; the newer graves were distinguished by the freshly turned sod, which was plainly visible in the grey back-ground. From time to time the chapel bell tolled with a solemn and mournful sound, at which summons a hearse would issue from one of the lower buildings, bearing a narrow coffin, scarcely covered by a thin black cloth; a priest marched in front, in his long white alb, chaunting the service for the dead in a low tone; in the rear followed the whole procession, consisting of two or three old hospital pensioners. The funeral train wound slowly up the rugged slope, entered the dismal enclosure, wended its way onwards, and halted at length before a newly dug grave. Then, assisted by the old men who had followed, the grave-digger would set to work. From the summit of the hill a few unoccupied Prussians would watch the proceedings with an air of indifference.

And I, silent and thoughful, was lost in dream-like meditation, for one of my dear friends lay there beneath the turf. Poor Paul V——! thus wast thou borne to thy last resting-place. His grave had been pointed out to me; it was far up the craggy slope to the left—a sweet-scented linden-tree, planted at his feet, gave promise of some shade and verdure during the heat of summer. Suddenly I dispelled the charm, and shaking my head, as if to dissipate my low spirits, I looked around. Time had flown—the war was at end—the truce signed. One consolation was left me in the midst of my misfortunes: at last I was to see my home again, and know the fate of my friends. Spring-time returned joyously, with its train of fine days and beautiful flowers. The warm, genial air came laden with balmy perfumes. They brought me from the garden the first sweet purple violets, fragrant roses, and beautiful clusters of lilacs, and placed them on my bed. I took them up in handfuls, and plunging my head into their midst, inhaled long draughts of their sweet perfume; then I felt revived, an indescribable feeling of freshness pervaded my whole being; hope was born again within me. I was happy and wished to live.

CHAPTER III.

THANK God I had youth on my side, and this, combined with the good nursing bestowed on me, prevented my succumbing under my misfortunes. My fractures became consolidated, as the doctors say, and I was now confidently looking forward to the time when I could leave the ward and traverse the avenue on crutches.

Oh, those dear crutches! In my pardonable impatience I had had them made three weeks beforehand: there they were in a cor-

ner of the room, all padded with leather, and I looked at them with longing eyes. What a sad change had come over me! Here I was, at the age of twenty, sighing for those pieces of inanimate wood after having had the unimpaired use of healthy limbs, but I strove to avoid this thought, in order to give myself up wholly to the pleasurable anticipation of moving about once more. The long looked for day came at last, and, after a few preparatory trials, I ventured down stairs. Proceeding slowly and carefully, and supported on all sides, I accomplished the journey safely, and found myself in the yard. The glorious spring sun illuminated the long avenue with its clumps of trees, its lawn, and the walks, with their pretty green rustic seats. To the right I saw the dissecting-room whence the hearses issued, and then, quite in the background, appeared the grating looking out upon the rampart and the porter's lodge. Gouty and infirm men, as well as the pensioners of the hospital, were basking in the sun and chatting; one blind man was sitting on a bench, manufacturing little wooden articles with an old clasp-knife. At a little distance from this group were some young convalescents playing cards on the sand. I walked to the grating, where an easy-chair had been placed for me, and seated myself, feeling greatly fatigued. But my misfortune had procured me friends. Young and old, on seeing me pass, had stopped their chat or their game, and several rose to shake hands with me. It was on this same day that I formed the acquaintance of M. Louis Chapelle, from Havre, a volunteer of 1814-15, and defender of the fortress of Vincennes, as he delighted to call himself. Lively, sanguine and impulsive, he reminded me of my maternal grandfather, a simple-minded and good old soldier now long dead. M. Chapelle was then fully eighty years old, but he would not confess his age, and we teazed him somewhat about this little whim; otherwise he was the most charming old man it was ever my good fortune to come in contact with. Whenever bad weather compelled me to keep my room, he would come in about noon, seat himself at the head of my bed with an easy air, and the hours would slip away in pleasant chat. After a dull and monotonous life, such as many people lead in the Provinces—he had been a bookseller or stationer—old age had overtaken him. Having no family, he sold his business and retired to the hospital, where he could, at least, have ease. Oddly enough it seemed as if this intervening part of his existence had left no traces in his recollection. He ever recurred to the adventurous times of his youth. Ah, that was because he had so many incidents to relate. He could show a white scar close to his temple, the mark of a sabre-cut which he had got from a Cossack, and which added another wrinkle to his aged head. From his old stock-in-trade he had reserved a few coloured pictures, such as are now nowhere to be seen except at the print-sellers. Seven or eight grenadiers on either side, some blue and red paint, the wheel of a cannon in the foreground, a general on horseback lost in smoke, represented the great battles of the First Empire,—Wagram, Friedland, Jena, or Austerlitz. Under these coarse colours, by the light of his own recollections, the good man recognized our victories; he got excited in speaking of them, would get up, become restless, raise his voice, and even swear a little. When the German troops filed off under our windows, headed by their brass bands, then was the time to hear him. "Come my friend," he would say, "take courage, don't grieve so much. They are in our country to-day, but that proves nothing. 'Tis true they have come for the second time; I have seen them here before, I who am speaking to you now; but Frenchmen can do wonders too when they set about it. We will pay them back yet. Listen, I will sing a song to you which I have sung to them before their very face. It was my Lieutenant of Vincennes who

composed it; I was sergeant-major. We had not surrendered, as you know, but when Louis XVIII. returned we had to come to terms and be amiable. Some foreign officers had come to visit the fortress: I sang the lieutenant's song to them, and they were furious I can assure you, and would willingly have had me shot, as one of them told me. Listen now!" and with a voice cracked by age, but still animated, he sang the stanza:

"Contens de vos nobles prouesses,
"Allez cultiver vos guérets;
"Si vous emportez nos richesses,
"Vous n'emportez pas nos regrets;
"Et quand, nous prenant pour des lâches,
"Vous croyez nous avoir vaincus,
"Souvenez-vous que vos moustaches."
. . . . . .

"But M. Chapelle," here gravely interrupted the nun, "what is all this noise about? You are the only one that is heard to-day!"

"All right, sister, I will be silent," said he, much crest-fallen, and the song was ended abruptly.

I also had now become one of the habitual frequenters of the long avenue. Every day after dinner, provided the sky bore no threatening aspect, I left the room warmly clad, and repaired to the little grating, where I sat down. The convalescents walked, played, or chatted around me; several of them were *Chasseurs*, victims of the same accident as myself, others soldiers who had been wounded at Moulineaux. It was truly a melancholy sight to behold all these uniforms, which were far too ample for the emaciated bodies, or falling loosely over an amputated limb.

The passers-by stopped and gazed at us through the grating with looks of pity. One day an elderly woman, who by her dress was easily recognized as belonging to the poorer class, approached the bars. I was stretched, as usual, in my easy chair, my body concealed under my wraps. She looked at me for a while, then I saw her rummaging in the pocket of her old discoloured print dress, and turn aside a little. "Corporal, corporal," cried she, and a little package fell at my feet; they picked it up for me. I unfolded it and found seven *sous* wrapped in a piece of paper. Need I say how deeply touched I was. The poor woman had, perchance, a son in the army; perhaps he, too, was wounded, and thinking of him she had given me her mite—all that she was able to give. How could I refuse such alms? how repulse the hand stretched forth to aid me in my distress? I could not, and when I raised my head to thank the good woman, she had already disappeared.

From my usual seat I could see the square where, for whole days, the Prussians were drilled. As a contrast I could also see, on the arrival of the trains, our own disarmed soldiers passing in long files across the boulevard—artillery men, troops of the line, cavalry men and *Mobiles*, poor fellows sent home without bread, without clothes, and without shoes; their wretched and pitiful appearance made them the laughing stock of our enemies. Myself a French soldier, this laughter caused me deep pain, and increased my hatred of the foreigner. A number of Germans were still being tended at the hospital, and their physicians came to see them every evening. One of them, a grey-haired man, with a kind and gentle face, saluted me in passing. I know not whether he had ever seen me before; at all events he retraced his steps, and, after a slight hesitation, stopped before me. "Both legs! are you wounded in both legs?" he asked, in very poor French. As I did not reply, he looked for his cigar-case, and, selecting a "Londres," offered it to me. I refused it by a gesture. "Oh, why not accept it?" replied he, "you appear to be very melancholy; if I could do anything for you, believe me I should be delighted. I have a wife and little children in Berlin. Being a physician, I do not wage war, but tend the sick. Accept the cigar, I pray you." All

this was said in a persuasive and touching tone. It is necessary, however, to beware of this, perhaps assumed, good-nature of the Germans. As for me, I consider them rather impressible than tender-hearted; good people, but egotistical even in their tears. They weep because it is a kindness to weep, moved to pity by the misfortunes they have themselves caused. They offer you a cigar, and at the same time ruin and mutilate your country. I gave him such a cold look that he became silent; he took a few cigars out of his pocket, and throwing three on my counterpane, hastily retired. From that day I saw him frequently; he always saluted me but never stopped, and I simply returned his greeting.

The walks in the avenue sufficed me no longer. Thanks to the general benevolence, I was allowed to move through all the buildings of the hospital. Sometimes I went to visit the old pensioners in their little rooms, and gossiped with them. The *Commune* and civil war had now succeeded to the foreign war, and they brought me newspapers and news from without. Sometimes I visited in detail the sick wards, the refectory, the kitchens, with their huge stoves, surmounted by enormous brass kettles, or else the chapel, with its wooden benches and its simple frescoes. At last I asked permission to go out. My first visit was to the cemetery; I bought a few flowers—heliotropes and daisies—and, in company with Louis Chapelle, proceeded to place them on the grave where my friend Paul V—— was buried. Another time I wanted to see the town, which was as yet strange to me. I was swaddled like an infant, lest the keen morning air should strike me, and, more than reclining, my head alone protruding from the coverings, I was placed in an open carriage. My old friend was seated by my side. For this occasion he had donned his best attire, and wore his St. Helena medal, suspended by a new ribbon. After all I did not see the town, being entirely taken up with a very different sight. Germans were to be seen in all directions—in every street, in every square, at the corner of barracks and coffee-houses—soldiers, and their stiff and haughty officers dragging their unwieldy sabres along the quays. A Saxon battalion was drilling near the cathedral; Silesian sentinels were on guard in front of the city hall; others again were promenading in the *Grande Rue*, smoking their long china pipes without uttering a word. When the carriage approached they moved slowly to the sidewalk, and then fixed that long and vacant stare upon us which with them seems to take the place of thought. It was wonderful then to see Louis Chapelle hold up his head proudly, and examine our vanquishers from head to foot with a look of scorn and hatred. It was doubtless a very harmless hatred, but it was the only style allowed us. Were we not, we two, as we there found ourselves—the brave old man with his glorious recollections, and poor I with my shattered body—were we not a true picture of France?

The sojourn in the hospital had at length become intolerable to me, and I was eager to leave the tainted air and saddening sight of so many miseries. In order to complete my recovery, I required my mother and my native air. I applied to the Administration, and after various delays, occasioned by the inevitable confusion which recent events had caused, I got my papers. One detail struck me on perusing them: on the convalescent page the column set apart for the particulars of wounds had proved too small to contain all the details of those I had received, and the doctor had, therefore, been compelled to cut them short. But what after all did it matter? I was free, I was out of danger. I bade adieu to the ward where I had come into such close contact with death, where I had lost my friend; I bade adieu to the doctors, to the nuns who had cared for me so tenderly, and to the poor old men whom misfortune had made my comrades, and under the charge of an overseer of the in-

firmary, I left the walls of the hospital for ever. At the time of my departure I thought I saw Father Gosselin secretly slipping a piece of money into the hand of my guide, and recommending me to him. On arriving at the station I was struck with the general confusion; the employés were running about in a scared manner, no longer knowing whom to listen to; on the platforms enormous piles of merchandise and baggage were heaped *pêle mêle*, careless of the rain; the waiting-rooms were overflowing with travellers. The concourse was so great that there was no distinction of classes, every one being seated according to his fancy. In the crowd were many returned prisoners, whose hollow eyes and drawn features, and clothes soiled by eight long months of captivity, were really painful to see. Several approached me on beholding my uniform; they asked my history and related their own, how they had lived too long in Germany, fed upon an abominable preparation of millet, crammed by hundreds in casemates, and the greater part of them ill from misery and despair.

I suffered much during the journey. The line was not yet wholly restored; the bridges of Elbeuf had been cut by the enemy, and did not allow of our crossing the river. I was obliged to take the road to Serquigny; there take train again as far as Mantes, in the neighbourhood of Paris. The stoppages were renewed at almost every station. After ten hours we were as yet only a few leagues past Rouen. At last we arrived at Argentan. The sun had risen in the horizon, and his golden rays danced on the windows of the carriages, dispelling all inclination to sleep. I looked out—further than the eye could reach extended the rich plains of Normandy, covered with clover and lucerne, their beautiful green intermingled with large red flowers. Forming the border round the meadows were apple-trees, loaded with small scarcely formed apples, and bending their heavy branches lazily to the ground. I could distinguish the young colts, the timid sheep and the herds of beautiful cows, all leaving grazing for a minute to watch us pass by. It happened to be Corpus Christi day. On all sides was heard the merry chime of the bells, and on all the roads and paths which wound across the plain, the good women, with the usual high head-dress worn in the country, the lads in their holiday attire, and young girls decked in ribbons, were to be seen walking in animated groups, with their prayer-books in their hands. I had already seen these fields, apple-trees and villages, for it was in their midst my childhood had been spent, it was of them I thought so frequently on my bed of agony, it was near them that, from the shadow of death, I came to regain strength and health.

The train halted at Vire, but we had still two hours to travel. The morning air had given me an appetite, for I thought I already discovered a faint briny odour, a little sea-breeze. I left the station, and at a little distance perceived a humble public-house surrounded by a trellis-work fence, its exterior very neat and prepossessing. As soon as I appeared the whole household ran out to receive me; the mother, a good peasant woman, the old grandfather, still active in spite of his seventy years, and the little girls in their fine attire as they had just returned from mass. They prepared a little table for me in the open air, and placed a few simple viands on the white table-cloth; the country butter, in which still scintillated little drops of whey, some of last year's cider, and one of those omelettes which form the pride of our housekeepers. During breakfast the fowls came and familiarly picked up the crumbs at my feet. On leaving I embraced the children, who looked wonderingly at my crutches, and two hours later I was at Granville. There my mother and sister were waiting for me. I alighted from the train, receiving looks and tokens of pity and sympathy from all around. "Oh, merciful Saviour! the poor gentleman!" exclaimed the

good villagers in their sweet and drawling tones, and the men uncovered their heads. Thus I arrived at our house, which was perched above the town, and continually exposed to the sea-breezes. I saw the good Lisa once more, who had dandled me on her knees when I was quite a child, and who, after having tended the grandfather, was henceforth to watch over the grandson. I saw once more the terrace, our little garden, and the beautiful marsh mallow with its glazed metallic leaves and large late flowers: I saw again the sea and the shore. All was unchanged save myself!

It will not be hard to understand how sweet home life seemed to me after such a long absence, so many trials undergone, and so many sufferings. Yet one thought pursued me, which saddens me even now at times. At Granville I met again a friend of my youth, who had been absent a long time. He had served in the marines, and had lost his right leg at the commencement of the war. Made equal by misfortune, we soon renewed the bonds of our former intimacy. In the evenings we met on the sea-shore, and I experienced a sad pleasure in questioning him. He, at least, had been in the field, had inhaled the odour of gunpowder, had heard the cannon roar, and the grape-shot whistle past him; he had fallen on the day of battle, in the hour of success, in the midst of fallen foes. The landing party had penetrated into the village, after having expelled the Germans; but three hundred Bavarians still held out in the church. The doors were broken in with cannon, and our soldiers entered, charging with the bayonet. The foremost fell, others followed, and making way, step by step, over the corpses of their fallen comrades, passed the church door. Then the conflict was terrible. In vain did the Bavarians, now huddled against the walls, beg for mercy, throwing down their muskets. They were pursued even into the galleries and under the organs. Some, mad with fear, endeavoured to climb along the stove-pipes: their fingers slipped on the polished surface; with bayonet thrusts and blows from the butt-end of their muskets our soldiers struck without mercy, and, grappling with them, hurled the bodies into the space beneath, where they were bruised on the pavement; the organ, struck on the way, giving a hollow groan. My friend fell a few minutes later, but still he had taken vengeance. These tales of war and massacre made my blood boil in my veins; my heart beat tumultuously, my head became dizzy, in fact I was maddened. I was jealous of the brave fellow's glorious wound, and looked with an envious eye on his wooden leg.

And yet why should I complain? Is it not a consolation to have done one's duty? If our native country has really a claim to all our love, let us, also, sacrifice our little vanities in her cause. There were five of us in Paris in the month of August, when the enemy invaded our frontiers. We had enlisted together, to share the same fortune and encounter the same dangers. Of this number two are now dead, one wounded; another was taken prisoner at Mans, and, as I heard later, only returned to France three months afterwards; and I, probably the most unfortunate of all, am lame, crippled, a pensioner at the age of twenty, and useless forever. Ah, I would have liked, one day, to face the enemy I had gone in search of, and had not been able to find! At the first signal I should have liked to enlist again, shoulder my knapsack and musket, and take my share of revenge. This hope is denied me; but I have brothers and friends animated with this sacred hatred, and full of faith in the destinies of France, appealing from the unjust present to a glorious future.

You asked me, my friend, for the history of my sad campaign: here it is, written to wile away the tedious hours of a long convalescence.

THE OLD GOVERNMENT CLERK.

(*From "London Lyrics," by* FREDERICK LOCKER.)

WE knew an old scribe, it was "once on a time,"
An era to set sober datists despairing;
Then let them despair! Darby sat in a chair
Near the Cross that gave name to the village of Charing.

Though silent and lean, Darby was not malign,
What hair he had left was more silver than sable;
He had also contracted a curve in his spine,
From bending too constantly over a table.

His pay and expenditure, quite in accord,
Were both on the strictest economy founded;
His rulers were known as the Sealing-wax Board,
And they ruled where red tape and snug places abounded.

In his heart he look'd down on this dignified knot;
For why? The forefather of one of these senators,—
A rascal concern'd in the Gunpowder Plot,—
Had been barber-surgeon to Darby's progenitors.

Poor fool, what is life? A vagary of luck!
For thirty long years—of genteel destitution—
He'd been writing despatches, which means he had stuck
Some heads and some tails to much circumlocution.

This sounds rather weary and dreary; but, no!
Though strictly inglorious, his days were quiescent.
His red-tape was tied in a true-lover's bow
Every night when returning to Rosemary Crescent.

There Joan meets him smiling, the young ones are there;
His coming is bliss to the half-dozen wee things;
The dog and the cat have a greeting to spare,
And Phyllis, neat-handed, is laying the tea-things.

East wind, sob eerily! Sing, kettle, cheerily!
Baby's abed, but its father will rock it;—
His little ones boast their permission to toast
The nice cake the good fellow brings home in his pocket.

This greeting the silent old Clerk understands,
Now his friends he can love, had he foes he could mock them;
So met, so surrounded, his bosom expands,—
Some tongues have more need of such scenes to unlock them.

And Darby, at least, is resign'd to his lot;
And Joan, rather proud of the scene he's adorning,
Has well-nigh forgotten that Gunpowder Plot,—
And *he* won't recall it till ten the next morning.

A day must arrive when, in pitiful case,
He will drop from his Branch, like a fruit more than mellow;
Is he yet to be found in his usual place?
Or is he already forgotten? poor fellow!

If still at his duty he soon will arrive;
He passes this turning because it is shorter;
He always is here as the clock's going five! . . .
Where is he? . . . Ah, it is chiming the quarter!

THE IRISH QUESTION.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

[This paper contains the substance of a lecture recently delivered by the writer on the same subject. The views embodied in it were formed in Ireland, and when the writer had the advantage of intercourse with some who, he believes, may be numbered among the best of Irishmen and of Catholics. With the historical part of the subject he dealt about ten years ago, in a short treatise entitled "Irish History and Irish Character," in which an attempt was made to show the untenable character of the extreme partisan views on both sides, and to refer the calamities of Ireland to their true sources in history.]

THE Irish Question divides itself into two parts, the responsibility of England for the past, and her proper line of conduct for the future. The first part has recently been the subject of angry controversy between two disputants, one of whom the writer has learned profoundly to mistrust as a historical authority, while the harangues of the other, however effective in their way, evince a spirit so much the reverse of judicial as to render them unworthy of serious notice. The second part forms the more rational as well as the more fruitful subject of discussion. When existing institutions are to be reformed, the reformer must point to experience in proof of their bad effects; but otherwise, good sense as well as charity would restrain us in practical debate, from raking up the errors and offences of the past. It may be that the policy of England towards Ireland, at the present day, is unjust or unwise; but the Englishmen of the present day are not responsible

for any actions but their own. The personality with which we invest nations is figurative, not real, though figures of speech are always being confounded with realities. No living Englishman was a party to anything done to Ireland before Catholic Emancipation. The utmost with which any living Englishman can be charged is tardiness in completing the work of justice which was then begun; and even of that tardiness the source must be sought, to some extent at least, in influences more general than the depravity of British hearts. While in Catholic communities intolerance still reigned; while in the countries most under the dominion of the Church of Rome Protestants were still persecuted, driven into exile, forbidden to worship publicly, denied the rites of burial; while such cases as that of the young Mortara still occurred; it was not wonderful that the more enlightened men in Protestant countries should have some difficulty in overcoming the prejudices of the mass. The division of England into Roman Catholic bishoprics, announced in the most offensive strain of ecclesiastical conquest, while it ought to have been met by the British Government with dignified indifference, was evidently calculated to provoke the outburst of Protestant indignation which ensued. Even now, any Roman Catholic capable of reflection must see that the recent Papal manifestoes cannot fail to excite in Great Britain, as well as Germany, feelings of resentment and alarm very embarrassing to those who wish to pursue to its completion a policy of justice.

There are, at all events, three circumstances which have greatly influenced Irish destiny, but for which England cannot be held responsible—the country, the race and the religion. The first two were the acts of Nature; the last England has done her best to change, though not in the right way.

To take the country first. Examining it on the map, we shall see that the evil destiny of Ireland is written, as it were, by Nature on her face. She is by far the smaller of the two islands, and cut off by the larger from the continent; certain therefore to fall, in some way or other, under the power of the larger island; almost certain in that primitive age of violence, when conquest was the universal law, to be conquered by her more powerful neighbour. At the same time there are features likely to render the conquest slow, the conflict cruel, the fusion of the conquerors with the conquered incomplete. Ireland lies at a distance from London, the centre of English power, the channel to be crossed is considerable, and the point for crossing is in North Wales, a mountainous country, and an asylum of the Celtic race which long held out against the Anglo-Norman power. Feudal monarchs had no standing armies, no military or fiscal means of steadily prosecuting distant enterprises; it was generally as much as they could do to keep their own crowns upon their heads. Consequently the subjugation of Ireland was in effect left to private enterprise, by which the work was feebly, fitfully and imperfectly done. In England the Norman invaders, spreading themselves over the whole country, formed a national aristocracy, which gradually blended everywhere with the people. In Ireland they formed only a military colony, known in history by the ill-omened name of the Pale, between the inhabitants of which and the natives raged a constant border war. Thus were perpetuated the distinction of races and the hostility between the Anglo-Norman and Celt, to which, more than to anything else, the calamities of Irish history are to be ascribed. Had Celtic Wales been as large as Celtic Ireland, and divided by as considerable a barrier from the mass of the Anglo-Norman power, conquest might have been followed by the same train of disasters there as in Ireland. In Scotland, when the Celtic clans of the Highlands were comparatively powerful, and cut off from the Saxons and Normans of the lowlands by a mountain, relations between the races almost as unfor-

tunate as those between the Pale and the Irish septs continued down to 1745.

Again, the climate of Ireland is very wet. Grain does not ripen with certainty in the western parts of the island, nor is it very good in any part which is not sheltered by hills from the rain-clouds of the Atlantic. This was unfavourable to early civilization, which is closely connected with the growing of grain, and with the fixed tenure of land usual among agricultural tribes, while pastoral tribes commonly continue nomad. Population would probably always have remained proportioned to the limited supply of food afforded by a grazing country, as it is in the grazing country of the Alpine districts, had not the fatal potato come to furnish to miserable multitudes the means of a precarious and barbarous subsistence. Ireland has hardly any workable coal or minerals of any kind; consequently she has had no manufactures, except that of linen—introduced by Strafford—to absorb the surplus population of the rural districts, as it has been absorbed by the great manufacturing cities in England. Hence over-population, chronic penury, and frequent famines, of which the last and most terrible was that in 1847, which cast crowds of destitute wanderers on these shores. The Irish in America say that England has robbed them of their country. But suppose all the millions of Irish in America, and all those who have found refuge in England herself, or her colonies, were restored to their country, what would be the result? It will presently appear that the natural checks to the growth of population have been weakened by an agency with which England had as little to do as she had with the agency of soil or climate.

The coast of Ireland is beautiful, especially on the western side; and as civilization advances, as wealth increases, and sentiment grows more refined, beautiful scenery acquires a commercial value, and becomes an actual element of prosperity. Irish hills might have risen in price like Scottish moors, and have been studded with the villas of the rich; but this was precluded by political agitation and agrarian war.

Then as to the race. From her position Ireland became, like the Highlands of Scotland, like the mountains of Wales, like the Pyrenees, like remote and inhospitable Finland, one of the asylums of an aboriginal race driven before a conquering race in the course of that series of migrations and invasions which make up the history of the primeval world. The writer holds no fatalistic or inhuman theories about race. Leaving physiology to the physiologist, he would say that all that falls under the cognizance of history appears to him consistent with the belief that God has made all men of one blood, to dwell together on the earth. Philology identifies the Anglo-American with the Hindoo. The history of manners and customs identifies the Semitic with the Teutonic tribes. The tribal customs disclosed in the books of Moses are essentially the same as the tribal customs of the Anglo-Saxon. At all events, this is certain—the best individuals of different races, when brought under the same culture, are thoroughly assimilated; the special defects of the nationality, whether English, French, or Irish, disappear; so that the diversity, if it is original, is not indelible. Perhaps the weaker races may have compensating gifts, which will be appreciated by an improved civilization. It is hard to see, indeed, why, as it is, the qualities which engage affection are not as valuable as the qualities which command success. Compared with certain developments of the Anglo-Saxon, there is not a little to be said for Connemara. Still the conquering races were strong, the conquered were weak, and not only on the field of battle. In France the Celt has had the fairest opportunities, yet political weakness is stamped on the history of France. Any excuse for severity derived from the defects of the conquered, of course diminishes in force with the advance of morality and civilization. But, with the advance of

morality and civilization, the policy of England towards Ireland has been always growing milder, till, in fact, no grievance but the union is left.

The third circumstance deeply affecting Irish destiny, for which England cannot be held responsible, is the Irish religion. Let us speak with respect and tenderness of every Christian Church, even of that Church which Protestants believe to have departed most widely from the Gospel type, and notably in this respect, that she refuses communion with other churches. No great charity or range of mind on the part of a Protestant is needed to understand how men cleave to what was once the religion of Western Christendom, or even how, amidst all the doubts and divisions of this age, men go back to what wears the aspect of a Universal Church and a Church of authority, much better as most of us may deem it to watch one hour, and wait till it shall please God to give us new assurance of the truth. The writer may truly say that he thinks with unfeigned affection and reverence of Catholics whom he has known, though in them Roman Catholicism seemed to him to be lost in Christianity. The study of Irish history has also led him to feel high respect for that peasant clergy which, through the long night of calamity and suffering, has guided, comforted, and, so far as such circumstances permitted, civilized, the Irish under its control. Closely united with the people from which in other countries their order was severed, poor while in other countries their order was corrupted by wealth, persecuted while in other countries their order was persecuting, the Irish priests have exhibited Roman Catholicism in its most favourable light, and fairly earned the influence which they enjoy. Their virtues are attested by the best informed and the most clear-sighted of the Protestant administrators of Ireland; and if in political agitation they have done, and still do things which are blameworthy and degrade their calling, great allowance is to be made for those who have so long been the only tribunes of a down-trodden people. They were opposed on religious grounds to the French Revolution, and they would have remained loyal, and probably have kept their flocks loyal, had not the dominant party, in its cruel panic, goaded them into rebellion. But if England is charged with retarding the material progress of Ireland, she is entitled to answer that Roman Catholicism has not been found favourable to the material progress of any nation. She is entitled to point to those countries which, like Ireland, have been greatly under the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, to Spain and her colonies, to Portugal, and to the most Catholic parts of Italy, the States of the Church, Naples and Sicily. She is entitled to invite a comparison between the Catholic and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, between Northern and Southern Germany, between the Province of Ontario and the Province of Quebec. In the case of countries divided, as France and Belgium are, between an Ultramontane and a Liberal element, she is entitled to ask whether the springs of progress are on the Ultramontane or on the Liberal side. In the case of Southern Italy, Spain, Portugal and Mexico, we see some of the fairest portions of the earth stricken with a blight which assuredly is not the work of England. Nor does induction point to any cause other than the religion of the people. It may be said that Roman Catholicism was the religion of the whole of Europe during the Middle Ages, and that Europe advanced notwithstanding. But it may be replied, first, that the leading shoots of progress, the commercial cities and the universities, were least under Papal influence; and, secondly, that when progress had reached a certain point, there broke out a general rebellion against Roman Catholicism which extended over the most progressive nations, and the course of which was checked only by the power of the reactionary monarchies exerted in aid of the reactionary priesthood.

Since the Reformation the Papacy has been, and is more than ever at the present day, in conflict with political liberty, freedom of thought, science and the other agencies and influences on which the material as well as the moral progress of society depends. Science itself, with the practical invention to which it leads, is the great source of material progress; and how many Roman Catholics, since the Reformation, have attained the highest eminence in science? Roman Catholicism will hardly claim Galileo; it will hardly claim even the Jansenist Pascal. It will certainly not claim D'Alembert, Buffon or Laplace. In Ireland the Government was always looking out for Roman Catholic men of science to hold professorships in the Queen's Universities, but they were scarcely to be found.

Besides, Roman Christianity is essentially ascetic, and asceticism is unfavourable to industrial exertion, perhaps to exertion of any kind. Monachism in these days is still more obviously so. M. About smartly said that the peasant in the States of the Church was so lazy that he would not work, though he had more than fourteen thousand monks always preaching to him the duty of labour. The economical effects of the monastic system in fact greatly contributed as a secondary cause to the movement which resulted in the Reformation; and it is highly probable that the fresh accumulation of property in monastic hands, which is now going on in almost all countries, including Canada and the United States, will in time compel society again to relieve itself of the incubus by exceptional legislation. It need not be assumed that a religion unfavourable to material progress is necessarily a false religion.

The ascetic theory may after all be true, and the lazzaroni of nations may be the favourites of St. Januarius and of Heaven. But those who wish to form a fair estimate of the evil effects of English policy on the material prosperity of Ireland are bound to take as their standard of comparison Portugal and not Holland.

In two ways the priests have still more directly contributed to Irish distress. They have always encouraged early marriages and discouraged emigration. Without impugning their motives in either case, it must be said that they have made themselves, in no small degree, responsible for the vast increase of population beyond the means of subsistence. Nor let it be forgotten that England has a ground of complaint against Ireland and the Irish priesthood on this score. She, as well as the United States, has been the receptacle of swarms of Irish emigrants, who have filled her cities with pauperism, disease and crime, enormously increased her poor-rates, and cancelled, by their contagious influence as well as by their competition in the labour market, the efforts made by the English and Scotch workingman to raise himself in the industrial and social scale.

Then, to come to the history of Ireland itself. It will be found that the portions of that history on which the ministers of discord delight to dwell, are as remote from our present responsibilities as the siege of Troy. They belong to bygone phases of European society, through which all the nations passed, and of which England is answerable, at all events, only for her own share. We begin with the primitive Ireland of the tribes and the tribal wars. What a state of tribal war is we know from the analogy of the Highland clans, and plenty of other analogies, from the land of the Red Indian to that of the Maori. The Church, the sole organ of civilization in those days, feebly struggled with the barbarism which surrounded her; she was oppressed, pillaged and desecrated by the half-pagan chiefs, who seem to have sought to reduce her to an appanage of the clan, as the powers of feudal countries sought to reduce her to an appanage of the fief. Her condition at that time is symbolized by those curious round

towers, about which so many fantastic theories have been woven, but which seem, in fact, to have been ecclesiastical buildings, and asylums of the priests and their holy things, when the country was swept by plundering clans. Heathen superstitions and heathen rites still largely prevailed among the people. The Church herself, in spite of an early period of missionary enterprise, the brilliancy of which is unquestioned, and an early distinction in learning, which is, perhaps, not so well established, was, in the eyes of Roman ecclesiastics, rude, irregular and semi-schismatic. So she appeared to St. Bernard, the typical Roman ecclesiastic of that age. Her prelates, especially those of Scandinavian origin in the Norse settlements on the island, stretched out their hands for aid against clan oppression to their more powerful brethren of the Anglo-Norman Church. A correspondence was opened with the Anglo-Norman Primate, Lanfranc, and afterwards with Anselm; and perhaps it is with reference to the correspondence with Lanfranc that the Saxon Chronicle says, that had William the Conqueror lived, he would have won Ireland without stroke of sword. A Papal Legate found his way into the island in the person of a Bishop of Limerick, who expounded to the Irish the canonical customs:—"To the end that their diverse and schismatical orders, wherewith, in a manner, all Ireland was deluded, might give place to one Catholic and Roman office." Subsequently Pope Adrian, by his bull, commissioned Henry II. to conquer Ireland and reform, that is Romanize, the Irish Church. In the same way Hildebrand, ruling the Roman Council in the Pope's name, had commissioned William of Normandy to conquer England and Romanize her national and half-independent Church. The cry of the perishing Anglo-Saxon people was heard at Rome, but it smote in vain the stony heart of the aspiring monk. The fact that the Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland was the supplement of the Norman conquest of England, and that both were in part Papal enterprises, conceived and executed with Hildebrandic ruthlessness, ought to be better known than it is. Irish Catholics, indeed, can hardly be expected to remember with complacency that the Pope granted Ireland, as a barbarous and half-schismatic island, to the Angevin Henry II., much as later Popes granted the lands of the heathen to Spain. However, before the king could execute the Papal bull, private enterprise commenced the conquest. Dermot, an Irish chief, worsted in tribal war, called the Norman adventurer Strongbow to his aid. Strongbow, with his mail-clad and disciplined warriors, gained an easy victory over the hostile tribe. After the victory a pile of heads was made, and Dermot, picking out the head of his enemy, tore off the nose and lips with his teeth. Let not "Tara's Halls" delude us into the belief that there was no age of barbarism in Ireland. Of course, as in the case of Cortes and the Tlascalans, the too powerful allies became the masters, and when resisted, slaughtered the half-armed and undisciplined natives like sheep.

Strongbow seemed to be on the point of founding for himself a Norman principality in Ireland, when the king took the alarm, came over in person, executed the Bull of Conquest, though very imperfectly and superficially, took possession of the island as a feudatory of the Holy See, and held a Synod at Cashel, in which, according to his compact with the Pope, the Irish Church was reformed in the same sense in which the English Church had been reformed by William and Lanfranc at the Synod of Winchester, that is to say, thoroughly Romanized and brought into complete subjection to Rome. The payment of tithes was enforced, clerical property liberated from the exactions of the chiefs, and clerical dues secured. In all this there is surely nothing for which Ireland can call to account the Protestant Church of England, or any-

body, unless it be the Pope, who gives himself out as the representative of an immortal and infallible Church. To call the mass of Englishmen to account for the acts of their own conquerors, would be like calling Aztecs to account for the acts of Cortes.

Yet, of these events all the calamities and horrors of the following period, extending over three centuries, were the inevitable sequel. Attention has been called to the geographical circumstances which prevented the conquest from being complete, and led to the formation of a military colony, or Pale, instead of a national dominion. Between the Anglo-Normans of the Pale and the Celtic clans, which continued to occupy the rest of the island in their primitive barbarism, raged, for three centuries, a desultory and indecisive border war, marked by the deadly rancour, the ferocity and treachery which are invariably bred by a protracted conflict between a semi-civilized and a barbarous race. It resembled the struggle, still going on, between the Americans of the frontier and the Indian tribes; nor could any of its incidents much exceed in atrocity some to which that struggle has recently given birth. The Pale was as little under the control of the Government at London in feudal times, as the border is under the control of the Government at Washington. When a king did visit Ireland, even such a king as John, there was some improvement for the time. A detailed narration of these butcheries and perfidies is the most senseless as well as the most repulsive task in which a historian can engage, and the interest excited by such narrations is nearly on a par with that excited by the sensation novels whose authors deface our walls with their pictorial appeals to the vulgar love of horrors. What have the countrymen of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, on the one side, or the countrymen of Bishop Moriarty and Lord O'Hagan on the other, at the present day, to do with such brutalities of a remote past? No more than they have with the struggles of antediluvian monsters tearing each other in primeval slime.

Under the Tudors, the power of the monarchy having greatly increased, the kings began in earnest to prosecute the subjugation of Ireland; and now, after a sharp pang, there would probably have been peace and ultimate fusion of the races. Unhappily, at this time, both England and Ireland were drawn into the vortex of the great European conflict, brought on by the disruption of Christendom at the Reformation. When the Pale became Protestant, the Celtic tribes became more intensely Catholic. The Catholic monarchies, under the auspices of the Papacy, were struggling to extirpate Protestantism with the sword. Protestantism was fighting desperately for its life; Ireland was stirred up against England by Rome and Spain; troops landed there from the same ports which sent forth the Armada. The Irish suffered in that mortal conflict some of the cruelties which their fellow Catholics inflicted upon Protestants elsewhere, though Ireland was never the scene of a Protestant Inquisition, or of a religious persecution at all approaching in character to that of Alva in the Netherlands. The war of races still went on, and formed the main source of evil, as it has continued to do down to the present day. But the bitterness of religious war was added to it; while England, threatened by Spain, and compelled to employ her main forces in the Continental struggle, was unable to complete a conquest which would, at all events, have been followed by peace. Let Americans, if they are to be the judges, imagine the fury and the peril of their late war with the South raised to a far higher pitch, and let them suppose the Indians to be ranged on the Southern side, and to be receiving Southern auxiliaries into their territory; they will then be able at least to understand the feelings with which the English of the sixteenth century regarded the Irish. The American Re-

public has no history; it has inherited the fruits of the great Reformation struggle, as well as those of other struggles, without paying the cost, or contracting the stains of conflict, and its advocates are at liberty to prove the iniquity of England by loading with obloquy the memory of Sir Francis Drake. But Americans had ancestors, and they can conceive, without a great effort of imagination, what the feelings and the conduct of a New England Puritan, on the morrow of the St. Bartholomew, would have been toward an Irish kerne in league with the Guises and Philip II. Perhaps even Father Burke may be able to conceive what would have been the fate, in the sixteenth century, of a rebellious Protestant dependency of Catholic Spain.

The period of religious war through Europe, and of mortal danger to Protestantism in England and elsewhere, lasted to the end of the seventeenth century; for Ferdinand II. of Germany and Louis XIV. of France took up the work which Philip II. and the House of Guise had begun. To put down Protestantism and liberty with it, not to liberate the Irish people or found an Irish Republic, Louis XIV. sent to Ireland James II. with the French troops which had butchered the Protestants of the Cevennes. With the close of the seventeenth century the danger ceased: and from that time the laws against the Catholics both in England and Ireland were partially relaxed, and the spirit of persecution began to die away. Probably we should not find any serious inhumanities practised either against English or Irish Catholics, on account of their religion, later in date than the last *auto-da-fe*, or so late in date as the murder by French Catholicism of the Protestant pastor Rochette, of Calas and of La Barre. The growing toleration of the eighteenth century was fully represented in the vice-royalty of Chesterfield, a man of sense and humanity, in spite of the fashionable immoralities of his letters. Pitt was thoroughly tolerant. He gave an unstinted measure of religious liberty to the Catholics of Canada. The persecuting code was probably on the point of being swept from the Statute Book, when there came that greatest of all the calamities in history, the atheist and terrorist revolution in France. This threw all governments and nations for the time into violent reaction. Justice to Catholics was afterwards retarded by the resistance of privilege, embodied in the Established Church and in the House of Lords. But so was justice to Protestants and justice to the whole of the Three Kingdoms. The Established Church and the House of Lords were not fetters riveted by English tyranny upon Ireland. They were fetters left riveted on England herself by the Feudalism and Catholicism of the Middle Ages. Those religious institutions, which upheld ascendancy, were the lineal descendants of the theocracy which had massacred the Albigenses.

Nothing need here be said about the Ulster massacre, or Cromwell's policy, or the Acts of the Irish Parliament of James II., or the atrocities of Vinegar Hill. These details are irrelevant as well as repulsive. It is enough to show that all these events belong not to us, but to periods of history remote in every sense from ours—that they are things buried deep in the grave of the past—things for which no living being is, in the slightest degree, to blame—things the evil memory of which no rational man would allow to interfere with our policy at the present day.

If, however, we wish, for historical purposes, to form a right judgment respecting any of these events, and the characters of the men who took part in them, we must observe the laws of history. We must judge Cromwell, for example, by the morality of his own time—not by the morality of ours. He prohibited the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, a measure easily condemned by us, who have been nurtured in the principles of a more truly Christian

age; but he did not establish a Protestant Inquisition; he did not send familiars into households or put conscience to the rack. He confiscated the lands of the Catholic proprietors, who, as a class, had taken part in the rebellion. Catholic Austria, in the same way, confiscated the lands of the Protestants in Austria and Bohemia for their share in the insurrection against the intolerant policy of Ferdinand. There was, in fact, no other way of securing the permanent submission of a conquered province in the days before standing armies. But Cromwell did not exterminate the Catholic people of Ireland as the Duke of Savoy exterminated the Protestants of Piedmont, as Louis XIV. exterminated the Protestants of France. He assured them of his protection so long as they would dwell in peace. He put to the sword the rebel garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford. It was a merciless act, which he had at least the grace to deplore as a sad necessity, instead of exulting in it like the literary worshippers of force at the present day. But, in that age, it was the universal law of war that a garrison holding out after summons, upon the place being stormed, was not entitled to quarter. The Catholic generals, Alva, Parma and Tilly, constantly put to the sword the garrisons and even the inhabitants of Protestant towns taken by assault. We must compare the treatment of Drogheda and Wexford not with that of Sebastopol, but with that of Magdeburgh. Moreover, without plunging into the vexed question of the O'Neil massacre, it may be taken as certain that Cromwell at least believed the Protestants of the North of Ireland to have been massacred wholesale by the Catholics with every circumstance of cruelty. That forty thousand had been massacred was the belief of Clarendon, who had every opportunity, as a friend of Ormond, of ascertaining the truth, and who was not by any means disposed to exaggerate the wrongs of the Irish Puritans. The natural feelings of Cromwell and his officers were like those of British commanders in India after the massacre of Cawnpore. Let Cromwell be judged by the lights and by the practice of his own age, and the balance will be found to be in his favour. But what is here maintained is that he and all his doings belong wholly to the past.

There was, indeed, one way in which the Irish Catholics, at any period of history, might have extorted from posterity an absolute and unqualified condemnation of their persecutors. They might have done this by themselves protesting against the persecution of the Protestants in countries where the power was in Catholic hands, by denouncing the Spanish Inquisition, the murderous tyranny of Alva, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Smithfield burnings, the French Dragonades. But ask any historian whether they did this—he will answer with a smile.

No doubt the past, though dead, has bequeathed legacies of evil to the present. It has left traces on national character and sentiment against which both nations, if they mean their mutual relations for the future to be governed by reason and morality, are concerned to guard. It has bequeathed, unfortunately, more palpable and substantial legacies than these, legacies which, though the present generation is utterly irresponsible for them, have formed the great impediments to peace, union and justice down to the present day. In the first place from the Pale, that military colony of the Anglo-Normans, has descended the antagonism of races in that part of the island. In the second place, from the colonization of Ulster by Scotch Presbyterians, before, be it observed, the union of Scotland and England, has descended the still more bitter antagonism in that district, and the chronic riots of Belfast. Whether it is something in the theology or something in the character of the Scotch, they have always been very severe towards subject races. Then from the Cromwellian confiscations and the Cromwellian proprietary

has sprung what of late has been the greatest bane of Ireland, a proprietary alien to the people in race and religion, and, as the necessary consequences, estrangement of classes, absenteeism, middlemen, agrarian war. In the agrarian war the passions aroused were so demoniac that they rose almost to a heroic height. A party of Whiteboys entered a house in which were a man, his wife and their little daughter. The Whiteboys dragged the man out and murdered him. His wife and child were left in an upper room where there was a closet with a hole in the door, through which a person placed in the closet could see into the room. The woman put the little girl in the closet and said, "Now, child, they are murdering your father down stairs. When they have murdered him they will come up here and murder me. Take care that while they are doing it you look well at them, and mind you swear to them when you see them in court. I will throw turf on the fire the last thing to give you light, and struggle hard that you may have time to take a good look." The child did as her mother had bidden her; she looked steadily at the murderers while her mother was being murdered; she swore to them in a court of justice; and they were convicted and hanged upon her evidence. Sir Robert Peel used to tell this story, which seems to have touched his feelings, and may have been not without effect on his Irish policy. Such are the fires which glow beneath the embers of Irish history; such are the passions with which tranquillizers of Ireland have to deal.

Three legacies of the evil past have been named. There is a fourth, less palpable but not less noxious—the want of political training which the sad accidents of their history have entailed on the Irish people. Between the primitive condition of the clan, in which Norman conquest found the native Celts, and the elective institutions extended in full measure to Ireland by the liberalized England of the present day, no gradual preparation for self-government under the feudal system or any other system has intervened. The mass of the Celtic Irish are still politically the debris of broken clans. Their tendencies are still like those of the clan, patriarchal, not constitutional; their attachment is to persons, not to principles; their virtue is loyalty, not love of ordered freedom. A part of this is due, as has been stated already, to the original character of the race, and is found in the Celt of France as well as in the Celt of Connaught. But historical accident has withheld the corrective of original weakness; and the thorough incorporation of the Irish into the constitutional system of England must be expected to take time. In all bosoms, even in those of the strongest and most self-reliant races, the love of constitutional government is a plant of slow growth. The gulf between clan loyalty and constitutional citizenship might have been happily bridged over for the Irish if the kings of England had personally done their duty to Ireland, by residing there at times and presenting an object to the loyalty of the people. Every royal visit has been received with a joy which showed the power of the talisman if its holder would only use it. But in nearly two hundred years, the British sovereigns have not spent collectively more than two months in Ireland. They have left their place to a viceroy, and a viceroy reigns over no hearts.

As has been already said, it is only since yesterday that the English people have been really their own masters. Before the Reform Bill of 1832, they were completely governed by a close oligarchy, the organs of which were the rotten boroughs, the hereditary peerage, and the Established Church; and which, as a matter of course, was led both by sympathy and interest to uphold the reign of exclusive privilege in Ireland. Justice to Ireland has kept pretty even pace with the enfranchisement of England. Catholic Emancipation, though it preceded the

Reform Bill by a couple of years, was carried by the same movement. The extension of the suffrage in 1867 was immediately followed by two great measures of justice, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the reform of the land law in Ireland.

The writer of this paper was present when a continental statesman of the highest eminence—one who had more than once had his diplomatic differences with the British Government, but who knew England and English affairs thoroughly—touched in conversation on the Irish question. He had retired from public life, so that he was perfectly at liberty to speak the truth. He pronounced emphatically that the conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years had been excellent. He was reminded of the existence of the Protestant Establishment, which had not then been abolished. "Yes," was his reply, "the Protestant Establishment must go and will go; but, I repeat, the conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years has been excellent." Which sentence is most likely to be recorded in the chancery of heaven, that of this independent statesman, or that of the American politicians, the Fenians, and Father Burke?

There are many who would welcome the disestablishment of the Irish Church on higher, at least on broader grounds, than that of justice to Ireland—who hold that the founder of Christianity meant what he said when he declared his kingdom not to be of this world, and that the history of all political churches is a fearful confirmation of the truth of his words. In the case of the Church of Ireland, it is difficult to understand how any of its members who regard it as a spiritual community, and study its interests from a Christian point of view, can fail to rejoice in its liberation from a position in which it was not so much a church as an ecclesiastical garrison and an outwork of Ascendancy. It had its good men, such as Bedal, whose evangelical virtues protected him in the midst of massacre, and who was laid in a grave of honour by Catholic hands; it had its learned men, though its theology was deeply infected by its position as the organ of a dominant race. But its history on the whole was one of religious failure and of shame. Its tithes were collected literally at the point of the bayonet. We are told that its state, since disestablishment, is critical. But so is the state of its sister Church in England, and from the same cause—the conflict between her Protestant element, comprehending the bulk of its laity, and the Roman Catholic element retained in her by the policy of her Tudor founders, and comprehending the most active and aspiring of the clergy, which showed its force in the days of Laud, and is showing its force in Ritualism now. Catholic Emancipation, which partly removed the unjust privileges of the Church of Ireland, was followed by an immediate improvement in its character, and an immediate increase of its spiritual energy. There is no reason for believing that the completion of the process will be followed by a worse result.

The disposal of the fund was a difficult question; but the main object was not so much money as conciliation, and the best scheme would have been that which was most acceptable to the Irish people.

Those who denounce disestablishment as sacrilege, denounce the reform of the Irish land law as confiscation. Anything really deserving the name of confiscation could, of course, be justified only by the same dire exigencies which justify violent revolution. The security of life and the security of property are the first conditions of civilization. But it is sometimes necessary, in the interest of property itself, to control the abuse or even the extreme consequences of ownership. Especially is this the case with regard to land, which is not merely property but the native soil, the country, the basis of national

life. It might not be fatal to the commonweal to permit a dozen Vanderbilts to own bonds and stock sufficient to buy all the land of Rhode Island; but it would be fatal to the commonweal to permit them to buy the land of Rhode Island and evict the inhabitants. To rights of property, however, of all kinds, there must be limits; a government cannot be expected to uphold for ever, by force, that which, though in strictness legal, fills the country with disaffection, and places the nation in constant peril. From causes mainly historical, and which have been partly traced in this paper, Irish landlordism had got into utterly hopeless relations with the people. The State interposed and made the best settlement in its power. It seems that this settlement has been accepted by the mass of the landlords, and that they feel their position to be at least as good as it was before. Nor has it as yet been followed by any of the moral consequences which would have followed confiscation. Property throughout the Empire is felt to be just as secure and as valuable as ever.

Nor is there any occasion for disappointment at the political result. Pacification has not been immediate; but discontent has assumed the milder form of a legal agitation for Home Rule; and no one who knows Ireland can doubt that, by the concession of religious equality, the hearts of a large number of the educated Catholic laity have been ranged on the side of the Government, though there is among the Irish, as among the French, a want of political courage which interferes with the open avowal of conviction. Still the effect is not what it might have been had British justice been swifter of foot. The essay on Irish history and Irish character, mentioned at the head of this paper, concluded with two proposals: the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the reform of the land law. Those proposals, regarded as revolutionary ten years ago, when they were published, have since been carried into effect; that relating to the reform of the land law in a manner more drastic, and more at variance with the ordinary principles of legislation, than the writer would have ventured to suggest. But in the meantime has occurred the Fenian agitation; and concession, by losing all its grace, has lost half its virtue. "Concession to Ireland," say the orators and the organs of reaction, "does no good; the Irish are as discontented as ever." Concession to Ireland has done great good: it has turned the pikes of '93 into the Home Rule orations of '71. But it would have done infinitely more good had it not been delayed by your obstruction. Had Catholic Emancipation been granted when it was proposed by Mr. Pitt, had disestablishment been carried when it was proposed by the Reformers of 1832, the state of Ireland would be very different now.

In effect, however, all grievances have now been removed, except the union. Now the author of this paper will not be accused of being a fanatical advocate of British aggrandizement. He belongs to a school which has incurred a good deal of obloquy by maintaining against the advocates of aggrandizement the principles that extension of territory is not increase of power or happiness, that the law of justice binds nations as well as men, and that morality alone is strong. In common with other adherents of that school, he shrinks from dominion over subject races. When such dominion has been inherited, and we cannot retire from it without allowing anarchy to rush in, we must do the best we can with our heritage; and probably we are doing the best we can in the case of our Indian Empire. Yet it is with reference to that very case that Lord Elgin says in his journal, "It is a terrible business, this living among subject races." "I have seldom," he proceeds, "from man or woman, since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or In-

dians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their salaaming, one feels a little ashamed. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them not as dogs, because in that case we would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course, those who can speak the language are somewhat more *en rapport* with the natives, but very slightly so I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference, the result is frightful—an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of the object of those passions which must be witnessed to be understood and believed." If this had been said by any one of the Manchester School, it would have been denounced as Quakerism, but Lord Elgin was not a Quaker; and the pages of his journal teem with appalling illustrations of the state of feeling which he describes. It is not easy to forget the hideous outbursts of blood-thirsty and tyrannical passion which followed the Sepoy mutiny, and the disturbances in Jamaica. We then saw educated people of both sexes, literary men, men of science, even Christian ministers, degrading themselves to the level of French Terrorists or Malays. We were enabled in some measure to imagine what it had been difficult to imagine before, how nature produced Robespierre and Marat, and those monsters in female shape who used to sit knitting round the guillotine. Exactly the same state of feeling between the dominant race and the subject race prevailed in Ireland under the old Ascendancy régime. Lord Elgin's description of the mental attitude of the Englishmen in India towards the servile native has a counterpart in Arthur Young's description of the habitual treatment of the Irish peasant by the Anglo-Protestant squire. His description of the vengeance of the dominant race and caste after a victory over native insurrection—of the reign of terror which followed the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny at Delhi and elsewhere—has its counterpart in the letters written by Lord Cornwallis, as Viceroy of Ireland, after the rebellion of '93. In one of those letters Lord Cornwallis dwells on the horrors of a state of martial law administered in Ireland (as it was again the other day in Jamaica) by passion and revenge. "All this, however," he says, "is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The Yeomanry . . . . . have served their country, but they now take the lead in rapine and murder. The Irish Militia, with few officers, and those chiefly of the worst kind, follow closely on the heels of the Yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity; and the Fencibles take a share, although much behind hand with the others. The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood; and the conversation even at my table, where, as you will suppose, I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c. And if a priest has been put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland and my wretched situation." In another passage he states that the principal persons of the country, and the members of both Houses of Parliament, are averse to all acts of clemency, and would pursue measures "that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater number of the inhabitants and the destruction of the country." This, be it remarked in passing, is that national Parliament of Ireland, to the patriotic rule of which some Disunionists still look back with wistful eyes. One of the Yeomanry shot an innocent boy, on his own hearthstone, before the eyes of his mother, who clung to the muzzle of the gun; and a court-martial, presided over by a nobleman, found that the ruffian had shot the boy, whom it gratuitously styled a rebel, but without murderous intent. Lord Cornwallis

could only vindicate humanity and the honour of England by breaking up the court and dismissing the murderer from the force. But it is hateful to call up again these gory phantoms of the past. Such are the consequences of a conqueror's rule, of a union of force. That our high civilization affords no moral security against their recurrence, India and Jamaica afford terrible proof. The most loyal of Englishmen, if he understands the highest interests of his country, would wish that rather than those days should return, rather than another representative of the nation should be placed in the situation of Lord Cornwallis, England might be reduced to what she was under Elizabeth, or to what she was in the time of the Heptarchy. This Christianity which we profess, is it a state religion of pontiffs and augurs sanctimoniously licensing the State in any iniquity which it has a mind to commit, or is it a thoroughgoing principle of justice, mercy and goodwill among men?

A free and equal Union with Ireland is the only union that an Englishman who loves his country wisely and morally can desire. Equal the Union already is, so far as legislation can make it so. In no respect is the law of Ireland worse than the law of England; with regard to land, it is much better for the great mass of the people. Ireland has her full share of the representation: she has every security for freedom of election which England possesses; and if her representatives would have stood by each other, and by her, instead of quarrelling among themselves and being bribed from their duty by Galway contracts, justice might have been done in half the time. In the matter of taxation Ireland is treated with special consideration; and, as has been already said, England bears to a great extent the burden of the pauperism which Irish improvidence creates.

On the other hand, it is not so easy to maintain that the Union is free. A free union would virtually have been entered into in 1799, if it had not been for the fatal influence of ecclesiastical bigots and political intriguers playing on the unsound conscience of King George III. If the expectations held out by Pitt through Lord Cornwallis to the Catholics had been fulfilled, there would have been such an acquiescence on the part of the Catholic clergy and the great mass of their people as would have set the moral question at rest for ever. The Catholic clergy and their flocks saw the advantage of being transferred from the local tyranny of the Ascendancy Parliament to Imperial justice; from the rule of the Beresfords and Fitzgibbons to that of Lord Cornwallis. But at the critical moment the King's ear was privily beset by Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, best known to posterity by the sinecure office of £10,000 a year which he transmitted to his son, and Wedderburn, a Christian statesman of whom, when he died, the King himself said, after positively assuring himself of the fact, that so great a rogue was not left in his dominions. To the agency of these two men is clearly traceable the long train of calamity which has followed the forfeiture of Pitt's pledge. Pitt ought to have spurned these intriguers aside; he ought to have held, as a constitutional Minister, firm language to the misguided King: and if he had done so, the King would have given way. But unfortunately Pitt had been made Minister by the personal act of the King against the principles of the Constitution, and the fiend now claimed his bond. To the vote of the Ascendancy Parliament of Ireland we cannot expect Irishmen to ascribe any kind of moral value. That Parliament, in the first place, in no way represented the country: and in the second place, its vote was obtained by lavish bribery, as we know on the evidence of the agents in the transaction. It had treated Ireland as booty, and it sold its booty to Pitt for bags of money, peerage and pensions. There is much to be said in defence of Pitt. He had to get

out of his way an obstacle to the suppression of the vilest of local tyrannies and to the just government of Ireland. It would have been far better if he had been able to do this by force; to say to the Irish Parliament, "Your tyranny and corruption have ended at last in a sanguinary anarchy. You have brought the Empire to the brink of destruction. The time is come when your affairs must be wound up." But even if he had been so minded, the English oligarchy of that day would not have allowed him to take this course. The English oligarchy was the confederate of the Irish oligarchy and its partner in the plunder. Pitt probably had no course open to him but that of buying up the Irish oligarchy, and we may be inclined to justify him in so doing. But Irish patriotism will not regard such a sale as binding: English patriotism would not regard as binding a similar sale of England. English patriotism would not rest till such a sale was cancelled, and England had recovered the free disposal of her own destiny.

On the other hand, that a free union is the best thing for Ireland, as well as for England, is the firm and sincere conviction of the writer of this paper. Placed where she is, and after what has happened, Ireland could hardly be an independent nation living on ordinary terms of amity with England. There are small nations, no doubt, subsisting by the side of great nations—Switzerland, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Portugal—and the inviolability of such nations is the triumph and the pledge of a moral civilization. But in all these cases the small state has been, for ages at least, independent of its powerful neighbour. Belgium had been united to Holland, but it had not, except during the transient ascendancy of Napoleon I., been united to Germany or France. Irish independence would be a disruption, and the relations between her and England would almost inevitably be hostile. In any European contest the two nations would almost certainly be drawn to opposite sides, and the calamities of the sixteenth century might be renewed. If the contest was one between Germany, as the great Protestant power, and France as the leader of Catholicism, the past might repeat itself in a remarkable degree. Ireland would be as Scotland before the Union was — the virtual dependency of some great enemy of England; and like such dependencies in general, she would bear the brunt of every war. When the French Directory proposed to Bonaparte, then meditating the Egyptian expedition, to make one more effort for the liberation of Ireland, his answer was, "Ireland has made a diversion in our favour; what more do you want with her." It may be said that the more powerful nation ought to suffer quietly the destruction of her security and greatness; but we know that as a matter of fact, power would not, and has never done so. Cause enough for war would soon be afforded by Irish animosity, and the reconquest of Ireland would be the result. But what would be the state of Ireland internally after the repeal of the Union? Let Irish patriotism reflect. Ireland is not inhabited only by Catholics and Celts. There is a large population of English Protestants in the east, a large population of Scotch Presbyterians in the north; there are English and Scotch Protestant proprietors scattered all over the country. And these antagonistic elements have been further estranged by long and bitter conflict with each other. What common government could they set up? A Catholic Monarchy? Would the Protestants submit to it? A republic? Would not the Catholics dominate in it, and would the Protestants remain quiet under this domination? When some ultramontane measure was passed, would not they stretch out their hands to their brethren in England and Scotland for aid, and would not that aid be given? A Fenian must be very bloodthirsty who can look forward without remorse to seeing his

country, backed perhaps by some foreign power, engaged in a death struggle with England—England fighting with the energy of despair, and having a strong party of supporters in Ireland itself. Reckless hatred may exult in such a prospect, but only reckless hatred can. And let those Irish Protestants who, because they have been deprived of Ascendancy, are inclined to indulge their resentment by tampering with Disunion, meditate on the prospect as well as the Fenians.

There are some who propose a middle course—what they call a federal union of England and Ireland, with two parliaments under one crown. This seems to be the aim of the Home Rule party. But such a union has been tried, both in the case of England and Scotland, and in that of Ireland herself, which had a separate and independent legislature from the repeal of Poyning's Act to the Union. In both cases it was found intolerable. And if it was intolerable then, much more would it be intolerable now, when the personal government of the sovereign is at an end, and when in point of fact it is Parliament that rules, through the parliamentary advisers of the Crown. The two Parliaments might vote different ways, not only on the most essential questions of home policy, but on questions of peace or war. They might vote different ways on the appointment of a regent. A division of the Parliaments would in fact be a division of the nations, with only a frail thread of nominal union, the snapping of which would very likely be a civil war. Either this would be the result, or a government of the Irish Parliament by intrigue and corruption, such as there was before the Union.

Suppose, then, there were a single Parliament with federal functions, how could we distribute the representation? How could we create anything like a balance of interest and power? What should we have but Ireland always voting against Great Britain and Great Britain always voting Ireland down? Suppose we were to repeal the Union between England and Scotland and make them separate states, as the advocates of Imperial Confederation propose to do; still England would be entitled to more than double the representation of the other two states put together, and a perpetual struggle of the other two states against her would be the result. Peculiar conditions—a pretty numerous group of states, pretty equal among themselves, and strong community of interest—are requisite to constitute a Confederation. It is a difficult structure to rear at best, as the people of the Canadian Dominion have some reason to say already, and may perhaps have more reason hereafter. Besides, in the federal councils of England, Scotland and Ireland, foreign intrigue as well as federal jealousy would always be at work. A bag of vipers is a byword; but it would be concord to this federal union.

British statesmen cannot fail to see that if there is to be a change at all, their policy points to one which shall at least give England the full advantage of separation—which shall enable her, with undivided councils, to take direct measures of precaution against Irish hostility, to protect her people, and especially her working class, if necessary, against the excessive influx of Irish pauper emigration, and to compel the Irish element in England itself, now disaffected and dangerous, to choose between allegiance and departure.

On the other hand, the writer cannot help sympathizing to some extent with the Home Rule movement. He has long thought that Ireland was too much governed from England. He has long thought that England herself was too much governed from London. Centralization, like other agencies in politics, is a thing of which you cannot say absolutely that it is good or bad. It is good for one stage in a nation's growth, and bad for another. It is necessary at one period

in order to unite and civilize: afterwards a reversal of the process may be beneficial. There is great capacity among the British people now for local self-government, and in the more democratic era into which they are apparently advancing, the value of local self-government, both as a basis and as a training school, will be greatly enhanced. Parliament is completely overburdened, and it is difficult to tell how the Queen's Ministers get along under their load of business. The point of absolute breaking down has, in fact, been nearly reached. Then there are questions—public education and the liquor question are perhaps among the number—the difficulty of which arises partly from our having, under the present legislative system, to impose the same solution of them on the whole of a nation, the different sections of which vary very much in circumstances, character, social organization, and aptitude for giving effect to any particular scheme—from having, in fact, to make Manchester and Dorsetshire always march abreast. But Ireland, especially, has peculiarities of all kinds which it is impossible to ignore. She cannot be treated merely as a group of English counties divided from the rest by the Irish Channel. Moreover, thanks to Royal neglect and to the efforts of those who so long obstructed justice, the feeling of separate nationality has assumed so much consistency, and taken so definite a form in patriotic literature and in other ways, that it has probably become necessary to provide for it some sort of satisfaction. A plan suggested some years ago may be again brought forward with the more confidence, since in the interval it has been independently proposed, so far as regards Ireland at least, by a practical statesman of great eminence. It was, instead of a special measure for Ireland, (and special legislation for Ireland should be avoided by unionists and statesmen as far as possible,) to introduce a general measure of increased local self-government for the whole United Kingdom, by incorporating the counties and assigning to their local legislatures power, not only over the county purse, but over such other subjects of legislation as might seem expedient, subject to the supreme authority of Parliament. If the counties in Ireland were deemed too weak to act as legislative units, legislatures might be given to each of the four provinces; and this would have the further advantage of allowing Ulster, which is to a great extent Protestant and Teutonic, to pursue its own course on such subjects as public education. If the unity of the empire is to be preserved, we must preserve the unity of the law; but there seems to be no reason why the Supreme Court of Appeal should not sometimes sit at Dublin. It would be a good thing if Parliament itself could sometimes sit there. British statesmen are unsentimental; and they do not know what a difference it makes with an imaginative people like the Irish never to feel the majestic presence of the great council of the nation. It may be doubted whether even Englishmen would revere Parliament as much as they do if, instead of sitting at Westminster, it sat in College Green.

The Home Rule question will probably come to a head at the next general election. The question of next session is likely to be Irish University Education; and on this subject the Government will have to contend with great difficulties. An extreme Anti-Catholic policy will be pressed upon it by some of its Liberal supporters, and a breach may ensue in the Ministerial ranks, of which advantage will be taken by a Tory Opposition desperate enough to plunge into household suffrage for the purpose of overthrowing the Government. But Liberals must remember that the Prime Minister of England is not a despot or a Bismarck. He must act as the representative of the people, whether the people be Catholic or Protestant. The Catholics of Ireland have votes, and if they insist upon a Separate University Education in Ireland, such as they possess at

Laval in Lower Canada and at their own colleges in the United States, a Separate University Education they must have. For all but Catholics there is a simple solution of the University question. It is the one suggested by the constitution of the English Universities. The English Universities are federations of colleges; the University carrying on the superior teaching through its professors, holding the examinations and conferring degrees; the colleges undertaking the domestic discipline and tuition, with the personal superintendence of the students. As it has happened the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge have hitherto been all Anglican, as before the recent legislation were the Universities also; but they might be of any denomination, and each of them might carry on its own religious system, taking advantage at the same time of the superior teaching, the examinations, degrees, libraries and general apparatus of the University, as well as of that atmosphere of science and learning which a great University creates. The Ritualist founders of Keble College at Oxford have in effect adopted this course, which has the further recommendation, in the eyes of all in whom the sectary has not extinguished the citizen, of preserving the unity of superior education for the youth of the country. But we cannot avoid acknowledging that a Catholic has difficulties in connecting himself even with a neutral University. There is a positive antagonism between Catholicism and modern science, between Catholicism and the philosophy of history, between Catholicism and the free teaching of almost any subject except languages and pure mathematics. It would be hard to avoid theological objections and wars of conscience about University teaching and examinations. Nay, there is something in the very aspect of intellectual authority, independent of the Church, hardly to be brooked by a religion of which the absolute subjection of the intellect to church teaching is the cardinal tenet. However, the fairest and safest guide which a Parliamentary Government can have on this subject is the opinion of the best and most sensible among the Catholics themselves. If such men as Bishop Moriarty, Dr. Russell of Maynooth, and Lord O'Hagan say that on conscientious grounds a Separate University is really essential to Catholics, Government may consider itself warranted in proposing to Parliament to give them their share of the national endowments in that form. And the endowments of Trinity College must be considered national, for the national church was regarded as legally co-extensive with the nation; and it was expected that all non-conformists, both in England and Ireland, would ultimately, and indeed speedily, conform.

There is, however, one special difficulty at the present time in the way of coming to fair terms with the Catholics. Rome is making what Protestants believe to be about her last great effort to crush modern civilization, and regain her lost supremacy over the reason and conscience of the world. The principal organ of this effort is Jesuitism. Jesuitism is dominant in the Councils of Rome. Jesuitism dictated the Syllabus and the Encyclical. Jesuitism called the Œcumenical Council and framed the dogma of Infallibility, which is the dogma of Jesuit supremacy. Jesuitism is at work in every country, organizing a movement, the object of which is the extinction of Protestantism and of modern civilization. This movement has made great progress in some European countries, especially, as we learn on the best authority, in Belgium, where it is getting hold of education, of the polls, of the judiciary, of all the organs of national life. It is advancing in Italy, where the priests, moral gaolers of the Bourbon dungeons while Bourbon despotism lasted, have now received orders to play the demagogue and throw themselves into the elections. It is advancing in Lower Canada, as we saw the other day, when the veil was lifted by the

Jesuit orator, Father Braun; and, if our party organs are silent on the subject, or try indirectly to divert the national mind from it, this is merely an instance of the manner in which Jesuitism gains political influence and paves the way to its ends. The Jesuit comes in time to the polls, the legislature, the judiciary, the executive; but he first lays his hand upon education. In French Canada he is now working for the establishment of a University of his own Order. He was checked for a moment by the resistance of the Gallican clergy, but in the end he will succeed; and the Jesuit University of Montreal will become, like Ingoldstadt in former days, the centre of a crusade against liberty and truth. Now Catholicism is a religion, and under the law of religious equality we are bound, as citizens, to treat it as we would treat any other religion, giving it free course and a fair share in all the advantages of the State. As Christians we are bound to regard it with charity, and to overcome it, not with evil but with good. But Jesuitism is not religion; Jesuitism is, and always was, conspiracy. It conspired of old with Catholic despots for the overthrow of Protestant governments, and of the liberty in which Protestantism has its being. It conspires with factions for the same purposes now. When Bismarck expelled the Jesuits, we were told that he had cruelly banished a set of pious men, entirely engaged in performing the offices of religion, ministering to the sick and educating the poor. In which of these pious offices were the Jesuits engaged when they secured by their intrigues the arms of Philip II. and prepared the way in England for the Armada; when they dictated to Louis XIV. the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the extermination of the French Protestants; when they instilled into English Catholics the treasonable sentiments which led to the conspiracy of Guy Fawkes; when they filled the Swiss Confederation with malignant jealousies, brought it at last to civil war, and compelled a Republic in which Catholic and Protestant have long dwelt together at peace, to send the Order over the frontier; when, the other day, they instigated the French invasion of Germany, for the purpose of destroying a great Protestant power? Those machinations against German unity, which they were continuing to carry on, and which brought down Bismarck's heavy hand upon the authors of them, did they belong to the duty of performing religious offices, or of educating the poor, or of ministering to the sick? The Jesuit has no country, no tie or restraint of patriotism, no regard for the nation on which he operates, no compunction in bringing on it war or any other calamity, provided he can quench its free life, and turn it into one of those living corpses which Loyola enjoined his disciples to be. He strangles free communities as offerings to his Spanish deity, as human beings have been immolated by those fanatical Eastern sectaries, whose devotion of body and soul to their secret society or chief equals that of the Jesuit to Loyola. The very mystery with which he shrouds himself is a proof that he is a conspirator; honesty, even honest fanaticism, never shrinks from the light of day. Against conspiracy society has a right to guard itself, though it has none to interfere with the exercise or the propagation of any religion. The main object of a Jesuit University would not be education but intrigue. It would be a centre, established by the nation, of conspiracy against the national life. The British Parliament is bound to refuse its sanction to the establishment of a Jesuit University or a University to which Jesuits are to be admitted; so is any Canadian Legislature, and the Dominion Parliament, if the question ever comes before it, as the case of the New Brunswick School Act shows that such questions may.

To efface the past, to unite Ireland firmly to England, is a hard task for British statesmen. They have to carry it on in face, not

only of internal difficulties, but of the hypocritical intrigues of every enemy of Great Britain. But let them walk steadily in the path of Justice, and do right, even though at the time it should seem to be to their own hindrance. No measure of justice, even in the case of Ireland, has yet really failed to produce its effect. However good the conduct of British rulers may be, they will not get credit with Fenians, or Father Burke, or from America, or France or Russia, or, perhaps, at first from the Irish people. But they will get credit with the Power that upholds right, and their policy will be wise with the wisdom that does not err, and strong with the strength that does not fail.

SONGS.

(*From* "LOVE IS ENOUGH," *the new work of* WILLIAM MORRIS, *Author of* "*The Earthly Paradise.*")

LOVE IS ENOUGH: though the World be a-waning
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder;
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over,
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter;
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

* * * * * * * * *

Love is enough: have no thought for to-morrow
If ye lie down this even in rest from your pain,
Ye who have paid for your bliss with great sorrow;
For as it was once so it shall be again.
Ye shall cry out for death as ye stretch forth in vain

Feeble hands to the hands that would help but they may not,
Cry out to deaf ears that would hear if they could;
Till again shall the change come, and words your lips say not
Your hearts make all plain in the best wise they would,
And the world ye thought waning is glorious and good:

And no morning now mocks you, and no nightfall is weary,
The plains are not empty of song and of deed:
The sea strayeth not, nor the mountains are dreary;
The wind is not helpless for any man's need,
Nor falleth the rain but for thistle and weed.

O surely this morning all sorrow is hidden,
All battle is hushed for this even at least;
And no one this noontide may hunger, unbidden,
To the flowers and the singing and the joy of your feast
Where silent ye sit midst the world's tale increased.

Lo, the lovers unloved that draw nigh for your blessing!
For your tale makes the dreaming whereby yet they live
The dreams of the day with their hopes of redressing,
The dreams of the night with the kisses they give,
The dreams of the dawn wherein death and hope strive.

Ah what shall we say then, but that earth threatened often
Shall live on for ever that such things may be,
That the dry seed shall quicken, the hard earth shall soften,
And the spring-bearing birds flutter north o'er the sea,
That earth's garden may bloom round my love's feet and me?

* * * * * * * * *

Love is enough: it grew up without heeding
In the days when ye knew not its name nor its measure,
And its leaflets untrodden by the light feet of pleasure
Had no boast of the blossom, no sign of the seeding,
As the morning and evening passed over its treasure.

And what do ye say then?—that Spring long departed
Has brought forth no child to the softness and showers;—
That we slept and we dreamed through the Summer of flowers;
We dreamed of the Winter, and waking dead-hearted,
Found Winter upon us and waste of dull hours.

Nay, Spring was o'er happy and knew not the reason,
And Summer dreamed sadly, for she thought all was ended
In her fulness of wealth that might not be amended;
But this is the harvest and the garnering season,
And the leaf and the blossom in the ripe fruit are blended.

It sprang without sowing, it grew without heeding,
Ye knew not its name and ye knew not its measure,
Ye noted it not 'mid your hope and your pleasure;
There was pain in its blossom, despair in its seeding,
But daylong your bosom now nurseth its treasure.

* * * * * * * * *

Love is enough: draw near and behold me—
Ye who pass by the way to your rest and your laughter,
And are full of the hope of the dawn coming after;
For the strong of the world have bought me and sold me
And my house is all wasted from threshold to rafter.
—Pass by me, and hearken, and think of me not!

Cry out and come near, for my ears may not hearken,
And my eyes are grown dim as the eyes of the dying.
Is this the gray rack o'er the sun's face a-flying?
Or is it your faces his brightness that darken?
Comes a wind from the sea, or is it your sighing?
—Pass by me and hearken, and pity me not!

Ye know not how void is your hope and your living:
Depart with your helping lest yet ye undo me!
Ye know not that at nightfall she draweth near to me,
There is soft speech between us and words of forgiving,
Till in dead of the midnight her kisses thrill through me.
—Pass by me and hearken, and waken me not!

Wherewith will ye buy it, ye rich who behold me?
Draw out from your coffers your rest and your laughter,
And the fair gilded hope of the dawn coming after!
Nay this I sell not,—though ye bought me and sold me,—
For your house stored with such things from threshold to rafter.
—Pass by me, I hearken, and think of you not!

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Grit party has put on its armour at a grand banquet, under the presidency of its Extra-Parliamentary chief. The speeches were able, the cheers were hearty, and the denunciations of the foe were loud, but little transpired as to the policy or the prospects of the party. Its prospects depend upon the effect of the arguments which the leaders of both parties have, no doubt, been emulously addressing to the reason and conscience of the independent members for the Lower Provinces. No encouraging sign from those gentlemen appeared at the Grit banquet. It was rather ominously announced, some days before, that distance would preclude their presence; but they might have sent letters of adhesion, which, we will venture to say, would have been read amidst the loudest applause. If independence has determined to "stay bought," the Government will open the session with a safe majority of fifteen or twenty, which will probably increase as the session goes on.

Looking at the matter from a national point of view, we should find it difficult to form a strong wish for the triumph of either party. Whichever wins, Faction will reign. Faction will shape the public policy according to its own exigencies. Faction, not merit, will make the appointments. Fidelity to Faction will prevail over duty to the nation. The most obvious and certain result of a change of Government under the party system unfortunately is that there is a new set of partisans to be fed.

In vain we looked through the speeches of the Grit leaders for the enunciation of any principle forming a permanent ground of division on which a party can be rationally and morally based. They vigorously impugned special acts of the Government, and, in our opinion, there was much justice in their complaints. The refusal of a reform of the Election Law, the manner in which the Elections were conducted on the part of the Administration, the personal demeanour of the Prime Minister, not only on one unfortunate occasion but throughout the campaign, the tampering with the principles of representation in the cases of British Columbia and Manitoba, the agreement binding us to construct the Pacific Railway without proper surveys or definite estimates, and the defiance of constitutional rules in which the Prime Minister, while backed by a large majority, indulged with regard to the position of members of the Legislature who might compromise its independence by taking part in the Pacific contracts, are most serious grounds of mistrust, and such as no lover of his country can contemplate without being filled with the gravest anxiety for her future. But all these are special acts of the present Administration; not organic questions, or permanent differences of national opinion. They furnish, severally and collectively, reason for criticizing, for watching, perhaps for censuring, possibly for overthrowing the Government. They furnish no reason for calling upon all the inhabitants of the Dominion to divide themselves into two organized factions eternally waging political war upon each other. No body of citizens maintains that Government ought to be corrupt, that bad election laws ought to be upheld, that the representation ought to be tampered with, or that jobs ought to be perpetrated in connection with public works. The Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was guilty of corruption by selling Masterships in Chancery; and was impeached accordingly. If the English Government of the day had identified itself with his malpractices it would have been itself attacked, and, if public morality was sound, it would have fallen. But the British nation would not have orga-

nized itself for ever into two parties, one in favour of selling Masterships in Chancery and the other opposed to it.

Party is, to a certain extent, the necessary instrument of organic change. The political history of England has consisted of a series of organic changes through which the nation has been passing, from Tudor despotism to Elective Government, and which has not yet terminated; the hereditary peerage, the remaining restrictions on the franchise, and the Established Church being still subjects of contention. Thus Party in England has been morally justified, and allegiance to a party has been rendered compatible with the paramount duty of a citizen; while for the same reason party leaders have retained some dignity of character, and the corruption by which alone mere factions are held together, has to some extent been kept at bay. But in this country, since the inauguration of Elective Government with an extended suffrage, and of religious equality, no really organic question has remained. If there is one, it is that relating to the mode of appointment to the Senate; and on this question, strange to say, the real leader of the so-called Reform party is on the side opposed to Reform. Not only so, but he is personally responsible for what it would scarcely be an exaggeration to describe as the most reactionary measure carried by legislative means in any country during the last fifty years.

Go to a party banquet in England and read the mottoes with which the room is adorned. You will find that they are expressions of a real antagonism of opinion, that they denote great legislative innovations which, as the case may be, the party advocates or resists. But what were the mottoes at the Grit banquet? Emblazoned, we are told, in the most conspicuous place in the room, were "two prime Reform sentiments." These two sentiments were "Representation by Population the basis of our National fabric" and "Efficiency and Economy in every department of the Public Service." What body of men in the country, if questioned as to the principle, would not say the same? Then follows a string of secondary mottoes:—"Purity of Elections enforced by Law"—"Thorough Diffusion of Popular Education by National Institutions"—"The promotion of public works conducive to the prosperity of the whole people"—"The principle of a Money Payment for the concession of Territorial Rights has ever been repugnant to the feelings of the Canadian people"—"Provincial Expenditures from Provincial Revenues"—"Total separation of Church and State." It is obvious that these are either commonplaces to which everybody would assent, or, as in the case of the Pacific guarantee, allusions to acts of the Government, which, whether good or bad, are confined to a particular matter and involve no general principle of antagonism on which a party can be based. The last of the series indeed might have a very important meaning if it pointed to the tithes and other ecclesiastical imposts in the Lower Province: but the debate on the New Brunswick School Act furnished a clear indication that the Grits are too much trammelled by their Roman Catholic alliance to venture to move in that direction.

The formation of a Coalition Government marked the definitive close, in this country, of the struggle for organic change, and, consequently, of any rational justification for dividing our people into two hostile camps, and labouring through the press and in every other way to keep up dissension and ill-feeling between them. But it did not put an end to the game of politics or to the excitement which engrosses the souls of those who have once played at that game as completely as *rouge et noir* engrosses the soul of the ordinary gambler. Nor did it put an end to the rivalries which in fact broke up the Coalition Government, and which have been, to a great extent, the mainspring of the party conflict ever since.

We dwell on this subject of Government

by faction, because now, on the eve of a great faction fight, is the time to direct public attention to it, and because it is one of urgent and supreme importance. An honest, stable and vigorous administration, in the interest of the whole community, while it is essential to the well-being of any country, is especially essential to the well-being of Canada, and will give her an incalculable advantage in her race with her vast and opulent, but faction-ridden and faction-corrupted rival on this continent. It is satisfactory to see that the awakening of the public mind has commenced, and that the discussion is going on. The literary advocates of the system have singularly enough pointed to St. Paul as its type and examplar. St. Paul, we are told, was an excellent party man. Not only was he an excellent party man, but what was still better, he was an excellent Grit, while St. Peter was a Ministerialist, and would accordingly have come in for hard measure in the speeches at the Grit banquet. No doubt St. Paul was an excellent party man! No doubt he devoted his life to the work of organizing a party against St. Peter, pushing himself and his partisans into power and place, driving out St. Peter and his adherents from church offices, and keeping together a following by wire-pulling, gerrymandering and a judicious use of patronage! No doubt he preached party morality, and entreated his supporters to draw the party lines sharp, enforce party discipline, and go it blind! No doubt he had a party journal to puff him and traduce St. Peter every morning! This is exactly the notion of him which we get from the Acts and his Epistles! We should have thought that St. Paul was the pattern of that which is exactly the opposite to a party man—a man who, having a great principle to advocate, as St. Paul had in the Council of Jerusalem, advocates it earnestly, but declines to cabal or canvass even on behalf of that principle, and, having gained his cause, absolutely merges himself again in the community and positively refuses to lend his name as the symbol of any narrower organization. We should have thought that if ever the spirit of party had been condemned in burning words it had been so condemned by him. St. Paul! Surely people must have become to a singular extent biased by habit before they could compare the Apostle, contending for Christian liberty, to the leader of a band of political adventurers scuffling for place, tripping their rivals up with intrigue, bribery and slander, and calling it the advocacy of great principles and the only mode of arriving at political truth.

If remote historical types of party spirit are in request, perhaps we can point to one more applicable than the Apostle of the Gentiles. In Florence the Guelph party, having gained the ascendency over the Ghibellines, carried the party system to its highest perfection. They had four magistrates appointed, called Captains of the Guelph party. These men, whom a native historian discribes as "born for the public ruin," caused a law to be passed under which any citizen holding any office in the Commonwealth might be either openly or secretly accused before the tribunal of the Captains of the Guelph party of being Ghibelline, *or not genuine Guelph.* If the accusation was supported by six credible witnesses, the accused might be condemned to death or fined at the discretion of the Captains. In either case the person so condemned and his defendants were for ever incapacitated from holding any office in the State. No proof of the innocence of the accused could be received. To make the pattern perfect, we have only to add that the name Guelph had by that time become as devoid of meaning in Florence as Grit or anti-Grit is among ourselves. The opponents of free Government have alleged that Florence fell in spite of the ardent patriotism of her citizens because she was a democracy. "The statement," says an eminent historian, "is profoundly erroneous. The gross want of pa-

triotism among her leading men was fatal to her; again and again all but fatal, and finally utterly fatal. True, these men, Guelphs and Ghibellines, Bianchi and Neri, loved Florence, were proud of her greatness, and ready to give of their substance or of their blood to rescue it. They loved Florence, but they loved revenge on and ascendency over their political adversaries far better. The two loves were not compatible, and they deliberately again and again gave the preference to the latter."

We are told that party is not only a political but a metaphysical necessity, "people being so constituted as to differ and differ rationally on most subjects." We do not find that in Grit orations people of the opposite party get much credit for the rationality of their difference; as there painted they are rather fools or malefactors than instances of a providential arrangement and fulfilments of a providential design. No doubt people are so constituted as to differ; at least till discussion or experiment brings them to an agreement; but the shades of difference are innumerable, and melt into each other by the most imperceptible degrees. To divide all the world into two parties by the constitution of their minds is preposterous; you must have parties without number, as many parties, in fact, as there are minds. It is the bisection of a rainbow, the demarcation of a wave. And why does nobody think of applying the system to any subject but politics? Differences of mental constitution are manifested not only in relation to political questions but in relation to questions of science, of literature, of art, of economical and social arrangement. Why are not parties organized for the promotion of scientific or literary or economical truth? The answer is that they would be organized if lucrative offices, titles and patronage were to be obtained by so doing. They would in that case be organized on all subjects, and whereas the main object of those who take part in discussion now is to produce agreement, the object would then be, as it is with the leaders of political factions, to perpetuate difference of opinion. Another consequence would follow; the largest and most generous minds, repelled by the ignoble strife, would leave the service of Science as they do now that of the public, and the narrowest and most selfish, the meet slaves of Faction, would take their place. We can see this and other consequences of government by faction in the case of the United States—why should we ignore them in our own?

No party can be placed more above the ordinary inducements to factiousness than the Conservative party in England. It is a party consisting for the most part of men who have a great stake in the country, whose social position is high, and who are personally indifferent to office. Its position, in presence of advancing Democracy, is critical, and such as can hardly fail to infuse unusual sobriety into its councils. Yet this party was brought to vote unanimously for household suffrage, in the very face of the recently recorded convictions of every member of it, solely for the purpose of ousting the other party from power. The election addresses, in which the Conservatives had protested against any great extension of the franchise as ruinous to the national institutions, must have been fresh in the minds of every one of them as he walked into the lobby to vote for a larger extension than "Jack Cade" himself had proposed. And in this sacrifice of principle to faction they were led by Lord Derby. If an Earl with two hundred thousand a year, a Knight of the Garter and the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, will "take a leap in the dark" with the highest interests of his country, for the sake of "dishing the Whigs," what can we expect of the men who "go into politics" in a country like ours.

In all the manœuvring and mud-throwing of which Ottawa will soon be the scene, the paramount object, as everybody knows, will

be not the public good, but the retention or capture of the offices of Government by a certain group of men. In the excitement of the struggle, while personal hatred mingles its fury with political ambition, all regard for anything but victory will be lost even in breasts naturally patriotic. The violence and recklessness of the fray are ever increasing, and it is always drawing the vital interests of the country more into its vortex. From appointments to offices and Silver Islet jobs, it has now extended to subjects so great and momentous as the Treaty with British Columbia and the Pacific Railway. Canada has not the vast resources and the boundless recuperative power which enable the United States to endure with comparative impunity the excesses of faction. Ruin threatens our commonwealth, unless our people can fling off the superstitious belief, which mere habit has impressed on them, that while all other governments—those of municipalities, corporations, societies and communities of every kind—can be administered impartially and in the interest of all concerned, the government of a nation can only be administered sectionally and in the interest of a section; and unless we can at the same time get rid of the correlative notion that while common integrity is expected in every other trust, in the highest trust of all roguery is inevitable and honour a Utopian dream. Nor will the mischief be confined to the political sphere. The demoralization which commences there extends by the contagion of sentiment as well as by corrupt agencies of a more direct kind to our commercial and social life. The restraints of principle are weakened everywhere, and the clerk in the merchant's office, as well as the journalist and the political aspirant, learns to talk of scoundrelism with a leer, and to worship the triumphant rogue. We once more point to the condition of the United States as the mirror, not we trust of what we are, but of what we may soon be.

There is, as we have said before, a simple and obvious remedy, not indeed for all political evils, but for those great and growing evils which have their source in the system of making the Government the prize of a perpetual struggle between two contending parties. It is, instead of allowing the Cabinet to be irregularly nominated by the faction which chances to have a majority for the time being, to enact that it shall be regularly elected by the whole Parliament, with a proper system of rotation to keep the executive in harmony with the Legislative, and a minority clause to prevent the ascendency of sections. It is said that the proposal of a minority clause recognizes the necessary existence of party. It recognizes party as an evil tendency against which it will always be necessary to guard. With government by faction, corruption of the kind which government by faction entails, especially in elections, will be swept away. For corruption of other kinds, we repeat, an application of the criminal law, administered by a suitable tribunal and with due facilities for setting public justice in motion, will be found the proper cure. The vaunted vigilance of rival factions is no safeguard against corruption at all, as any one who will look at the facts as they present themselves here or in the United States, instead of repeating the platitudes of conventional optimism, may easily discern. Faction merely raises, by its reckless invective, a cloud of indiscriminate slander under which real guilt escapes scot-free, while the social atmosphere is filled with malignant suspicion and the public is habituated to a daily feast of calumniated reputations.

The Grit party is singular in being pre-eminently the party of a journal, the organ of the leader who presided at the Grit banquet, and who, through that organ, directs and wields the party in conformity with his own views and his own antipathies, virtually designating its Parliamentary chiefs. Such is the popular impression, with which all the

visible symptoms accord. In the case of some of the ostensible leaders of the party in Parliament the connection could not be more complete if they were actually on the staff of the journal. Not only does the journal constantly show its knowledge of the party councils, by publication of programmes and appointments in advance of its fellows, but it shapes the party policy, as was especially manifest in the case of the Washington Treaty. No reflection on anybody is implied in the statement of the fact. It could not fail to be so when the old leader commands the organ, the support of which is to all the subordinates the breath of political life. But it is a bad thing for the party, as the Parliamentary leaders must already feel, and as they will feel to a still greater degree as soon as their feet touch the steps of power. No nation looks up with pride or with entire confidence to a Government which is believed not to be its own master. In this respect Mr. Blake's renunciation of office, if he persists in it, will be peculiarly injurious to his cause. He has succeeded not only in attracting to himself a considerable amount of personal enthusiasm, but in convincing the people that he has force enough to secure his independence. The public fondly attributed to his jibbing a temporary departure from the scene which we fear was due only to the weakness of his health. So long as the contest is supposed to be between two old rivals, one of whom challenges the combat in the open field, while the other keeps in retirement, the Minister will always be able to make a telling appeal to the popular heart against the subterranean machinations of his foe. The people care for the so-called principles as little as the politician himself—less perhaps, for the politician, in his oratoric moments, probably works himself up into a frame of mind which simulates belief. They look upon the contest, the real object of which they instinctively apprehend, pretty much as a cockfight, and their personal sympathy is with the more pugnacious bird.

—In Mr. Blake's speech at the banquet there was one passage of much more importance than the rest of the after-dinner utterances, especially considering that he has recently returned from intercourse with English statesmen. "He believed that the discussions upon the Treaty, and the feeling with respect to it both here and in the mother country, in reference to the general Colonial question, would tend—and perhaps in that case good might come out of evil—to some solution calculated to perpetuate what we all desired—the intimate union of the British Empire. He did not believe that Canada would be long prepared to have her interests disposed of without her having a voice in the disposal of them. And he did not believe that she was prepared to say that the mode in which she was to acquire that voice was by a disruption of the Empire. We looked to a brighter future—to the reorganization of the Empire on another basis, which would open to us a wider and higher destiny as a member of the great British Empire." In a speech made immediately after his return to this country Mr. Blake threw out an intimation of the same kind, coupled, if he was correctly reported, with a pretty strong expression of opinion as to the irrational character of the present Colonial system. On that occasion he said that he should feel degraded in nationality if he were only a Canadian. Without cavilling at his words, or pretending to believe that his attachment to Canada is less strong than ours, we may say that even if a man were only a Canadian he need not be ashamed of his country. Nations, far inferior to ours both in physical advantages and in the moral qualities of the people, have been famous names in history and worthy mothers of great men. But not to dwell on this, we trust we may infer from Mr. Blake's words that the question of Imperial Confederation is at last about to emerge from its nebulous state, and to become a definite subject of parliamentary consideration. There will never be a

fairer opportunity than the present. No angry question is open between the mother country and the colonies,—the feeling on both sides is on the whole excellent, and the world is at peace. Such a concurrence of favourable circumstances may not present itself again. To-morrow war may break out in Europe. Russia may come down on India, or the progress of the tariff question may embroil the government of some colony with that of the mother country. Now is the time for a statesman to take up practically that with which so many of them have theoretically played. Now is the time either to show that Imperial Confederation is possible, and put it in the way of realization, or, if it be found impracticable, to clear it once and for all out of the way, and let its misty presence cloud our perception of our own destiny no more.

—The enthusiasts of Imperial Confederation are in the habit of pouring contumely on the recent Colonial policy of England as sordid, mean, cowardly, and altogether unworthy of a great nation. A notable specimen of this kind of writing is furnished by a recent article entitled "Empire or no Empire" in Fraser's Magazine. It is desirable that those who hold this magnificent language should have their own schemes brought to the test, and that outpourings of petulant ingratitude against the mother country shall be brought to an end. Careful inquirers more than one, Bastiat among the number, have come to the conclusion that the task which England has undertaken of training colonies under the parental tutelage is a hopeless task; and that the only sound system of colonization was that of the Greeks who took the sacred fire from the maternal hearth, and set up for themselves at once as independent states, retaining only the tie of filial affection to the mother country. They deem it unfortunate for Old England that the founders of New England should have drawn with them across the Atlantic that thread of feudal allegiance, the rupture of which at a later period, though inevitable, could hardly have taken place without a quarrel. But taking things as they are, and regarding the conduct of England as that of an imperial nation dealing with colonial dependencies, it may safely be said that her policy has not only been superior both in magnanimity and wisdom to that of any other nation in similar circumstances, but that it stands alone and unapproached in history. Let us not allow loose language about the Treaty of Washington, or any other subject of temporary disagreement, to render us forgetful of our debt to our mother country, or to tempt us to traduce our own honour by reflecting on that of the illustrious commonwealth from which we spring. Nothing will look more ignoble in the pages of future history than the malignant hatred with which the American Colonists of England, heirs as they are of the rich heritage of her free institutions, nursing their temporary quarrel with her, continue to pursue their fatherland.

But there is no denying the fact that diplomatic tutelage is fast becoming almost as difficult and as pregnant with causes of strife as political tutelage was in former times. Mr. Blake says that Canada will not be content any longer to have her dearest interests disposed of without having a voice in their disposal. He might say the same of any other adult Colony. Evidently disputes on the subject of commercial treaties are in store in the case of Australia. It is impossible that the diplomacy of England should continue to suit the Colonies, because the diplomacy of England is in fact shaped by the Parliament of England, in which the Colonies are not represented. A despotic government may possibly act in the interest of its distant dependencies as entirely as in that of the country which is its immediate seat; but the scope of action in the case of a representative assembly must be bounded by the views of the constituents. And the English constituencies neither know, nor

can be expected to know, much about any country but their own. They are occupied, like other people, with their own business, they have not leisure to attend to the business of people on the other side of the Atlantic or at the Antipodes, however kindly may be their feeling towards their kinsmen when anything occurs specially to call it forth. "It is of very great importance to me," wrote Lord Elgin when Governor-General of Canada, "to have the aid of a sound public opinion from without to help me through my difficulties here; and as I utterly despair of receiving any such assistance from England (I allude not to the Government but to the public, which never looks at us except when roused by fear ignorantly to condemn) it is of incalculable importance that I should obtain this support from America." A most pregnant and ominous admission! We have no right to blame the English people. In spite of all the fabulous anecdotes current on the subject, they know a good deal more about us than we know about our kinsmen and fellow-subjects in Victoria or at the Cape of Good Hope. But the general fact is so; and when a question arises (as in the Oregon case) between the territorial interests of Canada and the commercial interests of the British taxpayer, the British taxpayer alone being represented in Parliament we must expect the interests of Canada to go to the wall. Perhaps the ordinary British tradesman, farmer or man of business ought to be a knight-errant eager to embrace any occasion of sacrificing himself and his family for the sake of an idea; but as a matter of fact he is not, and he has many companions in his baseness. If it came to the point he would fight for a colony—of that there would be no doubt; but he will give up a good deal of territory that he has never seen or heard of, and from which he does not expect ever to receive a sixpence, rather than incur that disagreeable necessity. And can we Canadians lay our hands on our hearts and say that we would see our commerce destroyed and let our homes be imperilled rather than consent to the cession of a slice of Bahar or Rohilcund. Perhaps some of our readers hardly know exactly where Bahar and Rohilcund are. Yet they are possessions which more directly touch the material (we do not say the moral) interests of the British tax-payer than any colonial dependency. It is easy, by culling all the editorials favourable to the Colonies from the English papers and printing them together, to produce an appearance of great excitement on the subject among the British people. But how deep does the excitement go? Were those editorials read by half as many people or with half as much avidity as those in the next column on the Claimant or the strike of the gas stokers? What is of far more consequence, what is the amount of steady and intelligent attention to Colonial subjects? Whoever saw a Colonial journal or magazine in anybody's hands in an English reading-room or club? When did an election, when did even a single vote turn upon a Colonial question? Were the Colonies ever a prominent subject in a party manifesto or even in a candidate's address? A person who had taken a very active part in Colonial discussions, and had become specially identified with a particular view, has been heard to say that in half a dozen negotiations which he had with different constituencies, not the slightest allusion was ever made to the subject. That a British Parliament, therefore, or a Cabinet which is the organ of a British Parliament, should ever act for a Colony as vigorously as it acts for England, and guard Colonial interests with the same care as English, seems past hope, however loud and however sincere the professions of British statesmen and British journalists may be.

But besides this, there are strong reasons why Canada in connection with the other Colonies should welcome a change which, if she can never aspire to be a nation herself, would make her an integral part of a na

tion. At present she is a dependency; a dependency with a large measure of self-government it is true, but still a dependency, and not a nation. And she feels and exemplifies the evil of that condition. There is a comparative poverty of spirit among her sons. We fancy that Englishmen despise us when in point of fact it is we that half despise ourselves; and the reason for this self-depreciation is not that the territory of Canada is narrow, or her resources small, or her people deficient in strength either of sinew or of brain, but that she is not a nation. National spirit can no more be infused into the body of a dependency, however well protected and well fed, than the spirit of a lion can be infused into the body of an ox. A Colonist is not truly proud of his country or of anything belonging to her. Stamp anything, whether it be an article of manufacture or a literary work, Colonial, and you lower it in his eyes. Be it what it may, he prefers to it an inferior article which bears the stamp of England. He does not really regard the Colony as a country. When he leaves it, he says that he is going home. Immigrants, whether British or of any other nation, are not absorbed as they are in the United States, because there is no nationality to absorb them. They remain half strangers and sojourners, often depreciating the land of their exile. Our great merchants and financiers regard the Colony as a place in which money is to be made, and when made carried off to be enjoyed "at home." In the United States rich men expend their wealth to a very remarkable extent in public objects which bring them social consideration and perpetuate their names. In England they at least expend it among the people by whose labour it is has been made, and, if they are ambitious, in competing for native honours. But the rich Colonist seldom founds public institutions, nor does he even expend his wealth among those who have made it, or in competing for anything which a Colony can afford. His aim is a house in May Fair and a place in the society of an English county. England is now full of returned colonists who seek to identify themselves with the local aristocracy, and necessarily diffuse a low estimate of the society against which they are known, as soon as their money-bags were filled, to have shaken off the dust of their feet. If anything like contempt for things Colonial exists among the people of the mother country, this is its main source. Your Colonial heiress goes home to find a worthy match; a marriage with a Colonist would be a marriage of disparagement. Nor is the mere exportation of our wealth by any means the worst part of the matter. The worst part of the matter is the comparative indifference of many of our wealthiest and most influential men to the welfare of the country while they remain in it. When they have swept their money from the board, why should they care what state of things they leave behind? Not even our statesmen are thoroughly identified with the country. Downing Street and its honours are always sufficiently before their eyes to produce at least a perceptible effect on their political character. They have an aim beyond the interest, and a hope beyond the gratitude, of the nation which they serve. We must be permitted to add that Downing Street sometimes acts in the distribution of its honours as though services to the Colony were by no means the standard of desert.

Meantime, in the case of Canada, a sinister process is silently going on. The German, French and Italian cantons of Switzerland, firmly bound together by nationality in spite of their diversity of race and language, have no tendency to break the union or to gravitate to the great kindred masses on which they border, and to which, ethnologically speaking, they respectively belong. But Canada has no such moral safeguard of her independent existence; she has no national spirit sufficiently strong to repel for ever the attraction of a great homogeneous mass. Ac-

cordingly any one who will look closely may observe the progress of a moral annexation which, under the pressure of commercial distress or other accidental causes, may any day lead to a political catastrophe. The line of demarcation is being blurred by the constant migration of Canadians into the States and the settlement of Americans for commercial purposes among ourselves. Our railroads and our commerce generally are falling to a great extent into American hands, and in these days, where commercial influence is, there, in spite of laws and constitutions, will political power be also. American literature overflows us and meets no strong barrier of national taste to check its inroads. General assimilation of every kind, if not visible to our own eyes, is visible enough to those who observe us from without. It is true that among the people of British Canada, especially in the rural districts, there is a decided Anti-American feeling, which the Americans have been kind enough to keep alive by fostering Fenianism and by offering Canada every annoyance and insult in their power. But this antipathy is not a rampart of adamant—it falls down at the clinking of a purse. A wealthy American comes over the line, is naturalized at once, scatters about a little money, and takes his seat in Parliament for as loyal a county as any in the Dominion. The belief that annexation would be commercially advantageous to us, is constantly in the minds of our people and not seldom on their lips. Even the writer of the paper in *Fraser* to which we have referred, amid all his rampant Imperialism and heroic disregard of sordid objects, dallies ominously with the idea of the rise in the value of Canadian property which, as he fancies, annexation would produce. The patriotism which is the offspring of an assured nationality banishes such temptations from the thoughts. The Genevans do not indulge in calculations of the commercial profit which they would reap by ceasing to belong to Switzerland and being annexed to France. We have been speaking of British Canada. As to French Canada, there is no reason why it should not under the influence of a confirmed nationality be as completely identified with British Canada as French and Catholic Valais is with German and Protestant Zurich. But at present its attachment to the Confederation is merely of a negative kind. We support what is to all intents and purposes a Roman Catholic establishment in Quebec, and for the sake of this establishment and of seclusion from the anti-sacerdotal influences of American society, the clergy inculcate on their flocks tranquil allegiance to the British Crown. That they do not succeed in producing any feeling more enthusiastic seems to be proved by the musters of the militia of the lower Province on the occasion of the last Fenian raid. But French Canada is being Americanized—it is even being rapidly Americanized—through the French peasants who, driven in large numbers by the penury of their own country to seek employment in the neighbouring States, still keep up their connection with their old home and become channels of American sentiments, and we believe in many cases, of a mental independence very inimical to the ascendency of the priests. We have called attention more than once to the train of ecclesiastical events which appears to be opening in Quebec, and which in its onward course may profoundly alter the position of the national clergy, and perhaps lead one party among them to think that their best hope for the future lies in union with the great mass of Irish Ultramontaneism in the United States. At best, French Canada consents to union with us only on the condition of our recognizing and respecting her separate nationality. She has not fairly cast in her lot with ours, or entered into a union of hearts. Any measure therefore, which will invest us with a really national character, and infuse into all the members of the Confederation the spirit of a thoroughly united, vigorous, self-reliant and

self-respecting nationality, will be welcome as pregnant with much good and as the means of averting a great evil.

We are not called upon here to discuss the practicability of the plan. Some of the advocates of Imperial Confederation have declined to commit themselves to any definite proposals. Others have committed themselves to definite proposals which will scarcely find a seconder. A seconder will scarcely be found in Great Britain at least for the proposal to dissolve the union between England, Scotland and Ireland, in order to reduce to federal elements the materials of the Confederation and create a balance of power among its members. The gates of Bedlam would open wide for any British statesman who, for the sake of a political union with the Antipodes, should consent to a dismemberment of the United Kingdom in the face of menacing enmities, and in the midst of a world in arms. Nor does it seem to us that the difficulties which presented themselves to the mind of Burke have practically lost much of their force. A British member of Parliament the other day, on his return from a visit to this Dominion, reported to an applauding audience that he had found Canada no farther distant from England than Scotland was in the Middle Ages. But this gentleman must use a historical atlas not in the hands of ordinary students. If, by the introduction of steam and electricity communication has been made more rapid, the march of events has been accelerated also. In the case of each of the three last great European wars the thunderbolt fell out of a clear sky. Before Europe knew what was coming, vast armies, their movements winged by all the appliances of modern science, were moving to battles which swiftly decided the fate of nations. Short would be the notice of French aggression on Belgium, or of German aggression on Holland. Short would be the shrift of India if Russia's ambition had resolved to swoop upon its long coveted prey. Even the Allan Line would scarcely bear the representatives of Canada to the Federal Council of the Empire in time to provide against the storm. Some have suggested that the Colonial members of the Federal Parliament should be always resident in England, so as to be ready for all contingencies. But, in that case, how would they keep up their relations with their constituents? And what sort of representatives would they be? There are few men of leisure in the Colonies, and our men of business could scarcely afford to reside in England for the whole term of a Parliament. We have our misgivings, too, as to the willingness of Colonists to be taxed for Federal armaments, the maintenance of which out of the common purse, as well as under common control, is the primary condition, and indeed the one great object, of Confederation. However, these are points on which we need not dwell. Our purpose, as we said before, is to enforce the necessity of bringing the question of Imperial Confederation without needless delay to a practical issue. The Duke of Manchester seems to have placed himself at the head of the Confederationists: let him move in Parliament if nobody else well. Various courses of action may be statesmanlike; but it can never be statesmanlike to brood and dissertate over a visionary scheme to allow it to interfere with the clearness of our view, and to paralyze practical effort while the vessel drifts rudderless into an uncertain—or rather, in our case, a too certain—future.

—We are glad to see that an impression has been made by Mr. Meredith's appeal in our last number, for justice to the Civil Service, and that the subject has been mooted in the Parliament of Ontario. Some demur on the ground that by raising salaries we might be encouraging increased expensiveness of living, and that it would be better to preach a return to the frugal habits of the last generation. A general return to frugal habits might be a very good thing, but it would be hard to enforce sumptuary

reform only on a particular profession. Things which may in themselves be superfluities, when they are the universal fashion, become necessities to any individual who is not willing to lose his place in society. However, this is not the point. It is not augmentation of salaries that is sought, but merely rectification in view of the diminished value of money. The State, it is alleged, has taken people from other callings into the public service, undertaking to pay them a certain salary, but it is now paying them nominally that amount, but in reality far less. Their position, it is said, is in fact the same as though an annual deduction was made from the promised sum. The principle of rectification of salaries to meet the changing value of money has been recognized by the British Parliament, which some years ago sanctioned, in the ordinances regulating anew the stipends of Fellows and office-holders in the Universities, clauses embodying that principle. On the other hand, we cordially concur with those who deprecate anything rash in the way of wholesale augmentation. The best course, as it seems to us, is that which is frequently adopted by the British Government—the appointment of a committee, or commission of inquiry, consisting of entirely disinterested persons, to examine and report upon the facts. It would not be easy, otherwise, uninvidiously to raise the salaries of the Ministers themselves, which is the very reform most urgently required by the public service.

—A strong agitation is on foot in England, under powerful leadership, for the abolition of the Income Tax, the inequalities of which, its injurious effect on public morality, and the offensive and inquisitorial manner in which it is collected, have at last exceeded all power of endurance. The tax was originally imposed by Pitt to meet the tremendous exigencies of the French war, with a promise that when it was ended the tax should cease. That promise was fulfilled. But Sir Rober Peel, on his accession to power in 1841, found himself called upon to cope with a financial exigency of another kind—the large deficit produced by the incapacity of the Whig Chancellors of the Exchequer. At the same time he wished to try the great experiment of reducing customs duties, in the expectation that increased consumption would countervail the immediate loss of revenue, and he required something to shore up the financial edifice while this experiment was going on. He accordingly proposed an income tax for three years, which Parliament granted, as an extraordinary expedient for the restoration of public credit, in compliance with his earnest appeal. But at the end of the three years he proposed a renewal of the tax, as the means of effecting further relaxation of the tariff; and the country, then rioting in railways, and intoxicated with anticipations of boundless prosperity, was ready to grant anything which its great financier asked. Subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer have naturally desired to enjoy in their turn the popularity of reducing duties on articles of general consumption, and they have wheedled the Legislature into the retention of the Income Tax, but never, we believe, without admitting its evils and holding out expectations of its speedy repeal. The inquisitorial authority and the power of virtually arbitrary taxation (scandal and annoyance being the penalty of resistance to any assessment however unjust,) which the tax places in the hands of government officials, are enough in themselves to condemn it in any free country, without reference to the grave moral and economical objections, the existence of which nobody ventures to deny. The inspection of a merchant's books, perhaps at a critical juncture of his affairs, for the purpose of extorting from him an increased payment to the government, would have been deemed odious and tyrannical in the days of the Star Chamber. Yet we in Canada, who deem ourselves preeminently free, put our necks under the yoke. Not

only so, but the engine which the British Parliament reluctantly entrusts for great national objects to a government completely under Parliamentary control, we entrust to the hands—at once obscure and practically uncontrolled—of a municipal corporation, whose petty officers we empower to scrutinize our private affairs and surcharge us at their pleasure. In addition to all the evils which have excited discontent in England, there is, in communities like ours, a dormant virus in the tax which the progress of faction, or demagogism, may any day awaken into pestilent life; and which in fact displayed itself at one time in full force in one of the violently democratic cantons of Switzerland, where the income tax was so graduated in favour of the democratic masses as to amount to confiscation in the case of the wealthier class. If we have had no reason as yet to complain of such abuse, it does not follow that we shall not have, when the budding power of the ward politician shall have arrived at its destined fulness. That the liability is present is indicated by the clause in the statutes of Ontario, exempting the income of the farmer, between whose case and that of the storekeeper fiscal justice can draw no line, but whose political power ensures to him, both here and in the United States, a measure of the same immunity which was enjoyed by privileged classes in the Old World.

An income tax in the proper sense of the term, that is a tax levied not only on property, whether real or personal, but on the profits of trades or professions, and assessed by means of information as to private affairs arbitrarily extracted from the taxpayer himself is, as a permanent tax, utterly indefensible. It can be justified only by great national emergencies, which at the same time, by the general enthusiasm which the effort to meet them creates, produce comparatively honest returns and obviate the moral evils of the tax. The same objections do not apply to the taxation for national purposes of stocks and shares, which, equally with land, are realized property, enjoying the protection of the National Government, and upon which the tax may be levied in the hands of the companies, without danger of fraud or inquisition into private affairs. But it seems to us that municipal rates ought to be levied on real estate alone, or at most on real estate, house furniture and equipments. Such property alone receives the benefits of the municipal administration for which exclusively the power of levying rates is conferred. If it is objected that a millionaire living in lodgings uses the pavement and the street gas, the answer is that his landlord pays, and he pays the landlord. But his being a millionaire makes no difference: a millionaire can no more be justly called upon to pay extra for his gas or his sidewalk, than for his groceries or his coat; though people are very apt to forget this, and to fancy that whereas private persons are authorized only to take what is due for their goods or services, Government is at liberty to take what it finds convenient, and that injustice becomes just when it is styled public. To this argument from morality against municipal income taxes may be added another from expediency which will probably be more efficacious. Real estate, however vexed and harried, cannot make to itself wings and flee beyond the municipal limits: but personal property can. An unwillingness to lend money on mortgage or other securities, and a general tightness of money within the jurisdiction, would be the certain result of a municipal income tax high enough to be seriously felt; and if the tax is not high enough to be seriously felt it is almost wanton vexation to inflict upon the community the annoyance and the exposure of private affairs incident to collecting such a tax at all.

—The Session of the Ontario Parliament has opened well for the Government, the head of which fulfils—as a speaker more than fulfils—the general expectation. On the other subjects of proposed legislation we

will reserve our comments; but the re-appearance of the Goodhue case, in the form of a bill to supply the omissions which caused the objects of the promoters of the former Act to miscarry in a Court of Law, leads us, in common with all who respect law, to uplift a warning voice against legislative tampering with private wills or contracts. We speak of contracts as well as wills because it is impossible to draw any distinction of principle between them as subjects of direct legislative interference. It is possible that large powers might be vested with advantage in courts of law to relax provisions in wills found to be inconsistent with the improvement of the property, especially in a country so rife with enterprise and change as ours, though this would scarcely apply to any case but that of real estate. But in any case the function of the Legislature—the only function which it can safely exercise—is that of passing a general law. Such legislation as that which has been attempted in the Goodhue case opens a vista of evil which it would be invidious to describe. The power of Parliament is of course indisputable; but so is its obligation to use that power consistently with the objects for which Parliaments exist.

—Shortly after the appearance of our last number Mr. Froude concluded his ill-starred mission. That any man should select the people of the United States as impartial judges of the question between England and Ireland, or any question in which it is possible for the mind to be prejudiced by Anti-British feeling, seems to Canadians almost incredible. Yet there may be an excuse for Mr. Froude's error, and one partly applicable also to what appear to us the exceedingly awkward attempts made to propitiate the Americans by English statesmen. The common American feeling against England is not one of which intelligent and cultivated Americans can be very proud; it is essentially a vulgar feeling. Consequently the intelligent and cultivated American habitually disclaims it in society, and most vehemently of course when he is a guest in England; though the very same man, if he were transferred to a platform in his own country, would too probably chime in with the popular sentiment. It is probable that Mr. Froude was in this way beguiled into the belief that American hostility was merely diplomatic, and that there was goodwill towards the old country in the heart of the people. In that case there was nothing extravagant (supposing him to have been invited to lecture in America) in his choosing Irish history as a subject, authentic information about which would be welcome to the Americans and might have a salutary effect on their minds. He is only to be blamed for having too much assumed the character of a missionary, which, among other objections, was hardly consistent with that of a paid lecturer. No doubt, in spite of the hospitality with which he was received, and in which Americans never fail, the truth soon dawned upon his mind. A misgiving must have arisen as soon as he read the newspaper report of his first lecture, headed "The British Monarchy Exposed—Ireland's Wrongs Confessed." The effect we fear will be bad. Little harm will have been done among the Americans, who are not likely to be offended by having been taken for serene arbiters of international morality any more than they would at being taken for dukes; and all this fizzing and bouncing of Father Burke and Bridget will subside, so far as the Irish in the States are concerned, like a temporary excitement at Donnybrook Fair. But we are not so sure that Father Burke's lectures will not do mischief in Ireland at a rather critical moment. As to Mr. Froude, we suspect that he fled not only from the thunders of Father Burke or the broomstick brandished by Bridget, but from the really far more formidable opposition of Colonel Meline, whose criticisms, brought into general notice by the other affray, have seriously, and in the absence of any reply to them we must think

justly, damaged Mr. Froude's reputation as a historian in the judgment of the most eminent literary men and the best literary journals of the United States.

—Before the appearance of our next number the British Parliament will have commenced its sittings. Accurate programmes of the Ministerial policy have, of course, been published in advance by journals possessed of exclusive sources of information. But European statesmen have learned the art of being interviewed. It is easier to say that the county franchise and the land law are the great questions of the day in England than to tell whether they are coming before Parliament. The question of County administration, however, is pretty sure to be brought forward, and the Government can hardly avoid facing that of University Education in Ireland, about which there is certain to be a fight. There will, of course, be a debate at the opening of the session on the Treaty of Washington, and among other matters connected with the Treaty, the state of feeling in Canada will no doubt be a subject of discussion. Independent Canadian journals may therefore do a timely service by correcting the error of a portion of the British press which persists in representing our people as in a state of violent exasperation against the Treaty, and in ascribing to this cause the losses of the Government in the recent elections. No one living in Canadian society could for a moment be under this impression. There is among our people a strong feeling, which we entirely share, that while reparation was made to the Americans for the wrong done them in the case of the Alabama, reparation ought to have been exacted of them for the far greater and more flagrant wrong done to Canada and the Empire in the case of the Fenian raids. There is a strong feeling, which we equally share, that the general bearing of the British Government shows a great want of appreciation of the character of American politicians, and a lack of dignity calculated to increase the danger which dignity is sacrificed to avert. There is a conviction, in which we concur, that it would have been better to keep the special questions between Canada and the United States distinct from what was, in fact, a negotiation for a treaty of peace between England and the United States, terminating the state of moral war to which the Alabama affair had given rise. There are also doubts, which experience alone can set at rest, as to the operation of the clauses of the Treaty affecting our territorial rights. But anything like violent exasperation there is not, and there has never been. The Opposition journals, as a matter of course, denounced a Treaty made by the Prime Minister. The Government journals were also tuned at first to a certain degree of opposition with a view to justifying the demand for the Pacific Railway guarantee. But the commercial community of Montreal accepted the Treaty at once; it was soon accepted by the fishermen, though their employers were more adverse; while in Ontario, which is strongly under the influence of the leading journal of the Opposition, there was a certain amount of adverse feeling, and a general conviction that the British Government had been rather disgracefully overreached; but all attempts to lash the people into fury totally failed. The vote of our Parliament was an accurate registration of the sentiments of our people. The losses of the Government in the elections were chiefly in Ontario, where the Liberal party simply gained an ascendency which had always belonged to it, and which it lost at the last general election only owing to the exceptional state of public feeling produced by the desire to give a fair trial to the first Confederation Government, and by the impression that it had not received just treatment at the hands of the Liberal chief. If any special cause contributed to what was in the main the result of revived party strength and discipline, it was the Scott murder, and the equivocal relations of the Government with the murderer Riel. Sir

George Cartier's defeat at Montreal was caused by the breach between the Gallican and Ultramontane sections of the Catholic party, combined with his departmental unpopularity as Minister of Militia. So far as we can see, the Government has lost no votes in the Maritime Provinces, which are especially afffected by the Treaty.

—"I have loved justice and hated iniquity: therefore I die in exile." If these words were warrantable in the mouth of Hildebrand, the Imperial adventurer whose death in exile is the great event of the day, had no such reason for arraigning the moral government of the world. Twice—at Strasbourg and again at Boulogne—in the interest of his own ambition, and with no other pretext whatever, he attempted to kindle the flames of civil war in a country then in the full enjoyment of liberty and prosperity under a constitutional government. Afterwards carried by a mere turn of fortune's wheel, in the bringing about of which he had no share, to the Presidency of the French Republic, he at once began to conspire with a knot of needy adventurers, men of desperate character, against the constitution which he had solemnly and repeatedly (for he voluntarily repeated his perjury,) sworn to uphold, debauched the army, and at last consummated his design by a military usurpation, accompanied by massacre. Having ostentatiously declared that his empire was peace, he thrice plunged Europe into war for the purposes of his dynastic ambition, combined on the last occasion with the fanaticism of the bigoted though luxurious and frivolous partner of his throne. The cunning with which he crept, under cover of the most explicit disclaimers, to the annexation of Savoy and Nice, and the hypocrisy with which that act of spoliation was consummated, with the forms of a free popular vote guided by French bayonets, totally estranged from him the confidence of Lord Palmerston, who up to that time had been his warm and somewhat too trustful friend. In spite of the explanations which do so much credit to the ingenuity of M. Benedetti, nothing has occurred to invalidate the documentary proof of the fact that the ex-Emperor, while professing with his usual unctuousness his goodwill towards England and his personal affection for the British Royal Family, was plotting the forcible annexation of Belgium in defiance of the British guarantee. There are some who seem to think that above the morality of conscience and its author, there is a morality of a more brilliant and grandiose kind, which sanctions great and successful crime. The maxim that honesty is the best policy, if taken in the vulgar sense and limited to the present life, is confuted by the triumphant career of many a villain; but the advocates of this "higher law" may safely be challenged to point to any case in which the interests of humanity have been really advanced by the disregard in high places of those rules without the observance of which by ordinary men society could not hold together for an hour. The cost of the Napoleonic dynasty to the world in bloodshed, in suffering, in material and moral havoc, in the weakening of mutual good faith and respect for law, in the kindling of evil passions the effect of which Europe will long feel, is such as no mortal pen can sum. It is instructive, altogether apart from theology, to compare with the work of the two Bonapartes that of those peasants of Galilee who, without costing mankind a drop of blood or a tear, or even the price of their own subsistence, founded an empire compared with which that of the Bonapartes is as a child's house of sand to the Pyramids. But there is little use in attempting to pass judgment on a career, the facts of which are equally known to us all, and about which everyone will form his own opinion. Two things, however, may be noted. The first is the evidence which the history of Bonapartism affords of the instability of personal compared with constitutional government, even when the dynasty

is exceptionally strong. Had Napoleon III. died on the throne, it is plain that confusion would have ensued; so much is implied in his desperate effort to restore the failing prestige of his dynasty, and secure the succession to his son, by plunging into the German war. The break-up would probably have begun in the Council of Regency with a quarrel between the Emperor's Jesuit wife and his Jacobin cousin; each would have appealed to party support, and civil war would probably have ensued. As it is, government at all events goes on, and would be more sure of lasting than it is if it were not to so great an extent the personal government of M. Thiers. The second thing to be noted is that by the fall of the Empire England is freed from a great danger. A process of induction pretty costly to humanity had proved that war was as much a necessity to an Empire founded on the passion for military glory in the case of the second Napoleon as in the case of the first; and had Germany succumbed, the next object of attack might, and indeed probably would, have been England. That the ex-Emperor was personally well disposed towards us is very likely, but the Belgian plot is proof enough, if proof is wanting, that his affections would not have been allowed to stand in the way of his policy, if the time had arrived for playing his last card. The Empress and her Jesuit advisers would have been as eager in the case of England as they were in the case of Germany, for a crusade against a great Protestant power; and they would have been further tempted by the hope of securing Ireland from England, and erecting it into a Catholic monarchy under some faithful son of the Church and faithful satrap of the house of Bonaparte. As to the personal friends and advisers of the Emperor, they were desperadoes who would have set the world on fire rather than relinquish their immense booty. In their mode of showing alarm the English people were not very rational or dignified; but the alarm was well founded while the French army and fleet were wielded by the despotic and irresponsible hand of a man of such character and habits, placed under such circumstances and with such councillors around him as Napoleon III.

The ex-Emperor's son will, no doubt, in due time assume the title of Napoleon IV. (a title involving, like that of Napoleon III., a patent historical falsehood), and become one of the multitude of Pretenders to Crowns which now forms a considerable addition to the vagrancy of Europe. Chiselhurst, or the residence of the Empress wherever it may be, will become the gathering-place of exiles and the focus of intrigues, for which it appears, notwithstanding the Emperor's solemn declaration through his Secretary that he had left France in a state of patriotic poverty, sufficient funds had in fact been provided. "Nothing is certain but the unexpected" is a French saying, peculiarly applicable to French politics; and all we can affirm is, that the return of Napoleon IV. to his father's throne would be a singular fulfilment of that saying. He is a boy, while France needs a man; he is a shadow, while France needs a substance; he represents defeat, while France of all nations most worships success. His mother, who would be regent in his name, is an Ultramontane like the Count de Chambord, with a more violent and dangerous temper; she is, in a great measure, personally responsible for the recent calamities: and her undisguised exultation at the outbreak of the war which she had contributed to bring on, shows that in her character there is a union of religious bigotry with a want of common morality, which recals the most sinister examples of female rule in France. Moreover, as Napoleon IV. claims neither by merit nor by possession, but by right of birth, like the Bourbon pretenders to the crowns of France and Spain, his pedigree will probably become the subject of genealogical controversies, which, in the case of

his father, were set at rest by bayonets. The belief prevalent in France that he is not really the child of his reputed parents is, we are persuaded, as destitute of foundation as the warming-pan story was in the case of the English Pretender, though in both cases circumstances singularly favoured the suspicion. But it is the conviction of the best informed and most cool-headed persons that the late Emperor was not a Bonaparte, and could consequently transmit no Bonaparte blood to his child. Assuredly the efforts, desperate as they were, of court painters and sculptors never succeeded in concealing the total want, in Napoleon III. of those well known lineaments which characterize more or less every genuine Bonaparte, and which were especially marked in the late Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, the son of Napoleon's brother Jerome by Miss Patteson. That marriage, though cancelled by the imperious will of Napoleon I., was a perfectly valid marriage by the law of man as well as in the sight of God; and a descendant of it still remains in the person of a young Jerome, grandson of the King of Westphalia and an officer in the French army. Possibly in the whirligig of time this young Jerome may appear upon the scene, and there may be an exciting question between the claims of undoubted legal legitimacy with a doubtful pedigree on the one hand and those of doubtful legitimacy with an undoubted pedigree on the other.

Had the death of Napoleon III. taken place a year ago, it would have strengthened the hands of the Monarchists by removing one of the three pretenders whose conflicting efforts propped up between them the feeble and tottering Republic. But the Republic has now acquired, if not more positive force, at least the force of inertia. The priests wish to overturn it at any cost, but the people seem more and more inclined to prefer it, at least in the Conservative form which it has assumed under the Presidency of Thiers, to another revolution. It seems even to be receiving the adhesion of the peasantry; and the unwillingness of all sections of the Monarchists in the Assembly to appeal, by a dissolution, to the country, is a conclusive proof that in their judgment the national interest is gaining ground over those of the pretenders. What is the state of feeling in the army it is not easy to discover; but it must be remembered that the old Republic as well as the Napoleonic Empire had its military glories, the popularity of which has been revived by the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, and which did not end in a Waterloo or a Sedan.

We must not suppose, in casting the horoscope of France, that the elements of political calculation remain unchanged, and that the future is sure to revolve round the same circle as the past. Three great changes of national sentiment and of the moral forces in action have recently taken place. The legend of Napoleonic glory and plunder, embodied in the history of Thiers, which overthrew the pacific and bourgeois throne of Louis Philippe and revived the military Empire, has been deprived of its fatal charm; the passion for reproducing the events and characters of the first revolution which found its expression in Lamartine's *Girondins* and in the works of Louis Blanc, and which, though sentimental and even histrionic, exerted a very noxious influence in politics, has expended itself in the insurrection of the Commune; and the same event has terminated the reaction against Red Republicanism which always inclined the wealthier classes to despotic government, and conspired with the love of military glory to restore the Empire. The war spirit, which is always adverse to Republicanism, is, no doubt, still strong, at least in the army. But the financial difficulties which are already disclosing themselves can hardly fail to enforce a reduction of armaments. On the whole the chances are now in favour of a Conservative Republic: and if a Conservative Republic is established in France a new political epoch will be opened for the whole of Europe.

SELECTIONS.

THE TOILETTE AND ITS DEVOTEES.

[The following selection is taken from a work entitled "Salad for the Solitary and the Social." (New York: De Witt, C. Lent & Company, Publishers.) We observe a few inaccuracies in the book —as, for instance, the statement that Nelson's last words were addressed to Collingwood, while they were really addressed to Hardy—and the ascribing, in the paper which we quote, a poem to Leigh Hunt which was written by Wordsworth. The volume, however, is very lively and pleasant reading.]

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."
Pope.

"WOMAN was made 'exceedingly fair,' a creature not only fitted for all the deference and homage our minds could bestow, but obviously intended for the most elegant wardrobes and brilliant trousseaux our purses could furnish. But, however we may fall short of our duty to the sex in this latter respect, let no woman, therefore, suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. Of course, the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilette operates differently in different minds. In some it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others a consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some it is intensely felt while present; in others only missed when gone. None can deny its power over them, more or less; or, for their own sakes, had better not be believed if they do." *

The intimate relations between woman's beauty and her mirror render it impossible for the fair possessor to be unconscious of her endowment; and consequently it would be always at a premium.

"Smilingly fronting the mirror she stands,
Her white fingers loosening the prisoned brown bands
To wander at will—and they kiss as they go,
Her brow, and her cheek, and her shoulders of snow;
Her violet eyes, with their soft, changing light,
Growing darker when sad, and when merry more bright,
Look in at the image, till the lips of the twain
Smile at seeing how each gives the smile back again."

* Quarterly Review.

The looking-glass, although it is personal in its *reflections*, yet they are given silently, so that however much we may feel our pride mortified occasionally by its revelations, we never fail to cherish a friendly feeling for so faithful a monitor. Kinder, also, is the looking-glass than the wine-glass; for, notwithstanding the tendency of the former to self-flattery, when it reveals our defects, it does so confidentially; whereas the wine-glass makes us betray our own frailties alike to friends and foes.

It has been observed that God intended all women to be beautiful, as much as he did the morning-glories and the roses. Beauty is

"Like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

The love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into woman's heart; the girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily was fadeless, and the stream a mirror.

Southey, in his *Omniana*, relates the following: "When I was last in Lisbon, a nun made her escape from the nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face." There was some excuse for her wishing to peruse her own features.

A mirror has been thus variously described: as the only truth-teller in general favour—a journal in which Time records his progress—a smooth acquaintance, but no flatterer. We may add, that it is the only tolerated medium of reflection upon woman's beauty, and the last discarded; Queen Elizabeth, we learn, did not desert her looking-glass while there was any

vestige left in the way of beauty with which to regale herself.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny. Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world.

Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex, when he compares women and clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and prove very productive.

Lord Bacon justly remarked, that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express. Yes, beauty is indescribable and inexplicable; all we know is, that it fascinates, dazzles, and bewilders us with its mystic power. No wonder the poets define woman as something midway between a flower and an angel.

In truth it is difficult to form any fixed standard of beauty. Qualities of personal attraction, the most opposite imaginable, are each looked upon as beautiful in different countries, or by different people in the same country. That which is deformity at Paris may be beauty at Pekin.

——"Beauty, thou wild, fantastic ape—
Who dost in every country change thy shape;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white!"

The frantic lover sees "Helen's beauty in an Egyptian brow." The black teeth, the painted eyelids, the plucked eyebrows of the Chinese fair, have admirers; and should their feet be large enough to walk upon, their owners are regarded as monsters of ugliness.

With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, *corpulency* is the perfection of form in a woman; and those very attributes which disgust the western European form the attractions of an Oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of *his* countrywomen that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness:—when this master was desirous to represent the "beautiful," he had no idea of beauty under two hundredweight.

The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which colour is most becoming. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore what are called red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

Lord Shaftesbury asserts that all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.

It has been well observed, that homely women are often altogether the best at heart, head, and soul. A pretty face frequently presides over a false heart and a weak head, with the smallest shadow of a soul.

"The bombastic misrepresentations of the encomiasts of Beauty," observed Ayton, "have exposed her just claims to much odium and ill-will. If a perfect face is the only bait that can tempt an angel from the skies, what is to be the recompense of the unfortunate with a wide mouth and a turn-up nose? The conduct of men, since the Deluge, has proved, however, that love (the true thing) is not mere fealty to a face. If an ugly woman of wit and worth cannot be loved till she is known—a beautiful fool will cease to please when she is found out."

"After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing woman's work in the world—making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forsworn beauty altogether. The world of action is a world of ugliness. But woman does for mankind what man has ceased to do. Her aim from very childhood is to be beautiful. . . . . There is a charm, however, of life's after-glow over the gray, quiet head, the pale, tender face, lit up with a sweetness—a pitifulness that only experience and sorrow can give. It is there, at any rate, that we read a subtler and diviner beauty than in the rosy cheek of girlhood—a beauty spiritualized, mobile with every thought and emotion, yet restful with the rest of years. An infinite tenderness and largeness of heart, a touch that has in it all the gentleness of earth, a smile that has in it something of the compassionateness of heaven—this is the apotheosis of pretty women."

"The divine right of Beauty," said Junius, "is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist."

Woman has never failed, since the world began, to illustrate, in instances, the glory of her nature—never ceased to manifest the divine in the human. With the regal Esther, yearning to bless her enslaved kindred, and the filial-love-inspired daughter, who sustained the life of her gray-haired father through prison bars, there have not been parallels wanting in all ages to prove that the angels of God still wander on earth, to remind man of Eden, and give him a foretaste of heaven.

Of such type of virtue were Penelope, weaving amid her maidens through weary years the web that shielded her virtue, until her royal husband returned from his wanderings, and was to gladden her heart; or courteous Rebecca at the well; or timid Ruth, gleaning in the field; or the Roman Cornelia, who, taunted in Rome's decaying age by rivals, with her poverty, held up her virtuous children, exclaiming, 'These are my jewels!'" Fit woman to have been the mother of the Gracchi.

Richter observes, "A woman's soul is by nature a beautiful fresco-painting, painted on rooms, clothes, silver waiters, and upon the whole domestic establishment."

"Comets, doubtless, answer some wise and good purpose in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and eccentric; so are women. Comets shine with peculiar splendour, but at night appear most brilliant; so do women. Comets confound the most learned, when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets and women, therefore, are closely analogous; but the nature of both being alike inscrutable, all that remains for us is, to view with admiration the one, and devotedly love the other."†

Coleridge used to say "that the most happy marriage he could imagine would be the union of a deaf man with a blind woman." Years before he was not so much of a cynic, when he wrote those tender lines about the wooing of the love-sick *Genevieve.*

After all that may be said or sung about it, beauty is an undeniable fact, and its endowment not to be disparaged. Sidney Smith gives some good advice on the subject:

"Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face, for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth." Instantaneous and universal admiration—the eye-worship of the world is unquestionably the reward of the best faces; and the malcontents had much better come into the general opinion with a good grace, than be making themselves at once unhappy and ridiculous, by their hollow and self-betraying recusancy.* Now an ill-conditioned countenance, accompanied, as it always is, of course, with shining abilities and all the arts of pleasing, has this signal compensation—that it improves under observation, grows less and less objectionable the more you look into it, and the better you know it, until it becomes almost agreeable on its own account—nay, really so—actually pretty; whereas beauty, we have seen, witless beauty, cannot resist the test of long acquaintance, but declines, as you gaze, while in the full pride of its perfection; "fades on the eye and palls upon the sense," with all its bloom about it.

"He that loves a rosy cheek, or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay
So his flames must waste away;
But a smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined kindle neve dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes."†

Byron also condenses the same sentiment in a single line—

"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes."

The last word—eyes, and the eloquent lan-

† Hood.

* Ayton's Essays. † Carew.

guage they express—has been a prolific theme with the poets. Some have dilated on their brilliancy till they have been bewildered and blinded to all things else around them, and some are fastidious as to their colour, size, and expression. One thus describes the respective claims of black and blue :

" Black eyes most dazzle at a ball ;
Blue eyes most please at evening fall.
Black a conquest soonest gain ;
The blue a conquest most retain ;
The black bespeak a lively heart ;
Whose soft emotions soon depart ;
The blue a steadier flame betray,
That burns and lives beyond a day ;
The black may features best disclose ;
In blue may feelings all repose.
Then let each reign without control,
The black all mind—the blue all soul."

Leigh Hunt says of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards—" I must give here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humour and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face ; it can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good ; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another ; or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness ; of a sharp sorrow, of a full-breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy."

" There is a charm that brighter grows mid beauty's swift decay,
And o'er the heart a glory throws that will not fade away,
When beauty's voice and beauty's glance the heart no longer move,
This holy charm will still entrance, and wake the spirit's love."

Long hair in woman is an essential element of beauty. The Roman ladies generally wore it long, and dressed it in a variety of ways, bedecking it with gold, silver, pearls, and other ornaments.

The custom of decking the hair with pearls and gems, although not a modern invention, is still in vogue with royalty and courtly circles ; yet the author of *The Honeymoon* thus repudiates the fashion :

—" Thus modestly attired,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair.
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them ;
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks ;
This well-proportioned form (think not I flatter)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind,
Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush."

The Roman patrician ladies had numerous slaves chiefly appointed to attend their toilette. Their hair used to be perfumed and powdered with gold dust.

Of all the articles of luxury and ostentation known to the Romans, pearls seem to have been the most esteemed. They were worn on all parts of the dress, and such was the diversity of their size, purity, and value, that they were found to suit all classes, from those of moderate to those of the most colossal fortune. The pearl ear-rings of Cleopatra are said to have been of fabulous value. After pearls and diamonds, the emerald held the highest place in the estimation of the Romans.

In France, during the reign of Louis XIV., the use of diamonds revived. Robes were embroidered with them, besides forming necklaces, aigrettes, bracelets, &c. This costly fashion subsided about the end of the French Revolution.

" There are certain moralists in the world who labour under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the

jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other are enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is untidy, or, being old, fantastic or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference."*

The true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is that those who are the favourites of Nature become animated, and are in a capacity for exerting a controlling influence; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.

Chevreul remarks: "Drapery of a lustreless *white*, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white draperies, such as point lace, have an entirely different aspect. *Black* draperies, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermillion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear, relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist."

"If Nature has given man a strong instinct to dress," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "it is because she has given him woman as an object for it; whatever, therefore, may be the outward practice of the present day, the moral foundation is right. She dresses herself to please him, and he dresses her to please himself; and this is a distinction between the two which may apply to more subjects than that of *dress*."

Pride of personal appearance is naturally one result of a passion for dress, which is alike evinced by the rude trappings of the savage and the gorgeous appendages of refinement and luxury:

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station;
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people, in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That Wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation."*

It is in fact difficult to determine whether the same may not be affirmed of those who affect the greatest simplicity in their habiliments—for it is not certain that the Quaker, even, is wholly divested of vanity, although he may be of the finery he repudiates.

If any fair nymph is in quest of further details as to the accessories of the toilette, here is ready prepared a catalogue of moral cosmetics:

An enchanted mirror	*Self-knowledge.*
Lip-salve	*Truth.*
Eye-water	*Compassion.*
For the voice	*Prayer.*
For wrinkles	*Contentment.*
An elastic girdle	*Patience.*
Solid gold ring	*Principle.*
Pearl necklace	*Resignation.*
Diamond breast-pin	*Love.*

Fashion, the veriest despot in her decrees, arbitrates through the agency of her devotees—the milliner, the modiste, and the tailor—the style and manner of one's habiliments; and so absolute is her sway in this matter, that it is difficult, perhaps, to indicate any class who may boast exemption from her jurisdiction.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for her sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes—or chokes us with a tight handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our bodies by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed when they ought to be up. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to live idle

* Chambers.

* Saxe.

and useless. She makes people visit when they would rather be at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasure and interrupts our business. She compels people to dress gayly —whether upon their own property or that of others. She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death. She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of us all. She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality, an enemy to religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either. She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning—and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, all strive to see who shall be most obsequious. Fashion obtains in all countries—there being ever some Beau Brummells at hand to issue her mandates and illustrate her Protean shapes and endless metamorphoses.

"Oh, Fashion! it were vain indeed to try your wondrous flights to follow:
Onward at such a pace you speed, beating the *Belle Assemblée* hollow.
One moment hovering in our coats to change the cutting of the skirts:
Then, with rude grasp you seize our throats, altering the collars of our shirts;
Now trimming up with ribbons gay, and flowers as well, a lady's bonnet;
Then with rash hand tearing away each bit of finery upon it.
Shrouding one day the arm from sight, in sleeve so large that six might share it;
And making it next month so tight 'tis scarcely possible to bear it.
Upon a lady's dress again, with arbitrary hand it pounces,
Making it one day meanly plain, then idly loading it with flounces."

There are few things that have not been done, and few things that have not been worn, under the sanction of fashion. What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the fourteenth century? He wore long, pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains; hose of one colour on one leg, and another colour on the other; a coat, the one-half white, and the other black or blue; a long silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c. This dress was the height of the mode in the reign of Edward III. In view of such facts, shall we upbraid woman for her vanity and love of finery?

Leigh Hunt informs us that fashions have a short life or a long one, according as it suits the makers to startle us with a variety, or save themselves observation of a defect. Hence fashions set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are usually those that bring custom to the milliner.

The *Edinburgh Review* observes: "Peculiarities of dress, even amounting to foppery, so common among eminent men, are carried off from ridicule by ease in some, or stateliness in others. We may smile at Chatham, scrupulously crowned in his best wig, if intending to speak; at Erskine, drawing on his bright yellow gloves before he rose to plead; at Horace Walpole, in a cravat of Gibbon's carvings; at Raleigh, loading his shoes with jewels so heavy that he could scarcely walk; at Petrarch, pinching his feet till he crippled them; at the rings which covered the philosophical fingers of Aristotle; at the bare throat of Byron; the Armenian dress of Rousseau; the scarlet and gold coat of Voltaire: or the prudent carefulness with which Cæsar scratched his head, so as not to disturb the locks arranged over the bald place. But most of these men, we apprehend, found it easy to enforce respect and curb impertinence.

A recent writer says he likes "flounces when they wave and flow, as in a very light material —muslin, or gauze, or barège—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel or a 'dissolving view;' but he does not like them in a rich material, where they flop, or in a stiff one where they bristle; and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you do not expect them to exist."

"The amply-folding robe, cast round the harmonious form; the modest clasp and zone on the bosom; the braided hair, or the veiled head—these were the fashions alike of the wife of a Phocion and the mistress of an Alcibiades. A chastened taste ruled at their toilettes; and from that hour to this, the forms and modes of Greece have been those of the poet, the sculptor, and the painter. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place

to skirts shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest, and head buckled in gold or silver."

Thence, by a natural descent, we have the iron bodice, stiff farthingale, and spiral coiffure of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, of Edward, Henry, and Elizabeth, all exhibit the figures of women as in a state of siege. Such lines of circumvallation and outwork; such impregnable bulwarks of whalebone, wood, and steel; such impassable mazes of gold, silver, silk, and furbelows, met a man's view, that, before he had time to guess it was a woman that he saw, she had passed from his sight; and he only formed a vague wish on the subject by hearing, from an interested father or brother, that the moving castle was one of the softer sex.

These proposterous fashions disappeared in England a short time after the Restoration:

"What thought, what various numbers can express
The inconstant equipage of woman's dress."

It is not so much the richness of the material as the way it is made up, and the manner in which it is worn, that give the desired elegance. A neat fit, a graceful bearing, and a proper harmony between the complexion and the colours, have more to do with heightening woman's attractions than many are willing to believe.

Attention to a few general rules would prevent a great many anomalous appearances; for instance, "a woman should never be dressed too little, nor a girl too much—nor should a woman of small stature attempt large patterns, nor a bad walker flounces—nor a short throat carry feathers, nor high shoulders a shawl. From the highest to the lowest, there is not a single style of beauty with which the plain straw hat is not upon the best understanding. It refines the homeliest and composes the wildest—it gives the coquettish young lady a little dash of demureness, and the demure one a slight touch of coquetry—it makes the blooming beauty look more fresh, and the pale one more interesting—it makes the plain woman look, at all events, a lady, and the lady more lady-like still."

Then all the sweet associations that throng about it! Pictures of happy childhood and unconscious girlhood—thoughts of blissful bridal tours and healthy country life. Bonnets, too, are an index of character. Some wag has furnished the following "Recipe for a Bonnet," free of cost:

"Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace,
A shower of French rosebuds to droop o'er the face;
Fine ribbons and feathers, with crape and illusion,
Then mix and *de*-range them in graceful confusion;
Inveigle some fairy, out roaming for pleasure,
And beg the slight favour of taking her measure;
The length and the breadth of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature frame to create;
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,
And lo! you possess 'such a love of a bonnet.'"

In searching for some of the absurdities of the toilette we meet with the following: The ladies of Japan are said to gild their teeth, and those of the Indies to paint them red, while in Guzerat the test of beauty is to render them sable. In Greenland the women used to colour their faces with blue and yellow. The Chinese must torture their feet into the smallest possible dimensions—a proof positive of their contracted understandings. The ancient Peruvians, and some of our Indian tribes, used to flatten their heads; and among other nations, the mothers, in a similar way, maltreat the noses of their offspring.

Rings are of remote origin; their use is mentioned by many of the classic writers, and also in the Scriptures.

The armlet or bracelet is also of equal antiquity; its adoption is referred to in the Book of Genesis. Ear-rings, or, as they were formerly styled, pendants, are worn by most nations, and, in many instances, by both sexes. In the East Indies they are unusually large, and are generally of gold and jewels.

Of head-dresses, the earliest kind upon record seems to have been the tiara; the caul is also mentioned, in Holy Writ, as having been in vogue in primitive times. It was usually made of network, of gold or silk, and enclosed all the hair. Some of the various items of a lady's wardrobe it will not be our venture to dilate upon; we may, however, just refer to the corsets. Tradition insists that corsets were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century, as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious, and, finding nothing

would cure her, he put corsets on her, in order to take away her breath, and so prevent her, as he thought, from talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other heartless husbands. The punishment became so universal at last, that the ladies in their defence made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day. The fair sex of our own day seem economic in this respect, for however prodigal they may be in other matters, they are for the least possible *waist.* Soemmering enumerates a catalogue of ninety-six diseases resulting from this *stringent habit* among them; many of the most frightful maladies—cancer, asthma, and consumption—are among them. Such unnatural compression, moreover, seems to indicate a very limited scope for the play of the affections, for what room is there for any heart at all? As if to atone for brevity of waist, the ladies indulge then in an amplitude of skirt. The merry dames of Elizabeth's court, in a wild spirit of fun, adopted the fashion of hideously deforming farthingales to ridicule the enormous trunk-hose worn by gentlemen of that period—determined, if not successful in shaming away that absurdity, at least to have a preposterous contrivance of their own. The idea was full of woman's wit. But, alas, they were caught in their own snare. Precious stones were profusely displayed on the bodices and skirts of brocade gowns, and vanity soon discovered that the stiff whalebone framework under the upper skirt formed an excellent showcase for family jewels. The passion thus gratified, the farthingale at once became the darling of court costume, and in its original shape continued in feminine favour till the reign of Queen Anne, when it underwent the modification lately revived for us—the Hoop. In vain did the *Spectator* lash and ridicule by turns the "unnatural disguisement;" in vain did grossest caricatures appear and wits exhaust their invention in lampoons and current epigrams; in vain even the publication of a grave pamphlet, entitled *The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop Petticoat, as the Fashion now is;* the mode, for once immutable, stands on the page of folly an enduring monument of feminine persistency.

Encouraged by the prolonged and undisputed sway of the farthingale, the hoop maintained an absolute supremacy through the three succeeding reigns, though often undergoing changes which only served to make it more and more ridiculous. The most ludicrous of these alterations were the triangular-shaped hoops, which, according to the *Spectator*, gave a lady all the appearance of being in a go-cart; and the "pocket-hoops," which look like nothing so much as panniers on the side of a donkey—we mean the quadruped. Quite a funny incident is related by Bulwer about the wife of an English ambassador to Constantinople, in the time of James I. The lady, attended by her serving-women, all attired in enormous farthingales, waited upon the sultana, who received them with every show of respect and hospitality. Soon, however, the woman's curiosity got the better of her courtesy, and expressing her great surprise at the monstrous development of their form, she asked if it were possible that such could be the shape peculiar to the women of England. The English lady in reply hastened to assure her that their forms in nowise differed from those of the women of other countries, and carefully demonstrated to her Highness the construction of their dress, which alone bestowed the appearance so puzzling to her. There could scarcely be a more wholesome satire upon the absurd fashion than is conveyed in the simple recital of this well authenticated anecdote.

"It was but a year or two ago that complaints were loud against the amplitude of ladies' dresses. The extent of ground they covered was almost fabulous, and the consequent cost of a gown was a serious item of expenditure, and alarmed young men and old. The young feared an entanglement which might lead to matrimony, when a lady's dress was so costly, and their means were not great; and their elders looked with apprehension upon a state of things which, if it should find its way into their homes, would paralyze all their energies and exhaust their resources. But now the complaint is that, while the dresses are plain in front, they have such immense trains that they actually interfere with the enjoyment of the public. A lady who walks in the Park with a long train trailing behind her in the dust and dirt, occupies so much space that no one dares to follow within three or four yards of her. Imagine, then, what the inconvenience must be in large assemblies within doors, where space is not illimitable, and where the trains are even longer than

those for morning wear. The inconvenience has been felt to such a degree that it has given rise to a different kind of costume for those who care for walking exercise, and dislike equally to hold up their dress and to suffer it to sweep the ground. Their costume consists of a petticoat, a short dress which shows the petticoat, and a kind of cloak or mantle to match."*

But, leaving the *hoop* dragging along the dusty avenues of the long-trodden past, with all the accumulated ridicule of ages clinging to its skirts, let us be thankful that the decrees of Fashion have at length forbidden their further extension and expansion amongst us.

Feminine fashions repeat themselves. In Pepys' Journal, 1662, he says "The women wear doublets, coats, and great shirts, just for all the world like mine; so that was it not for a long petticoat draggling under their skirts, nobody could take them for women in any way whatever."

Another impeachment concerning cosmetics we find levied by John Evelyn, in his Diary (1654), where he says: "I now observe that the women begin to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing." In the question of face-painting there is neither right nor wrong; it belongs to the inferior considerations of pretty or ugly, and it cannot be treated on serious grounds. Well, be it so; and when

> "Affectation, with a sickly mien,
> Shows on her cheek the roses of eighteen,"

let us only inquire why she does it? She does it unblushingly, as might be expected, but does she do it to command admiration? Of course we speak of the painters of to-day, not of those who belonged to a past generation.

Not long since it was the fashion to dye the hair red and gold, and make the skin white with paint, the cheeks pink with rouge, and the eyelids stained; but now this capricious goddess, whom fine ladies worship with such devotion, prefer dark hair and olive complexions, and the rage is now for brown washes as it used to be for white. The blue-black hair and dark skin of the gypsy have become the envy of the ladies of fashion, and they hope, by means of washes and dies, to make themselves "beautiful forever."†

* Saturday Review.
† London Society.

The head-dresses of the fair sex in our memorable year, 1776, were sometimes simply remarkable for their enormous height. Fashion ruled its votaries then as arbitrarily as in our day; the *coiffure* of a belle of fashion was described as "a mountain of wool, hair, powder, lawn, muslin, net, lace, gauze, ribbon, flowers, feathers, and wire." Sometimes these varied materials were built up tier upon tier, like the stages of a pagoda!

"If we were called upon to say what is the distinctive characteristic of the age in which we live, we should be inclined to designate it as an age of shams. Unreality creeps into everything. The gravest matters are tainted with it. Even in religion, where unrealities should find no place, there is contention about externals which are devoid of any real meaning. Bishops and clergy contend for pastoral staffs and vestments, when they no longer have the things they symbolize. Language is made to conceal the truth, exaggeration distorts it. Professions of friendship are hollow, and treachery undermines the closest ties. In the political world we hear it forever stated that parties are betrayed by their chiefs, and that principle is at a discount. And in the smaller details of life we find that, instead of the instincts of nature rebelling against anything that is unreal, there is an appetite for it; that shams are in favour, and that every one is attracted by them rather than otherwise.

"In the matter now before us we find this to be especially the case. False hair, false colour, false ears, are used without compunction where they are considered to be needed. The consequence is that woman has become an imposture. We do not, of course, refer to those perfectly innocent embellishments which relate to the preference of one dress for another, or for one style for another. These are most legitimate and innocent. We refer to those impostures in dress by which things seem to be which are not, and the adoption of which is in itself a great indignity to the whole race of womankind. No one is bound to dress herself unbecomingly; but, on the contrary, is more than justified in making the best use of Nature's gifts. Our protest is against the introduction of novelties by which women are taught to impose upon the world, which cannot fail to have a demoralizing influence over them, and which desecrate that

modesty which is the best jewel a woman can wear." ‡

In the early ages of Christianity gloves were a part of monastic custom, and, in later periods, formed a part of the episcopal habit. The glove was employed by princes as a token of investiture : and to deprive a person of his gloves was a mark of divesting him of his office. Throwing down a glove or gauntlet constituted a challenge, and the taking it up an acceptance.

Fans have become, in many countries, so necessary an appendage of the toilette with both sexes, that a word respecting them in this place seems demanded. The use of them was first discovered in the East, where the heat suggested their utility. In the Greek Church a fan is placed in the hands of the deacons, in the ceremony of their ordination, in allusion to a part of their office in that Church, which is to keep the flies off the priests during the celebration of the sacrament. In Japan, where neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain, a fan is to be seen in the hand or the girdle of every inhabitant. Visitors receive dainties offered them upon their fans : the beggar, imploring charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may obtain. In England, this seemingly indispensable article was almost unknown till the age of Elizabeth. During the reign of Charles II. they became pretty generally used. At the present day they are in universal requisition. Hats and bonnets are of remote antiquity : it is difficult to say when they took their rise. Of perfumeries, also, little need be said ; they were always, like flowers, artificial and real, favourites with the fair, as they ever should be.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly, in spite of the enactment of sumptuary laws. In the reign of Richard II., the dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than fifty-two new suits of cloth of gold tissue. Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice. It cannot be denied that the votaries of fashion too often starve their happiness to feed their vanity and pride. A passion for dress is nothing new ; a satirist thus lampoons the ladies of his day :

" What is the reason—can you guess,
Why men are poor, and women thinner ?
So much do they for dinner dress,
That nothing's left to dress for dinner."

It is not women alone that evince a proclivity in this direction ; there are as many coxcombs in the world as coquettes. The folly is more reprehensible in the former than the latter because it has even less show of excuse.

Leigh Hunt says : " Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful ; not the graceful, but the fantastic ; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes—the vulgar. It is the vulgarity that can afford to shift and vary itself, opposed to the vulgarity that longs to do so, but cannot. The high point of taste and elegance is to be sought for, not in the most fashionable circles, but in the best-bred, and such as can dispense with the eternal necessity of never being the same thing."

The mere devotees of Fashion have been defined as a class of would-be-refined people, perpetually struggling in a race to escape from the fancied vulgar. Neatness in our costume is needful to our self-respect; a person thinks better of himself when neatly clad, and others form a similar estimate of him. It has been quaintly said that " a coat is a letter of credit written with a needle upon broadcloth."

Character is indexed by costume. First impressions are thus formed which are not easily obliterated. Taste and neatness in dress distinguish the refined from the vulgar. Persons of rude feelings are usually roughly attired ; they evince none of the grace and delicacy of the cultivated in intellect, morals, and manners.

Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold ; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the antechamber. The change was so striking that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. " My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, " we receive an un-

‡ London Society.

known person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

Ben Jonson, in one of his plays, expresses the same opinion :

" Believe it, sir,
That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather
Does on the brain ; and thence, sir, comes your proverb,
The tailor makes the man."

One of our greatest historians says : " Dress is characteristic of manners, and manners are the mirror of ideas."

Old coats are essential to the ease of the body and mind ; and some of the greatest achievements of men have been executed when the owners were in rags. Napoleon wore an old, seedy coat during the whole of the Russian campaign ; and Wellington wore one out at the elbow at Waterloo. Poets are proverbial for their *penchant* for seedy garments.

" A hat is the symbol and characteristic of its wearer. It is a sign and token of his avocation, habits, and opinions—the creature of his phantasy. Minerva-like, it bursts forth in full maturity from his brain. Extravagance, pride, cold-heartedness, and vulgarity, with many other of the ruling passions, may be detected by its form and fashion. One may ascertain whether a man is whimsical, grotesque, or venially flexible in his taste, by this test. Much may be deduced from the style in which it is worn."

The celebrated poet and professor, Buschin, who was very careless in his dress, went out in his dressing-gown, and met in the street a citizen with whom he was acquainted. The gentleman, however, passed him, without even raising his hat. Divining the cause, the poet hastened home, and put on a cloak of velvet and ermine, in which he again went out, and contrived once more to meet the same citizen, who this time raised his hat, and bowed profoundly. This made the poet still more angry, when he saw that his velvet cloak claimed more respect than his professorship and poetical fame. He hastened home, threw his cloak on the floor, and stamped on it, saying, " Art thou Buschin, or am I ?"

It is a well-known fact that ladies seldom become gray, while the heads of the " lords of creation " are often early in life either bald or gray—sometimes both. Douglas Jerrold tells a piquant joke as follows : " At a private party in London, a lady—who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring—said to Jerrold, ' I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn gray ; I sometimes fancy it must be the " essence of rosemary " with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it.' ' I should rather be afraid, madam,' replied the dramatist, ' that it is the essence of Time' (thyme)."

" What is life—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow which to-day
Wears her green flush, and to-morrow is hay."

Compared with earlier times, with some slight exceptions, our modern costume certainly has the pre-eminence : it has been said that to this cause is to be attributed the seeming absence, in our day, of any transcendent instances of remarkable beauty in the fair sex : all may be *made up* attractively where even Nature has been niggard of her endowments. Dress confers dignity and self-satisfaction, besides possessing the advantage of attractiveness. We are startled to hear a man well attired use vulgar speech, but our amazement is materially lessened if the party be attached to a very menial employment and is enveloped in meaner clothes. Over-fastidiousness at the toilette is, nevertheless, an evil equally to be deprecated : a fop is as much to be despised as a slattern or shrew—both are obnoxious to good taste.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS IN MAN AND ANIMALS. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. London: John Murray. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

That Mr. Darwin is the author is a sufficient guarantee that the work is an interesting one; and the present is, perhaps, the most generally interesting of all his publications. It is, also, of a more popular character than his celebrated works on the Origin of Species and the Descent of Man, though assuredly it does not come under the head of "light reading." Nevertheless, it is thoroughly readable by any one who will bring a fair amount of attention to the task; and it has the advantage of being the kind of book which no one will like to confess to not having read, or, at any rate, dipped into. It is rendered still more attractive by the nature of the illustrations, which are mostly photographs by the heliotype process. All of these are necessarily true to nature, and some of them are remarkably good; whilst others are by no means as clear as they ought to be.

As we have said, the present work is of a more popular character than Mr. Darwin's other publications; but the reason of this, when we come to look into it, is a somewhat disappointing one. The truth is that it is hardly possible that the book should be other than popular in its character, seeing that it deals with a subject on which we are at bottom profoundly ignorant. It is not that observations are wanting as to the manner in which the emotions are expressed by man and by various of the lower animals. On the contrary, the works of Sir Charles Bell, Lavater, Duchenne, Gratiolet, and others, teem with admirable word-pictures and equally admirable illustrations of the signs by which man gives evidence of his various emotions. Mr. Darwin's own book is a perfect mine of facts of this kind, and any one who chooses to study it will be able to accurately name the very muscles which he employs under the stimulus of fear, agony, contempt, love, or other emotional impulse. It is not even that we have no theory capable of uniting and binding together these innumerable and admitted facts. We have several of such theories, and Mr. Darwin's will serve the above purpose as well as any other. The real fact is that no satisfactory theory of the expression of the emotions is even conceivable, unless as based upon a satisfactory and intelligible theory of the connection between matter and mind, the body and the spirit, the muscle which expresses and the soul which feels the emotion. It is hardly necessary to say that we have no such theory; we know less than nothing as to the connection between the material and immaterial, which, rightly considered, is the great wonder of our earthly existence. We talk of "nerve force," "principle of association," "reflex action" and the like, but these are in truth merely phrases by which we conveniently conceal our excessive ignorance. Of course, we know quite well what we mean when we talk of a "reflex action;" but then we can merely apply the term to the *method* in which the action is performed, and we know nothing whatever as to its true nature. We know that the will can act upon certain of the muscles and make them contract; we know that the emotions can do the same, without the co-operation of the will, or even against its consent; but we do not know how it is that *any* muscle can be influenced by the mind at all, nor do we know the manner in which this influence is effected. In other words, we are profoundly ignorant of the nature of the connection between the soul and the nervous system on the one hand, and between the nervous system and the muscles on the other hand.

The expression of any emotion depends upon three elements, if we admit, that is, that emotion is a spiritual and not a physical phenomenon. In the first place we have the particular form of mental excitement which constitutes the actual emotion, whatever that may be. Secondly, we have this excitement producing a corresponding perturbation in the nervous centres. Thirdly, the nervous excitement thus generated is conveyed by appropriate channels to some particular muscle or muscles. These then contract, and we get the peculiar, visible change in the face or figure which constitutes the *expression* of the emotion. Most writers upon the subject admit that this is the succession of phenomena concerned in the expression of the emotions; but very various opinions have been entertained as to the nature and relative value of these phenomena. The older view, that man was created with certain muscles specially adapted for the expression of his feelings, may not be tenable; but there are certainly strong grounds for believing, with some of the most illustrious of modern physiologists, that our ignorance of the fundamental elements of the case is too great to allow of our forming any theory as to the manner in which man expresses his emotions.

Mr. Darwin, however, in the present work, has undertaken to supply this want, and he furnishes us with a theory of the emotions, which is complete so far as it goes, though confessedly leaving much unexplained. Very naturally, indeed almost inevitably, he links on his theory of the expression of the emotions to his theory of the descent of man from a lower animal form; and those who reject the latter will infallibly reject the former. "No doubt," he says, "as long as man and all other animals are viewed as independent creations, an effectual stop is put to our natural desire to investigate as far as possible the causes of Expression. By this doctrine, anything and everything can be equally well explained; and it has proved as pernicious with respect to Expression as to every other branch of Natural History. With mankind some expressions, such as the bristling of the hair under the influence of extreme terror, or the uncovering of the teeth under that of furious rage, can hardly be understood, except on the belief that man once existed in a much lower and animal-like condition. The community of certain expressions in distinct though allied species, and in the movement of the same facial muscles during laughter by man and by various monkeys, is rendered somewhat more intelligible, if we believe in their descent from a common progenitor. He who admits on general grounds that the structure and habits of all animals have been gradually evolved, will look at the whole subject of Expression in a new and interesting light."

It is absolutely impossible to criticise the mass of facts which Mr. Darwin has accumulated in the present volume. To form any judgment as to these, it is necessary to read the work itself, and we venture to think that the reader, whilst unlikely to agree with the author's general conclusions, will not lay down the book without a strong admiration for the ingenuity and industry displayed by its writer. Mr. Darwin, however, formulates three principles, which may be advantageously stated in his own words, as he believes them "to account for most of the expressions and gestures involuntarily used by man and the lower animals, under the influence of various emotions and sensations." They are, as it were, the key-note to the whole of Mr. Darwin's theory of Expression, and though they may seem slight and shallow enough when we have them presented to us in print, it is easy to believe that they were not arrived at without a good deal of thinking. At the same time we are bound to say that we cannot admit that these three principles afford even a "fairly satisfactory" explanation of the Expressions of Man and Animals. They doubtless are true in part, and explain just so much of the phenomena as can be explained upon a purely material view of the subject; but they leave us just as ignorant as we were before of the true nature of all Expression.

The first of these "principles" is that "certain complex actions are of direct or indirect service under certain states of the mind, in order to relieve or gratify certain sensations, desires, etc.; and whenever the same state of mind is induced, however feebly, there is a tendency through the force of habit and association for the same movements to be performed, though they may not then be of the least use." This "principle of serviceable associated habits" is a kind of utilitarian view of Expression which, in reality, is an almost unavoidable deduction from Mr. Darwin's formerly promulgated belief that all instinctive actions are the result of "inherited habit." Much might be said against this view of instinct, and similarly a great deal might be brought forward against the present principle. Like the principle of "natural selection," it is, however, no doubt a perfectly true and efficient cause, so far as it goes. Unfortunately Mr. Darwin has in both cases pushed his principle much beyond the solid ground afforded by facts. The actions which he thinks can be explained by this first principle are exceedingly numerous. Amongst them he places all those actions which a man learns to perform when young, and which afterwards become so natural as to be performed automatically and without the co-operation of the will as a necessary element of the case. Here also he places most, or all, "reflex" actions, such as coughing, sneezing, clearing the throat, winking at the approach of danger, etc. He believes, of course, upon his own principle, that all these actions were originally performed only by a deliberate act of volition, and that it has only been by the effect of "inherited habit" that they have finally become what might be called "natural" to us. He is obliged to admit, however, that there are some of these actions which can not be explained in this way, since they are performed by organs which have been at no time under the control of the will. Thus, the wild throbbing of the heart under fear or other powerful emotion, and the contraction of the pupil of the eye under the stimulus of a bright light, are actions which can not possibly have been originally performed voluntarily and afterwards fixed into a mechanical habit by long-continued inheritance. Mr. Darwin's first principle, therefore, breaks down on one very important class of cases.

Mr. Darwin's second principle—the "principle of antithesis"—is stated as follows: "Certain states of the mind lead to certain habitual actions, which are of service, as under our first principle. Now when a directly opposite state of mind is induced, there is a strong and involuntary tendency

to the performance of movements of a directly opposite nature, though these are of no use ; and such movements are in some cases highly expressive." Thus, when a dog approaches a stranger, "his head is slightly raised, or not much lowered ; the tail is held erect and quite rigid ; the hairs bristle, especially along the neck and back : the pricked ears are directed forwards, and the eyes have a fixed stare." On the contrary, when the same dog approaches his master, "instead of walking upright, the body sinks downwards, or even crouches, and is thrown into flexuous movements ; the tail, instead of being held stiff and upright, is lowered and wagged from side to side ; his hair instantly becomes smooth ; his ears are depressed and drawn backwards, but not closely to the head ; and his lips hang loosely." These opposite states of mind, with the opposite actions which respectively express them, are illustrated by four capital drawings, and Mr. Darwin explains them upon the "principle of antithesis." The actions of the first series are believed to be serviceable actions, produced under the first principle ; and the actions of the second series are supposed to be useless, and to be merely produced by the involuntary tendency which the dog feels to perform in his loving and joyful condition the very opposite of what he did in his hostile and suspicious frame of mind. The idea is an ingenious one ; but we must confess that Mr. Darwin has failed to convince us by any of the examples which he has adduced, that it affords any real explanation of the case.

The third principle—that of "the direct action of the nervous system "—is founded upon the belief that there are certain actions which are due to the constitution of the nervous system itself, independently from the first of the will, and independently to a certain extent of habit. "When the sensorium is strongly excited, nerve-force is generated in excess, and is transmitted in certain definite directions, depending on the connection of the nerve-cells, and partly on habit ; or the supply of nerve-force may, as it appears, be interrupted. Effects are thus produced which we recognize as expressive." A good example of the actions which Mr. Darwin includes under this head is the trembling of the muscles which is produced by fear, violent anger, or excessive joy. Mr. Darwin admits that this subject is "very obscure," and, for our own part, we do not think that enough is known of the physiology of the nervous system, and of its connection with the mind, to render any discussion of this subject of any scientific value. It is all very well to talk of an "overflow of nerve-force" being generated, of its "manifestly" taking the most habitual routes, and of its then overflowing into the less habitual routes ; and to say that when nerve-force is "liberated in excess" it *must* "generate an equivalent manifestation of force somewhere." These are but phrases which cover a vast deal of ignorance. We know nothing of what "nerve-force" is, how it is generated, or how it is transmitted along the nerves. We come back, therefore, to our original proposition that any satisfactory theory of the expression of the emotions must be preceded by, and based upon, some genuine knowledge of the relationship which subsists between man's spiritual essence and its corporeal instrument.

Mr. Darwin's book is likely to be widely read, and it deserves to be so. It exhibits all his wonted ingenuity, his power of marshalling a vast array of facts in ordered sequence, and we may add, his usual candour and fairness in stating what he believes to be the weak points of his own theory. We question if it is likely to add much, if anything, to his scientific reputation ; but it can hardly fail to be highly appreciated by the reading public at large.

THE HIGHER MINISTRY OF NATURE, VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AND AS AN AID TO ADVANCED CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. By John R. Leifchild, A.M. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Leifchild's work is one of the latest, and perhaps not the least successful, of the numerous attempts which have been made to bridge over the gulf which has opened of late years between the Natural and Physical Sciences on the one hand, and Theology on the other. That the revelations of modern science can ever affect those primitive religious truths which lie at the very foundation of man's existence as a spiritual being is not to be seriously supposed for one moment. These fundamental truths may be obscured in the minds of some few who have devoted themselves so entirely to the knowledge which is to be derived through the senses that they have come to disbelieve in the existence of any other kind of knowledge : but that is the worst which is to be apprehended. All scientific theories which strike at these primitive spiritual truths must fall sooner or later ; for they are opposed to the deepest instincts of man's nature, and increasing wisdom is sure to show that they are false to fact. On the other hand, the antagonism between modern Science and Theology—the latter being at bottom nothing more than our human interpretation of these fundamental truths—is one which will probably be ended by mutual concession. That modern Theology will in the long run more than hold her own against modern Science is the conviction of some of the wisest minds of the present century ; but this

desirable consummation will not be furthered by any claim to infallibility on either side. Theology and Science alike, are human explanations of divine truths, and both alike partake of man's fallible nature. Both cannot be right as regards the questions at issue between them, and upon *a priori* grounds alone it were unreasonable to suppose that either is wholly wrong as to all the matters in dispute. Reconciliation is, therefore, likely to be produced by a compromise in which both sides will be the gainers. Theology, without abandoning any of her vital tenets, will admit that her interpretations have not been always sound; and science will unquestionably have to confess that her conclusions have, in some cases, been premature, and have been founded upon the study of a single department of knowledge to the neglect of others equally important, though not capable of elucidation by the scientific method of research.

As before said, Mr. Leifchild's work is an attempt to bring about such an agreement between Theology and Science, and to demonstrate that the phenomena of nature, if rightly interpreted, are not only not incompatible with religious truths, but are in the most thorough and complete accordance with them. For the first the time is, perhaps, not yet ripe; but in the second half of his task, it is not too much to say that Mr. Leifchild has so acquitted himself that his position will be conceded by all who will bring patience and an unprejudiced mind to the consideration of his arguments. It were difficult, and certainly unprofitable, to attempt any analysis of a work as comprehensive as this; but we may shortly look at what Mr. Leifchild means by the "Higher Ministry of Nature;" since this is the title of the book, and its import is not, perhaps, evident at first sight.

For the purpose of his argument, Mr. Leifchild distinguishes between what he calls the Lower and the Higher Ministry of Nature. The former is that by which nature "subserves our present individual and collective interests, makes highly civilized man what he now is, and promises to make him even more than he now is, and to place him on the highest eminence of physical attainments." In other words, the Lower Ministry of Nature is the relation between the requirements of man's material existence and his knowledge of the world in which he lives. It concerns the scientific aspect of nature, and is the record of the material benefits which man has derived from his investigation of external phenomena. Whilst no right-thinking man will be disposed to ignore or undervalue these benefits, none but the ignorant or wilfully blind will be inclined to deny that nature has a higher ministry than this, and that her benefits to man are not bounded by these improvements in his physical condition. "One of the deepest desires of every high-minded student of nature is to know its end, its relation to man in time and in eternity. The soul that strives to free itself from the baseness and paltriness of present human pursuits, earnestly seeks for every observable token of the presence—the all-pervading presence of God in nature—such a soul is not content with physical or utilitarian ends. These may be good, but they terminate with the present life, and if there be nothing higher within human reach, then all this unfolding magnificence and endless complexity of nature seem superfluous. Much less would have sufficed for man's ordinary wants; if he needed only food and raiment, light and heat, a little cradle and an obscure grave, the world is too good and too grand for him. Nature is, in such a case, a richly-embroidered garment wrought by royal hands for a beggar and an outcast. It does not suit him; it does not fit him, and it renders his very wretchedness the more conspicuous by its richness and ornamentation. True that no one can positively say what the entire relations of nature to man actually are. Still many of these may be conjectured, discovered, and to a great extent gathered from a careful and reverent consideration of the antecedent history of our earth and our race, and from an examination of the emotions and courses of thought which nature excites in the most cultivated and contemplative minds. If nature should awaken similar emotions in many similar minds, if the wider the cultivation the greater the appreciation of her manifold characteristics, if souls seeking after communion with God should frequently find that, in an enlightened communion with nature she lifts them up heavenwards as though on eagle's wings; if the successive discoveries of science shall, when rightly regarded, be capable of arrangement into a series of altar steps stretching through space upwards towards the throne of the Invisible Almighty One, then nature has a higher ministry than is known to the unreflecting, or cared for by the mere utilitarianism of this life.

The object then of Mr. Leifchild's work is to expound this "Higher Ministry" of nature; and it is hardly necessary to say that his views involve a very high appreciation of the value of science in education. He believes, as he may well do, that no man can be said to be properly educated who has not some knowledge of the marvellous world in which we live, its phenomena, and the laws which regulate those phenomena. "If by assiduity and thought we can learn, and record, and leave behind us some certain knowledge of this vast external world, of its hidden secrets, of its general constitution, of its majestic order, and of its impressive grandeur; above all if we can show how these its cha-

racteristics illustrate the Omnipotence, Providence, and the Bounty of the Creator of the entire universe of things, and how He designs that we should see them in His works, and be drawn nearer to Him in spirit by the examination of what He has set in glorious order before our eyes, then we shall have served one principal object of our earthly existence . . . . . He who has passed through our great school of nature without learning its important lessons—without regarding it, and listening to it as a teacher of great truths, and a symbol of things higher and nobler than itself—might as well have been placed in a chaotic and barren planet. He has neglected to gather and store the sweetest fruits of time—fruits which bear in them seeds that may germinate and mature in eternity. That man who goes from this world with no other acquisition than gold, or the memory of bodily satisfactions and enjoyments, is most fitly symbolized by the Egyptian mummy, which bore no other final token of its earthly grandeur or industry than a few dead leaves under its arm."

All who are interested in the bearing of scientific research upon religious thought—and there are happily many such—should read and ponder carefully over Mr. Leifchild's book. If somewhat discursive, it is, nevertheless, one of those thoughtful books which will bear careful reading. It is by no means a book to be taken up for amusement, but there is nothing in it which ought not to be intelligible to every educated person. Above all, the results arrived at in it are such as ought to recommend the book to all who have watched with alarm the attitudes which some leading authorities in purely scientific matters have taken up towards those higher truths which man does not acquire his knowledge of through his senses. In the words of the Rev. Dr. Crosby, the chancellor of the University of New York, and the editor of the American edition of the work, "it is a book that should find its way into every parlour where the materialistic poison has been scattered, to straighten and strengthen the weak knees and give colour to the pallid cheek, letting the light upon the frightful spectre, and showing it to be but a man of straw."

SANITARY SCIENCE, AS APPLIED TO THE HEALTHY CONSTRUCTION OF HOUSES IN TOWN and COUNTRY. By R. Scott Burn. Glasgow and London: William Collins & Sons, 1872.

This is an excellent little treatise; plain, but in the highest degree practical, upon the sanitary laws which it is necessary to observe if we wish to live in healthy houses. The author seems to be fully impressed with Lord Derby's dictum that "sanitary instruction is even more essential than sanitary legislation;" and it certainly cannot be imputed to him if a perusal of this book leaves us in the dark as to what are the requisites for a healthy house.

Unfortunately too many of us are in these matters at the mercy of our landlords, not to speak of the municipal authorities of the town in which we may happen to live. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and we doubt if there is much satisfaction in having an accurate knowledge of what is wanted to make one's house healthy, when it is absolutely impossible to remedy its defects, or to obtain one in which similar disadvantages are not present. For those, however, who are meditating building houses for themselves, we can most cordially recommend a careful perusal of Mr. Burns' work, in the full conviction that they will derive therefrom many valuable hints. Amongst the subjects treated of are the healthy arrangement and construction of dwelling-houses; the ventilation and heating of houses; the smoke nuisances in towns and cities; water and water supply, and the treatment of town refuse. The last two chapters, on the water and sewage questions, deserve consideration at the hands of all who live in towns and pay municipal taxes. The nature of the work is not such as to admit of our making any quotations: but we may say that the style in which it is written is remarkably clear, whilst illustrations have been introduced wherever they are necessary.

AT HIS GATES. By Mrs. Oliphant. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1872.

This is the Canadian copyright edition—neatly printed and handsomely bound—of Mrs. Oliphant's latest work of fiction. The complaint was made a year or two ago that our author was growing lugubrious and cynical—that her views of life seemed to be darkening with each succeeding novel. A similar objection may be urged against other female writers from George Sand and George Eliot down to Miss Braddon. This tendency would, perhaps, admit of easy explanation; but in "At his Gates" Mrs. Oliphant has made a successful effort to escape from its influence. The main incidents, it is true, are not of a cheerful nature, but they serve to indicate the purpose of sorrow in the discipline of life. The light and shade are distributed so equally that the misfortunes which disturb do not destroy, but rather heighten the interest of the reader. As a whole, it is a very interesting novel; instructive without being didactic, entertaining also, with no obtrusive pretensions to humour. The first chapter is rather

too finely spun out—it is apt to tire the reader not yet absorbed in the plot which follows. There are some mistakes which it may seem hypercritical to mention: for example, Medusa was not one of the Furies, as Mrs. Oliphant appears to think (p. 85). It surely was an error to put into the mouth of little Norah such a "*demi-mondish*" remark as this,—"Ned is a horsey, doggy sort of a boy"(p. 212).

It seems to us that there are also some improbabilities in the plot; but we leave these without further remark, because we are sure Mrs. Oliphant's readers will lose sight of them in the general interest of the story. Reginald Burton's character is powerfully drawn, and, with feminine clemency, Mrs. Oliphant makes her heroine spare the man who had wrought her husband's ruin. Carker is crushed to death by a locomotive, and Davenport Dunn committed suicide, but Reginald Burton twice escapes Nemesis through Robert and Helen Drummond. Stephen Haldane is a very touching delineation of character. The poor paralytic with intellect unclouded desiring still to do his work; a dissenting minister with views too liberal for his flock; worried even in his misfortunes by such beings as Mrs. Wigginton, who insists that Haldane shall be kept to "fundamentals," and believes that a preacher's work should be "profitable for doctrine," but not for "reproof and for instruction in righteousness." Mrs. Burton is a strange compound of pride and vanity. She is never offended at anything bizarre in conduct, "it was human nature." The last and only outbreak of feeling over Ned, Norah's *fiancé* is well described. Dr. Maurice is a fine soul, and shrewd also, in spite of his abortive offer of marriage. Golden is the heavy villain in the story, and, we must say, he does not receive poetic justice at Mrs. Oliphant's hands. The rector and his family, and the half-human, half-patrician Cyril Rivers; Susan, who feared to be "put upon;" Rebecca, who always believed the newspapers, and other *dramatis personæ* remain behind. Of the journals, the *Daily Semaphore*, the *Sword*, and the *Looker-on* are easily identified with the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. The story altogether is one of the best Mrs. Oliphant has written, and we cordially commend it to our readers.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. II.—1842–1852. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The second instalment of Mr. Forster's biography covers a period of about ten years—from Dickens' return to England, after his American tour, to the completion of *David Copperfield* and the removal from Devonshire Terrace. A chapter on the autobiographical novel is still wanting to complete the the sory of this decade. In this volume we miss the romantic vicissitudes which attracted the reader in the first. The Portsea, the Blacking Warehouse, the Wellington House Academy, Mrs. Roylance, and the Marshalsea prison have disappeared, and the experiences of all that bitter past are outlived, save where they left indelible marks upon the character of the man. Comfort and fame seem secured; yet still the onward progress of the novelist continues to interest us deeply. His path was by no means traced for him across a level plateau, but upwards by rugged, toilsome and precipitous ways. To those who desire to read the inmost nature of Dickens—to understand the wonderful vitality of the man, his sensitive temperament, his earnestness in the work he had set himself to do, and above all, his noble and unselfish character, this volume will be read with great pleasure. The abrupt termination of Dickens' own MS. is rather a gain than otherwise: for we have now a much more complete portrait, pieced together in the mosaic, from his correspondence with Mr. Forster. These letters, extending over many years were as certainly written for the purpose, as those from abroad were intended to form, and did form, the *substratum* of his *Pictures from Italy*. It is desirable that this fact should receive due weight, because certain of the critics have made the prominence given to these letters the ground of much ungenerous remark. It is quite clear that Mr. Forster was Dickens' most intimate and cherished friend; that he was consulted on all matters of importance; that, at a very early period, the novelist had fixed upon him as his biographer, and, with that view, had made him the sole partner of his thoughts, anxieties and aspirations. The publication of correspondence with other friends, literary, or artistic, even if accessible, would have rendered the book unwieldy and could have contributed little to the purpose of the work. Some of the aspersions cast upon the biographer seem to owe their origin to political animosity; others are merely examples of a tendency in the professional critic to take revenge by injustice to the living, for the tribute they are obliged to pay to the memory of the dead. In any case, Mr. Forster has one consolation of which no critic can deprive him, that the spirit and style of his work would have been warmly approved by his deceased friend. *A propos* of critics, we may mention that M. Taine receives some well deserved raps over the knuckles in this volume. The Frenchman's misconception of Dickens' comical creations, coupled with his characteristic self-confidence, are simply ludicrous—in fact he seems to possess as little idea of English humour as the King of Siam is said to have of water in a solid state. A critic who degrades Sol Gills, the mathematical instrument-maker, into the keep-

er of a marine-store, or "junk" shop, is capable of any absurdity.

During the ten years under review we have Charles Dickens at his best. It is the period of the *American Notes* of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the early Christmas Stories of *Dombey* and *Copperfield*, and the establishment of *Household Words*—of the Italian and Swiss years, and a three months' sojourn at Paris.

Mr. Forster's critical remarks on the stories while in progress and when complete are welcome additions to the biography proper. On one point, however, we feel constrained to join issue with him. His advice to Dickens was, in the main, sound and valuable; but we are decidedly of opinion that the suppression of the introduction to the *Notes* was injudicious. So far from aggravating the original offence, this chapter would probably have tended to reconcile the Americans to the freedom of the author's criticisms. They are an over-sensitive people; but an appeal to their good sense in the characteristic style of Dickens would not have been without its effect. The truth seems to be that, as a nation, our neighbours bored him excessively; at all events he was at no pains to conceal his dislike in private letters. When he met them in detail, on the other hand, he was very friendly even when the recognition took the *outré* form—"I'm blarm'd if it ain't Dickens." Whatever vexations he suffered in America, there can be no question that he returned from it "with wider views than when he started, and with a larger maturity of mind." Judging from his keen appreciation of scenery, and his entertaining sketches of individual character, his residence on the continent was of great benefit to him in a similar way.

As we have already hinted, the salient features of Dickens' character are vividly presented in this volume. That he was, above all things, a man of feeling and impulse, may be gathered from his works; but to how large an extent the "feminine side of our nature" held the supremacy in his opinions, his acts, and even in the minutest details of his method as an author, we may glean from this volume. The religious element formed an essential part of his character; but his faith was charac teristically of the heart and not of the head. The preamble to his will shows at once the unwavering faith of the man, and his settled dislike for formulated statements of dogma. *The Life of Dr. Arnold*, as he remarked, was "the text-book of his faith"—in modern phrase he was a Broad-churchman. In politics he was, of course, a Liberal, but even here, as Mr. Forster remarks, as he had not made them a study, "they were always an instinct with him rather than a science." Earl Grey offended him, no doubt, because he appeared disposed to shrink from entering upon the path of social reform; but his principal objection to the Whig premier appears to be summed up in a "dislike of his style of speaking, his fishy coldness, his uncongenial and unsympathetic politeness, and his insufferable, though gentlemanly, artificiality." On the other hand a simple touch of nature in the Iron Duke seems in a moment to have softened strong political dislike. In ethics he was an "intuitionalist" by nature, and with the hard and rigid maxims of political economy he was constantly at war, "Bear in mind," he writes to Mr. Forster, "that the *Westminster Review* considered Scrooge's presentation of a turkey to Bob Cratchit as grossly incompatible with political economy."

It used to be the fashion to denounce the novelist's appeals for the poor as the "mawkish sentimentalism" of a mere *litterateur*. His life shows that this sympathy was really "a passion of his life' In the noblest sense he had the poor always with him—in his heart. He "sympathized and sorrowed," and wrote for them, but he planned and worked also in manifold ways. Schemes of popular education and of emigration, the ragged schools, sanitary reform, baths, asylums, and plans by which the poor might learn providence and foresight constantly engaged his attention. It is to his credit that he diverted the liberality of Baroness Coutts into the channel of practical philanthropy. From the first he was the suggesting and directing spirit in all her generous schemes. His exertions for individual sufferers, especially those connected with his own profession, were indefatigable.

One curious feature of his character was his inveterate cockneyism. There is not an odd scene on the continent, which is not compared with some locality or other in London. Even the Swiss shooting ground is not measured by yards or *metres*, but as "extending about the distance across the ornamental ground in St. James' Park." During his residence on the continent, Dickens constantly complained of his "want of streets and faces"—not; as might be supposed, to suggest subjects to a faltering imagination, but to get rid of the crowd of beings he had created. They clung about him and clogged his progress, clamouring for recognition from the parent who had begotten them. The wearying effect of writing is often pathetically described—the despondency at commencing—the constant anxiety,—the difficulty in the selection of names and titles—and the poignant regret at parting with the creatures of his imagination, appear strange to us, who admired the apparent ease and facility with which he seemed to write. His peculiar temperament will, in some measure, account for this—it coloured every-

thing he wrote or did. His imagination was vivid, his heart was thoroughly in earnest, and thus to him the creatures of his fancy became real, substantial creatures, of flesh and blood. When he had finished the *Chimes* he wrote :—"I have had what women call a real good cry;" and when *David Copperfield* was completed in the words which close the volume :—"If I were to say half of what *Copperfield* makes me feel to-night, how strangely, even to you, I should be turned inside-out! I seem to be sending some part of myself into the shadowy World."

We should like to make some reference to the literary friendships of Dickens—his eager recognition of genius in others—his entire freedom from professional jealousy, and other noble traits of character revealed in Mr. Forster's volume; but our space is exhausted, and for innumerable incidents which have interested us we gladly refer the reader to the work itself.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Honest, thorough and steady labour, we are told, is fast dying out in England. Heedless and unreasoning strikes, increasing drunkenness, and general demoralization among the labouring and artizan classes, is said to be the cause. However this may be in the general, yet, in the industries connected with the publishing trade, there is little apparent evidence of it. The holiday season has brought us a more abundant supply of suitable literature than we have ever had in previous years. It may be that the publishers have had more to pay for its production; and, distant as we are from the producing centres, we may know nothing of the serious effort of getting such a mass of matter issued; but, looking at its extent, its multifariousness, and the variety of its attractions, we have no heart to find fault with the industry or the character of the labour which has produced it. In art table-books, *editions de luxe*, illustrated works of travel, collections of the poets, the juvenile and nursery literature, and the thousand issues of Christmas extras, holiday numbers of current serials, almanacs, diaries, and other publications belonging to the season, we have had an unstinted supply; and such a supply in point of merit and taste as only the most hyper-critical reviewer could take exception to.

Of course, one may take an unsentimental and matter-of-fact view of the industry of the period, and estimate the expenditure of labour, thought and money in its production as an evidence of folly and weakness, while being of no service to literature or art. But it would be unfair to say that the publications of the season are all ephemeral in their character: many of them, born of the luxurious wants of the season, will live as monuments of the skill and taste of the age we live in, while the holiday seasons that gave them birth have been long garnered with the past; and the others, if not worthy of such honour, will have served their end in being the offering from hand to hand, expressive of a kindly custom, if not, of a warm and friendly regard.

But passing from the mere holiday issues, which have come upon the literary world this season with something of the force of a freshet, and in character seemingly, with the furious rainstorms which have deluged England during the month of December, we come once more to the steady stream of current publication, which has set in with the opening of 1873. And here, again, is begun the round of the Magazine clock, for the monthly numbers, with their accustomed regularity, are forward with their initial issues for the new year. But in our limited space, and with the mass of material before us, we can only make a transfer of their dial-plate to these pages, and refer our readers to the periodicals themselves.

Blackwood opens the year with no paper of particular moment, but still sullenly refuses to herd with his shilling confreres. "The Parisians," and "A True Reformer" are continued in its opening pages. "An Arthurian Idyl," and a paper on "Christian Philosophy in England," occupy the balance.

Fraser delivers itself of its editor's (Mr. Froude) phillipic, in the Association Hall, New York, against Father Burke—an indictment equally disastrous to both parties in the Irish controversy. In the subject "Hereditary Improvement," by Mr. F. Galton, the author, ingeniously argues for an improved species of the human family by the influence of "race," as freely developed in the new colonies through emigration, and by "nurture," in an increased attention to physical and sanitary laws. A short sketch of the early career of M. Thiers, and an articleon the metaphysician of the days of Queen Anne, the third Lord Shaftesbury, suggested by a resuscitation of the philosopher's works by a German enthusiast, comprise the best part of the remaining pages.

The Contemporary continues Mr. Herbert Spencer's interesting papers on "The Study of Sociology," taking up "Subjective Difficulties—Emotional," as the subject of elucidation. The Rev. Wm. Knight, of Dundee, adds to the literature of the "Prayergage," by an article on "The Function of Prayer in

the Economy of the Universe." "Ireland of the Irish," by Mr. O'Connor Morris, and "On Creeds in Church and Chapel," by Mr. Vance Smith, occupy several pages which will attract many readers. Dr. Carpenter contributes a curious paper "On the Hereditary Transmission of Acquired Psychical Habits,"—a contribution which will be read in connection with Mr. Galton's paper in *Fraser*; and a reprint concludes an excellent issue of this important monthly, of Mr. Goldwin Smith's exhaustive article on 'The Labour Movement," which appeared in our December pages.

The Fortnightly discusses in a paper, by Mr. Frederick Harrison, the "Principle of Authority," and reviews, by the pen of Mr. E. W. Gosse, the course of "Forty Years in the House of Lords" in reference to the question now at the bar of public opinion as to the service to the State of that adjunct to the Imperial legislature.

Cornhill and *Temple Bar*, in the domain of lighter literature, entertain their readers with the usual quantum of fiction and light essay. An account of the recent "Marriage of the Emperor of China," smuggled from the Celestial land, and the continuation of Miss Thackeray's story "Old Kensington," appears in the former; while a tale "Under Cloak," by the author of "Cometh up as a Flower," and a further instalment of Mr. Wilkie Collins's novel, "The New Magdalen," does duty in the latter.

Macmillan's bill of fare for the month comprises three additional chapters of a "Slip in the Fens"—a story of high promise; the conclusion of Mrs. Oliphant's story, "The Two Marys;" and a paper by Mr. C. J. Wallis on "Constitutional Government in France; its History and Prospects." The latter thoughtfully reviews the present political situation in France; and endeavours to decipher the 'signs of the times.' Considering the political inconstancy of the French people, this must be the merest guessing. The magazine closes with an able review of Mr. Froude's "English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," by Mr. W. H. Lecky, author of the "History of Rationalism," &c. In earnest language the critic arraigns the author for his intemperate deification of force and success, and his more than Carlylean enthusiasm of despotism. "Partial, intolerant, and intemperate," are the terms applied to the author; and the opinion is expressed that Mr. Froude, in his recent work, has "thrown a new brand of discord into the smouldering embers of Irish discontent."

Fully occupied as the field of periodical literature would seem to be, we still find new claimants for public favour and patronage entering the lists. A new magazine in the interest of the arts and sciences, is announced under the title of "The Practical Magazine." It is to be originally published in England but it be circulated on this side the Atlantic by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston. A prominent feature of the periodical will be its elaborate illustrations, connected with scientific and artistic matters.

A new Canadian venture comes to us from the Lower Provinces, in an elegant and very presentable dress. It is published by the Messrs. Macmillan, of St. John's, N.B., and bears the title of "The Maritime Monthly." It is designed to be an eclectic periodical, though its pages will be open to original matter to some extent. We have also to welcome the advent of a new religious monthly, issued by the Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto, entitled "Earnest Christianity." Its editor is the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, of the city—an eloquent and devout minister of the Methodist body. We wish it an active and prosperous career.

LITERARY NOTES.

A question of some importance to the literary world has arisen with regard to the Lecture on the Irish Question given the other day by Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the invitation of the trustees of one of the Churches in this city, and for the benefit of the Church. Mr. Smith, in accepting the invitation, stipulated that his lecture should not be reported, giving as his reason that he wished it to appear in an authentic form under his own supervision. Nevertheless, when about to deliver his lecture, he found that reporters were present. He accordingly before commencing explained to the representatives of the press the conditions under which he had consented to lecture, and appealed to them to respect his literary property. One of our two leading journals

reported the appeal and complied with the lecturer's wish. The other suppressed the appeal and published the lecture.

The suppression of the appeal serves to show that the manager of the journal knew what the verdict of society between him and the lecturer would be. His representatives, it was understood, pleaded on his behalf their legal right, having paid for their tickets, to carry away anything they could and make any use of it they choose. Legal right is not moral right; there is a law which is made by Parliament and there is a law which men of honor make for themselves. So far as we know there is nothing in the Statute Book to prevent the editor of a newspaper from publishing private conversation provided he keep clear of the law of libel. The purchase of a ticket for a lecture no more gives the purchaser a moral right to deprive the lecturer of his literary property, than the purchase of a copy of a book gives a right to pirate the contents. In the case of a book, morality is protected by law: in the case of a lecture, it has hitherto been generally guarded by the rules of society and by the respect of the Press for the rights and property of literary men. The Press of the United States enjoys what, in the eyes of men of honor is a somewhat unenviable reputation for "enterprise;" but we believe it habitually respects the property of lecturers; so undoubtedly does the Press of England; and so, we may add, does the Press of Montreal.

The lecturer immediately concerned happens to be one who lectures but seldom, and only for charitable purposes, or in compliance with friendly invitations. His remedy, therefore, if he wishes to escape annoyance, is simple and obvious. But he is not the only or the principal complainant; and in his person a right important both to literary men and the community is imperilled. Public lecturing is a regular calling, and one which, to be carried to perfection, requires a remarkable combination of literary and personal perfection. It exacts much preparation and careful training. At the same time it is one to which the people of this continent owe much and are bound to see justice done. Among a population with little access to books, or too busy to read them, the public lecturer has kept alive intellectual tastes and interests, carrying the lamp of culture into regions where it might otherwise have been entirely extinguished. The history of the lecturing system in the United States would be that of one of the most beneficent agencies on this continent. Nor is this special utility of the system yet exhausted, even were it likely that the day would ever come when people would prefer the lifeless page to the living presentment of thought and emotion. But it is evident that public lecturing will cease, and that this fountain of popular entertainment and culture will cease to flow, if a lecture which has cost long and laborious preparation, as every good lecture must, is, upon its first delivery, to be reported in the newspapers and rendered unavailable for the future. In the cases of great notabilities, people sometimes go rather to see the man than to hear the lecture; but in general cases, few people will purchase a ticket to hear repeated in the evening what they have read in their morning paper.

A question also arises as to our liberty of addressing a particular audience or congregation without addressing the public in general, as speakers and preachers may often have occasion to do. Is no meeting or society to be allowed to keep its sentiments and affairs to itself without taking legal precautions against publication? Is every pew-owner to be entitled to publish in the newspapers anything which a minister may address to his own congregation? The vulgar lust of publicity which is so rampant in the United States, and which is rapidly spreading in this country, will in the end subvert freedom of speech and reduce all utterances of which a reporter can get hold to a wash of unobjectionable milk and water. Already a fatal effect is being produced on manliness of character and boldness of moral bearing. For one man in the United States who is looking straight to the mark of action there are three looking at their own shadow in the Press.

In general cases social opinion is the only restraint. But in the case of public lecturers there is a definite injury to property against which the law might probably guard. It might perhaps be enacted that a notice in the advertisement and on the tickets that the right of publication is reserved should be equivalent to registration of copyright in the case of a book. Such a provision would be an effectual safeguard, and we see no difficulty in carrying it into effect.

Residents of the New World have not, generally, been much interested in traditionary gossip or antiquarian lore. The occupations and pursuits of the present have been the absorbing themes, rather than the records or legends of the past. It has, however, been the incidents which have transpired in the past, and the personages who have already played their part in the drama of life, that have made history for us, and given the student of to-day materials for the entertaining and profitable study we possess.

Compared with the mother-land our antiquities may seem but the things of yesterday; and the chronicles of the past, in which the denizen of the new world has borne a part, may seem bald and vapid when contrasted with those of the peoples from whom we have sprung. But it must be remembered that the old world is rich in her proud annals as the aggregate of fame's wealth derived from conquest and achievement in such lands as ours, and that the lustre which shines on her history has been lit, in some degree, from the events in which we, too, claim to be proud.

It is not only, however, in connection with events in which the old world prides itself, that we have a past that is worthy of study. Events in the new world move rapidly. Within the compass of a few decades we seem to have crowded the interest of a century's history of the old world. A new world has been opened up; nature has been wrestled with; races have been conquered; tribes subdued; civilization has displaced the rude and primitive; savagery has given place to law; the discoverer has become the pioneer; the pioneer the colonist; and from the colony we have now the nation.

In such conflicts and achievements, and in so great a stride in material and moral progress, it could not fail that much that is rich in association, and stirring in story, should result and become the heritage of the present.

And in so far as the stage upon which all this has been enacted, and upon which so many notable personages have figured—"Toronto of old" is concerned—for it is the perusal of the advance sheets of Dr. Scadding's delightful volume, on the Early Annals of Toronto, which has led us into these reflections—it must be matter for extreme gratification that the capital of the Province will now be made to tell its early story. That so much has been preserved of the early annals of Toronto, and of the social life and settlement of the Province, as we find in this work, will surprise while it delights the reader. Thanks, indeed, to the author, whose unwearied research and many years of zeal and industry have gathered for us the results of such a past. In its faithful and graphic pages times gone by re-appear, and every street is made to tell the story of what once was.

On this page, the tradition of the early settler presents itself; on that, we have a picture of the city's budding life. Here, a glance at the Council Halls of the young Province; there, a sketch of one of its prominent characters. This chapter takes a peep at school life and the famous dominie; that, photographs a gathering for worship. This section gossips about a quaint advertisement; that, amusingly depicts early social manners and customs.

In short, as a continuous panorama of colonial life, from its early up-shootings to its latest developments, the work is of abounding interest even to the stranger; and as a repository of everything eventful in the early annals of the country, it is all-important to the native reader.

Few memorials or reminiscences, which intimately link the present with the past, have been of so unique a character; and rarely has there been a more important contribution to our national literature. Its speedy publication, we feel safe in saying, will be eagerly sought; and there can be no doubt that, when issued, it will find a place in every library in the country.

The work will be published by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co., of Toronto.

The same publishers have in the press an authorized Canadian reprint of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Lectures on the Study of History," to be issued shortly in a cheap form. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that when these Lectures were delivered the author was Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. The Rev. Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's, in his recently published Lent Lectures on "Some Elements of Religion," after referring to the author as "a distinguished living layman, who certainly cannot be supposed to have approached" the subject "with any strong ecclesiastical bias," quotes, at some length, "the eloquent and sincere words of Professor Goldwin Smith" (on the unapproachable excellence of of the historical Christ), as needing "no recommendation or comment." As a tribute from one of the ablest and most effective preachers in the Anglican communion, we gladly substitute Dr. Liddon's remarks for any eulogy of our own.

There is much "excellent fooling" in "My Little Book, by Salathiel Doles, author of, "Etc., Etc.," (Adam, Stevenson & Co.), and something more than fooling, a spice of good-natured satire. Australian and American humour, seem somewhat akin; and yet our author has managed to strike out an original path for himself. Doles does not entrap his readers by bizarre orthography; his fun is dressed, for the most part, in unexceptionable English; and to compare styles, his is a sort of cross between Mark Twain at his best and "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," without his professorial stilts. The inimitable Pat, the Men who have Risen, Jagg, the Australian Boswell and Joe Throttleby, are amongst the best of the many funny sketches in the "Little Book."

Messrs. A. & C. Black are bringing out yet another edition of the "Waverley Novels." It is to be a pocket edition, 16mo. in size, comprised in 25 volumes, and to sell in Canada at 45 cents a volume, in cloth binding. The same publishers have published a new edition of Lord Cockburn's "Memorials of his Time," and "Life of Francis Jeffrey," in 2 vols., at $3. They have been out of print for some years. Now, no doubt, there will be a revival of their sale.

The joint work of Blanchard Jerrold and Gustave Doré—"London; a Pilgrimage," is now complete. It forms a handsome volume, illustrated by nearly 200 engravings from Doré's drawings—though very *Frenchy* in their character. A much more natural work, in the way of London illustrated, we should say, and one which will be largely subscribed for, is the new publication of Messrs. Cassell—"Old and New London," by Walter Thornbury. The editor is well fitted for his task, as his book, "A Tour round England," shows us, and the publishers have the amplest facilities for accurately and skilfully embellishing the book.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY.

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 3.] MARCH, 1873. [NO. 3.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE ACT OF 1844.

BY SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, C.B., K.C.M.G.

IT is now nearly 30 years since Parliament, on the recommendation of the late Sir Robert Peel, defined the principles on which a national currency could safely be established. The measure was an imperfect one, inasmuch as it permitted the continued issue of bank notes by English Private and Joint Stock Banks, and by Scotch and Irish Banks,* though under such restrictions as have prevented the redundant issues of former years.

The Scotch issues have been recently made the subject of discussion, owing to some important utterances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Lowe). A memorial was addressed to him by the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, praying for the repeal of the Bank Act of 1845, which confers a monopoly in Scotland on certain Banks which were in existence at the period of its enactment. Mr. Lowe availed himself of the opportunity to declare his adherence to the principle of the Bank Act of 1844 in the following words: "It is generally recognized that the issue of bank notes is the creation of money, and that the creation of money is the business of the State, not of any trading association; hence it follows that the issue of such notes by private banks is rather an anomaly which we may tolerate than a right which we ought to extend. A mixed currency, composed partly of the precious metals and partly of paper, cannot be in a sound condition unless it complies with the three following conditions: first, the "paper must be convertible into gold on demand; second, sufficient security must be held by the issuers to secure the payment of the notes; third, mixed currency must be at all times exactly of the same amount, and consequently of the same value, as a purely metallic currency would be." These remarks of Mr. Lowe have led to a discussion of the Scotch Bank Act, and it must be admitted that the London *Economist* is correct in its objection that the effect of that Act is "to take gold from the Bank of England, where it is wanted, and to send it to the Scotch banks, where it is not wanted." And again: "The compulsory reserve of the Scotch and Irish banks is,

*Separate Acts for Ireland and Scotland were passed in 1845.

nationally speaking, a reserve at an *unexposed* point. It places gold where no one can think of seeking or asking for it." Now there are two modes of meeting the well founded objections made by the "*Economist*" to the existing system. One may be dismissed, not so much on its merits as on its impracticability in the present state of public opinion in Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Lowe, when he declared that the Scotch and Irish issues were "an anomaly which we may tolerate," indicated pretty plainly that he was not prepared to take the bull by the horns and suppress bank issues in Scotland and Ireland, giving the banks enjoying the existing monopoly a reasonable compensation for their loss. The second remedy, and which would be found effective, would be to make Bank of England notes a legal tender in Scotland and Ireland, but to require the Bank of England not to establish Branches in those parts of the United Kingdom. The banks might be permitted to hold the amount issued in excess of their authorized circulation in gold or in Bank of England notes, and as those notes could only be obtained in exchange for gold, the practical effect would be that the gold now held by the Scotch and Irish banks, and which amounts to several millions, would be sent to where it is really wanted, that is, the Bank of England, and the gold reserve of that bank would be materially increased.

It is to be regretted that the opportunity was not taken, when the Act of 1844 was passed, to establish a Government Bank of Issue in name, as was done in reality. Had that change been made, the public would have understood more clearly than they ever appear to have done, that at three different periods, viz:—October, 1847, November, 1857, and May 1866, the principal English Bank of Discount and Deposit was unable to meet its liabilities, "and was only saved from stopping payment by the intervention of the Government."* That intervention no doubt was justifiable under the circumstances, but it affords no proof whatever that the Act of 1844 was a failure. It never entered the imagination of Sir Robert Peel or of Lord Overstone that it would be possible to secure, by an Act of Parliament, the prudent management of a Bank of Discount and Deposit. Their intention was to secure the convertibility into gold of bank notes which had been made a legal tender by Act of Parliament. Now so far from having failed in their object, the gold in the Bank of Issue was, at each of the periods referred to, so ample that the Government was able to authorize it to make loans to the Bank of Discount and Deposit, which, under similar circumstances, it would probably have made, had it been nominally, as it was in reality, the issuer of the notes. On the American Continent the Government of the United States and the Government of Canada are issuers of notes which, like those of the Bank of England, are legal tenders. Owing to a very erroneous financial policy, the former are at present irredeemable, but they are nevertheless held by the national banks of the Union as their reserves. The Canadian Dominion notes are redeemable in gold, and are issued on much the same principle as those of the Bank of England. Now if any bank in the City of New York or in the City of Montreal were to find itself unable to meet the demands of its depositors or noteholders, and was compelled to apply for aid to the Government of the United States or the Government of the Canadian Dominion, its case would be precisely analogous to that of the Bank of England at the different periods to which reference has been made. The Act of 1844 has, on the whole, worked so admirably, that it is only after periods of monetary collapse or of unusual stringency, causing a high rate of interest, that efforts are made by its opponents to influence public opinion to demand its repeal. Notwithstanding the want of success which has

* "N's" Essay.

hitherto attended those efforts, a writer of high and acknowledged reputation, whose well known signature "N," should command both attention and respect, has given it as his opinion, in an essay offering "suggestions for amendments in the Act, rendered necessary by altered circumstances," that "the reunion of the functions of Banking and Issue, as they existed prior to the passing of the Act, is a change which will happen sooner or later." He adds "a new generation is growing up, to whom the currency controversies of thirty years ago are matters of history or tradition, who will beyond doubt be guided by results only."

It is for the supporters of the Act of 1844 to grapple with the arguments adduced to prove that "the results" of that Act have been injurious to the public. It may be admitted that the essay under consideration contains valuable suggestions for the management of the Discount and Deposit department of the Bank of England, but it fails to establish the necessity of entrusting to that department the duty of issuing the notes which constitute a large portion of the national currency. The term "national currency" is here used to designate that mixed currency of gold coin and Bank of England notes redeemable in gold, fluctuating in amount precisely as gold would do, and, like gold, a legal tender in England to any amount. Such a currency may properly be described as money. It measures the value not only of all commodities, but of the various forms of credit, such as ordinary bank notes, cheques, bills of exchange and promissory notes, some, or all of which are termed currency by scientific writers. It is not contemplated to discuss here the question so long controverted, whether bankers' notes payable on demand should be suppressed. That the credit system has great influence on prices cannot be denied, though it is contended by some eminent writers that the expansion of credit which precedes a collapse is the consequence, not the cause, of over-speculation. Interference with credit in the form of bills of exchange, promissory notes and cheques, is neither possible nor advisable, and the particular form of credit which has been the subject of so much controversy is a very small part of the whole volume of currency in the United Kingdom. The London *Economist* cites the transactions of Lubbock's Bank, amounting to £19,000,000, and shews that £18,395,000 consisted of cheques and bills, £79,000 of country notes, and £526-000 of bank notes and gold; and likewise the payment of a million by the great firm of Morrison, Dillon & Co., of which £966-146 was in cheques and bills, £22,743 in bank notes, £9,627 in gold, and £1,484 in silver. It seems probable that the limitation of the circulation of ordinary bankers' notes, effected by the Acts of 1844 and 1845, has caused a considerable expansion of credit in the form of cheques, so that little public inconvenience has resulted from it, although the permission to certain banks to issue notes, while others are prohibited, is an anomaly which is rather to be deplored.

It may be feared that, notwithstanding the concurrence of opinion between the supporters of the Act of 1844 and those of its opponents, who, like "N," are in favour of securing the convertibility of bank notes into gold, there are wide differences between them as to the objects to be attained by the circulation of such notes. There can be no doubt that the principal objection to the extension of the Act of 1844 to Scotland and Ireland was founded on the inconvenience that the public would have sustained by the withdrawal of the accommodation which the local banks had been enabled by their circulation to afford to their borrowing customers. It is hardly probable that the author of the essay under consideration contemplates the extension of the Scotch and Irish system to England. He would still permit the Bank of England to furnish the national currency, provided the two

departments were reunited. The supporters of the Act of 1844 hold the opinion that a bank note currency is required for the convenience of the public, and that it may likewise be made profitable by economizing the use of gold. They maintain that the profit derived from it should accrue to the nation. This was practically accomplished by the Act of 1844. The Bank of England notes are secured by a Government loan and by gold, and are not employed in the ordinary business of banking as are the issues of other banks. If the Issue department had been transferred to the Royal Mint, the notes would have been secured in precisely the same way. It may fairly be contended that the nation gets the full benefit of the circulation indirectly, but even admitting the contrary, the Act was necessarily one of compromise. In considering the "results" of the Act of 1844, care should be taken not to make the Issue department responsible for any errors committed by the bank directors in their management of the Bank of Discount and Deposit. It is not alleged that the Issue department was ever in danger or difficulty, and it would be wholly impossible that it ever could be if the Government debt were represented by negotiable securities. Strong arguments might be adduced in support of the principle on which the bank issues were regulated by the Act of 1844, and which is thus defined in the essay: "That to prevent mischief it is necessary that the amount of paper money (bank notes) must at all times fluctuate in precisely the same way as a circulation purely metallic would fluctuate under the same circumstances." It may, however, be desirable, for the sake of the present argument, to admit that there is no absolute necessity that the amount of paper should fluctuate in precisely the same way that a circulation purely metallic would fluctuate; in point of fact, so long as the convertibility of the bank note is secured by law, the inevitable result of a foreign demand for gold must be a reduction in the amount of notes in circulation. The term "circulation" is here applied to all notes which have been delivered from the Issue department. A considerable amount of this circulation is held by the Banking department, which, as is correctly stated in the essay under consideration, "has come to discharge a national function of the most important kind, namely, as custodians and maintainers of the national bullion reserve or fund, and out of this circumstance there is gradually arising a practical difficulty." It may be that the Bank of England has unwisely undertaken the discharge of a duty which in other countries is performed by the banking institutions generally. It is not necessary that the Bank of Deposit should be the custodian of the "national bullion reserve or fund;" indeed that department rarely holds any bullion, and there is no reason why "Bank A," instead of maintaining £200,000 at its credit in the Bank of England should not hold the same amount in its own vaults in gold or in Bank of England notes. It may be instructive to point out the working elsewhere of a system not materially different from that in operation in England. There is, as already stated, a note circulation in Canada issued by the Dominion Government, and secured by debentures of the Dominion, gold, and bank certificates of deposit. The amount held in debentures is fixed by law, on the same principle as that adopted in the Act of 1844, but the excess over that amount may be in gold or in bank certificates of deposit, provided 35 per cent. is held in gold. Canada is exposed, like other countries, "to a demand for bullion to meet an adverse foreign exchange," and it might be imagined, by those who are accustomed to the English system, that it would be found convenient that there should be a single custodian of all the banking reserves. Not only is this not the case, but the principal banks hold a large portion of their reserves in gold. All properly conducted

banks should hold, either in gold or in notes convertible into gold on demand, a sufficient reserve to meet the calls of depositors, and, where they are banks of Issue, to redeem their notes. The capital error in the English system is that the London banks and bill brokers hold the reserves of the country banks; that they probably treat these reserves as ordinary deposits, requiring only a proportionate reserve on their own part; and a great portion of that reserve, together with the reserves to meet their liabilities to their ordinary depositors, instead of being held for its legitimate object, is deposited in the Bank of England. It must be obvious, considering that the bankers' deposits in the Bank of England represent the reserves both of the London and the country banks, including a large portion of those of the Scotch and Irish banks of Issue and Deposit, that the bank should hold in gold or Bank of England notes very close on the full amount deposited by the London bankers. That it not only does not do this, but that it holds a very insufficient reserve, is proved by the fact that, in 1866, "the reserve of the Banking department in London "was little more than half a million, and unless the Act had been suspended it would have been compelled to stop payment, as cheques for several millions were drawn ready to be presented for payment."* This difficulty obviously arose from the insufficiency of the reserve held by the Banking department, but the system pursued is a most unsafe one. There are no doubt adequate reasons for the country banks keeping their reserves in London, but the very fact that they are obliged to do so renders it only the more necessary that the London banks should keep their reserves in their own possession. A strange proposition is made in the essay under consideration, viz.: that the Government should pay the bank 3 per cent. per annum interest on all reserves held beyond a prescribed amount. It may be admitted that it is unreasonable that the Bank of England should hold the reserves of all the London banks gratuitously, and it is clear that it is unsafe for them to loan such reserves to the public, but the proper remedy would seem to be for the banks to pay the Bank of England a fair commission for its trouble in taking charge of their money. It would be a simple matter of business, and any bank objecting to the charge could keep its own money. Reference having been made to the Canadian banks, it may be worth observing that, according to a recent monthly statement of 22 banks in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the aggregate liabilities payable on demand, deposits requiring notice not being taken into account, were in round figures $60,000,000 or £12,000,000 sterling, of which $25,000,000 or £5,000,000, consisted of notes in circulation, and $32,500,000 or £6,500,000, of deposits payable on demand, while they held in gold and notes $16,626,583, over £3,300,000 sterling, or more than 25 per cent. In addition to these cash reserves they held, in the hands of foreign agents, nearly ten millions of dollars, or £2,000,000 sterling, and as bank exchange can be speedily converted into gold, this branch of the bank assets may fairly be considered a cash reserve. In the national banks of the United States, reserves are held in legal tenders to an amount rather over than under 25 per cent. of the liabilities payable on demand, including the bank notes issued, which amounted in 1866 to about $300,000,000 or £60,000,000 sterling.* These notes are not only redeemable in Government legal tender notes, but are further secured by deposits of United States securities to the extent of $322,000,000. It is to be regretted that so little information can be obtained as to the liabilities of English bankers, with the

*"N's" Essay.

* Report of Comptroller of Currency for October, 1866. Late aggregate reports not within reach, but in January, 1873, the New York City banks had less circulation than in 1866.

exception of the bank issues. These are a very insignificant portion of the aggregate cash liabilities. In round figures the English, Scotch and Irish private and joint stock banks issue rather less than £20,000,000, and the Bank of England about £37,000,000. It seems objectionable to deduct the notes held by the Banking department from the circulation. It is obviously impossible to ascertain the amount of notes really in *bona fide* circulation, but surely the bank notes held by the London and Westminster, and other joint stock and private banks as cash reserves, are no more in circulation than the notes held by the Banking department of the Bank of England. This is a very important consideration, because the great argument of the opponents of the Act of 1844 has been that the Issue department has held, at the periods of monetary collapse, a large amount of gold which should have been available for the Banking department when the note reserves of the latter had been exhausted. There is certainly no evidence that a very large amount of Bank of England notes was not held by the London joint stock and private banks at the very time of the suspension of the Act, and it may further be observed that, unless such notes were actually held, the reserves of those banks must have been very inadequate. The notes in circulation, including those held by the Banking department, may be estimated at about £55,000,000, and this portion of the liabilities is adequately secured by the reserves of bullion in the Bank of England, and in the Irish and Scotch banks. The deposits in the United Kingdom were estimated about seven years ago as being on an average £400,000,000,† and those in the City of London about £90,000,000. In 1855, six joint stock banks in London had in deposit £29,000,000, and the Scotch deposits were estimated at £40,000,000. In 1857, Mr. Gilbart gives London joint stock bank deposits at £43,100,000, and is not sure whether those in the private banks were more or less. In the last edition of McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary (1869) the deposits in Great Britain are estimated at £300,000,000, and those in Scotland alone at £50,000,000.‡ These amounts include deposits on call and those subject to notice, which is, ordinarily, ten days. If these figures are anything like correct at the present time, then the Bank of England deposits are about five per cent. of the aggregate deposits of the United Kingdom, and yet it is admitted by "N." that "in the event of a demand for bullion to meet an adverse foreign exchange, or an internal drain for harvest or other purposes, resort is always had to the Bank of England; and resort is had there because all the London bankers keep large accounts with the Bank of England, upon which they operate daily for the purposes of their business." This is clearly the weak point in the English banking system, and is in marked contrast to the banking system in America. If the aggregate deposits are anything approaching to those we have quoted, it must be obvious to every practical banker that the reserves are wholly inadequate, and that a demand for bullion consequent on an adverse state of the exchanges must produce the most disastrous consequences. It is necessary to remark here that the term "reserves" has a different signification in England from what it has in America. In the United States and in Canada the reserves of a bank are understood to be gold, or its equivalent, viz., legal tender notes. If extended beyond these actual cash reserves, to amounts in the hands of banks or agents out of the Dominion, that is in London or the United States, it has been already shewn that such reserves are at all times available at the

† Bank of England, by author of People's Blue Book, 1866.

‡ This is no doubt Mr. McCulloch's own estimate in the earlier editions, and therefore too low for the present year.

shortest notice. Now what is the meaning of "reserves" in England? An eminent authority, Mr. Gilbart, discusses in his "Practical Treatise on Banking," the very subject under consideration. He says: "From the accounts published by some of the London joint stock banks, it would appear that the 'cash in hand' is equal to about one-eighth or one-tenth of their liability. Even this we conjecture is a higher proportion than that which is generally kept by London bankers, especially by those who settle their accounts with each other at the clearing house." Again: "The banks of Lancashire usually keep the whole of their reserves in *Bills of Exchange.* Their objection to Government securities is founded, first, upon the low rate of interest which they yield, and secondly, the possibility of loss from fluctuations in price." Mr. Gilbart gives, as his own opinion, that a London banker "never considers as a part of his *reserve* the bills he has discounted for his customers," but he adds, "the practice is now more general of lodging money at call with the large money dealers, and it is in this way that the London bankers make provision for any sudden demand." It is clear that the bankers of the United Kingdom do not hold, in bullion or Bank of England notes, reserves at all in proportion to what are held by the bankers in America. It may be admitted that they do not require to do so, because government securities and bills of exchange at short date are much more readily converted into cash in England than the commercial paper in which the American banks invest their funds. Judging, however, from experience, the banks in the United Kingdom ought to keep much larger cash reserves than they do at present. Assuming the correctness of "N's" statement, that in times of stringency the Bank of England has to meet the demands consequent on an adverse foreign exchange or an internal drain, the London bankers ought to keep in deposit in the Bank of England not less than ten, and probably fifteen millions, more than they do, and this amount should be held by the bank chiefly in gold or bank notes, so as to be available when required. To form an idea of the state of things existing in England, it might be supposed that the bankers of Ontario and Quebec having their head offices at other places than Montreal, should keep accounts with Montreal banks, handing over to them their reserves, that the Montreal banks should keep their reserves in deposit with the Bank of Montreal, which bank would be expected to meet all the demands of the depositors and noteholders in the two Provinces. Such a system would be considered most unsound by every Canadian banker. In a recent work entitled "Papers on Banking and Finance, by a bank manager, (1871,) it is stated, "If we take the leading London banks we find in two cases capital and reserves between one-seventh and one-eighth of their liabilities, one with capital and reserves equal to one-ninth of its liabilities, and another with capital and reserves equal to one-eleventh of its liabilities." He adds, on Mr. Gilbart's authority, that the rule should be to have capital and reserves equal to one-third of the liabilities. It will seem extraordinary to a Canadian banker that capital and reserves should be treated together as an offset to liabilities payable on demand. The real cause of all the English panics has been the insufficiency of the reserves, and the reliance placed on a single bank to sustain the national credit. It is asserted by "N." in the essay under consideration, that "the Banking department—and therefore everything affecting the credit of cheques, if not of bank notes, has been constantly held in peril by the tardy or unwise action of the Bank Court," but, if this be true, what bearing, it may be asked, has such action on the Issue department, the functions of which have been "automatically confined to the exchange of gold for notes, and *vice versa?*" It is stated in the essay that Mr. Tooke

ventured to predict that, under the operation of the Act of 1844, "the Banking department might be compelled in self-defence to refuse all advances, and so create intense alarm and distress." The prediction, no doubt, has been realized, but the remedy which has been successfully applied, viz.: a permission to the Issue department to lend its aid to the Banking department, is one which is indefensible in principle. Before considering whether a remedy can be found for an admitted defect in the management of the Banking department, it may be desirable to dispose of the bank note question. Had the bank notes been issued directly by a government department it would hardly be contended that a Bank of Discount and Deposit would have a right to expect assistance from the Government. The Banking department of the Bank of England should be as well able to meet its liabilities as any joint stock or private bank. The fact that it has on several occasions required assistance only proves that the system is defective, but Sir Robert Peel never imagined that "there would be no occasion of extreme panic or inflation," nor can the "currency school" be held responsible for the management of the Bank of Discount and Deposit. Sir Robert Peel did undertake to secure the convertibility of the Bank of England notes, and to guard against undue expansion of the circulation. It is alleged in the essay that the Act of 1844 "protects the noteholder at the expense of the depositors, or, which is the same thing, sacrifices the cheque to the bank note." This is true, but the Act is founded on strict justice. The note is a legal tender everywhere but at the bank counter. The depositor has no claim whatever for protection any more than any other person who gives credit. No one need take cheques, and in point of fact great caution is habitually observed in taking them. The mode by which the fluctuation of bank notes is regulated has not really been productive of public inconvenience or loss. If it be admitted, for argument's sake, that there have been times when the gold reserve was larger than necessary, it was precisely at such times that no inconvenience was felt by the public, because money was abundant and the rate of interest low. The inconvenience was felt precisely at the time when the gold reserve was not more than ought in prudence to have been kept to meet a possible demand for gold in exchange for notes. The author of the essay would, doubtless, have protected the depositor at the expense of the noteholders. If reference were made to the occurrences of 1797, it would probably be found that prior to the suspension of payment by the Bank of England, a large amount of deposits was withdrawn in gold, while the holders of bank notes had to bear the loss consequent on their depreciation. Although the opponents of the Bank Act of 1844 have not ceased to ridicule the principle of securing the fluctuation of the paper currency in the same way as if it were purely metallic, it is clear that the issuer of a convertible paper currency must expect to have to redeem a considerable portion of it whenever there is either an adverse foreign exchange or an internal drain. Such demands the Bank of Issue, under the Act of 1844, has always been able to meet; but under the operation of the erroneous system which has been already pointed out, the Banking department has been repeatedly in danger of suspension. How can it be expected that one institution can be prepared to meet the demands of depositors in all the country banks of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and also in all the joint stock and private banks in the City of London, amounting probably in the aggregate to some £400,000,000, exclusive of the large savings bank deposits, for which, in case of emergency, the Bank of England would have to provide? Before entering on the consideration of improvements in the management of the Banking department of the Bank of

England, it may be convenient to submit the Bank return, cited in the essay under consideration, and which is that of 23rd June, 1869, at which time the Bank rate of interest was 3½ per cent.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

	£		£
Notes issued	33,412,150	Government debt	11,015,100
		Other securities	3,984,900
		Gold coin and bullion	18,412,150
	£33,412,150		£33,412,150

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' capital	14,553,000	Government securities	14,239,874
Rest	3,147,807	Other securities	16,465,014
Public deposits, including Exchequer, Savings' Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend accounts	7,498,189	Notes	10,731,710
		Gold and silver coin	1,183,810
Other deposits	16,972,956		
Seven day and other bills	448,456		
	£42,620,408		£42,620,408

THE OLD FORM.

The above accounts would, if made out in the old form as used before 1844, present the following result :—

Liabilities.		*Assets.*	
Circulation (including bank post bills)	23,128,896	Securities	31,151,888
Public deposits	7,498,189	Coin and bullion	19,595,960
Private deposits	16,972,956		
	£47,600,041		£50,747,848

The balance of assets above liabilities being £3,147,807, as stated in the above account under the head "Rest." It seems desirable to adopt a form more in accordance with that generally adopted in Bank statements on the Continent of North America, and which will present more clearly the actual position of the two Departments of the Bank of England :—

Proprietors' capital	£14,553,000	Government debt	£11,015,100
Rest	3,147,807	Other securities	3,984,900
Notes payable on demand	22,680,440	Government securities	14,239,874
Seven day and other bills	448,456	Other securities	16,465,014
Public deposits	7,498,189	Gold in Issue Dept.	18,412,150
Other deposits	16,972,956	Gold and Silver coin in Banking Department	1,183,810
	£65,300,848		£65,300,848

In considering these statements, it should be borne in mind that of the £18,412,150 held by the Issue department, £10,731,710 is really held on behalf of the Banking department, leaving £7,680,440 as the amount of gold held at a time of great ease in the money market against a circulation of £22,680,440. What reserve, it may be asked, would the opponents of the "currency school" deem adequate? Would they deem it prudent, at a time of comparative ease, to reduce the gold and increase the securities? Whatever their views may be, it is certain that no complaints are ever made, except at

the precise time when the gold has been reduced to an amount not more than adequate for the protection of the note-holders, but when the Bank of Discount and Deposit would like to borrow gold, to which it has no claim whatever, to meet its own liabilities. The item which specially deserves consideration is that designated "Other Deposits," and which amounted to £16,972,956. There is nothing to indicate how much of this consists of the deposits of London Bankers, and yet in the absence of information on this head it is quite impossible to form any correct idea of the sufficiency of the reserve. It has already been pointed out that these deposits are the aggregate reserves of all the country banks in the United Kingdom, and of those of all the London banks. In Gilbart's "Practical Treatise on Banking," he classifies the private deposits, at a time when they amounted to £8,644,000, as follows :—

	£
Railways	30,000
London Bankers	963,000
East India Company	636,000
Bank of Ireland, Royal Bank of Scotland	175,000
Other deposits	5,631,000
Deposits at branches	1,209,000
	£8,644,000

At the present time the aggregate is more than double that amount, but there is nothing in the statement to indicate what proportion of the amount is held on account of the London bankers. This information would be very useful. The regular periodical publication by all banks of issue and deposit in Canada of the amount of their notes in circulation, of their deposits separated into those on call and on notice, of their reserves in gold and in legal tender Dominion notes, and in the hands of their foreign agents, and likewise of their paid-up capital, is found a most valuable check on the management of those Institutions. In England the public look only to the state of the Bank of England, and it is therefore the more important that the returns furnished by that institution should give as full information as possible. It would be a vast improvement in the return if the amount of "Other Deposits" were divided into "private deposits" and "deposits of bankers and bill brokers." If the latter were inadequate, public opinion, through the press, would be brought to bear on the joint stock and private banks, so that adequate reserves would be maintained in London, which is the point where an unusual demand is certain to be made. It would be desirable likewise, though of comparatively less importance, that the public deposits should be divided into those held on account of the savings banks, and those at the credit of other government departments. The aggregate amount of the deposits and seven day notes is in round figures twenty-five millions, against which there is a reserve, of gold and silver coin and notes, of nearly twelve millions. This seems at first sight an adequate reserve, but it may be doubted whether under the present system it is safe for the Banking department to hold a smaller reserve than the full amount of the bankers' deposits *plus* a reasonable reserve against the public deposits, and that portion of the other deposits which does not consist of bankers' reserves. It is suggested by the author of the essay, that the Government should pay to the Bank of England its Book debt of £11,015,100, in order to enable the Bank to invest largely in foreign securities, which it is suggested would be available during periods of stringency for settling debts due to foreigners. The first objection to this proposal is that the sum in question can no longer be considered the capital of the Bank. Under an arrangement entered into between the Government and the Bank of England the particular amount of £11,015,100 was to be held against the bank note circulation. So long as that circulation exceeds the amount of the Government debt the Bank can have no claim whatever to payment. It has deliberately surrendered

its claim to obtain capital from its circulation, and it would be unadvisable to abandon the right of the public secured by the Act of 1844. But the suggestion made in the essay could be carried into effect without the least difficulty. The Banking department held, in June 1869, in Government securities, £14,239,874, and 6 or 8 millions might be sold and the proceeds invested at greater profit "in the purchase of the best "kind of foreign bonds, with a view to using "them in certain states of the exchanges." It may, however, be objected, secondly, to this proposition, that foreign securities would not be as readily converted into gold as those which have been hitherto held by the Bank. It must be borne in mind that when the exchanges are unfavourable, payment must be made to the foreigner in gold. The cost of movement is comparatively trifling, and it is simply a question whether in a case of emergency the Bank could obtain gold more advantageously by selling American securities in New York than by selling English securities in London. This is a matter for the consideration of the Directors, and it would be presumptuous to offer them advice. It is sufficient to point out that if it is desirable for the Bank to hold "the best kinds of foreign bonds," there is nothing to prevent them from transferring a portion of the Government securities held by the Banking department to foreign securities. The truth is, that at the very time when it would be convenient for the Bank to realise its Government securities, it is deterred from doing so owing to the fall in price consequent on the stringency of the market. There is a plan which would meet the difficulty and prevent the necessity of again violating the Act of 1844. There has been an absurd prejudice in England against the one pound note circulation. There can be no doubt that previous to 1825 the English country banks had issued small notes to an extent that rendered their suppression expedient, if not absolutely necessary. Had the Issue department of the Bank of England been at that time established on its present footing, it is highly improbable that it would have been included in the Act suppressing the small notes; indeed there was an effort to make an exception in its favour, but public opinion was at the time against giving any peculiar privileges to the Bank of England beyond what it already possessed. The objection as to the danger of forgery is untenable. By strict attention to the engraving and the paper, the risk would be trifling. It is of course impossible to guard completely against fraud, but on the American continent the objection has never had any influence in preventing issues of much smaller notes than would be used in England. It is a matter of serious complaint that the gold coin is so much depreciated by attrition. One pound notes are circulated in Scotland and Ireland by local banks, and yet the Bank of England is not permitted to issue them. It is stated in the essay that "the gold coin in circulation in the United Kingdom "is probably more than one hundred and thirty millions sterling." If so it would be a very moderate estimate to calculate on a circulation of £1 notes to the extent of twenty-five millions. This would be an immense addition to the gold reserve of the Bank of Issue, and it would be quite legitimate to authorize that bank to exchange gold or notes for government securities when the bank rate of interest was not less than 8 per cent., paying the Government a rate of interest rather less than the bank rate. This would be a much more satisfactory arrangement than the periodical suspension of an Act of Parliament. The issue of one pound notes, though unobjectionable in principle, and the most economical mode of accomplishing the object in view, is not the only mode. If public opinion in England should be adverse to such an issue, another remedy not so economical may be found. At present the Issue department of the Bank of England holds gold for

all its notes in excess of fifteen millions. Let Parliament fix the amount to be issued on securities at ten instead of fifteen millions, thus adding five millions to the bullion reserve, and, in amending the Act of 1844, provide that whenever the bank rate of interest is 8 per cent; the Issue department may advance to the extent of five millions on government securities. If the Bank of Discount were entitled to this assistance it is hardly probable that there would be so much hoarding of money in times of stringency as there has been during the periods of collapse when it was found expedient to sanction a violation of the law. This arrangement would involve a charge on the nation of under £200,000 a year, a very inconsiderable amount in comparison with the importance of the object to be gained. The suggestion in "N's" essay of adopting rules for regulating the bank rate of interest is no doubt worthy of consideration, and would be quite in harmony with the proposition for affording relief to the Banking department in times of stringency. Its object is to regulate the minimum rate of discount at the bank by a fixed standard, instead of by the authority of the Directors of the Bank of England. It is suggested that when the bullion reserve should be 15 millions the rate should be 5 per cent., and that the rate should fall a half per cent. for every rise of one million in the total bullion, until it reached 3½, below which it should not fall whatever elevation the bullion might attain. The practical effect of this would be that the Bank of England would not compete with the bankers and bill brokers when the rate of interest was less than 3½ per cent. On the other hand the rate should rise a half per cent. for every fall of half a million in the bullion below 15 millions until it fell to 13 millions, when the bank rate would be 7 per cent., but if the bullion continued to decrease there should be a rise of 1 per cent. for every half million below 13 millions. There seem to be two objections to the proposed rule, which no doubt is sound in principle. The first is that if there were a fixed rule for establishing the rate of interest, it would be in the power of "rings" of capitalists to combine to raise or depress the rate, and thus to regulate at their pleasure the markets for securities of all kinds, and for every description of merchandize. But secondly, if the foregoing objection could be removed, it seems clear that the standard should not be the bullion reserve in the Bank of Issue, but the cash reserve, whether in bullion or notes, in the Banking department. If the Directors of the Bank were to adopt as a rule for their own guidance the suggestion of "N.", it would probably work well in practice. Their reserve has as a rule been inadequate, considering that they have undertaken, to use the language of "N.", "to discharge a national function of the most important kind, namely, as custodians and maintainers of the national bullion reserve or fund."

MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

(*From* DANTE ROSSETTI'S *Poems.*)

SHE fell asleep on Christmas eve :
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin ;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove,
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank ;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off ; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat :
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled : no other noise than that.

'Glory unto the Newly Born!'
So, as said angels, she did say;
Because we were in Christmas day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long watched-for rest!

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word:
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said,
'God knows I knew that she was dead.'
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
'Christ's blessing on the newly born!'

THE VENDETTA.

(*From the French of* HONORE DE BALZAC.)

TOWARDS the latter part of October in the year 1800, a stranger, accompanied by his wife and little daughter, arrived in Paris and stopped directly in front of the Tuileries. He remained there a long time, close to the ruins of a house which had been but recently pulled down, and on the site of which now stands the wing connecting the castle of Catherine de Medicis with the Louvre of the Valois. He stood there, almost motionless, with folded arms, and merely raised his bowed head occasionally to glance at the consular palace, or at his wife, who was seated near him on a stone, and who, though apparently entirely occupied with the little girl whose beautiful black hair she was caressing lovingly, noticed every look which her companion directed towards her. Another, and perhaps stronger feeling than love united these two beings, and animated their thoughts with one and the same anxiety. Misfortune is doubtless the most powerful of links !—The stranger had a broad, serious face, surrounded by a profusion of hair,—such a face as has been frequently depicted by the pencil of Carraches ; his once jet black hair was now amply sprinkled with white, his proud and noble features were marred by a look of harshness, and, in spite of his apparent strength and upright carriage, he looked about sixty years of age. The style and colour of his tattered garments plainly shewed that he came from a foreign country. His wife's faded face bore the impress of former beauty, and, although on her features was stamped an expression of habitual sadness, she invariably forced a smile when her husband even casually glanced at her. The little girl remained standing, in spite of the traces of fatigue visible on her sunburnt face. She had the graceful figure and black silken-fringed eyes of an Italian ; her whole appearance formed a picture of girlish grace and true nobility. Many of the passers-by felt moved with compassion on beholding these people, who made no effort to disguise their grief and despair ; but so soon as the stranger became aware that he was the object of some idler's attention he looked at him with so fierce an expression that the most dauntless lounger would quicken his pace as if he had suddenly stepped on a snake. After remaining in a state of indecision for a long period, the tall stranger abruptly drew his hand across his forehead, as if to dissipate the thoughts that had furrowed it with wrinkles ; he had evidently formed a desperate resolution. First casting a piercing look on his wife and daughter, he drew a dagger from under his vest, and handing it to his companion said, in Italian :—" I am going to see whether the Bonapartes remember us"—then walked with slow and measured steps towards the entrance of the palace. There he was stopped by a soldier of the consular guard, who, on perceiving the man's determination to pass, presented his bayonet. Just then the guard came to relieve the sentry, and the corporal respectfully directed the importunate stranger where to find the commander of the post.

" Let Bonaparte know that Bartholoméo di Piombo wishes to speak to him," said the stranger to the captain on duty.

It was in vain the officer assured Bartholoméo he could not see the First Consul without having previously requested an audience in writing ; the stranger insisted upon his message being conveyed to Bona-

parte. The officer declined to infringe his orders, and formally refused to comply with the request of this singular solicitor. Bartholoméo knit his brows, cast a terrible look upon the commander, which seemed to render him responsible for all the calamities which his refusal might entail; then crossing his arms on his chest, he went and stood under the portico which connects the courtyard with the garden of the Tuileries.—Chance generally favours those who are truly anxious about anything. Just as Bartholoméo seated himself on one of the spur-posts which are near the entrance to the Tuileries, a carriage drew up, from which alighted Lucien Bonaparte, then Home Secretary.

"Ah Lucien! I am fortunate in meeting you!" exclaimed the stranger.

These words, spoken in the Corsican dialect, arrested Lucien as he was in the act of stepping under the portico; he looked at his fellow-countryman and instantly recognised him. After listening to the first few words which Bartholoméo whispered in his ear, he took the Corsican along with him. Murat, Lannes and Rapp were with the First Consul in his cabinet, and on seeing Lucien enter, followed by so very singular-looking a man as Piombo, they ceased their conversation. Lucien seized Napoleon by the hand and led him into the embrasure of the window, whence, after having exchanged a few words with his brother, the First Consul made a sign with his hand which Murat and Lannes obeyed by quitting the chamber: Rapp feigned not to have seen the sign, but Bonaparte made another imperative signal and the aide-de-camp sullenly left the room. Then Napoleon, hearing Rapp's steps in the adjoining drawing-room, went out hurriedly and saw him near the wall which separated the cabinet from the drawing-room.

"Don't you understand me," said the Consul, "I wish to be alone with my countryman."

"A Corsican!" replied the aide-de-camp, "I mistrust these people too much not to.."

The First Consul could not forbear smiling, as he gave his faithful officer a friendly dismissal from the room.

"Well, and what do you want here, my poor Bartholoméo?" said the First Consul to Piombo.

"Shelter, and your protection if you are a true Corsican" answered Bartholoméo gruffly.

"What misfortune caused you to leave your country, you the richest, the most—"

"I murdered all the Portas," replied the Corsican in a deep, fierce tone.

The First Consul stepped back, looking greatly surprised.

"Are you going to betray me?" exclaimed Bartholoméo, casting a gloomy look on Bonaparte," don't you know there are still four Piombos in Corsica?"

Lucien took his fellow-countryman by the arm and shook him.

"Do you come here to threaten the saviour of France!" he asked sharply.

Bonaparte made a sign to Lucien to be still, then he looked at Piombo and said: "Why did you murder the Portas?"

"We had renewed our friendship," he replied, "the Brabanti had reconciled us. The day following that on which we had drunk the cup of peace I left them, business compelling me to go to Bastia; they remained at my house, and during my absence set fire to my vineyard at Longone and murdered my son Gregorio. My wife and daughter Ginevra escaped unhurt; they had attended the Holy Sacrifice in the morning, and the Blessed Virgin protected them. On my return my house had disappeared. I sought its traces with my feet in its ashes; suddenly I fell upon Gregorio's corpse, which I recognised by the light of the moon. "Oh!" said I to myself, "the Portas have done this, and at once proceeded to the *mâquis*: there I assembled a few men to whom I had once rendered some service—do you understand

me, Bonaparte? We marched together to the Portas vineyard, arriving about five o'clock in the morning. By seven o'clock the whole family were in the presence of their Maker. Giacomo maintains that Elisa Vanni saved one of the children, the little Luigi, but I myself had bound him to his bed ere setting the house on fire; however, I left the island with my wife and daughter without having been able to ascertain whether Luigi Porta had escaped."

Bonaparte curiously regarded Bartholoméo, but without betraying the least surprise.

"How many were there?" inquired Lucien.

"Seven," replied Piombo. "They were your persecutors as well as mine formerly," he added. These words elicited no expression from either of the brothers. "Ah you are no longer Corsicans!" exclaimed Bartholoméo with a feeling akin to despair—"Adieu! In bygone times I protected you," he added, in a tone of reproach; "without my assistance your mother would never have reached Marseilles," said he, looking at Bonaparte, who remained thoughtful and moody, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece.

"Well, Piombo," said Napoleon, "I cannot conscientiously take you under my protection! I have become the head of a great nation; I command the republic and must enforce her laws."

"Ah!" said Bartholoméo.

"But I can close my eyes," said Bonaparte. The precedent of the *vendetta* must for a long time yet put a stop to the administration of the laws in Corsica," he added, as if communing with himself.

Bonaparte remained silent for a minute, and Lucien made a sign to Piombo not to interrupt him, for the Corsican was already shaking his head with an air of disapprobation.

"Remain here," said the Consul, addressing Bartholoméo, "we will be in ignorance of your movements, and I will cause your property in Corsica to be purchased, so that you may at present have at least the means of subsistence. By-and-bye we will think of you; but no more *vendetta!* There is no *mâquis* here, and if you play at daggers you must not hope for pardon; here the law protects every citizen, and people do not take the execution of justice into their own hands!"

"He has become the leader of a peculiar country," said Bartholoméo, grasping Lucien's hand and smiling. "But you acknowledge me in my hour of misfortune; I will henceforth be yours in life and death, and all the Piombos are at your disposal."

While uttering these words the Corsican cheered up and looked around with a satisfied air.

"You are not amiss here," said he smiling, as if he wished to take up his abode there, "and you are clothed in scarlet like a cardinal."

"It will depend only on yourself to succeed in having a palace in Paris," said Bonaparte, examining his countryman from head to foot; "I will often have to look around in search of a friend in whom I can place implicit confidence."

Piombo heaved a sigh of relief and joy, and stretching out his hand to Napoleon said, "There is a good deal of the Corsican in you."

Bonaparte smiled and gazed silently at this man, who seemed to bring a breath of fresh air from his native country, from that island where but lately he had been so miraculously saved from the hatred of the English party, and which he was destined never to see again. He made a sign to his brother, who left the room accompanied by Piombo. Lucien then inquired eagerly into the financial position of the former protector of their family, and Piombo led the Home Secretary to a window whence he pointed out his wife and little daughter Ginevra, seated on a pile of stones.

"We came on foot from Fontainebleau, and we have not a single obole," said he.

Lucien handed him his purse and desired him to call upon him the following day, that they might take into consideration the means of providing for his family. The value of all the property Piombo owned in Corsica would scarcely suffice for his maintenance in Paris.

Fifteen years elapsed from the time of the arrival of the Piombos in Paris before the occurrence of the following adventure, which would, however, be scarcely comprehensible without the recital of the preceding events.

Servin, one of our most distinguished artists, was the first to open a studio for young people who were anxious to get instruction in the art of painting. He was about forty years of age, of irreproachable morals, thoroughly devoted to his art, and had married the portionless daughter of a general. At first the mothers invariably accompanied their daughters to the studio, but when they had become thoroughly acquainted with the artist's principles, and appreciated the care with which he strove to deserve their confidence, they were fain to let their daughters go unattended. He would only admit as pupils the daughters of wealthy and estimable parents, so that no fault could be found with the management of his studio.

Imperceptibly his prudence, the skill with which he initiated his pupils into the secrets of his art, the conviction of mothers that their daughters would be in the company only of well educated girls, and the confidence which the artist inspired, gave him an excellent reputation in fashionable circles. If a young girl expressed a desire to learn painting or drawing, and her mother asked advice, the invariable answer was—"send her to Servin!" It was universally acknowledged that a young woman who had studied under Servin was capable of pronouncing judgment on the pictures in the Museum, of painting a portrait in superior style, and of copying any kind of picture whatever.

In spite of Servin being thus connected with the best society in Paris, he was independent, patriotic, and retained in his conversation with every one the thoughtless, witty, and sometimes ironical tone which so often distinguishes artists. The artist's scrupulous precautions had been carried out in the disposition of the premises where his pupils studied; the entrance to the loft above his apartments was walled up, and, in order to reach that retreat, one had to ascend a staircase contrived in his private dwelling. The studio, which took up the greater part of the house, was so large that it excited the surprise of all who think that, after mounting about sixty feet from the ground-floor, they must find artists located under the very eaves. Innumerable caricatures traced on the dark-grey walls, some in colours, some in pencil, others again with the point of a knife, bore sufficient evidence that even the most polished girls are as full of mischief as young men. A little stove with its large pipes was the inevitable ornament of the studio. A shelf running along the walls supported the plaster models which were scattered about on it, and most of which were covered with dust: hanging on the wall above this shelf were to be seen at intervals the head of a Niobe in its attitude of woe, a smiling Venus, or a hand outstretched as if petitioning for alms. Paintings, drawings, frames without pictures and pictures without frames, lying around in artistic confusion, gave to the room that singular mixture of ornament and disarray, of poverty and wealth, care and carelessness peculiar to a studio.

At the period our story commences a bright July sun illuminated the room, and its rays penetrated even to its furthest recesses, tracing there transparent bands of gold in which minute particles of dust could be distinguished. About a dozen easels raised their pointed heads, looking like vessels in port: several young girls enlivened the scene by the variety of their physiognomies and positions, and the difference in their toilettes. The dark shadows cast by

the green serge curtains, which were hung with regard to the requirements of each easel, produced innumerable contrasts and pleasing effects of light and shade. This group was more beautiful than all the pictures in the studio. A fair-haired and simply attired young girl, seated apart from the others, worked courageously, as if she had a presentiment of future misfortune. No one looked at or spoke to her, but she was the most beautiful, the most modest, and purest of them all. Two principal groups, at a little distance from each other, showed that party spirit is not excluded even from the studio, where surely rank and fortune should be forgotten. Surrounded by their paint-boxes, toying with their brushes or preparing them for use, handling their dazzling pallets, painting, laughing, singing, giving way to their natural feelings, the girls plainly showed their various dispositions; here one, haughty and whimsical, with jet-black hair and beautiful white hands, darted the fire of her glances in every direction; here another, careless and lively, with smiling face, bright chestnut hair and delicate white hands, true type of a French maiden, buoyant, without reserve, and full of the present; yet another, thoughtful, melancholy, pale, with head drooping like a lily; her neighbour, on the contrary, tall and indolent, with large, liquid black eyes, speaking little, but thoughtful, and taking stealthy glances at the head of Antinous. In their midst, like the *jocoso* in a Spanish play, was a young girl full of fun and witticisms, who kept them constantly amused and in fits of laughter by her lively sallies. Her graceful and pleasing manners compelled all to acknowledge her beauty. She appeared to be the guiding spirit among the first group, composed of the daughters of bankers, lawyers and merchants. They were all wealthy, yet compelled to endure the disdain heaped upon them by the young ladies composing the aristocratic party. These were led by the daughter of an officer of the king's household, a vain and silly little creature, proud of her father's holding office at court. She was eager to appear very clever, at once to understand the master's explanations, and to work as if by inspiration: she used an eye-glass, invariably came late, dressed in the height of fashion, and implored her companions to speak in a low tone of voice. Among this second group might be seen girls with beautiful figures and of distinguished appearance, but their expression was not by any means natural or ingenuous. If their positions were graceful and elegant there was a want of frankness in their faces, and it was too easily perceived that they belonged to a world in which character is formed at an early age by politeness and good breeding, a world in which the abuse of social enjoyments distracts the finer feelings and develops egotism. When the party was complete there were to be seen among the number of these young girls child-like heads, lovely and graceful maidens, on whose charming faces the parted lips disclosed teeth of pearly whiteness, and round whose mouths hovered smiles of enchanting sweetness.

It was about noon, but Servin had not yet made his appearance, as for some days past he had been busily working in a studio he had elsewhere, in order to complete a painting for the exhibition. Miss Amélie Thirion, the leader of the aristocratic party among this little assembly, spoke at great length to her neighbour; then followed a long silence in the patrician group. The astonished bank party was equally silent, endeavouring to fathom the meaning of the conference. The secret of the young ultras was revealed ere long. Amélie rose, took up an easel which was standing close to her, and replaced it at some distance from the aristocratic group, near to a rough partition separating the studio from a dark closet where were kept broken casts, pictures condemned by the master, and in winter the store of firewood. Amélie's action caused no little surprise, nevertheless she calmly

finished her undertaking by moving the paint-box, footstool, and even a picture of Prudhon, which the tardy pupil was copying, close to the easel. After this *coup d'état* the pupils to the right commenced to work vigorously and in silence, while those to the left conversed eagerly in low tones.

"What will Miss Piombo say," one young girl inquired of Matilda Roguin, the malicious oracle of the first group.

"She is not the girl to say much," replied the latter, "but fifty years hence she will remember the insult as if it had been offered the day before, and will avenge herself cruelly. She is a sort of person with whom I should not like to be at war."

"The illiberality with which these young ladies exclude her from their ranks is the more unfeeling," said another, "because the day before yesterday Miss Ginevra was very sad. It is said that her father has handed in his resignation, and this unkind conduct will add to her distress, while she on the contrary was very kind to these same young ladies during the Hundred Days. She never uttered a single word which could hurt their feelings, and always carefully avoided talking of politics; but our ultras seem rather to act from jealousy than party spirit."

"I have a great mind to fetch Miss Piombo's easel and set it before my own," said Matilda Roguin, rising, but after a moment's thought she sat down again. "With a person of Miss Ginevra's disposition one never knows how she might take our politeness—we had better await the issue."

"Eccola!" said the black-eyed young girl languidly. And truly the steps of some one mounting the stairs were heard. "Here she comes!" was repeated from mouth to mouth, after which a deep silence reigned in the studio.

In order to understand the importance of the ostracism exercised by Amélie Thirion, it must be remembered that this incident took place towards the end of July, 1815. The second return of the Bourbons destroyed many friendships which had resisted the impulse of the first restoration. Now members of the same family were often divided in opinion, and thus were renewed those heart-rending scenes which invariably sully the history of all countries in the time of civil or religious war. Children, young girls and old men, all were infected with the monarchical fever to which the government was a prey. Discord crept under every roof, and defiance tainted every action and conversation with its sombre colours. Ginevra Piombo loved Napoleon with a feeling approaching idolatry. "Was he not her fellow-countryman and her father's benefactor. The Baron of Piombo was one of those who had most earnestly and efficaciously striven for Napoleon's return from the island of Elba, and now, incapable of abjuring his political faith, unwilling even to confess it, the old Baron remained in Paris surrounded by enemies. His daughter Ginevra might all the more easily be numbered among the suspected ones, as she made not the slightest effort to conceal the grief which she, as well as her parents, experienced at this second restoration. Probably her most bitter tears were those shed on hearing that Napoleon had been captured on board the Bellerophon, and that Labédoyère had been arrested.

The young girls who composed the group of nobility belonged to the highest royalist families in Paris. It would be difficult to give any idea of the terrors of this period, and of the horror and dismay caused by the Bonapartists. However trivial Amélie Thirion's action may appear now, it was in those days a very natural expression of hatred. Ginevra Piombo occupied a place of which they had wished to deprive her from the first day of her admission to the studio, and to banish her from a place which seemed to belong to her by right was not only doing her an injury but causing her pain and annoyance as well, for true artists have all a predilection for the particular place in which

they have been accustomed to work. But political animadversion was probably the least feeling which actuated this party in their conduct towards her. Ginevra Piombo, Servin's ablest pupil, was an object of intense jealousy, for the master professed as unbounded admiration for the talents as for the disposition and character of this his favourite pupil. The young girl had acquired a wondrous influence over her surroundings, had, indeed, cast a magic spell on this little world almost equal to that exercised by Bonaparte over his soldiers. The aristocracy of the studio had several days before conspired for the downfall of the little "queen," but nobody as yet having dared to withdraw from the Bonapartist, Miss Thirion had taken the decisive step in order to make her companions the accomplices of her hatred. Although Ginevra was sincerely loved by several of the royalists, they imagined, with the tact so peculiar to women, that they had best remain neutral in the quarrel, consequently Ginevra, on her arrival, was received in portentous silence. Of all the young girls who had as yet visited Servin's studio she was by far the most beautiful, and the most graceful; her face bore the impress of intelligence, and beamed with the animation peculiar to Corsicans. By a singular caprice of nature the charm of her face was somewhat marred by the expression of almost savage pride visible on her marble brow: this was the only apparent link between her and her native Corsica.

"You are very silent to-day, young ladies," she said, on finding herself in the midst of her companions. "Good morning, dear little Laure," she added in a caressing tone, approaching a young girl who was painting at a little distance from the rest, "this head is really beautifully done—the complexion is somewhat too rosy, but the whole is marvellously good." Laure raised her head and looked fondly at the speaker. The faces of both girls expressed deep affection; a faint smile hovered on the lips of the young Italian, who appeared preoccupied and thoughtful as she bent her steps towards her place: she looked carelessly at the drawings and paintings while bidding good day to each of the members of the first group, without noticing the curiosity her arrival occasioned. One might have imagined her a little queen in her court; she took no heed of the profound silence which reigned among the patricians, and passed in front of their camp without uttering a word. Her preoccupation was so great that she seated herself in front of her easel, opened her paint-box, took her brushes, looked at her picture and examined her pallet without seeming aware of what she was doing. The heads of the entire *bourgeois* group were turned in her direction, and if the young people of the Thirion party did not show their impatience as plainly their glances were nevertheless all directed towards Ginevra.

"She notices nothing," said Miss Roguin.

Just then Ginevra made an effort to arouse herself from the fit of abstraction in which she had been contemplating her picture, and turned her head towards the aristocratic group. With a glance she measured the distance between herself and them, but remained silent.

"She does not think that they meant to insult her," said Matilda, "she neither blushed nor turned pale; how vexed and mortified all the girls will be if she happens to prefer her new place to the old one. "You are out of line, miss," she then said aloud, addressing Ginevra.

The Italian feigned not to hear her, perhaps she did not hear, but presently she rose, walked slowly along the partition which divided the dark closet from the studio, and examined the window very carefully; then she mounted a chair and fastened the green serge curtain, which excluded the light, at a greater height. Standing on the chair her eye could reach a slight crack in the partition, the real object of her efforts, and the look she cast through it into the closet can only

be compared to that of a miser on discovering the treasures of Aladdin. After one hasty glance she alighted, returned to her place and rearranged her picture. Apparently, however, still dissatisfied with the light, she drew forward a table on which she placed a chair, then climbing nimbly on this scaffolding, she looked anew through the crevice, and although she merely cast one hurried look into the closet, what she beheld produced such an effect upon her that she started visibly.

"You will fall, Miss Ginevra," cried Laure.

Every head was instantly turned towards the imprudent girl, but the dread lest her companions should come to her assistance inspired her with renewed courage; she recovered her presence of mind and equilibrium, and turning towards Laure said, with suppressed emotion: "Well, after all, this is firmer and more secure than a throne!" She then hastily pulled down the curtain, replaced the table and chair at a great distance from the partition, returned to her easel, and made several attempts at sketching, as if still seeking a favourable light. Her painting did not occupy her mind, however; her sole aim and desire was to get close to the dark closet; at length her efforts were crowned with success, and when she found herself established as she desired, she began to prepare her pallet and colours in silence. In her new position she could hear more distinctly the faint sounds which the day before had excited her curiosity to so great an extent. She could now easily distinguish the regular breathing of the sleeping man of whom she had just caught a glimpse; her curiosity was satisfied beyond her expectations, but she found herself burdened with a great responsibility. Through the crevice she had caught sight of the imperial standard, and of an officer of the guard sleeping on a folding bed. She guessed the rest. Servin was concealing an outlaw, and she trembled lest one of her companions, coming to examine her picture, should hear the unfortunate man's breathing, or a loud inspiration such as had startled her during the previous day's lesson. She determined, therefore, upon remaining where she was, near the door, trusting to her ingenuity to baffle any adverse chances of fate.

"It is better for me to be here," thought she, "to prevent any disagreeable accident that might occur to expose the unfortunate prisoner to the danger of discovery." This was the reason for Ginevra's appearing so indifferent about the displacing of her easel; she had ample food for cogitation, and did not care to investigate the cause that had led to her removal. There is nothing more mortifying to young girls, or, indeed, to any one, than to see a piece of malice or an insult miss its mark in consequence of the contempt evinced by the intended victim. Ginevra's conduct was enigmatical to her young companions; friends and enemies were equally astonished, for it was universally acknowledged among them that she possessed every good quality except that of forgiving and forgetting an injury, and although in her studio life she had but rarely had occasion to display this one defect in her character, the evidence she had given of her firmness and vindictive disposition had made an indelible impression on the minds of her companions. After innumerable conjectures, Miss Roguin came to the conclusion that the young Italian's silence proceeded from the most praiseworthy magnanimity, and consequently those on her side determined to humiliate the aristocracy. They had commenced the attack by launching a perfect volley of taunts and sarcasms at the party to the right, when Madame Servin's arrival put an end to the strife.

With the cunning which invariably accompanies malice Amélie had not failed to remark and analyse the wonderful preoccupation which prevented Ginevra from hearing the dispute conducted in such cuttingly polite terms, and she inwardly determined to discover the reason of her silence. The

beautiful Italian became the centre of all attention, and was watched equally by friend and foe. It is a difficult matter to hide the slightest emotion, the most trifling feeling, from fifteen idle and inquisitive girls, all eager to guess secrets, and who can find so many different interpretations for every gesture, glance or word, that they cannot fail eventually to discover the truth; consequently Ginevra di Piombo's secret ran a great risk of being discovered. Just now Madame Servin's presence produced an interlude in the drama going on in the hearts of these girls, whose thoughts and feelings were expressed in almost allegorical phrases, in gestures, malicious glances, or by a silence more eloquent than words. As soon as Madame Servin entered, her eyes turned to the door, close to which Ginevra was seated, and this look was not lost upon the inmates of the studio. Miss Thirion especially remembered it later, when it assisted her to solve the fear and mystery depicted in Madame Servin's countenance.

"Young ladies," said she, "I regret to inform you that Mr. Servin is unable to attend you to-day." Then she complimented each young girl on her work, and received in return those feminine endearments which are expressed as much by voice and look as by gesture. Presently she came up to Ginevra's side, impelled by an anxiety which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. The painter's wife and the young Italian greeted each other with a friendly nod; both remained silent, one painting the other watching her. All this time the officer's peaceful breathing was clearly heard, yet Madame Servin paid no attention to it, and Ginevra felt inclined to accuse her of wilful deafness. When the unknown turned in his bed the young Italian gazed intently at Madame Servin, who merely remarked without the slightest change in her manner: "Your copy and the original are equally beautiful, I should be very much puzzled to select between the two."

"Mr. Servin has not taken his wife into his confidence," thought Ginevra, who, after answering Madame Servin, began to hum a Corsican *canzonnetta* in order to drown any noise the prisoner might happen to make. It was so very unusual to hear the studious Italian sing that all the young girls looked at her in amazement. Madame Servin soon took her departure, and the meeting closed without any further event. Ginevra permitted all her companions to depart, feigning to be still busily occupied with her painting, but she unwittingly betrayed her anxiety to be left alone, for as the pupils prepared to leave she cast upon them ill-disguised looks of impatience. Miss Thirion, within the last few hours become the cruel enemy of one who excelled her in every respect, divined by the instinct of hatred that this mock application of her rival was assumed to hide some mystery; she had several times been struck by the attentive air with which Ginevra seemed to listen for a sound inaudible to others, and in the last instance the look she detected in the black eyes of the Italian was to her a flash of light. She was the last to leave the studio, and then betook herself to Madame Servin's quarters, with whom she chatted a few moments; then, pretending to have forgotten something, she returned to the studio and there beheld Ginevra, mounted on a hastily constructed scaffolding, and so absorbed that she did not hear the light footsteps of her companion. 'Tis true, however, that Amélie, as Sir Walter Scott says, was walking as if on eggs; she managed to regain the door still unheard, and there she coughed gently. Ginevra started, turned round, and blushed painfully on perceiving her enemy; she hastily unfastened the serge curtain, in the vain hope of imposing on her, then alighting busied herself in arranging her paint-box. Soon she left the studio, but graven on her heart and memory was a face she would not soon forget—a head beautiful as that of Endymion,

the masterpiece of Girodet which she had copied a short time ago.

"Proscribe so young a man! Who can he be? for it is not Maréchal Ney!"

Such was the substance and burden of Ginevra's thoughts for two entire days. On the third day, in spite of her anxiety to arrive first at the studio, she found Amélie Thirion there before her. The two girls watched one another silently and stealthily. Amélie had seen the stranger's handsome head, but fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, his uniform and decorations had not been visible through the narrow aperture, and she was lost in a maze of conjectures. Suddenly Servin arrived, much earlier than was his custom.

"Miss Ginevra," said he, "why are you seated there? The light is bad; come closer to these young ladies, and pull down the curtain a little."

Then he seated himself beside Laure, whose work elicited his highest commendation.

"There now," he exclaimed, "this head is really uncommonly well done, you will prove a second Ginevra."

The master went from easel to easel, praising, blaming, flattering, sometimes teasing his pupils, and making his jests more dreaded than his rebukes.

The Italian had paid no heed to the professor's observations, and remained at her post, firmly determined not to abandon it. She took a sheet of paper and began to sketch the head of the poor recluse. A work conceived in the glow and ardour of passion always bears a peculiar stamp: this faculty of imparting a look of life and reality to any work constitutes genius, and passion often supplies the place of genius. In the present instance Ginevra, out of the penetrating emotion within her, painted with unusual talent and exquisite skill. The portrait produced on her paper caused a fluttering of her heart which she attributed to fear, but a physiologist would have recognised in it the fire of divine inspiration. Ever and anon she darted a furtive glance at her companions in order to be able to conceal the sketch in case of any unexpected movement on their part. In spite of her exceeding watchfulness she failed to perceive her implacable enemy's eye-glass for a moment directed towards the mysterious drawing. When Miss Thirion recognised the face she raised her head abruptly, and Ginevra at once laid her sketch aside.

"Why do you remain there, contrary to my advice, Miss Ginevra?" gravely inquired the professor, approaching his pupil.

Ginevra, hastily turning her easel so that no one else could see the canvas, replied in a voice trembling with emotion: "Don't you agree with me in thinking this light more favourable. May I not remain here?"

Servin turned pale. Nothing escapes the keen eye of hate, and Miss Thirion became, so to speak, a sharer in the emotion agitating both teacher and pupil.

"You are right," said Servin, "but you will soon know more than I do myself," he added with a forced laugh. There was a minute's silence, while the professor examined the sketch more minutely. "This is a masterpiece, worthy of Salvator Rosa!" he exclaimed impetuously.

At this the pupils rose with one accord, and Miss Thirion rushed forward with the eagerness of a tiger bounding on his prey. Ginevra, however, managed to slip the portrait into her portfolio ere any of the pupils caught a glimpse of it. Her easel was soon surrounded, and Servin expatiated at great length and in a loud voice on the various beauties and excellencies of the copy his favourite pupil was engaged on. All were deceived by his stratagem except Amélie, who endeavoured to get behind the easel and open the portfolio into which she had seen Ginevra put the sketch; the latter however, divining her intention, quietly took possession of the case and placed it by her side.

"Come, young ladies, take your places," said Servin, "if you wish to attain Miss Ginevra's proficiency you must not chatter so much about balls and fashions, and trifle as you do."

When all had returned to their seats Servin sat down by Ginevra's side.

"Is it not better that this mystery should have been discovered by me rather than by any of the other girls," she inquired in a low tone of voice.

"Yes," replied the painter, "for you are a true patriot, but even were you not such, I should still have confided the secret to you."

Master and pupil understood each other perfectly, and the latter did not fear to ask: "Who is he?"

"The intimate friend of Labédoyère, who, after the unfortunate colonel himself, contributed most to the union of the Seventh with the Grenadiers on the island of Elba. He was a major in the Guards, and has returned from Waterloo."

"Why did you not burn his uniform and provide him with civilian's clothes?" inquired Ginevra.

"They will be here this evening."

"You should have closed the studio for a few days."

"He is going to leave."

"Does he wish to die?" exclaimed the young girl. "Oh, shelter him until this period of tumult and disturbance is over. Paris is at present the only place in which one can be concealed with safety. Is he a friend of yours?"

"No, his misfortune is his only claim to my protection. I will tell you how he happens to be here. My father-in-law, who had re-enlisted during the last campaign, came across the poor fellow and rescued him from the clutches of those who had arrested Labédoyère, whom this madman was striving to protect."

"Striving to protect Labédoyère! And you call him a madman?" exclaimed Ginevra.

"My father-in-law is too closely watched and suspected to be able to conceal any one at his house, so he brought this gentleman here. I hoped to hide him from all eyes by putting him in this corner, the only part of the house in which he can safely remain."

"Let me know if I can be of the slightest use to you; I know Marshal Felton well."

"We shall see," replied the painter.

The conversation had lasted so long that it attracted the attention of all the pupils. Servin left Ginevra and went to the young girls in turn, giving such long lessons that he was still engaged as the hour struck at which they were in the habit of leaving.

"You are forgetting your satchel, Miss Thirion," said the professor to the young girl who condescended to play the part of a spy to gratify her curiosity and hate.

Amelie returned for her satchel, expressing some surprise at her forgetfulness; but Servin's solicitude was to her additional proof of the existence of a mystery. She descended the staircase and slammed the door leading into Servin's dwelling, to convey the idea that she had left the house, but instead of doing so she quietly slipped upstairs again, and hid behind the studio door.

When the painter believed himself alone with Ginevra, he knocked in a peculiar manner at the door leading to the attic. The door was at once opened, and the Italian beheld a tall and handsome youth, whose imperial uniform caused her heart to throb with emotion; he wore his arm in a sling, and his pale and wan appearance betokened acute suffering. Amélie, who had heard the creaking of the door, although she could see nothing, feared to remain longer, and stealthily withdrew.

"Fear nothing," said the painter to his guest, "this young lady is the daughter of the Emperor's most faithful friend and ally, the Baron of Piombo."

A glance at Ginevra's pitying face was sufficient to satisfy the suffering man that he might rely on the assurance.

"You are wounded," said she.

"A mere trifle, and the wound is healing."

At the moment the shrill voices if the news vendors penetrated into the studio, proclaiming: "Sentence of death pronounced on . . . . ." The group started, but the soldier was the first to distinguish a name which made him tremble.

"Labédoyère!" he exclaimed, falling to his knees. Cold drops of perspiration gathered on the young man's livid forehead; he clutched his hair despairingly, and leant his elbow on Ginevra's easel.

"After all," said he, rising abruptly, "we knew what we were about, we knew the fate that awaited us in case of defeat as well as in case of triumph. Labédoyère dies for the glorious cause, while I am hiding."

He strode hastily towards the door of the studio, but Ginevra, quicker still, darted forward and barred the way. "Can you by rash acts reinstate the Emperor? Do you think yourself capable of setting up again the giant who could not stand alone?

"What is to become of me?" questioned the outlaw of these friends whom chance had sent him. "I have not a single relative in this wide world. Labédoyère was my only friend. I am utterly alone, and to-morrow I too may be condemned: death has become necessary to me, and when one is determined to die it matters little who strikes the blow."

His despairing paroxysm alarmed the artist as well as Ginevra, who seemed already deeply interested. She admired the handsome soldier and his melodious voice, whose charming tones were scarcely impaired by the accents of woe! She now poured balm into his wounds.

"Sir," said she, gently, "my father is rich, you cannot scruple to accept aid from him since all our property is the Emperor's gift. We owe everything to his munificence, let us show our gratitude by assisting one of his faithful soldiers. As to friends, you will be certain to find many." Then with head erect, and her eyes shining with unusual lustre, she added "The man who will fall to-morrow, pierced by a dozen bullets, saves your life. Wait until this storm has blown over, and you can enter some foreign service, if you are not forgotten here. If by that time you are forgotten, you can enter the French army."

There is a certain tenderness and delicacy in the consolation offered by woman, and when words of peace and hope are supplemented by graceful gesture and heartfelt eloquence, it is a difficult matter for man to resist the charm. The sufferer inhaled love and hope with every breath he drew; a slight rosy shade tinged his pale cheeks, and his eyes lost somewhat of their melancholy expression as he replied: "You are an angel of goodness. But Labédoyère!"

The three friends gazed at each other in silence—they felt as friends of twenty years' standing instead of as many minutes.

"My friend," said Servin at last, "you can not save him?"

"I can at least avenge him."

Ginevra trembled. The compassion which all true women feel for genuine suffering had for the time stifled every other emotion, but this agonizing cry for revenge, this unexpected meeting with one of her beloved countrymen, one too so thoroughly devoted to Napoleon, proved too much for her susceptible nature. She gazed at the soldier with an indescribable feeling in her heart, and her interest became so intense that she dared not trust herself longer in his presence.

"Farewell until to morrow," she said.

"To-morrow;" he repeated sadly—"to-morrow Labédoyère—"

Ginevra turned and placed her fingers on her lips as if to say "Be prudent."

"*O Dio! che non vorrei vivere dopo averla veduta.*" (Oh my God! who would not wish to live after having seen her!") exclaimed the young man in impassioned tones.

The peculiar accent with which he pronounced these words startled Ginevra.

"You are a Corsican!" she exclaimed in an ecstacy of delight.

"I was born in Corsica," he replied, "but was taken to Genoa when still quite young."

The powerful attraction she had experienced on becoming aware of his devotion to Napoleon, his wound, his misfortune, even his danger, all were lost sight of, or rather blended in one novel and delightful feeling. He was a native of Corsica and spoke its dearly loved language. The young girl stood spell-bound; powerful excitement kept her silent and motionless for a time. The day was waning, the sun had almost set, and a soft twilight reigned in the studio; one last ray however still lingered, and cast its golden tints on the place where the soldier was seated, irradiating his pale and noble features. The superstitious young Italian looked upon this pleasing picture and accepted it as a good omen. The stranger appeared in her eyes as a celestial messenger, bringing to her the melodious accents of her native country and fond memories of her childhood. For a little while she remained plunged in reverie, then she started, the blood rushed to her face in a crimson glow, she gave him one gentle though hurried look, and left the studio—his image lingering in her heart.

Although there was to be no lesson the next day, Ginevra came to the studio, and the prisoner was able to spend the day with his countrywoman. Servin was busily engaged on a sketch he was anxious to finish, and acted as their mentor. The poor soldier related his various sufferings during the retreat from Moscow; at the age of nineteen he was the sole surviving officer of his regiment at the passage of the Beresina, and had lost in his comrades all his friends. He depicted in eloquent language the disastrous defeat at Waterloo, and his voice was music to Ginevra. Educated in the Corsican style, she was a perfect child of nature, she ignored falsehood and deceit, and was wholly devoid of coquetry and affectation. On this occasion she sat long with her pallet in one hand, her brush, innocent of paint, in the other, gazing with wistful eyes at her countryman, and listening eagerly. At other times she would paint patiently and quietly without even raising her head, because *he* was watching her work. She now learned that his name was Luigi, and before leaving she arranged that, on the days when lessons were going on in the studio, should any important political event occur, she would acquaint him with the fact by singing certain Italian airs in a low tone.

The following day Miss Thirion told all the pupils in confidence that Ginevra di Piombo was in love with a young man who, during the hours devoted to lessons, took up his abode in the dark closet beside the studio.

"You, who take her part," she said to Miss Roguin, "ought to notice her well, and you will see how she spends her time."

Thus Ginevra was closely watched, her songs, her looks were analysed. When she thought herself totally unnoticed, there were probably a dozen pair of eyes attentively fixed on her. Thus watchful, they could not fail to interpret aright the various changes that passed over her countenance, and the attentive air with which she listened to sounds inaudible to others. At the end of a week the only one of the fifteen pupils who had resisted the desire to have a peep at Louis through the crevice in the partition, and who still defended the beautiful Corsican, was little Laure. Miss Roguin had endeavoured to persuade her to remain on the stairs, after the other pupils had departed, in order to assure herself of Ginevra's intimacy with the mysterious stranger, but she had indignantly refused to play the part of a spy. After a short time had elapsed, the daughter of the officer of the king's household considered it improper to come to the studio of a painter who held patriotic or Bonapartist opinions, which at the time we are speaking of were one and the same thing,

and left off coming. But if Amélie forgot Ginevra, the evil seed she had sown bore ample fruit. The various pupils acquainted their mothers with the strange adventure going on in the studio, and by degrees they all left off attending, until Ginevra and her little friend Laure were the only two left. The Italian scarcely noticed their abandonment, and did not even inquire the reason of their absence. As soon as she had discovered the means of carrying on a correspondence with her unfortunate compatriot, she lived in the studio as in a delightful retreat, alone in the midst of the world, thinking of him only, and of the dangers which threatened him. In spite of her admiration of noble characters who scorn to betray their political faith, she yet urged Louis to submit to the royal authority, so that he need not quit France. Louis, on his side, would not consent because he was anxious to remain in his hiding-place. Their friendship had made more rapid strides in one month than an ordinary friendship would have made in ten years of drawing-room intercourse.—They esteemed and appreciated each other; Ginevra was older than Louis, and felt pleasure in being wooed by one so tried by adverse fate, and who, besides the experience of a man, possessed all the charms of adolescency. And Louis experienced an indescribable delight in allowing himself to be protected by a young girl of twenty-five. Was it not a proof of love? The mixture of pride and gentleness, strength and weakness in Ginevra, were peculiarly attractive to Louis, who was completely fascinated by her charms. They loved each other so wholly and so truly that they required neither to confess nor to deny their love.

Once, towards evening, Ginevra heard the signal agreed upon. Louis was knocking gently on the wood-work with a pin, producing little more noise than a spider fastening its web. Her quick ear caught the sound. She glanced hastily round the studio, and, failing to see the little Laure, opened the door: but Louis, perceiving Laure's presence, stepped quickly back. Ginevra was astonished, looked around again, and seeing Laure, advanced towards her saying: "You are working late, my dear, and yet this head appears to be finished; the only thing wanting is a reflex over this lock of hair."

"I wish you would be so kind as to finish this copy for me," said Laure, "I would then have something of yours to keep."

"Willingly," replied Ginevra, thinking she could thus easily dismiss her. "I thought," she said, while giving light touches with her brush, "that you lived a good distance from the studio."

"Oh, Ginevra, I am going to leave it forever!" said the young girl sadly.

"Are you going to leave Mr. Servin?" inquired the Italian, not by any means affected by the words as she would have been a month ago.

"Have you not noticed that for some time you and I are the only pupils?"

"'Tis true," replied Ginevra as if suddenly struck by the observation. "Are the young ladies ill; are they going to be married, or have their fathers all got appointments at Court."

"They have all left Mr. Servin!"

"And wherefore?"

"On your account, Ginevra."

"On my account!" repeated the young Corsican, with threatening brow and flashing eyes.

"Oh, do not be vexed, dear Ginevra," said Laure sadly, "but my mother wishes me also to leave. Every one of the girls say that Mr. Servin allows a young man who is in love with you to remain secreted in the dark closet while we are at work; I did not believe their slanders, neither did I mention them at home. Last evening, however, Madame Roguin met my mother at a ball, and inquired if she still sent me here; on my mother answering in the affirmative, she repeated all their stories. Mamma was very

angry with me for not telling her, and said I had been wanting in the confidence which ought to exist between mother and daughter. Oh, my dear Ginevra! you whom I ever took as my model, you cannot imagine how much it grieves me to be no longer your companion."

"We will meet again, dear Laure. Young girls get married," said Ginevra.

"Yes, if they are rich," replied Laure.

"Will you not come and see me," said Ginevra.

"Ginevra," said Laure gently," Madame Roguin and my mother are coming here to-morrow to reproach Mr. Servin on what has taken place. Let him at least be apprised of this."

A thunderbolt falling at her feet would have caused Ginevra less consternation than this announcement.

"What business is it of theirs?" she asked ingenuously.

"Every one says it is wrong, and mamma says it is immoral."

"And what do you think yourself, Laure."

The young girl gazed tearfully at Ginevra, put her arms around her neck and kissed her passionately. Just then Servin appeared. "Miss Ginevra," said he, enthusiastically, "I have completed my picture. But what is the matter with you two? It seems that all my pupils are taking holidays."

Laura dried her eyes, bowed to Servin and withdrew.

"The studio has been deserted for the last few days," said Ginevra, "and the girls do not intend returning."

"Bah!"

"Oh do not laugh I beg of you. I am the involuntary cause of your loss of reputation."

The artist smilingly interrupted her, saying, "My reputation! Why in a few days my picture will be exhibited."

"They do not question your talent but your morality," said the Italian. "The young ladies have said that Louis is shut up here, and that you countenance ——— our love."

"There is some truth in that assertion," said the artist, "yet had the mothers of these same young ladies taken the trouble to call on me all would have been satisfactorily explained. But why should I trouble myself about such matters."

The artist snapped his fingers, and Louis, who had heard the greater part of the conversation, now came forward, saying: "I have ruined you."

The artist took Ginevra's hand, and placing it in that of Louis said, with touching frankness: "You two will get married and be happy, and there is nothing in this wide world which would repay me for ministering to such bliss as yours."

"I am rich," said Ginevra, "you must let me endeavour to repay you."

"Repay me!" exclaimed the artist. "Why, so soon as it becomes known that some foolish people calumniated me because I protected our friend, all the Liberals in Paris will send me their children. Then I will be in your debt."

Louis pressed his hand and said, in a voice trembling with emotion: It is to you then that I will owe all my happiness."

"May you be happy my children, I unite you," said the artist with mock solemnity, placing his hands on the heads of the lovers.

This pleasantry put an end to their emotion—they looked up and laughed.

"Well now, my young friends," said Servin, "you think that all your troubles are over, but you are mistaken."

The lovers looked at him anxiously.

"Cheer up; after all I am probably the only sufferer by your tricks. Madame Servin is rather inclined to be prudish and sedate, and I hardly know how we shall manage.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," exclaimed Ginevra," that Madame Roguin and Laure's mother intend coming here to-morrow to——."

"I understand," said the artist interrupting her.

"But you can justify yourself," said the young girl, with a proud movement. "M. Louis," she continued, turning towards him, "can no longer feel any antipathy to the royal government, and therefore I will tomorrow send a petition to one of the most influential gentlemen in the War Office, a man who can refuse nothing to the Baron di Piombo's daughter, and we will at once obtain a tacit pardon for the *commander* Louis, as they would scarcely acknowledge your title of colonel. Then," she added, looking at Servin, "you can confuse the mothers of my charitable companions by telling them the truth."

"You are an angel," exclaimed Servin.

While this scene was going on at the studio Ginevra's parents were becoming impatient at her long absence.

"It is six o'clock, and Ginevra has not yet returned," said Bartholoméo.

"She never yet stayed out so late," replied his wife.

The old folks looked anxiously at one another. Too much agitated to remain seated, Bartholoméo arose and walked up and down the room with firm and elastic step, despite his seventy-seven years. Thanks to his robust constitution, he appeared but little changed since his arrival in Paris; his carriage was still erect, and his thin iron-grey hair displayed his large and projecting forehead, giving one a high idea of his character and firmness. He had bought the former Hôtel de Portenduère with the moderate sum which Madame, the Emperor's mother, had given him for his Corsican property. As neither the baron nor his wife cared for pomp or display, even the furniture had remained unchanged, as it had been in the time of Louis XIV., but it was altogether in harmony with the stately Bartholoméo and his dignified partner. Under the Emperor and during the Hundred Days, while holding a very remunerative position, the old Corsican had lived in great style and kept a large retinue of servants, rather by way of doing honour to his position, however, than from any desire to shine. His own tastes as well as those of his wife were so simple that their modest little income was amply sufficient for all their wants; in their estimation their daughter Ginevra was worth all the riches in the world. When, in May, 1814, the baron resigned his place, dismissed his servants and closed the door of his stables, Ginevra, whose tastes were simple as those of her parents, did not feel the least regret. Parents and daughter loved each other too tenderly and devotedly to care for aught besides. The old folks often spent whole and delightful evenings in listening to Ginevra playing and singing. There was an immense pleasure to them in her mere presence, in the sound of her voice. These three were thoroughly one; if any recollection of Napoleon's former benefits or present misfortunes saddened the old people they could give vent to their feelings without fear, for their daughter shared even their political passions. Ginevra was especially attached to her father, and his whole soul seemed centred in her. Some people assert that we attach ourselves to one another more by our faults than by our good qualities, and certainly Ginevra had inherited all her father's failings. She was self-willed, vindictive and passionate, as Bartholoméo had been in his youth, and the Corsican had delighted in developing these traits in her character until he was obliged to give way to her in every respect. During the last five years however, Ginevra, grown wiser than her father, avoided all disputes and quarrels with him, but she lived on a footing of perfect equality with her parents, and this is often productive of harm. She had been allowed to take up or drop any study she pleased, and she tried many subjects in turn, until painting became her ruling passion. Her mother was unfortunately not sufficiently accomplished to direct her studies and enlighten her mind, hence

all her faults arose from the fatal education the old Corsican had taken delight in giving her.

The baron walked up and down the room for a long time. At last, overpowered with anxiety, he rang the bell and a servant appeared.

"Go and meet Miss Ginevra," said he.

(To be continued.)

WOUNDED.

From Frances Havergal's "MINISTRY OF SONG."

ONLY a look and a motion that nobody saw or heard,
Past in a moment and over, with never the sound of a word;
Streams of converse around me smoothly and cheerily flow,
But a terrible stab has been given, a silent and staggering blow.

Guesses the hand that gave it hardly a tithe of the smart,
Nothing at all of the anguish that fiercely leapt up in my heart,
Scorching and scathing its peace, while a tremulous nerve to the brain,
Flashed up a telegram sudden, a message of quivering pain.

They must be merry without me, for how can I sing to-night?
They will only think I am tired, and thoughtfully shade the light;
Finger and voice would fail while the wound is open and sore;
Bleeding away the strength I had gathered for days before.

Only a look and a motion! Yes, but we little know
How from each dwarf-like "only" a giant of power may grow;
The thundering avalanche crushes, loosened by only a breath,
And only a colourless drop may be laden with sudden death.

Only a word of command, but it loses or wins the field;
Only a stroke of the pen, but a heart is broken or healed;
Only a step may sever, pole-wide, future and past;
Only a touch may rivet links which for life shall last.

Only a look and a motion! Why was the wound so deep?
Were it no echo of sorrow, hushed for awhile to sleep,
Were it no shadow of fear, far o'er the future thrown,
Slight were the suffering now, if it bore on the present alone.

Ah ! I would smile it away, but 'tis all too fresh and too keen ;
Perhaps I may some day recall it as if it had never been ;
Now I can only be still, and endure where I cannot cope,
Praying for meekness and patience, praying for faith and hope.

Is it an answer already that words to my mind are brought,
Floating like shining lilies on waters of gloomiest thought ?
Simple and short is the sentence, but oh ! what it comprehends !
" *Those with which I was wounded, in the house of My friends.*"

Floating still on my heart, while I listen again and again,
Stilling the anxious throbbing, soothing the icy pain,
Proving its sacred mission healing and balm to bring.
" Coming ?" Yes, if you want me ! Yes, I am ready to sing.

MUSIC AND MORALS.

" MUSIC and Morals " is the title of an extremely interesting work of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., published by Strahan & Co. in England, and by the Harpers, of New York. As its name indicates, it is an attempt to point out the bearing of music in character, as regards the composer, the performer, and the hearer. The author is a staunch advocate for the dignity of the art, and for its powerful influence for good or for evil. It is at the same time a prominent aim with him to assist in raising the popular taste to a higher level ; and in the prosecution of this design he is led to the exposure of many defects, both in musical performance and in musical appreciation. His work contains interesting biographies of composers, and accounts of the origin and history of the various musical instruments. An attempt to set forth some of his views will not be unacceptable to Canadian readers, to whom his critical remarks should be of interest in an especial degree, regard being had to the generally lamentable state in which the art finds itself among us.

Music is gradually but surely getting to be considered as the chief among the fine arts, though it can boast of a history extending back not much more than four hundred years, if we disregard, as we must, the rude attempts of antiquity, which can only be likened to the performances to be heard at the present time among savage nations. Notwithstanding the immense *prestige* which the arts of painting and statuary possess, owing to the hold they have acquired on man's admiration from a remote past, the names of Beethoven and Mendelssohn are taking their places even in advance of those of Phidias and Michael Angelo, their productions being far more suited to the popular taste, and proceeding from a type of genius in no respect inferior to that of the painter or sculptor. The powerful influence which music exerts on the emotions and feelings of men is unequalled by any belonging to the productions of colour and form ; and although, to appreciate the value of the former in any right measure, a considerable degree of education is generally necessary, yet it presents every variety of character, adapted to

every degree of taste and culture, from the feeble barrel-organ, with whistle, tambourine, and monkey obligato, to the splendid performances of a European orchestra. It is capable of expressing, and that unmistakeably, all the varied emotions of which human nature is conscious. It can bring its notes into unison with the soft and melancholy feelings of love-sick susceptibility; it can infuse animation and courage into a body of soldiers; and it affords one of the most powerful modes of expressing the highest feelings of our nature, as is seen in the loftiest species of sacred music, the Oratorio. It is from this close connection between music and the emotional nature of man that we are led to consider the influence of the one upon the other, and first, in the case of the

EXECUTIVE MUSICIAN.

A great deal of misapprehension exists with regard to the influence of music on the moral character of its performers, arising both from an ignorance as to the actual facts of experience bearing upon this important question, and also from a failure to distinguish between what generally is, and what should be demanded by the popular taste from those who attempt to gratify it. And in the first place, it is not a fact that musicians, as a rule, are worse than the generality of mankind. The prevailing notion on this point may be accounted for by the peculiar position in which the subject of the inquiry stands in relation to the public, and also by the worst specimens of this class being often placed in the most conspicuous positions. No one cares, as a general rule, whether a musician is moral or immoral. Although every performer is well aware that a life of dissipation will unnerve him for his work, and render his downfall not very distant, still, so long as his feats come up to the requirements of his audience, nobody declines to go to hear him on account of any scandal which may attach to his name. His place can be easily enough supplied by another, in the event of his rendering himself unfit for satisfactory performances, and the same persons who would not think of countenancing him in the role of a lecturer or teacher of any description, will unhesitatingly go to hear his music. But again, the executive musician is exposed to the observation of the public in a degree which is almost sure to render a comparison between his habits and those of other classes decidedly unfair. But a not less important consideration is the undue prominence usually given by the English public to the whole race of outcasts and strollers from foreign lands. Let a moderately ugly specimen of a Frenchman or German, acting and talking in a way unknown in England, wearing a profusion of long hair and a pair of startling kids, appear before an English audience, and he is at once pronounced a genius. The foreign prodigy, perhaps only just having finished his education, is really alarmed at the figure at which he is valued; but it is a matter of no very great difficulty to get accustomed to it, and he then begins to cut a figure in accordance with what he believes to be the demands of his admirers. Good, but native, performers are ridiculed by him; the most detestable affectation accompanies the loftiest efforts of which he is capable; and his exit from the circle of his admirers is often immediately preceded by some conduct towards his lady friends, which, though it may be an outward and visible sign of his genius, gives but too clear indication of his origin and training. Now, in addition to the deep injury and insult which this foolish patronage causes to the native musical profession of any country, it is also a very prominent reason of that false judgment which is passed on the moral standing of the whole class. If conscientious and skilful members of the class are brought forward as witnesses for the defence against the charge of general worthlessness, the absence of those glaring eccentricities in their case is taken as a sign of mediocrity, and they are even made to

serve as additional proof of the accusation. No one would wish to depreciate in the slightest degree any of those brilliant performers who favour England and America with their presence and with the highest style of rendering music; but so long as this indiscriminate worship of French and German humbugs continues, the musical profession may hope in vain to be estimated truly, and must expect to have a shade cast on the entire class, on account of the freaks in which foreign genius disports itself.

But a second ground for the opinion that musicians are as a rule immoral, is the life which they are compelled to lead in order to satisfy the demands of folly and prejudice. The strain which is placed upon a leading solo during an opera season is greater than can be endured by nine out of ten specimens of frail humanity. The quantity of labour, in the principal performances and in the rehearsals, is beyond all reason, and to keep up to concert pitch, the wearied singer is obliged to have recourse to stimulants, and that continually. This cannot last long. The salary, accordingly, is extremely high while it lasts; and instead of the life being, as it might be, one of steady but not exhausting occupation, it becomes a prolonged continuation of overstrained effort. The result is disastrous to the moral nature of the singer. And this evil is aggravated by the insane demand for high notes, which is the most disgraceful feature of the popular taste. Is an upper G any sweeter than one an octave lower, that a singer should be run after on the strength of her performing that feat of musical gymnastics? Many a fine voice is spoiled, and many a one overlooked, owing to this absurd and cruel perversity in the popular judgment of a singer. The most beautiful songs that are in existence are scarcely ever heard because the composer did not foresee the prevalence of this widespread lunacy, and did not, consequently, manufacture his songs with a view to giving scope to the soprano for screeching her most horrible screech. Those few of the really good songs, which even this cry of *excelsior* has not caused to be murdered by meretricious flourishes, are laid on the shelf; and composers and publishers, and admirers of rubbish, bribe the poor operatives to minister to their interest and their depraved taste.

Finally, the social position accorded to musicians is not such as to afford any strong inducement to maintain a name free from reproach. Nothing but prejudice can draw a distinction in this respect between the claims of a painter and a musician to a respectable station in life; but prejudice does make a difference, and thus takes from those who need it fully as much as others, practically one of the most powerful incentives to leading a pure and elevated life. We rejoice to believe that there are numerous indications of a change for the better in this usage to which the members of the profession have been obliged to submit, and that soon our ideas on this subject will be as far in advance of those now prevailing as these are of the ideas of the time of Queen Anne. The following is from Swift's Diary, July 25th, 1711, concerning an accused person: "The Under-secretary was willing to save him; but I told the secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing."

Let us notice briefly the moral effects of Music, as gathered from biography, on

THE MUSICAL COMPOSER.

In this connection we form a most favourable impression of the influence of his calling on the creator of music, as the following short summary will indicate, and as the more extensive notices of the lives of eminent composers will more fully prove.

Scarlatti, born in Sicily in 1649, was noted for his persevering industry, but gained the esteem and affections of the Neapolitans

chiefly by his gratuitious services as music-master in a large charity school called "Jesus Christ's Poor of Loretto." He died at the age of 76.

Marcello, born at Venice in 1686, composed as his principal works the "Psalmi" and "Laudi Spirituali," and on his monument at the Church of St. Joseph, at Brescia, is placed the inscription, "*Benedicto Marcello, patricii Venito, piissimo philologo.*" He died at the age of 53.

Lalande, born in 1657, was greatly respected by the dissolute courtiers of Louis XIV. He was remarkable for his gentle and pious character, and died at the age of 76.

Gluck, born in 1714, though, in consequence of a shattered constitution from overwork, he became somewhat addicted to drinking in later years, was one who richly deserved the encomium bestowed upon him by our author:

"No one remembering what Paris was in the time of the Gluckists, and Piccinists, Marmontel, D'Alembert, and Marie Antoinette, can deny that Gluck, in his best days, gave a good example to the dissolute capital of moderation and self-respect."

Gluck died at the age of 73.

"Of dear old Sebastian Bach, born at Eisenach, 1685, let us merely say that he was a good husband, father, and friend; in the words of his friend Kittell, 'he was an excellent man.'"

The character of Handel is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to do more than allude to it in this connection. He was a staunch Lutheran, and at the same time possessed of the widest Christian charity, so as to incur the charge of lukewarmness from his refusal to excommunicate Roman Catholics, Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. He died at the age of 74.

Papa Haydn laboured under the infliction of a very uncongenial wife in his early days, but was always noted, even under such a weight of affliction, for his equable and religious disposition. His compositions always bore the inscription "*In nomine Domini,*" and whenever he felt it difficult to compose, he was accustomed to have recourse to his rosary, and, as he declared, with the best results. He lived to the age of 77.

Cherubini was universally respected by his Parisian contemporaries for his industry and conscientiousness, and died at the age of 82.

"Spohr, born at Brunswick, 1784, and Meyerbeer, born at Berlin, 1794, were both distinguished for their abstemious and laborious lives. The name of neither is associated with excesses of any kind; both were personally respected and beloved by a large circle of friends." They died at the ages of 75 and 70 respectively.

The following extract from one of Mozart's letters to his father shows us plainly the character of this eminent composer:

"Previous to our marriage we had for some time past attended mass together, as well as confessed and taken the Holy Communion, and I found that I never prayed so fervently nor confessed so piously as by her side; and she felt the same. In short, we are made for each other, and God, who orders all things, will not forsake us."

"Beethoven, born at Bonn, 1770, was equally great in his intellect and his affections. How deep and tender was that noble heart those know who have read his letters to his abandoned nephew, whom he commits so earnestly to 'God's holy keeping.'" There is no stain upon his life. His integrity was spotless, his purity unblemished, his generosity boundless, his affections deep and lasting, his piety simple and sincere. "To-day happens to be Sunday," he writes to a friend in the most unaffected way, "so I will quote you something out of the Bible: 'See that ye love one another.'" Beethoven was not only severely moral and deeply religious, but he has this further claim to the admiration and respect of the musical world, that his ideal

of art was the highest, and that he was true to his ideal—" utterly and disinterestedly true to the end."

Mendelssohn was a man of the most exalted character, beloved by all who knew him, and far above doing anything mean or immoral to render his productions more suitable to an ignoble popular taste. Writing of *Robert le Diable*, he says :—" In this opera a young girl divests herself of her garments and sings a song to the effect that next day at this time she will be married. All this produces effect ; but I have no music for such things ; I consider it ignoble. So, if the present epoch exacts this style and considers it indispensable, then I will write oratorios."

The above statement of facts concerning the lives of eminent composers may challenge comparison with any that could be brought forward in behalf of the members of any other profession, and demonstrates the utter groundlessness of the aspersions often cast upon the art in regard to its effects upon the lives and characters of its followers.

Let us look, in the third place, at the moral effect which music exercises on the listener. This depends to a great extent upon the natural and acquired qualities of the listener, and also in an especial degree upon the character of the music. On some ears the most thrilling sounds fall with no perceptible effect, while in others the attention is concentrated and the feelings moved by music of only ordinary excellence. Of course, to the former the whole subject on which we are writing is a *terra incognita*, and the highest efforts of the art are as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. But the greater number of men are more or less sensitive to melody and harmony, and it is needless to say that in proportion to this sensitiveness so will be the effect of music on them.

We will consider, then, in the next place, the essential differences in the characters of various schools of music, as on these depend in a very great measure the influences for good or evil exercised on the hearer. Under the summer skies of Italy, in the land of sunshine and repose, has arisen that soft and sentimental species of composition known as the Italian opera. It is the musical sentimental novel. At times, indeed, traits of noble feeling and strong emotion are visible through the prevailing mist of languid sentiment ; but it is not these that give character to the works of the Italians, but unfortunately their absence. Whatever in general appears to be the expression of genuine affection or deep feeling has about it an air of artificiality and stage action which detracts from our admiration. But it must not be inferred that this school of music is without many redeeming qualities, or that its effect on the listener is not at times telling and elevating. The names of Bellini and Rossini, though not to be placed alongside those of Beethoven and Mozart, yet take rank next below them; and their productions show as clearly, though it be on a lower level, the working of a master's mind, as do the grandest masterpieces of the German school.

But, turning to the latter, let us hear our author give expression to his enthusiasm on the transcendent qualities of the classical school.

" We cannot deny to Italy the gift of sweet and enchanting melody. Rossini has also shown himself a master of the very limited effects of harmony which it suited his purpose to cultivate. Then, why is not Rossini as good as Beethoven ? Absurd as the question sounds to a musician, it is not an unreasonable one when coming from the general public, and the only answer we can find is this: Not to mention the enormous resources in the cultivation of harmony which the Italian, from want of inclination or ability, neglect, the German music is higher than the Italian, because it is a truer expression and a more disciplined

expression of the emotions. To follow a movement of Beethoven is, in the first place, a bracing exercise of the intellect. The emotions evoked, while assuming a double degree of importance by association with the analytic faculty, do not become enervated, because in the masterful grasp of the great composer we are conducted through a cycle of naturally progressive feeling which always ends by leaving the mind renovated, balanced, and ennobled by the exercise. In Beethoven all is under control, nothing morbid which is not almost instantly corrected; nothing luxurious which is not finally raised into the clear atmosphere of wholesome and brisk activity, or some corrective mood of peaceful self-mastery, or even playfulness. And the emotions thus aroused are not the vamped-up feelings of a jaded appetite, or the false, inconsequent spasms of the sentimentalist. They are such as we have experienced in high moods or passionately sad ones, or in the night, in summer time, or by the sea; at all events, they are unfolded before us, not with the want of perspective or violent frenzy of a bad dream, but with true gradations in natural succession, and tempered with all the middle tints that go to make up the truth of life. Hence the different nature of the emotional exercises gone through in listening to typical German and typical Italian music. The Italian makes us sentimentalize, the German makes us feel. The sentiment of the one gives the emotional conception of artificial suffering or joy, the natural feeling of the other gives us the emotional conception which belongs to real suffering or joy. The one is stagey—smells of the oil and the rouge-pot, the other is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with irresistible force the deepest emotional experiences of our lives. It is not good to be constantly dissolved in a state of love-melancholy, full of the langour of passion without its real spirit; but it is at this that Italian music aims. Again, the violent crises of emotion should come in their right places—like spots of primary colour with spaces of grey between them. There are no middle tints in Italian music; listeners are subjected to shock after shock of emotion—half a dozen smashing surprises, and twenty or thirty spasms and languors in each scene, until at last we become like children who thrust their hands again and again into water charged with electricity, just on purpose to feel the thrill and relapse. But that is not healthy emotion; it does not recreate the feelings; it kindles artificial feelings and makes reality tasteless.

"Now, whenever feeling is not disciplined, it becomes weak, diseased, and unnatural. It is because German music takes emotion fairly in hand, disciplines it, expresses its depressions in order to remove them, renders with terrible accuracy even its insanity and incoherency in order to give relief through such expression, and restores calm, flinches not from the tender and the passionate, stoops to pity, and becomes a very angel in sorrow; it is because German music has probed the humanities and sounded the depths of our nature—taught us how to bring the emotional region not only into the highest activity, but also under the highest control—that we place German music in the first rank, and allow no names to stand before Gluck, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

From the above we can easily see the importance of a high character to music as regards the effect which it is to produce on all classes of hearers. Some may be without the pale of its influence altogether; many more affected by it only to a limited extent, and others again may enter fully into the spirit and ideas of the composer, and be able, in the main, to translate the symbolical language of his art. But to whatever extent he is appreciated, it is of the greatest moment that this excitement, even passion at

times, which is aroused, should be natural and healthy, not sickly and enervating. To achieve this result the rational and emotional natures must be appealed to, and the entire action should possess that orderly and well regulated movement, analogous to those orderly and well regulated movements of the feelings, which we in our best moods experience. But it is too plain to the most ordinary observer, that in this subject, as in literature, the sensational is, with the majority, the favourite, and the heavy and improving is passed by without regret. Nay, it is even questionable whether the same, or a somewhat similar effect, be not produced on the uneducated by the sensational music as is produced on the cultivated hearer by the robust German. The power to appreciate is after all the main point in calculating the effect of a composition on a listener; and it must not be overlooked that, in the case of some, milk is a very nourishing article of diet where stronger food would be wholly ineffective. But this is said only with reference to those who are in a great measure destitute of the faculty of musical appreciation; and from an educational standpoint it is of the greatest importance that a high musical standard should be maintained, both for those as yet not fully able to comprehend it, and for those who have reached in this department the period of manhood. It is obvious that to maintain this high standard in the popular favour, a style and degree of general musical education is rendered necessary, far different from anything that has been yet accomplished. If, then, it is of great importance, as regards the moral character of a people, that their musical taste should be elevated, their education in this particular should be attended to with the most scrupulous care. The untrained are deaf to the appeals of classical music, or even regard it with aversion; and an immense change will have taken place in the civilised countries of Europe and America with respect to popular education, when the hopes of our author are realised in any great measure. In the meantime the initiated few must be content to see productions of a low order carrying in their favour the popular vote; and the classical master must, like some of the masters in other departments, bequeath his works to posterity.

WOMEN AND MUSIC.

"The emotional force in women is usually stronger, and always more delicate, than in men. Their constitutions are like those fine violins which vibrate to the lightest touch. Women are the great listeners, not only to eloquence, but also to music. The wind has swept many an Æolian lyre, but never such a sensitive harp as a woman's soul. In listening to music, her face is often lighted up with tenderness, with mirth, or with the simple expansiveness of intense pleasure. Her attitude changes unconsciously with the truest, because the most natural, dramatic feeling. At times she is shaken and melts into tears, as the flowers stand and shake when the wind blows upon them and the drops of rain fall off. The woman's temperament is naturally artistic, not in a creative, but in a receptive sense. A woman seldom writes good music, never great music; and strange to say, many of the best singers have been incapable of giving even a good musical reading to the songs in which they have been most famous. It was rumoured that Madame Grisi had to be taught all her songs, and became great by her wonderful power of appropriating suggestions of pathos and expression which she was incapable of originating herself. Madame Malibran had a great dash of original genius, and seldom sung a song twice in the same way. Most women reflect with astonishing ease, and it has often been remarked that they have more perception than thought, more passion than judgment, more generosity than justice, and more religious sentiment than moral taste.

"Many a woman, though capable of so

much, is frequently called upon in the best years of her life to do but little, but at all times society imposes upon her a strict reticence as to her real feelings. What is she to do with the weary hours, with the days full of the intolerable sunshine, and the nights full of the pitiless stars? Her village duties or town visits are done. Perchance neither have any attractions for her. She has read till her head aches; but all her reading leads to nothing. She has worked till her fingers ache; but what is the work good for when it is done? To set women to do the things which some people suppose are the only things fit for them to do, is often like setting the steam-hammer to knock pins into a board. The skilful and ingenious operation leaves them dissatisfied or listless, or makes them, by a kind of reaction, frivolous, wicked, and exaggerated caricatures of what God intended them to be. Some outlet is wanted. Control is good, but at a certain point control becomes something very much like paralysis. The steam-hammer, as it contemplates the everlasting pin's head, cannot help feeling that if some day, when the steam was on, it might give one good smashing blow, it would feel all the better for it. So women—and how many thousands are there in our placid modern drawing-rooms!—who feel like this! Music comes with a power of relief and a gentle grace of ministration little short of supernatural.

"That girl who sings to herself her favourite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann, sings more than a song; it is her own plaint of suffering floating away on the wings of melody. That poor lonely little sorrower, hardly more than a child, who sits dreaming at her piano, while her fingers, caressing the deliciously cool ivory keys, glide through a weird *nocturno* of Chopin, is playing no mere study or set piece. Ah! what heavy burden seems lifted up and borne away in the dusk? Her eyes are half closed—her heart is far away; she dreams a dream as the long, yellow light fades in the west, and the wet vine-leaves tremble outside to the nestling birds; the angel of music has come down; she has poured into his ear the tale which she will confide to no one else, and the "restless, unsatisfied longing" has passed; for one sweet moment the cup of life seems full—she raises it to her trembling lips. What if it is only a dream—a dream of comfort sent by music? Who will say she is not the better for it? She has been taken away from the commonplaceness and dulness of life—from the old books in the study, and the familiar faces in the schoolroom, and the people in the streets; she has been alone with herself, but not fretting or brooding—alone with herself and the minstrel spirit. Blessed recreation, that brings back freshness to the tired life and buoyancy to the heavy heart! Happy rain of tears and stormy wind of sighs sweeping the sky clear, and showing once more the deep blue heaven of the soul beyond! Let no one say that the moral effects of music are small or insignificant. That domestic and long suffering instrument, the cottage piano, has probably done more to sweeten existence, and bring peace and happiness to families in general, and to young women in particular, than all the homilies on the domestic virtues ever yet penned."

POPULAR MUSIC.

The foregoing is a graphic description of the effect of music on perhaps a somewhat ideal specimen of womankind; but in part it touches on that important fact, the beneficial influence of even very poor music on the ordinary run of humanity. However we may deplore the great lack of taste displayed in an admiration of the current popular airs, it is impossible to deny that, so far as it goes, the advantages accruing to the vulgar hearer are of the same kind as those acquired by the musical *virtuoso* in listening to the highest works of the art. The "Mocking Bird" and "Champagne Charley" make as earnest and emphatic appeal to the

susceptibilities of their ordinary hearers as the Sonatas of Beethoven do to those of a select and cultivated audience; and however much lower we may regard the aim and result of these "clap-trap" productions of inferior minds, it must be admitted that the sphere in which they produce real enjoyment is vastly more extensive than that of the classic muse. Let us listen,—at times perhaps not without impatience, at times perhaps not without genuine pleasure—to the customary music of the cottage piano. No misty, intellectual German presides over this scene. The girl whom we must consider may have never been to a first-class concert in her life, may have had to pick up an acquaintance with the ancient and well hammered keys in the bits of time which she could snatch from her household duties, and when she was not engaged in attempting to hush that sensational, but eminently natural music, emitted by infant lungs. Does she want a "Sonata," a "Song without Words," to calm that sorely vexed spirit and fit her for the performance of those filial and sisterly offices continually pressing on her? Or see a happy family congregated in the evening, of all ages and dispositions, and what a blessing is the sound of those familiar notes which reach down and hold under their sway even the crawling baby! We may live next door, in a house not detached; we may be blessed with ears polite, and with a nature painfully sensitive to any violation of the highest rules of art; but let us weigh for a moment the claims of an honoured few against the immense and continually increasing enjoyments of millions, and it will then appear to any one not entirely æsthetical and selfish that the works of "clap-trap" musicians are not deserving of utter scorn. Nay, they are public blessings in a pre-eminent degree. A fine design of Mendelssohn may prove the occasion for a well regulated and intellectual play of the emotions on the part of a select assembly of choice spirits, to whom it is a luxury, but in no manner a pressing need. But what shall we say of those mediocre pieces with which every plebeian piano is belaboured, and with which every barrel-organ is resonant? In our present limited and imperfect state, it is these which touch the great heart of humanity, soothing the sorrowing, calming the excited, and bringing joy and gladness to untold numbers. Let us hear our author discourse in his eloquent style on that great feature in the popular music of the day,—

THE BARREL-ORGAN.

"Indeed, that man" (the organ-grinder) plays all the favourite tunes. It is true he is not English, but he represents the popular tastes in music. Does he play national melodies? Not many—chiefly the melodies of other countries, or what will pass for them with the million; but he does *grind* certain English ballads too, clap-trap sort of jingles —not especially national, or especially anything; he cannot be said to play them; no fancy, no originality or taste is displayed, except by the monkey who sits on his shoulder; the performance from first to last is a *grind*. In the streets of other countries you seldom meet with foreign musicians—at least not in France, Germany, and Italy; but who will deny that the staple of street music in England is organ-grinding? And the grinder is a foreigner, who only grinds a few English tunes under protest. In fact 'He's a Pal o' mine' and 'Jolly Dogs' are used as gold leaf to gild pills like 'Casta Diva' and the 'Carnival de Venise.'

"Every man has probably had moments in his life when he has not been sane upon the question of barrel-organs. He has perhaps been placed in difficult circumstances. Let us say he occupies a corner house. On one side at the bottom of the street, commences the "Chickaleary Bloke;" on the other side, at the bottom of another street, is faintly heard "Polly Perkins;" both are working steadily up to a point—that point is his corner house—let us say your own

corner house. You are in your study writing poetry; nearer and nearer draw the minstrels, regardless of each other, and probably out of each other's hearing, but both heard by you in your favourite position. As they near the point the discord becomes wild and terrible; you rush into the back study, but the *tom-tom* man is in the yard; you rush out of the front door to look for a policeman —there is none; you use any Italian words you can recollect, at the same time pointing to your head; you explain that your father lies dangerously ill up-stairs, and that several ladies are dying in the neighbourhood; you implore the Italian to move on, and the scene ends in No. 1 slowly grinding down the street which No. 2 came up, and No. 2 grinding up the street which No 1 has just come down. At such moments we are apt to speak recklessly on the great subject of barrel-organs, and we sometimes—idle employment!—write letters to the newspapers, which are pardonably one-sided. The fact is, the organ question, like all other great questions, has two sides to it, although we seldom hear but one.

"Let not those who write abusive letters to the newspapers, and bring in bills to abolish street music, think they will be able to loosen the firm hold which the barrel-organist has upon the British public. Your cook is his friend, your housemaid is his admirer; the policeman and the baker's young man look on him in the light of a formidable rival.

"But for once let us speak a good word for him. We know all that can be said against him, let us now plead his cause a little. His sphere is large; he conquers more worlds than one; his popularity is not only wide, but varied: he enters many clean and capacious squares, and little chubby faces, well born and rosy, look out from high-railed nursery windows, and as they look out he looks up, and baby is danced at the bars and stops crying directly, and Tommy forgets his quarrel with Johnny, and runs to the window too; and tears are wiped, and harmony is restored in many and many a nursery, and nurse herself finds the penny and smiles, and "organ-man" pockets the penny and smiles, and plays five more tunes in for the money, and lifts his hat and waves "ta-ta!" in Italian, and walks off to "fresh fields and pastures new"—and isn't it worth the penny.

"And where does he wander too now—that happy, easy-tempered son of the south? Ah! he has no proud looks; and, though he has just played to members of the aristocracy, he is willing to turn as merrily for the lowest of the people.

"I meet him in the dingy alleys of the great city—I meet him in the regions of garbage and filth, where the atmosphere inhaled seems to be an impartial mixture of smoke and decomposition, and where the diet of the people seems to consist of fried herrings and potato-parings; there is our organ-man—and there at least we may bless him—grinding away to the miserable, sunken, and degraded denizens of Pigmire Lane or Fish Alley. Let him stay always there—let him grind ever thus. I confess it does my heart good to see those slatternly women come to their doors, and stand and listen, and the heavy, frowning, coal-besmeared men lean out of the windows with their pipes, and, forgetting hunger and grinding poverty, hushing also the loud oath and blasphemy for a little season, smile with the pleasure of the sweet sounds. Through that little black window with the cracked panes you can see the lame shoe-maker look up for a moment, and as he resumes the long-drawn-out stitches with both hands, it is with countenance relaxed, and almost pleasurable energy. The pale-faced tailor looks out from the top storey (yes; like a beam of sunshine the music has struck through him;) he forgets the rent, and the work, and the wages, and the wretchedness of life. It is the end of the day; it is lawful to rest for a moment and listen, and they do listen—the

men and women clustering in groups on their door-steps, and leaning from the windows above, and the children—oh! the children! I look down the alley, and suddenly it is flooded with the light of the low sun; it smites the murky atmosphere into purple shades, and broad, warm, yellow light upon the pathway, and glitters like gold-leaf upon the window-panes; and the children—the children are dancing all down the alley, dancing in long vistas far down into the sunny mist, two and two, three and three, but all dancing, and dancing in time; and their faces—many poor pale faces, and some rosy ones too—their faces are so happy, and the whole alley is hushed, save only for the music and the dancing of the children.

"I bless that organ-man—a very Orpheus in hell! I bless his music. I stand in that foul street where the blessed sun shines, and where the music is playing; I give the man a penny to prolong the happiness of those poor people, of those hungry, pale, and ragged children, and, as I retire, I am saluted as a public benefactor; and was ever pleasure bought so cheap and so pure?"

We regret that our space will not allow us to more than allude to our author's description of other forms of popular music, some of which he holds up to well merited ridicule, while with others he expresses a greater degree of sympathy. Amateur performances come in for a large share of criticism; and the absurd combinations and execrable execution of many a *club*, give ample scope for his caustic, though partially sympathetic vein of humour. Especially does he dwell upon the parlour performances of the string quartette, giving an extremely amusing account of what is often experienced at such gatherings. The Negro melodists obtain a share of his attention, and are dealt with more gently than many who aim higher. "Those who play the piano" are represented as altogether too many, and a severe judgment is passed on the prevalent idea of the necessity of every girl belonging to this class. "The Brass without the Band" and "the Band without the Brass" are the relics of those more ambitious species of street musicians who have made themselves into an itinerant orchestra; and a touching, though humorous description is given of those out-of-door vocalists, whose position, as regards both talent and success, is below even the humble organ-grinder. These are the principal forms of popular music to be met with in England and in English speaking countries, and they indicate in a most emphatic manner the low level of the national taste, and the weak hold which elevated music has on the people at large. It is a theme which, in an especial manner, is of interest to ourselves, where many so-called professional performances agree remarkably with those which our author calls amateur. We will close this attempted exposition of some of the thoughts contained in "Music and Morals" with a slight survey of

MUSIC IN CANADA.

With respect to the most common and most easily executed of all instrumental music, that of the Piano, we can speak favourably. There are a large number of very good performers throughout Canada, but especially in the larger cities, and it is believed that in this matter we can challenge comparison with any country of equal size. Notwithstanding the depressing influence which dance music exercises on the standard of the music of this instrument, it is by no means rare to hear compositions of the highest order correctly and tastefully rendered in our drawing-rooms, and there are many more than would at first view appear, who are able and willing to play classical music, but who are deterred by a fear that it will fall flat on their hearers. In spite of the horrible din of the quadrille, and the airy and unsubstantial waltz music, the Canadian piano is often touched by the truly excellent performer, and is almost the only instrument in the country of which this can be said.

All praise is due to the careful instructors and pupils who have retained and cultivated this almost single feature creditable to our national music, and we are glad to believe that this branch of the art is in no degree being neglected, but gives every sign of healthy development for the future.

With regard to those musicians who hold their heads above the pianist from the pleasing fancy that they have to do with instruments which "everybody can't learn," we regret to be compelled to say that, with a few honourable exceptions, they are startling confirmations, each in his own sphere, of the truth of the boasted distinction. Many who would emulate the finest intonations of the human voice with the melodious bow or the soul-stirring cornet, had better be content to "strum the wires" of the "simplest of all instruments," or to play the part of a "musical joker" in rendering with fidelity one-octave comic songs. It is a pity that some maxim, analogous to that respecting the adaptability of sharp cutting instruments to the solacing of childhood's leisure hours, has not been authoritatively propounded and extensively circulated with reference to musical execution. The mind of the philosopher cannot fail to be drawn to this theme from an absence of sharp-cutting instruments, nor, we may add, from want of grievous accidents occurring in their careless use. Man is ambitious; man is distinguished often by noble aspirations after the attainment of lofty ends; but there is a limit beyond which ambition becomes a vice, and the loftiest aspirations, when planted in a being of restricted capacity, often indicate their existence in modes the reverse of pleasing. Young man, bold and energetic, try the piano. If you have entered on a life struggle with a nobler and more difficult instrument; if during the course of several years you are conscious of the alienation of many friends—the most cheerful of the number recognise only a gradual improvement in your symptoms; however humiliating the course of conduct we recommend, adopt it:—try the piano. With a limited capital, and close application to business, we can assure you of the attainment of a respectable result within a period which may allow of your friends and yourself enjoying your performances before your death. We would remind you of the wise precept, if the right hand offend, cut it off and cast it from thee. If only one of that numerous company, who have seriously mistaken their vocation, should be deterred by this advice from a course of conduct attended with continual short-comings, and sure to end most disastrously, we shall feel that this article has not been written in vain.

On well known principles of acoustic effect, it might naturally be presumed that in combinations of musical instruments the harshness and inaccuracies of each would be greatly concealed, and the aggregate result, as exemplified in the playing of a band, would be much in advance of what any one member might accomplish. This is to a considerable extent the case, and the performance of an ordinary Canadian band, though not calculated to draw an audience, is not of itself sufficient to drive them away. But the attentive listener is constantly pained by being compelled to ascribe to its members the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," which, however suitable it may be to the condition and prospects of confederations of neighbouring states, is a thought to which attention should not be too forcibly drawn by orchestral music. We may add, that practically, considering the band-playing usually heard, divided they do fall. The Canadian band appears to a casual observer on civic and national holidays, to run counter to a well established metaphysical axiom, that a thing cannot be in two or more places at the same time. The result of the violation of this axiom is in this case similar to those usually attending attempts to break any other of the natural or moral laws, and although after hearing the whole concern

combined, we may infer that they will be at no loss for leaders, we are apt to be surprised that there is material sufficient for the rank and file of three bands. We beg to tender a well meant caution to the chiefs of these bands (considered in their entirety), and that is, not to employ time, requisite for training their men, in the composition of original music. We may add in conclusion, that though in economic affairs "Mony a pickle mak's a mickle," it is extremely doubtful whether the rule holds in the present case, and it seems almost hopeless to attempt anything of a moderately high order until the individual performers acquire some decided proficiency on their respective instruments.

With respect to singing as existing in our midst, matters point to its almost entire extinction in a short time, unless some emphatic effort is made to counteract this manifest destiny. It is getting to be looked upon as not quite the thing for a young lady to respond willingly and creditably to a request for a song: and we are convinced that this excessive modesty is not altogether unreasonable, considering the extent to which the cultivation of the voice is generally carried. It is a matter for sincere regret that this neglect of such a common, and such an easily improved talent, should be so widespread, so that it is very difficult to arrange for quite an ordinary concert without having recourse to voices whose every note and attempted flourish betokens a lamentable want of care and cultivation. Singing is far more easily learned by the majority of musically disposed persons than any other mode of rendering music, and it seems almost inexplicable that it should here occupy a subordinate place with reference to the piano. If one-third the time devoted to "practising" were bestowed on the training of the voice, our popular music would soon receive an accession most agreeable in itself, and most beneficial also in its influence on other branches of the art.

HORACE ODES. Lib. I., ODE XXXVIII.

"Persicos Odi."

I LIKE not, boy, this Persian state !
Your linden-woven wreaths offend me !
Autumn's rare rose, that lingers late,
Care not to send me.

For me the simple myrtle twine,
It misbecomes nor you nor me, boy,
As 'neath the shade of leafy vine,
You serve : I quaff, boy.

OTTAWA. E. A. M.

THE TRADE OF CANADA DURING 1871–2.

BY JAMES YOUNG, M.P.

THE Returns of the Trade of the Dominion, for the year ending the 30th of June last, contain much that is important and interesting. A statement of the imports and exports of the various Provinces, which has been kindly furnished us in advance, clearly attests that the period has been marked by great commercial activity and expansion.

The total transactions of the twelve months, including both imports and exports, reached the large amount of $190,344,558. This sum largely exceeds any previous returns, and does not embrace nearly four millions of dollars' worth of goods imported and in the Customs warehouses, but not then entered into consumption.

The trade of 1870–1 was of the value of $161,121,000, so there has been an increase during 1871–2 of no less than $29,223,558. This expansion is all the more striking from the fact that the two preceding years were of a similar character. During 1869–70, our trade increased $20,510,878, and in the following year $16,310,007. Adding these figures to the results of 1871–2, as stated above, it will be seen that the commerce of Canada has augmented $66,044,443 in the short space of five years.

Some features of our trade, to which we shall presently allude, may invite comment, and possibly deserve stricture. But the simple statement of the foregoing facts affords pleasing evidence of the Dominion's growing strength and importance.

Dividing the total volume of trade into imports and exports, we find that the former amounted to $107,704,895, and the latter to $82,639,663. Taking these in their order, we append a statement of the value of all the goods which entered into consumption throughout the Dominion during the year, with the duties collected thereon:

	Imports.	Duties.
Dutiable goods	$65,758,478	$12,626,979
Free do.	34,405,428	.....
Coin and Bullion	2,753,749	.....
	$104,917,655	$12,626,979
British Columbia	1,767,068	342,400
Manitoba	1,020,172	46,839
Total.....	$107,704,895	$13,016,218

Our purchases of foreign goods, it will be observed by these figures, have been unusually large during the past year. They tower above the value of our importations during 1870–1 to the extent of $20,757,413! This is an expansion of nearly 25 per cent., and if an exceptional circumstance, might have possessed little significance; but for several years past our imports have mounted up higher and higher, and fears have been expressed in well-informed circles that more or less over-trading has been and still continues to be indulged in, both by importers and retailers. The rapid manner in which this branch of our trade has augmented will be seen by the following statement of our imports during each year since Confederation took place:

1867–8.....	$71,985,306
1868–9.....	67,402,170
1869–70.....	74,814,339
1870–71	86,947,482
1871–72	107,704,895
	$408,854,192

Canada is evidently a good customer of the British, United States, and other foreign markets, for since the union in 1867, we

have purchased goods to the value of four hundred and eight millions of dollars. That our annual importations should have advanced from $74,000,000 (in round numbers) to the large sum of $107,000,000 in the space of two years, is a significant fact, and one worthy of serious consideration, on account of the effect which such heavy importations must exercise upon the general business of the country.

Not a few thoughtful men are of opinion that of late we have been importing overmuch, that our merchants have purchased goods in excess of the real wants of the country, and that if a more prudent policy is not adopted, there must ultimately ensue a period of commercial disaster.

That some importers may have been reckless, and that the great business activity of the past few years will be succeeded by more or less reaction, during which some failures may occur, is in every way probable. Such has been the experience of all countries under similar circumstances. But large as our importations have been, there is reason to believe the Dominion can absorb them all without serious difficulty. The present is a period of unusual development. The country is being opened up in all directions by new railway lines. The immense expenditure upon these profitable enterprises has given an unusual stimulus to all branches of business throughout the Dominion. The impulse has been felt alike by our farming, lumbering, manufacturing and mining interests, and these circumstances furnish the causes, and, we incline to think, the justification, of the largely increased importation of foreign goods upon which we are commenting.

It is not always summer, however, and the present large expenditure upon railways will sooner or later come to an end. This will, in all probability, produce more or less commercial depression. The experience of the past warns us to prepare for this emergency, and all classes of the community—especially our importing houses—should give heed to its lessons. Assuredly there is a limit to the purchasing power of the country, and if our importations are recklessly increased beyond that point, which there is in some quarters a strong tendency to do, the first bad harvest may precipitate a commercial crisis which will sweep away much of the solid earnings of recent years.

The extent of the imports of the various Provinces during 1871–2, taken separately, with the amount of duty paid by each, was as follows:

Name.	Imports.	Duty.
Ontario	$36,876,354	$3,849,419
Quebec	47,737,035	6,169,487
Nova Scotia	11,158,141	1,336,951
New Brunswick	9,146,125	1,271,221
British Columbia	1,767,068	342,400
Manitoba	1,020,172	46,839
Total	$107,704,895	$13,016,314*

The foremost rank is taken, according to the above statement, by the Province of Quebec. This is, however, more apparent than real. From its larger population, and greater wealth and production, Ontario necessarily consumes the largest share of our annual importations. But a very large percentage of the foreign goods consumed in the west is purchased in the City of Montreal, and consequently goes to swell the returns of the sister Province.

The new Provinces of British Columbia and Manitoba make their appearance for the first time with full returns. The result is creditable to them, when their limited population is considered, but we are warranted in expecting, from the extent and variety of their resources, that their annual trade will rapidly augment.

Turning to the exports of the Dominion, it is gratifying to know there has been a very considerable increase during the year. Our exports in 1870–1 were of the value of

* There is a slight difference between this amount and the previous statement of duties collected; but the variance is unimportant.

$74,173,613; last year they ran up to $82,639,663, being an advance of $8,466,050. The following are the returns for each of the Provinces, in reading which it should be borne in mind, that the productions of Ontario find their market to a large extent in Montreal, and consequently are not entered in our trade returns until they reach that port:

Ontario	$25,560,410
Quebec	41,823,470
Nova Scotia	7,538,401
New Brunswick	5,719,734
British Columbia	1,912,107
Manitoba	85,541
Total	$82,639,663

This is the highest point our exports ever reached, and it may be interesting to some to learn, that the portion of them which was the actual produce of Canada, amounted to $62,944,027. The portion not of our own production, was of the value of $12,798,182, and the balance is made up of coin and bullion and estimated short returns.

The details not having yet been published, we are not in a position to say in which classes of our exports the expansion has taken place. But the fact that they have augmented in value to the extent of eight millions and a half of dollars in twelve months, proves that the sources of our production are in a healthy condition.

When we contrast the imports and exports of the year, however, our task is not so pleasing. During the twelve months the former exceeded the latter by no less than $25,065,232! Nor is this excess of imports exceptional. In 1869–70 the difference was trifling, but in all the other years since Confederation, our importations have greatly exceeded our exports:

In 1867–8	there was an excess of		$14,417,418
In 1868–9	"	"	6,927,389
In 1869–70	"	"	1,240,849
In 1870–1	"	"	12,773,864
In 1871–2	"	"	25,065,232
Total			$60,424,752

We do not consider the "balance of trade" so material to national prosperity as some do. But it must be admitted that sixty millions is a large balance to accrue against a country like Canada in five years, and it cannot be unimportant that every penny of it either has been, or will have to be, paid, in gold or its equivalent.

The great demand for Sterling Exchange to meet obligations maturing in Great Britain and abroad, is one of the principal causes of the monetary stringency which has for some months existed. Other causes have no doubt also been at work, but the unusual excess of imports over exports for several successive years, is, directly or remotely, the prime source of difficulty. There is every reason to believe the financial pressure which obtains will be only temporary. It already shows signs of relaxing. But it has been severely felt in many quarters, and it requires no great foresight to foresee that, if the causes of irritation go on increasing, the time is not far distant when we shall have a money famine more aggravated than anything we have yet experienced.

Whilst some features of our trade for 1871–2 invite sharp criticism, the returns are, as a whole, highly creditable to Canada, and testify that we are making as great, if not greater progress, than at any former period in our history. The year under review has been one of increased activity in almost every department of Canadian trade, and although some clouds have appeared on the horizon, there can be no doubt that the country generally has added materially to its wealth and prosperity.

The annual trade of the Dominion may hereafter be set down at two hundred millions of dollars. That is something, let me say in conclusion, to which four millions of people may justly point with some degree of pride and satisfaction.

SAINT VALENTINE.

BY R. E. L.

Last relic of the ancient creed
Which peopled many a storied shrine,
By love preserved for lover's need
Lend me thine aid, St. Valentine.

Since April decked her greenwood bower,
The bridal chamber of the dove,
Through summer glow and autumn shower
I've loved but never told my love.

I've loved a girl from whose soft eyes
Beams all that fills the name of wife
With sweetness, in whose smile there lies
The pledge of all that doubles life.

I've lingered trembling at her side,
Until methought upon her cheek
There came a conscious hue; I've sighed
And gazed and sighed but feared to speak.

For still a voice of warning cries
Dare not, rash boy, to break the spell;
Lest from the gate of Paradise,
Half opened, thou may'st fall to hell.

But now unto thy favoured scroll,
Where true love's emblems meekly twine,
I trust the secret of my soul
On this thy day, St. Valentine.

O, will she guess from whom it came?
O, will she put it lightly by,
And jest about an idle flame,
Or hide it from her father's eye.

And bear it swiftly to that room,
Beneath whose window yester-night
I waited in the rain and gloom
To watch her shadow cross the light.

And read it o'er and o'er with soul
Parted between her fear and bliss,
Till victor Love usurps the whole,
And the cold paper feels her kiss?

At night when at the ball we meet
What shall I read in Laura's eye?
The love that calls me to her feet?
The scorn that bids my passion die?

Last night I met her at the ball,
We whispered in that kind alcove;
St. Valentine's true liegemen all,
Rejoice, for I have won my love!

And thou, whatever fanes decay,
Blest lovers still shall deck thy shrine,
And duly keep thy holy day,
Saint of my heart, St. Valentine.

CURRENT EVENTS.

BEFORE we proceed to the usual subjects of our editorial, we have a word to say upon a matter on which we had occasion slightly to touch before; we mean the impersonality of journalism. Not in our own interest only, but in that of Canadian journalism in general, we must protest against attempts to deprive the publishers of this journal of the literary assistance necessary for their enterprise by denouncing personally writers supposed to be employed in the preparation of the editorials. It has been remarked by good judges, and we believe with perfect truth, that in the respect paid to the privilege of editorial impersonality in England, and the habitual disregard of it in the United States, is to be found a principal cause of the different character of journalism and the different position of the journalist in the two countries. If used for malicious or corrupt purposes, the privilege is justly forfeited: but otherwise we deprecate its violation either from the vulgar love of personalities, or under the impulse of that tyrannical petulance which cannot endure an honest difference of opinion, but upon the slightest contradiction breaks through all rules of justice and courtesy to get at the object of its spleen. There are men of mature years and experience who have not yet learnt the first lesson which a boy learns at an English public school—who cannot allow you to disagree with them about the theory of government or the spots on the sun without falling on you as though you had cheated them at cards. The practice is unchivalrous as well as injurious to journalism, because the writer assailed cannot defend himself without a breach of the confidential relations which every manager of a journal must form with his staff, and the maintenance of which is indispensable to the profession. We repeat that we speak in the general interest of journalism: we might hardly care to refer to the matter if it concerned ourselves alone.

That this Magazine has abandoned the national character assumed in its original programme, and become the mere organ of personal sentiments or designs, will not be easily believed by any one who has noticed the variety of opinions expressed in it, the different parties from which its contributors have been drawn, and the comments made on its articles by the press on both sides. It is the organ of nothing but perfect freedom of speech, and it will do its best to guard against any attempt to muzzle discussion or set up among us a narrow tyranny of opinion. Genuine Liberalism consists in thinking independently yourself and encouraging independent thought in others, not in disguising the arbitrary temper of ultra-Toryism under conventional rags of Liberal sentiment. The subjects chosen for our article on Current Events are simply those which happen to be prominent at the time. At the great Grit banquet and in the presence of the chief of the party, who occupied the chair, Mr. Blake, adverting to the Treaty of Washington and the discussions to which it was giving rise in the mother country, declared that Canada would no longer allow her interests to be disposed of as they are under the present system of diplomatic tutelage, and proclaimed "the reorganization of the Empire on another basis"—in other words Imperial Confederation. Additional significance was given to his words by the fact that he had recently returned from intercourse with public men in England, and that a strong manifesto from the Confederation party had just appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. We accordingly made some remarks on the subject of Imperial Confederation, which the organ of the Grit party re-published and made the

subject of an attack, suppressing the paragraph which showed that the question had been raised by Mr. Blake and substituting a caption of its own, "Canadian Independence," for "Imperial Confederation," which was given in our advertisement.

Mr. Blake had good reason for raising the question. If the agitation which was carried on for several months with the utmost violence against the Treaty of Washington had been successful, a serious crisis in our relations with the mother country would certainly have ensued. The soft language held now is entirely at variance with that held a year ago, and the pretence that the agitation was directed merely against Mr. Gladstone is, to say the least, transparently weak. It will be in the memory of our readers that indignation was directed against the general policy of the Home Government with regard to diplomatic questions in which Canada was concerned. And who is Mr. Gladstone? Is he not the constitutional representative of the British nation, with a majority of a hundred in the House of Commons?

Not only such a question as that of the Washington Treaty, but any one of a hundred other possible events might bring upon the existing system such a strain as only perfect soundness could bear. Europe is full of great armaments, of revolutionary forces re-awakening to activity, of vast and unquiet ambitions. England may any day be forced into a war with a power able to cope with her at sea, and to appear in force in Canadian waters. In the first Russian war the Russian navy was shut up in port by the combined fleets. In the second Russian war it may get out; and it appears certain that had England interposed on behalf of France, as by a curious coincidence both the ultra-Conservative and the ultra-Radical party wished her to do, there would have been a second Russian war. On the other hand had the French Emperor's plot for the annexation of Belgium ripened, the Empire might have been involved in a war with France, and this with more than a million of Frenchmen in the midst of the Canadian Confederation. The enforcement of the Genevan rules again may, as Lord Salisbury says, lead to awkward questions between the Home Government and the Colonies. It is wrong gratuitously to disturb organic questions, but it is also wrong to hoodwink a nation. Some time before the Franco-German war, General Trochu published a work pointing out the defects of the French military system and its liability to break down if pitted against such a system as the German. He was denounced as unpatriotic, silenced, removed from high command; and France marched with undisturbed self-complacency to Gravelotte and Sedan.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the accurate man, the man of facts *par excellence* of the English Conservative party is, it seems, in a state of ignorance about Canada so culpable as to call for the most unmeasured vituperation. Mr. Hughes, an enthusiastic Colonialist, who visited Canada the other day, as was currently believed with the intention of placing his own son here, drew down upon himself, by the same defect, language which might not have been inappropriate if he had stolen a sheep. We can hardly flatter ourselves that Colonial politicians and journalists are better informed about the general concerns of the Empire than Imperial ministers and statesmen. In the midst of this dense night of mutual ignorance, with storms muttering in the distance, is it a crime on the part of Mr. Blake or any one else to ask whether the anchorage is safe? But we pass to the events of the day.

By the granting of the Pacific Railway Charter the country is fairly committed to an enterprise which, if it succeeds and fulfils the expectations of its advocates, will not only connect together the scattered and disjointed territories belonging to the British Crown, but open a new highway to the commerce of the world; which, if it fails, or en-

counters unexpected difficulties, will lead to a calamitous misdirection of our limited resources, and place in jeopardy our commercial, perhaps even our political, independence. It is in any case a leap in the dark, since the data, in the shape of surveys and estimates, without which no commercial undertaking is ordinarily commenced, are not in existence; and the slightest attention to the debates which took place at Ottawa was sufficient to satisfy any one that the Government shared the general ignorance. The treaty with British Columbia, we know, binds us to commence the road without delay, and at both ends, notwithstanding the difficulty of collecting labourers and the means for their subsistence at the western terminus. But the day may come when the country in bitterness of spirit will ask again the question why such a treaty was made?

There appears to be nothing in the Charter at variance with the Act, or in itself open to serious exception. But on these occasions it is not in the expressions of parties, or even, as a general rule, in their intentions, that the peril lies. The peril lies in the circumstances under which they are placed, and in the relations into which they are brought. That the Government is brought into dangerous relations with this monster company it seems impossible to deny, especially after recent disclosures in the United States. We say it in no party sense, for we believe that whichever party was in power, the danger would be the same. It is true that, by the Charter, no alteration can be made in the terms of agreement without the consent of Parliament; but the consent of Parliament practically means the consent of the party in power, which may have become too completely identified in interest with the company to be a proper guardian of the interest of the nation. It must be remembered that, compared with the United States, we are on a small scale, and that this corporation with its colossal fund, its multitude of appointments, and a land grant equal to no mean kingdom, will bear a proportion to the power of the government and to that of the nation generally, unparalleled, so far as we know, in any country. A Minister may be personally incorrupt; he may have resisted great pecuniary temptations and even sacrificed his private fortune to the public service; and yet, if ambition is strong in him, and if he is compelled to choose between concession to the company and the loss of power, a haze may spread itself before his eyes and prevent him from seeing the path of duty.

We can understand the argument that something may legitimately be risked, and even constitutional principles to a certain extent relaxed, for the sake of a great material advantage. But then, the advantage ought to be as far as possible ascertained, and the risk ought to be as much as possible reduced. It is doubtful whether either of these things has been done in the present case.

The attempt to preserve the national character of the enterprise by apportioning the stock among the provinces must, as we have said before, practically come to nothing: the stock once issued is in the market of the world. Everything seems to indicate that the Pacific Railway will fall mainly into American hands, so that whatever influence the company may have over our Government will, in fact, be exercised by a foreign power not friendly to the national independence. Names which have a sinister significance in American finance are already mentioned in connection with the affair; though, in the absence of any sort of proof, we should deem it criminal to listen to the party insinuation that the Government of the Dominion has received a bribe from American speculators in the shape of a sum to be spent in the elections. After all, the Government of the Dominion represents a majority of our people, and we are all alike concerned in its honour.

The correspondent of the *Globe* writes from Ottawa :

"The dullest political student could not fail in his intercourse with the legion of contractors who have been here off and on during the last two months, and who are still well represented day after day in the smoking-room and lobbies of the Russell House, to estimate the power of extensive public works as an agency of political corruption. He would not hear an independent political opinion expressed. Afraid lest the Goths of to-day may give place to the Vandals of to-morrow, mum's the word. They would be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away. Like the proverbial ass between two bundles of hay, with opposite reasons equally strong, they would starve for political fodder but for the one great prevailing agency, the power of public corruption. By that they are bound slaves to the powers that be ; and no one knows it better than the artful vendor of corrupting influences at the head of the Government. And the obligations are reciprocal. One is the necessary and fit complement of the other, so that there remains no longer the pretension to be a Government of the people but of a combination of railway and canal contractors. More of this state of affairs will appear between this and the end of the session, unless, indeed, even public corruption should fail to carry the dead weight of a condemned Administration—and then, what a scampering of rats from the sinking ship !

* * * * *

"The Pacific Railway men are here in full force, and those who are in the confidence jointly and severally of the Government and its *fidus achates* or *alter ego*, the Pacific ring, say that all things are now ready, that this time Sir Hugh will not go empty away."

Putting out of sight the personal and party allusion, we have here a picture, the general fidelity of which we can no more doubt than we can its ominous significance. Its counterpart may be seen any day in the lobby of Washington or Albany.

The lobby is not the only quarter from which danger at present threatens the integrity and stability of our institutions. A "better terms" agitation is being got up in New Brunswick and Manitoba, which are incited no doubt by the precedent of Nova Scotia ; and the government journals seem inclined, in the case of New Brunswick at least, to support the movement, which, of course, will involve a re-opening of the compact of Confederation. The authors of Confederation thought to get rid of the difficulty into which faction had brought the country, by extending the operation of that principle over a larger area ; to adopt the course of extinguishing it would, on their part, have been something like suicide. But the result has been what sagacity, aided by a little knowledge of the general results of political experience, might have foreseen. The struggle between the two parties having for their strongholds Ontario and Quebec respectively continues as before, and the small provinces, finding that they hold the balance, and considering their very smallness a justification for looking mainly to their own interests, in effect sell themselves to the best bidder for the privilege of levying tribute on the Confederation. That is the plain, though unpleasant fact. We have no doubt that if Prince Edward Island enters the Confederation, it will be under some bargain very onerous to Canada ; but of which a principal, though tacit condition, will be that the votes of Prince Edward Island shall be given to the Government. And to these exactions there is under our present system no apparent limit but the endurance of Ontario, which may some day be exceeded with a result dangerous to the unity of our Confederation.

Of course, no hint of any danger of this kind is to be looked for in the "great speeches" made at "magnificent banquets" during the process of Confederation. In these speeches it is assumed that sectional interests will at once die, and that the country on the extent and resources of which the orators expatiate will thenceforth be the country of a united nation. Some of the speakers, however, had hardly reached their

homes before they found the difference between rhetoric and the solid facts on which alone great institutions can be securely built. The British of the maritime provinces are separated from the British Canada by a French nation, and their commercial interests had drawn them in a different direction. Probably the best course would have been to allow them in the first instance to complete their own projected Confederation, and then to invite them into a federal union with British and French Canada under a Council with purely federal powers. Afterwards, if a tendency to a closer connection manifested itself, it might have been possible to proceed to a legislative union. The boldest policy would have been to enact a legislative union at once ; but the difficulties in the way of such a measure were no doubt insuperable. This strange cross between a federal and a legislative union, with provincial legislatures under a national government, was pregnant at the outset with the evils which have now manifested themselves. Like other defective arrangements, it may be made to work by political tact and forbearance ; but a knowledge of its defects is essential to their palliation.

There is no use and as little justice in railing at a particular Minister, especially one who was placed in power by a coalition of both parties, and left to hold it alone on grounds which no doubt seemed adequate to those who acted on them, but which did not seem adequate to the nation. As we said, if any other party government were placed in the same relation to the Pacific Railway Company, the danger would be the same ; and we have no doubt that the final adherence of New Brunswick to the Government is the result of a competition which has been going on ever since the general election, and in which the Government has only been more successful than the Opposition. The Opposition had no scruple in capping the Nova Scotian grant. Its demeanour with regard to the New Brunswick School Act, and questions affecting the Roman Catholics generally, shows that it feels itself compelled to manœuvre like the Government for sectional support, though, as it naturally persuades itself, with more patriotic ends in view. The worst acts done by the Government are distinctly traceable, not to anything bad in the men who have won, and it is reasonable to suppose have in some way deserved, the good opinion of a large portion of the community ; and who if they died, would probably be covered with fulsome eulogies by the very writers who now abuse them ; but to their situation as members of a party government struggling to maintain itself against the attacks of its rivals. It is ludicrous to see public writers fiercely denouncing the effect in one column while they vehemently uphold the cause in the next. The only hope of escaping from the evils which beset or threaten us is the substitution of a national for a party government ; of a government assured of its position by the law for one which has to subsist from day to day by the purchase of corrupt or sectional support. We know perfectly well that we might as reasonably hope to pull up a pine stump with our hands as to get rid by argument of a system deeply rooted in habit and still more deeply rooted in the interests and passions of the most powerful men in the country. But discussion may in time train the public to interpret rightly the political phenomena which pass before its eyes ; and a seed of thought may fall on the minds of men who, when the factions have brought matters to the crisis to which they are visibly tending, may have the power and the will to step forward and save the country.

In the meantime the chances of the approaching conflict continue to be in favour of the Government. In awarding the Pacific Railway Charter it has, no doubt, disappointed one set of applicants ; but it has settled the question and escaped a damaging failure. Its hold on the votes of the Lower

Provinces is apparently unshaken, though it may have a price to pay. But if Mr. Blake persists in his renunciation the Opposition, even if it gains a victory, will have some difficulty in producing a strong Administration. A party formed around a journal has the advantage of compactness, unanimity, and singular harmony of utterance; but one formed under a leader is more favourable to ability. The journal naturally, in choosing the objects of its patronage, looks to complete conformity of sentiment; the leader must have ability, and for the sake of it will tolerate some idiosyncracies and some freedom of opinion. Besides, Mr. Blake, though he may renounce office, cannot renounce his Parliamentary position; and the Grit Government, with one mentor over its head and another mentor on its flank, would not present a very august aspect to the nation.

The new Prime Minister of Ontario opened the session with an orthodox profession of adherence to the principle of party. He even expressed a wish that there could be a stronger Opposition, which means, if he believes himself to be in the right, that he wishes more people were in the wrong. His programme, however, consisted of a series of measures of practical improvement, for which a worshipper of Charles I. might have voted with an adherent of Karl Marx; and he probably does not think that the public service has greatly suffered because these measures were not more fiercely opposed on the second reading, or more mutilated by party amendments in committee.

If he complains of the lack of opposition, he has, at all events, no reason to complain of the lack of personalities. The amount of public time wasted and the breaches of good manners committed in mud-throwing have, we must say, been utterly disgraceful. No Yankee State Legislature could have shown itself more devoid of self-respect. Members are seen with scrap-books containing stores of projectiles to be flung at the characters of their opponents. The next thing will be a basket of rotten eggs or a hamper of dead cats. The Speaker might interpose much more frequently than he does. Where is the use of scrupulously preserving all the forms and paraphernalia of the British House of Commons—the bowing to the Speaker, the Court dress of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the manual exercise with the mace—if the common rules of Parliamentary decorum, and even of social decency are totally disregarded.

Two or three, however, of the scandals which constantly gave rise to these affrays seem, after a tortuous and tedious course, to have at last reached the place of their historic repose. The "Proton outrage," though it has been allowed greatly to obstruct public business and has been made the subject of a solemn inquiry, is not deserving of serious notice. If the law, technical as it is, will not concern itself with trifles, much less will the broad morality which ought to regulate our judgments on the character of public men. By the discussion of such trumpery the public mind is merely diverted from the points which really call for its vigilant attention. Among the leaders of the Ontario Legislature there is, perhaps, rather too great a preponderance of the legal element; and this shows itself in a habit of tenaciously maintaining weak cases and labouring to squeeze grave inferences out of circumstances which are ambiguous or insignificant, when good sense and the rules of society prescribe that the matter should be dropped.

The "Speak Now" case was of rather more importance. Had the note, the finding of which raised this tempest, contained apparent proof of a conspiracy between the leader of the Opposition and a member of the Government against the colleagues of the latter, it might, perhaps, have been disentitled to the benefit of the rule which protects private communications. At all events, the finder would have been warranted in warning the other members of the Government, or if

he was a member of the Government himself, in confronting the writer with the evidence of his treachery. The rules of honour are not intended to shelter anything contrary to honour. The fact, however, proved to be that the date of the note was subsequent to the break up of the Government, after which any one of its late members was at liberty to hold communication with any member of the House that he thought proper. Right feeling will, no doubt, place restraints on hostile acts against recent friends and associates; but this is not a matter of which society can take formal cognizance. There was nothing in this case to suspend the operation of the rule which requires the finder of a private note to restore it to the owner—a rule the observance of which, as well as of that which protects private conversation, is of especial importance in a political assembly, where confidential communications must be constantly passing under the eyes or within earshot of opponents. It does not follow that the finders of the note were guilty of anything worse than a mistake. We are often strongly tempted to break through general rules for the purpose of redressing what appears to us intolerable wrong. But nothing will really be lost by resisting the temptation. A great English statesman, now dead, was once systematically attacked in Parliament by an enemy who impeached not only his political integrity but his personal honour. He had in his possession, and privately showed to a friend, letters which, if produced in the House, would have utterly confounded his assailant. But the letters having been originally of a private character he rightly abstained from making a public use of them, and preferred to defend his honour as best he could in other ways. No doubt he knew that his character would not suffer in the end.

We presume that we have also heard the last of the Scott and Riel case as a Parliamentary question, though nothing can efface the stain from the annals of the nation. The murder was one of singular atrocity, both in its circumstances and in its motives; in its circumstances, because it was most deliberate and most cold-blooded; in its motives, not only because the object of the perpetrators was treason, but because the victim being helpless in the hands of his captors, his execution was unexcused even by the evil exigencies of rebellion, and was simply an act of dastardly barbarity. For the same reasons the national honour emphatically required that the murderer should be brought to justice. Nor could there be any doubt as to his amenability to the law notwithstanding the change of local authority. The prerogative of justice resides entirely and continuously in the Queen, all other authorities being merely her ministers, who may be changed to any extent without affecting her royal right and duty to punish any crime committed within her dominions. It would be as absurd to say that murder might be committed with impunity in Manitoba because the local jurisdiction was changing hands as it would be to say that murder might be committed with impunity in the streets of London because the courts of law were undergoing reorganization. And of course if the Canadian Government had applied to the Crown for power, it would, in accordance with the principles of the constitution, have been placed in their hands. Nor does it seem that there was any real objection on the score of policy so far as Manitoba was concerned. The French half-breeds are not the sort of people to be estranged by being handled with determination; they are more likely to be rendered permanently intractable by the spectacle of a traitor and a murderer stalking in triumph over the grave of his victim, forcing himself into the presence of a representative of the Crown and presenting himself as a candidate for Parliament. But the Government could not afford to risk the loss of the French Catholic vote: that is the simple fact, and it may be stated without casting much personal discredit on the Ministers.

Governments must subsist; self-preservation is their duty; if, by the recognized system, they are founded not on national but on sectional support, to sectional support they must look, and their responsibilities must be measured by their power. The French Catholic party was strong enough to put a veto on the arraignment of Riel, that is the upshot of the transaction. The consequence has been a scene of weakness, prevarication, and national humiliation on which we willing let the curtain fall, though we cannot prevent it from taking its place in history.

The Government and Parliament of Ontario deserve the gratitude of all, and especially that of married women, for an attempt to deal with the growing evil of drunkenness. In England this question is becoming one almost of national life or death. There, the propagation of the plague is not left to natural contagion. The powerful firms to which the pot-houses generally belong push their deadly ramifications into every corner of every parish, and employ every device and allurement to overcome the morality of the people. But even on this side of the water the question is serious enough and the phrase often uttered among us in jest is really a bitter truth. Increased wealth has placed greater means of sensual enjoyment within the reach of all classes; the motives which have hitherto contended with sensuality are, owing to the disturbance of religious and moral belief, in some degree in abeyance; and what is the love of luxury and sensational amusements in the richer class, takes in the labouring class the coarser form of a love of drink.

Prohibitive legislation in the United States, though not entirely abortive, must on the whole be pronounced a failure, whether we take as the test the statistics of consumption or the amount of nervous alarm upon the subject which displays itself, sometimes in rather perverse and irritating forms, among the people. The fact is that there is only one way of preventing liquor from being sold, and that is, by preventing it from being made. So long as it is made, it will find its way, above ground or underground, to the lips of the consumer. It is useless and unfair merely to harass and degrade the retail trade, which, while it is allowed to exist and is recognized by law, is entitled to the same protection as any other calling. Proper police regulations for the conduct and the hours of houses of entertainment must of course be made; but these ought in justice to be limited to their avowed object. The only effect of the feeble policy of persecuting the retailer, while the wholesale producer remains untouched, will be to drive the retail trade into bad hands. It is very doubtful however whether a more drastic policy would ever find sufficient moral support among the community. The total abstinence movement will never be spoken of without respect by any right minded man. It is one of that series of moral crusades which gloriously attest the strength of the moral principle in man and the beneficent force of his sympathy for his fellows. But its ostensible aim is probably impracticable, and is tacitly felt to be so, perhaps even by some of its own champions. The result of the medical controversy seems to be that stimulating liquors, if not positively wholesome, are, when taken in moderation, as multitudes take them, no more unwholesome than other common articles of diet which in their turn have been proscribed by certain sects of dietetic reformers. A taste which is universal and confirmed is hardly distinguishable from a necessity; and we can scarcely expect that mankind will either reduce themselves to a diet of Graham bread or totally abjure the juice of the grape. Moreover there is a danger lest in closing one hole we should leave, and perhaps enlarge others. In England, in the manufacturing districts especially, the consumption of opium is formidably large, and we have been informed on medical authority that the case is the same in the United States. A radical change

of national character is the only security for a real and lasting moral reform. To change the acts of men their motives must be changed.

The measure brought in by the Government of Ontario appears to be free from the objections attaching to prohibitive legislation, and in itself altogether good and wise. It would be a spurious philanthropy to pretend that vice is merely disease; but drunkenness or, as science calls it, dipsomania, is in some cases congenital, and in all cases, when it has reached a certain point, it overpowers the will. Constraint, therefore, is the only remedy, and experience in the United States has shown that constraint, judiciously applied, is effectual, though not in the majority of cases, yet in so large a number as entirely to justify the institution of an Inebriate Asylum. The power given to magistrates of committing drunkards to the Asylum is also perfectly unobjectionable. Society has a right to interfere with private habits when they are found to be the cause of crime. Unfortunately, the treatment of drunkenness in asylums is, in the States at least, an expensive process.

We are less sanguine as to the operation of any measure like that of Mr. Bethune, who proposes to interdict drunkards from the management of their property. It is not easy to say that a drunkard, even a confirmed drunkard, is a lunatic, and incapable of managing his own affairs. Many drunkards have not only managed their own affairs, but in their sober moments played a conspicuous part on a larger scene. Sheridan, Carteret, Peter the Great, were drunkards. Baner, one of the most famous of the lieutenants of Gustavus Adolphus, is said to have been for three days together too drunk to receive an ambassador. The statement of Pitt's eulogistic biographer, Lord Stanhope, that Pitt was only once seen drunk, is very much at variance with the belief of Pitt's contemporaries. Alexander the Great gave fatal proof of his addiction to wine. Gambling is far more certainly ruinous to a man's affairs than drunkenness, but we cannot in the present state of social opinion shut up gamblers in asylums. Many a labouring man miserably given to drink is still maintaining himself and his family by his earnings, and it would be impossible to allow him to go on labouring and yet to take his wages out of his hands. The only weak point in the Government measure is that a man may sometimes be removed from his family when he is really able to maintain them, and when they have no other means of subsistence. Drunkenness may produce lunacy, but in this case the ordinary law of lunacy would suffice.

The government of the University of Toronto has been placed on an enlarged basis by vesting in the graduates the election of a portion of the senate; a measure which we have no doubt is wise as well as popular. In the case of the English Universities, the participation of non-residents in the government has been a nuisance; but for this there have been special causes. In the first place, the non-residents have not only had a voice in the elections, but a vote in the legislative convocation, the consequence of which has been the intrusion into the academical legislature of a non-academical element, consisting practically of the non-residents who chanced to live nearest to the University town. In the second place, of the non-resident members of convocation, in the case of the English Universities, the immense majority have been clergymen, who always voted upon professional rather than academical grounds, and made the Convocation House the scene of the religious battles incident to an age of theological strife. There is no reason to fear that the graduates of the University of Toronto will generally vote on other than academical grounds.

We are glad also, that the Government seems inclined to a policy which will tend to connect the teaching of practical science with

the University, rather than to consign it to an entirely separate institution. In a country like ours, a university separated from practical science would be cut off from the greatest source of popularity and life. It may be that the ideal university is the German or English, exclusively devoted to literary culture and the more abstract study of science, though even the German and English universities are beginning to extend themselves in a practical direction, and Oxford has accepted a portion of the technological benefaction of Mr. Whitworth. But in a new country we must mix trades. In the Cornell University, which is the last result of American experience, practical science is combined with the general subjects of university education, and the result is satisfactory, though the government of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, in founding our Technological Institute, seems to have been advised that it was not. So far from practical science being depressed by the combination, the practical departments are the most flourishing. But the students in these departments are enabled to combine with their special studies a certain amount of general information and culture, and what is perhaps almost an equally great advantage, to open their minds by mixing socially with other classes of students. This is of the highest importance in communities where success in practical science is the sure road to wealth, and wealth is the sure road to social and political influence, so that in educating the students of technological institutes, we are really educating a large portion of the future leaders and rulers of the nation. The exclusive technologists would give us a race of uneducated chiefs of industry. On the other hand, the exclusive sticklers for general culture as the only proper work of a university must remember that the number of minds really susceptible of high culture is comparatively small, and that the number of those who are both susceptible of it and can afford to spend time and money on it, is smaller still, while the faculties are strengthened and sharpened as much by engineering or any other practical study, carried on thoroughly and systematically, as by the study of classics or mathematics. We hope to see the University provided, in course of time, with good practical departments of art and design, agriculture and veterinary surgery, as well as of mechanics, mining and engineering.

But the measure of University reform most obviously needed, in this country as well as in the United States, is the union of universities, at least for the purpose of holding examinations and conferring degrees. Nothing can be more destructive of a high standard of scientific or literary acquirement, more illusory, not to say fraudulent, as regards the guarantees ostensibly afforded to the public, or more irrational in every way, than the American system of "one horse universities," with a staff of teachers not large or highly trained enough for even a secondary place of education, affecting to give the highest instruction and grant academical degrees in all the subjects of human knowledge, and a few more. It is difficult to imagine how respectable and educated men can be found to carry on such impostures as some of these places are. The "one horse" universities are utterly wasting the time of their students, for they are incapable of teaching anything thoroughly, and the student who is not taught thoroughly is not taught at all; he will never be able to make use of his knowledge except for the purposes of a superficial display, the evil effects of which upon national character are a constant theme of lamentation among men of sense in the United States. We in the New World want a somewhat different article in the shape of a university from that which is wanted by the people of old countries, with a large class of men of wealth and leisure. But we, as well as they, want our article genuine; and the university education given in "one horse" institutions is just

upon a level with shoddy cloth and wooden nutmegs. The universities of the old country, fortunately for her, have been inherited from an age in which, there being few books, and the oral teaching of the professor being the main source of instruction, the founders of colleges were compelled to place them in the city where the professors were to be found. Thus have grown up universities which are confederations of colleges, each administering its own discipline, and carrying on the ordinary instruction within its own walls and through its own officers, but uniting for the purposes of common legislation, superior teaching, impartial examination, and the maintenance of great libraries, museums, and other equipments of a great place of learning and science. But in the new world, the Teutonic propensity to disunion has broken loose; and in the United States the country has been covered with petty foundations frittering away forces and resources more than sufficient in the aggregate to produce a first rate university; while legislatures blindly democratic have squandered the fund of authority committed to their hands, and given up the prerogative of conferring literary and scientific honours to every one who had a mind to play with it in the gutter. In the United States, however, an effort is now being made to return to a better system; the friends of high education are concentrating their efforts on Harvard and Yale, especially on the former; and the princely benefaction of Mr. Cornell was given to the State of New York on the condition that a large educational fund then in the hands of the State should not be rendered worthless by scattering it over a dozen different localities, but kept together in one great institution.

The causes by which the one-horse system has been produced and is maintained in the United States, as we take it, are these—the ambition of individual founders, who wish to have separate monuments of their munificence; denominational separatism; and local interest. As to the first, founders can hardly desire to make their names more illustrious than those of Wykeham and Wolsey, who added colleges to the University of Oxford. As to the second, we hold with Rowland Hill, that the Devil ought not to have all the best tunes, and that if the education given in a great University is better than that given in a one-horse college in itself, it is better for a church and for religion. The system of a neutral university with denominational colleges answers all the reasonable requirements of religion at the same time that it secures the best education; while denominational universities are frequently avoided even by those who from conscientious motives have taken part in founding them, not only because the education is inferior, but because it is secretly felt that a young man's prospects are injured by cutting him off from his contemporaries and impressing on him an ultra-sectarian stamp. Local interest is inflexible and insuperable where it is concerned; and it would no doubt put a veto, if it could, on the removal of the colleges to a common centre; but it might be reconciled to their conversion into schools, while provision might be made for the advanced students at the seat of the national universities. At all events, nothing stands in the way of the institution of a common board of impartial examiners, competent to confer genuine degrees; and we trust that the Government will soon see its way to some movement in this direction.

The reference in the Queen's Speech to the Treaty of Washington was calm; and it would be captious to quarrel with the reference to the special value of friendship with the United States. But, as we have said before, British Diplomacy will never be on a sound, safe and dignified footing till the idea of a special connection is finally abandoned, and the American Republic is treated like any other foreign nation—with the same respect, the same courtesy, the same

justice, and on the same business footing as the rest. Beyond the mere identity of language, which is quite as great a source of mutual irritation as of agreement, there is nothing on which a special amity can be founded. Of the wide divergence of character which difference of circumstances and the infusion of an overwhelming proportion of Irish, German and other non-British elements has produced, there can be no stronger proof than the "American Case." If there is one article of faith rooted in the heart of every British boy, it is that when an apology has been accepted and hands have been shaken there is an end of the quarrel, whatever matters of business may still remain to be settled. But the Americans accepted an apology, shook hands, toasted eternal concord, and then, besides springing their monstrous claim for Indirect Damages, published an attack on the honour of the British nation and its Government, which continental critics, unfriendly to England, characterized as "unparalleled in its coarseness and malignity." That this attack was composed by a subordinate without the knowledge and sanction of General Grant and his Ministers is totally incredible. Nor was there the slightest expression of feeling on the part of the people against the outrage, though when they saw the effect which it had produced in Europe their vanity began to be a little alarmed. Had such a document issued under similar circumstances from the British Foreign Office there would have been a burst of disgust from one end of the country to the other. If beneath all the outward manifestations of feeling, and the invariable conduct of the Americans towards England, there does really lurk any sentiment of historic affection, this sentiment will some day find its way to the top in the natural course of things. The attempt to hasten the process by unreciprocated endearments and unappreciated concessions has always failed, and always will fail, to produce anything but fresh outbursts of malignity.

The British Ambassador at Washington should always, if possible, be a strong, shrewd, and reserved man, well acquainted with the character with which he has to deal.

The opening of the Parliamentary campaign in England confirms the belief that Irish University education will be the fighting question of the session. The danger of the Government arises from the strong Anti-Catholic attitude of a section of its own supporters. It is pretty evident that the Conservatives are preparing for a serious movement, and if they can obtain sufficient Radical support to defeat the Government and then dissolve Parliament, judging by the indications of the Liverpool and Wigton elections, they may fairly hope for a majority. They would make nearly a clean sweep of the counties, the farmers being all irritated against the Radicals by the movement among the labourers. It is not likely, however, that even such irreconcilables and impracticables as Professor Fawcett will venture on a step which would be the ruin of the party. Mr. Jacob Bright, who, in the absence of any man of first-rate, or even second-rate ability, acts at present as the Radical leader, will be controlled by his big brother, who is now again well enough to take part in politics. Nor is it difficult to present the Government case conclusively to any Radical who has the slightest respect for stone walls and does not suppose himself to be operating in a political vacuum. No Minister in Mr. Gladstone's position can possibly set at defiance the Irish Catholic vote. If the Catholics demand denominational education denominational education they must have. The utmost that the Government can do is to exclude from University offices the anti-national Jesuits and monks. It is not likely that the result would be so bad as the Anti-Catholic Radicals imagine. A good many of the educated Roman Catholics in Ireland are more or less Liberal, and though they feel bound to support their clergy in the de-

mand for sectarian legislation, would practically incline in favour of freedom. But at all events, if the Catholics are determined the Ministry have no choice.

If the Gladstone Ministry falls its fall will probably be the end of the Whig party. All the great proprietors, even those whose ancestors "bled with Hampden on the field and with Sydney on the scaffold," will avow themselves Conservatives, and a strong reactionary Government will hold power until, perhaps, the party, the elements of which are at present fermenting in mechanics' strikes and agricultural labourers' movements, forms a political front and offers more serious and decisive battle.

The ecclesiastical movement, however, can hardly fail in any case to go on. Scepticism has now become the tone even of the journals which are the favourite organs of the most conservative class.

The alarm of Russian aggression on India is somewhat abating, though the world is not easily reassured by any disclaimers coming from the dark conclave of St. Petersburg. We, on this side of the water, are unhappily dependent for our news on the telegrams of the Associated Press, whose correspondents have a standing order to send whatever will make a sensation and whatever is unfavourable to England.

In the early days of British enterprise in the East it was the aim of the most sagacious public servants of England to limit our acquisitions, first to the fortified factories necessary for the protection of our trade, and afterwards to a definite line of conquest. But the boundary was always receding, as one barbarous power after another came into collision with British arms, and England acquired a vast empire, by what may not unfairly be described as a series of defensive wars. The safety of that empire has now, however, become, in its vital importance to her, second only to her own. She draws from it no tribute, no military power available for any purposes but those of its own defence. But it furnishes a sphere of lucrative and brilliant employment for a multitude of aspiring Englishmen, and, what is of still more consequence, a field for British trade which no protective tariff can close. The amount of English capital also invested in India, especially in railroads, is large enough to be an object of the highest national solicitude. It is no wonder, then, that the approach of any danger to the Indian empire should raise a panic in England. The Crimean war was entered upon mainly to show that the British were not a nation of shopkeepers; but so far as it had a practical object, its object was the preservation of India.

The present Czar is not like his father, a Magog in modern uniform, but a modern and civilized being with philanthropic tendencies, though in the emancipation of the serfs he gained an object of Imperial policy as well as of philanthropy, and laid low the power of the nobility with the same blow which struck off the fetters of the slave. His temper does not appear to be aggressive. But a Czar is a Czar, and Alexander has been hitherto too much occupied with internal innovations and with mending the system which was so terribly shattered by the Crimean war that he has hardly had an opportunity of displaying his tendencies with regard to foreign affairs. That he should take advantage of the embroilment among the Western Powers to get rid of the humiliating restrictions placed upon him in the Black Sea was but natural, and in itself indicates no further design of aggression, though no doubt it will be followed by the reconstruction of armaments threatening to Constantinople. In Central Asia there is a continual advance of the Russian power independently of any system of conquest planned at St. Petersburg, the cause of which, as of our own advance in India, and of that of the Romans to a great extent in the ancient world, is inevitable collision

with barbarous tribes. If Russian conquest has really recruited its strength and begun to move again, the immediate aim probably is Persia, from which the Russians may hope to operate westward on the Ottoman Empire without having to ask Austria for the key. But the ultimate mark is Constantinople, the standing aim of the Russian bureaucrat, the constant vision of the Russian fanatic. Any demonstration against British India is probably intended, for the present at least, only to cover the more serious operation.

The danger to British India from Russian aggression is, in all probability, more remote than the danger from the circumstances of the Empire itself—the incurable estrangement and want of sympathy between the ruling and the subject race—the dark fanaticisms which are always working in the mysterious depths of Indian sentiment, and which may one day be impersonated in a great religious leader, the usual organ of Oriental revolution—the unification, by our railroads and other unifying measures, in themselves beneficial, of the populations whose divided state has hitherto been one of our chief talismans of command.

Whether Russia will fulfil the will of Peter the Great depends partly on her military strength, partly on her political and social tendencies. Her military strength has been immensely increased by railroads, the want of which was the great source of her weakness and of her frightful losses in the Crimean war. Her political and social tendencies are one of the difficult problems of European politics. We see a dark mass of ignorant fanaticism and servile Imperialism headed by an ambitious and unscrupulous bureaucracy. But from the mass occasionally flame forth jets of wild materialism and communism which seem to indicate that some volcanic forces are at work below. A revolution in Russia would liberate civilization from a great danger.

The question whether England should alone, or with only the help of the half-foundering Austrian empire, attempt to bar the path of Russia to Constantinople, would be one of the most tremendous ever submitted to the judgment of English statesmen. We must not blind ourselves to the fact that the power of England, though positively it has not declined but increased, has relatively declined, especially in comparison with the power of those great inland giants, whose once unwieldy limbs have of late been knit together by railroads. Her children must not feel themselves dishonoured because one little island can no longer give the law in all parts of the world. Her standing army and her navy are her sole effective force. Brave and hardy populations, whether of landsmen or sailors, untrained, unarmed, unenlisted, would no more avail to guard her against a mortal blow in case of sudden hostilities with a great power than the unworked coal in the mine would heat the furnaces of her men of war.

The force of political sympathy among all the nations of Europe is now sufficiently great for the revolution in Spain, if it ends in the permanent establishment of a Republic, to lend some strength to the Liberal party in England.

King Amadeus was too young for statecraft, but he seems to have shown sense and courage as well as a steady regard for constitutional principles, and therefore it may be presumed that the attempt in which he has failed was hopeless. Of dynasties it may be said with more truth than of constitutions, that they are not made, but grow. In proportion to the religious attachment felt by the Spanish people to their ancient line is the difficulty of planting any new Royal Family in their affections. Probably the strongest basis now left for conservative institutions is the old provincial feeling, the strength of which points in the direction of a Federative Republic. A Federative Republic in Spain would no doubt for some time to come be far from an edifying spectacle to the political

world; but it might keep its legs, which, to all appearances, nothing else could. What calls itself Carlism is to a great extent mere brigandage, a pest which may be said to have prevailed in certain districts of Europe, and to have broken out whenever political disorder gave it an opportunity, almost since the time of the great robber armies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The parentage of the Prince of Asturias is doubtful, and the Duke of Montpensier never had the slightest hold on the affections of the people. There is talk, apparently, of reviving the Hohenzollern candidature, but the Hohenzollerns are foreigners, and the Spaniards are, above all things, national From the effete and decrepit aristocracy there is nothing to be hoped or feared. The peasantry are physically a very fine race, and their vigour seems to some extent to keep at bay the influence of their ignorant and fanatical priesthood, to which, however, they are a good deal subject. They are totally careless about politics, and indifferent as to the form of Government which may be set up at Madrid. In this sense they are reactionary, and the hope which the conservative party in England and elsewhere reposes on them at this crisis is well founded. But it does not follow that they may not be trained as well as the Swiss peasantry to self-government by good local institutions, at once the schools and the anchors of liberty. In the cities, especially in Madrid, Barcelona, and Cordova, there is a large Liberal party, though one, probably, with less stamina than enthusiasm, rather visionary, and full of faction, which, whatever some of our contemporaries may think, is not invariably the parent of patriotism and concord. The great danger is the rise of some military adventurer; for the army, unless it has recently undergone some great change, is totally unprincipled and ready to support any pretender or usurper who will pay the Prætorians well. Probably the alleged difference of political opinion between the cavalry and the infantry is little more than a question of blackmail.

Senor Castelar, the Republican leader of the Cortes, who is carried to the top by this turn of the wheel, is somewhat rhetorical, and somewhat enthusiastic, but his course has been pure and dignified, and he has shown himself not incapable of self-control. It is more than doubtful, however, whether his hand is strong enough to curb the steed.

We must not allow the disorders incident to the break-up of the old political system of Spain to mislead us as to her real strength and her probable future. Disorders at least as great attended the break-up of the feudal system in England, which was followed by a splendid rejuvenescence of the nation. Spain has thrown off her great incubus, the theocratic monarchy, with its political fetichism, its persecuting laws, its inquisition, its index expurgatorius, its swarms of mendicant monks, and its industry-crushing load of ecclesiastical wealth. In spite of financial difficulty and national bankruptcy, commerce has increased. Other signs of national energy have re-appeared. Spanish literature has emerged from the tomb of Cervantes and de Vega, and the voice of free thought, which had been silent since the last victim perished in the fires of the Inquisition, rings again through the speeches of Castelar. We look with hope as well as sympathy to the future of the Spanish people, and not without hope to the future of their colonies in the new world, to the political disturbances in which the same remarks are in some measure applicable, and which we believe now to have passed through the worst crisis of their history.

It is reported that the revolution in Spain was partly brought about by the influence of France. For France we should read, the extreme Left. But it is probable enough that the direction taken by French ambition for the present will be that of Republican propagandism, and that France will endeav-

our to unite what are styled the Latin nations by bonds of political sympathy under her own leadership. Even with the army the glories of the empire have faded, and those of the first republic have recovered their brightness. At all events, the revolution in Spain cannot fail to strengthen the hands of republicanism in France. The two together will act on Italy, where the vices of the Court are unhappily little less flagrant than those which hurled Isabella from the Spanish throne. It is also far from improbable that the Liberal party in Belgium, now almost suffocated by the lasso of the Clericals, may stretch their hands to their French sympathizers for aid, and that the French Republicans may grasp the opportunity of at once extending their principles and indemnifying France territorially for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. In every period of transition there will be oscillations and relapses; but if we look at the space which has been traversed by political and social progress since the time of the Holy Alliance, we can hardly doubt that a new era is opening in Europe. The intellectual revolution, which is at the bottom of all, advances with rapid and unceasing tide.

Massachusetts hails the accession of Spain to the sisterhood of Republics, and at the same time expresses, of course in terms of the highest morality, a hope that the new sister will not object to being despoiled of Cuba. The virtue of New England is unquestionable, but it sometimes clothes itself in forms which lend a certain amiability to vice. As we have said before, the policy, or rather the inclination, of General Grant, is aggrandizement, and since he has suppressed the rebellion against his despotism and that of his clique, which took the name of Liberal Republicanism, he is more likely to indulge his bent. He is quietly increasing his navy; and the despatch of Mr. Fish to the American Ambassador at Madrid, of which it is impossible to doubt the authenticity, though a quibble may be raised as to its formal character, is evidently the summons of a wolf to a lamb marked for the devouring maw. The Washington boa-constrictor has at all events not learnt the art of lubricating his prey. Cuba has been little better than a running sore to Spain, and its purchase might possibly have been effected had the American Government spared the honour of the Spanish people. But the mingled insolence and hypocrisy of Mr. Fish's despatch are enough to make every drop of blood boil in Castilian veins. If Spain proposes to the American Government to submit the difference to arbitration, it will be seen whether the Congress of Geneva has opened a new era of international morality for mankind.

SELECTIONS.

MEN OF LETTERS AND UNLETTERED WIVES.

(From "ASPECTS OF AUTHORSHIP," by Francis Jacox.)

THE wives of poets, according to Hazlitt, are, for the most part, mere pieces of furniture in the room. "If you speak to them of their husbands' talents or reputation in the world, it is as if you made mention of some office that they held." In another of his books he refers to a certain poet's wife, on canvas, as handsomer than falls to the lot of most poets, who are generally, he says, more intent upon the idea in their own minds than on the image before them, and are glad to take up with Dulcineas of their own creating. We men are so exacting, Parson Dale tells Riccabocca; we expect to find ideal nymphs and goddesses when we condescend to marry a mortal; and if we did, our chickens would be boiled to rags, and our mutton come up as cold as a stone. It is quite another sort of Country Parson who muses on the extent to which men of an imaginative turn have to "come down" when they get married: not that he supposes anything about the clever man's wife but what is very good; but surely she is not always the sympathetic, admiring companion of his early visions! For instance, we are put in mind of the poet who, walking in the summer fields, said to his wife, as together they gazed on the frisking lambs, that he wondered not at the lamb being taken, in all ages, as the emblem of happiness and innocence; and of the revulsion in his mind produced by the thoughtful lady's answer, after a little reflection, "Yes, lamb is very nice,—at any rate with mint sauce." Some poets, or poetasters, however, have urgent need of such wives, and are a sore trial to their patience after all. The Harold Skimpole type is, in Yankee style, a caution. There is a story of one of the tribe whose wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some errand she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. The purchase suggested the Miltonian aspiration, "And ever against *eating* cares, Wrap me in soft Lydian airs." The exasperated Mammoth, in one of Jerrold's forgotten comedies, declares that the wives of geniuses live only in the kitchen of imagination.

Jean Paul Richter has typified in Lenette the unappreciative wife of an exacting, or at least expectant, man of genius; and blessed is he that expecteth nothing, in such cases, for only he shall not be disappointed. Lenette is the wife of Siebenkas, Advocate of the Poor, in that story among the *Blumen-Frucht-und-Dornenstucke* collection which is recognized as not only one of the most remarkable, but most personal of all Jean Paul's writings. Lenette, an alleged portrait of his mother, in her salient characteristics, is representative of a nature essentially of sterling worth and even nobility, but hampered by the limitations of her state of life; cabined, cribbed, confined by circumstances; uncultivated, and correspondingly unsympathetic. Nothing, it has been said, can be more true and of more universal application than Richter's view in *Siebenkas* of the unhappiness of an ill-assorted union, when there is neither vice nor crime, only an unequal standard of mind and a deficiency of culture in one of the pair. Lenette is "incapable of understanding her gifted husband," who, full of tenderness and fine qualities, has married her for her innocence and simplicity, but is at length worn out by her narrowness, obtuseness, and want of sympathy.

To have a common past is well said to be the first secret of happy association; a past common in ideas, sentiments, and growth, if not common in external incidents. One reason why a cultivated man is wretched with a vapid woman is that she "has not travelled over a

yard of that ground of knowledge and feeling which has in truth made his nature what it is." Untended nature, as in the case of an unlettered wife, is notoriously more likely to produce weeds than choice fruits; and the chances in such cases are declared to be beyond calculation in favour of the lettered husband having got a weed—in other words, having wedded himself to a life of wrangling, gloom, and swift deterioration of character. Dr. Jonson would expatiate on the importance to a man of sense and education of meeting a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing, he said, when the conversation can only be such as, whether the mutton shall be roasted or boiled, and probably a dispute about that. Bitterly Mr. Shandy curses his luck, for being master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature, and having a wife, at the same time, with such a headpiece that he cannot hang up a single inference within-side of it, though 'twere to save his life. Writing long since in behalf of what he called the Enfranchisement of Women, Mr. Stuart Mill was free and fain to own that, not indeed from anything in the feminine faculties themselves, but from the petty subjects and interests on which alone they are, or then were, exercised, the companionship of women often results in a "dissolvent influence on high faculties and aspirations in men." If one of the two, he observed, has no knowledge and no care about the great ideas and purposes which dignify life, or about any of its practical concerns save personal interests and personal vanities, her conscious, and still more her unconscious, influence will, except in rare cases, reduce to a secondary place in his mind, if not entirely extinguish, those interests which she cannot or does not share. "As to mental progress, except those vulgar attainments by which vanity or ambition are [? is] promoted, there is generally an end to it in a man who marries a woman mentally his inferior; unless, indeed, he is unhappy in marriage or become indifferent." A total want of ideas in a companion, or of the power to receive them, is indeed, says Leigh Hunt, to be avoided by men who require intellectual excitement; but he deems it a great mistake to suppose that the most discerning men demand intellect above everything else in their most habitual associates. "A un homme d'esprit il ne faut qu'une femme de sens: c'est trop de deux esprits dans une maison," says M. de Bonald. Among the *Sit mihi* aspirations of Martial, is this expressive one,

"—— sit non doctissima conjux."

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that, rules the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, is a small matter: intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books.

A sagacious reviewer of one of Mrs. Ellis's *Chapters on Wives*, which represents the frivolity of a young lady married to a scientific doctor, and invites us to observe how much better it would have been had she qualified herself to talk with her husband by having made herself a proficient in botany, chemistry, and geology,—professes to hardly know what to say to this. He submits that men who are engaged in some study or occupation or business do not want to be talking of nothing else in their leisure moments: they want recreation, rest, and change: it would be a most dreary thing if men always talked shop to their wives. Besides, allowing for a few rare exceptions, the wife would after all be incapable, in such a case, of really discussing the subjects in which her husband is interested. "Supposing she does her best to get up a little geology before she is married, how can she be scientifically the equal of a man who has given eight hours a day for a dozen years to this branch of science?" The reviewer says it would be as wise to encourage a girl to suppose that, if she did but learn the Eton Latin Grammar, she would share with her husband the delight of reading Virgil and Lucretius. He allows the value of education in a wife—and even of a slightly scientific education—to be very great; not, however, because she will be able to talk science with her husband, but because of her general intelligence being raised. "Men like so far to share their labours with their daily companions that they are pleased when these companions can understand great general results stated in simple language. This is what a wife can oblige her husband by understanding and taking an interest in." And our critic regards it as exceedingly desirable that these results should be communicated, for the wife's sake as well as the husband's. Although he

takes it to be foolish and pedantic to attempt to raise the tone of conjugal conversation above the domestic level, yet as the occasional introduction of larger and more serious subjects increases self-respect and ennobles life, he allows it to be true, in a sense, that learning chemistry and geology will make a wife more acceptable to a scientific husband, though not true in the sense intended by Mrs. Ellis.

A man who has taken up a great subject, remarks an Essayist on Social Subjects, is apt to be so engrossed by it that he does not much trouble himself about his neighbours and their opinions of him. "He is aware, perhaps, that the excellent grocer of the place, who officiates as churchwarden, thinks him odd and dangerous." But the Essayist is satisfied that a man who spends ten hours a day in thinking whether knowing and being are the same, whether there is or is not a science of history, or whether it was colder sixty millions of years before or sixty millions of years after the primary glacial epoch, gets to be hardened as to the opinions of churchwardens in particular, as well as of neighbours in general. "He is more likely to suffer through his wife than directly in person; for she has to bear the odium of his dangerousness, without the absorption of mind which makes him impervious to the criticism of the vicinity. There is no doubt that this may be a trial to her, and that he may be very sorry to see her so tried." It may be, too, that the wife is incapable of tasting high pleasures of any kind, but is always whining and boring him about the social disadvantages he causes her; or she may be an obstinate person, with scruples and opinions and conscientious objections. In which case "the philosopher has married the wrong sort of woman; but when the deed is done, he has no other resource than to work himself up to such an intense pitch of absorption in knowing and being, and the science of history, and the glacial epoch, that the words of his wife are to him as the words of the churchwarden."

There is an ordinance of nature, says Mr. Walter Bagehot, at which men of genius are perpetually fretting, but which to his thinking does more good than many laws of the universe which they praise: it is, that ordinary women ordinarily prefer ordinary men. "Genius," as Hazlitt would have said, "puts them out;" the common female mind prefers usual tastes, settled manners, customary conversation, defined and practical pursuits. And it is maintained to be a great good that it should be so. "Nature has no wiser instinct. The average woman suits the average man; good health, easy cheerfulness, common charms suffice." Of Shelley's first wife it is reasoably submitted that she was capable of making many people happy, though not of making Shelley happy. "Suppose your favourite Clive is an eagle, Arthur," says Mrs. Pendennis, "don't you think he had better have an eagle for a mate? If he were to marry little Rosey, I dare say he would be very good to her; but I think neither he nor she would be very happy. My dear, she does not care for his pursuits; she does not understand him when he talks." Galileo's wife, in M. Ponsard's play, cannot understand why he cannot enjoy his meals and leave the planets to themselves.

Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, has passed a very contemptuous judgment on Diderot's Annette, to whom he vastly prefers his own illiterate and unpolished Thérèse. Without deciding on the comparative merits or demerits of the two, M. Sainte-Beuve allows that, *bonne femme au fond*, Madame Diderot was commonplace in mind, vulgar in education, and incapable of comprehending her husband. Buffon was happier in a wife who anxiously watched all his steps on the road to fame, and rejoiced with him at the honours showered upon him by crowned heads and learned societies. Daudin the ornithologist, again, was happy in a wife who actively assisted in the composition and prepared the illustrations of his works. Such a wife, too, had William Blake. It is amusing to read of Jasmin, the popular poet of Gascony, that his wife in particular, as well as his kinsfolk in general, discouraged him when he began to write; but afterwards, when the sale of his poems had afforded him the means of buying the house in which he still followed his trade of barber and hairdresser, she would pick out for him the best pen and the smoothest paper (*not* curl-paper), and say, "Every verse you write, Jacques, puts a new tile on the roof."

Lady, then Mrs. Walter Scott, being spoken of disparagingly at a dinner party in 1812, at which Wordsworth, and Sir Humphry Davy, and H. Crabb Robinson "assisted," Joanna

Baillie gave her this good word, that there was a great deal to like in her, that she seemed to admire and look up to her husband, and that the children were well-bred, and the house in excellent order. "And she had some smart roses in her cap, and I did not like her the less for that."

George Dyer, perhaps better known as the friend of Charles Lamb than as the biographer of Robert Robinson of Cambridge—albeit that biography was declared by Wordsworth to be one of the best in the language—married his laundress, described as a very worthy woman by one of his acquaintance, to whom he once said, "Mrs. Dyer is a woman of excellent natural sense, but she is not literate." That is, the narrator explains, she could neither read nor write.

The wife of Heinrich Heine was a Frenchwoman, very fond of her husband, but utterly incapable of understanding him. This Siebenkas would say, laughing, of his Lenette, that she had never read a line of his poems.

De Quincey describes Mrs. Coleridge as wanting all cordial admiration, or indeed comprehension, of her husband's intellectual powers, and wanting also the original basis for affectionate patience and candour; for, hearing from everybody that Coleridge was a man of most extraordinary endowments, and attaching little weight, perhaps, to the distinction between popular talents and such as by their very nature are doomed to a slower progress in the public esteem, she naturally looked to see, at least, an ordinary measure of wordly consequence attend upon the exercise of them. And thus was laid a sure ground of "discontent and fretfulness in any woman's mind, not unusually indulgent or unusually magnanimous." Another critic, who speaks of two things only as wanting to S. T. C.,—a will, and a wife,—a will of his own, and a wife of his own,—or say even one thing only wanting, a wife who could have become a will to him, and who could have led him to labour, regularity, and virtuous living,—pronounces his "pensive Sara" to have failed, without any positive fault on her side, but from "mere non-adaptation," in managing her gifted lord. If Miss Westbrook had, as one of Shelley's critics suggests, married an everyday person—"a gentleman, suppose, in the tallow line"—she would have been happy, and have made him happy; her mind could have understood his life, and her society would have been a gentle relief from "unodoriferous pursuits," (though the epithet seems scarcely applicable to the heavy-laden atmosphere of candle-making)—but with Shelley she had nothing in common, whose mind was full of eager thoughts, wild dreams, and singular aspirations. If some eccentric men of genius have, indeed, felt, in the habitual tact and "serene nothingness" of ordinary women, a kind of trust and calm,—admiring an instinct of the world which themselves possessed not, a repose of mind they could not share,—this, Mr. Bagehot contends, is commonly in later years—the years that bring the philosophic mind.

Explain it how you may, your very clever man, on the showing of the Caxtonian philosopher, never seems to care so much as your less gifted mortals for cleverness in his helpmate; your scholars, and poets, and ministers of state are more often than not found assorted with exceedingly humdrum, good sort of women, and apparently liking them all the better for their deficiencies. We are asked to note how happily the author of *Athalie* lived with his wife, and what an angel he thought her, though she had never read his plays. "Certainly Goethe never troubled the lady who called him 'Mr. Privy-Councillor' with whims about 'monads,' and speculations on colour, or those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the Second Part of the Faust." The probable explanation ironically suggested is, that such great geniuses—knowing that, as compared with themselves, there is little difference between your clever woman and your humdrum woman—merge at once all minor distinctions, relinquish all attempts at sympathy in hard intellectual pursuits, and are quite satisfied to establish that tie which, after all, best resists wear and tear,—the tough household bond between one human heart and another.

It is out of their own imagination of what is excellent, and their power to adorn what they love, that men of genius, according to the *Seer* essayist, will be enamoured, in their youth, of women neither intelligent nor amiable nor handsome. "They make them all three with their fancy, and are sometimes too apt, in

after-life, to resent what is nobody's fault but their own." The wise espouse the foolish, says the consul in Landor's *Siege of Ancona*, and the fool bears off from the top branch the guerdon of the wise : those who are clear-sighted in all other things

> " Cast down their eyes, and follow their own will,
> Taking the hand of idiots. They well know
> They shall repent, but find the road so pleasant
> That leads into repentance."

Love is made of contraries, quoth a sententious satirist ; who cites the fair woman preferring the dark man, the tall man the little woman, and the wisest of mankind seeking in the weakest of womankind a pleasing relaxation from the austerer occupations of their life. An anonymous essayist calls it rather hard lines that so many celebrated men have dowdy wives ; artists, poets, self-made men of all kinds often failing in this special article ; so that while they themselves have caught the tone of the circle to which they have risen, and " pay their shot " by manner as well as by repute, their wives lag behind among the ashes of the past, like Cinderella before the advent of the fairy godmother. It is, however, Mr. Disraeli's dictum that few great men have flourished who, were they candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantages they have experienced in the earlier years of their career from the spirit and sympathy of woman. A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, he declares to be a possession beyond price, and without which, as few men can succeed in life, so are none content. Hannah More's Miss Sparkes characteristically observes, that the meanest understanding and most vulgar education are competent to form such a wife as the generality of men prefer ; and that a man of talents, dreading a rival, always takes care to secure himself by marrying a fool. " Clever men," observes the Lady Selina of a later novelist, " do, as a general rule, choose the oddest wives. The cleverer a man is, the more easily, I do believe, a woman can take him in." A well-known apothegm of this author is, that poets need repose when they love—a condition seemingly incompatible with any equality of intellectual intercourse? And although his fictions abound with " clever women to flirt with," and to lead the hero through the necessary vicissitudes of feeling, to rack his sensibilities and teach him experience, he never, it has been broadly asserted, lets any one he cares for marry a woman of superior intellect : he would not do him such an ill turn. He settles him down, says a critic, after the turmoil of passion, with some gentle creature who does not, it is true, understand one word in ten that he utters, but who looks up to him all the more with docile, undoubting worship. Even this limited intelligence, it is averred, he derives second-hand through the affections, and he does not shrink from the comparison with the inferior animals ; for twice he likens a favourite heroine to a dog.

No one, as we are reminded in the Caxton Essays, is all poet, author, artist ; every demi-god of genius has also his side as man ; and as man, though not as poet, author, artist, he he may reasonably yearn for sympathy. Such a sympathy, so restricted, will probably, the essayist surmises, not be denied to him. " It has been said that the wife of Racine had so little participation in the artistic life of her spouse that she had never even read his plays. But as Racine was tenderly attached to her, and of a nature too sensitive not to have needed some sort of sympathy in those to whom he attached himself, and as, by all accounts, his marriage was a very happy one, so it is fair to presume that the sympathy withheld from his artistic life was maintained in the familiar domestic everyday relationship of his positive existence, and that he did not ask the heart of Madame Racine to beat in unison with his own over the growing beauties of those children whom she was not needed to bring into the world." Why, it is added, ask her to shed a mother's tears over the fate of *Britannicus*, or recoil with a mother's horror from the guilt of *Phedre?*—they were no offspring of hers. Molière's Martine is pert and pertinent, piqued and piquante, on the main topic :

> " L'esprit n'est point du tout ce qu'il faut en menage ;
> Les livres cadrent mal avec le mariage ; "

but then, to be sure, it is of the husband's scholarship, not the wife's, she is thinking ; and her avowed design, if ever she marry at all, is, to take *un mari qui n'ait point d'autre livre que moi.* We have all seen such cases, to cite

the Professor at the Breakfast-table, as that of a brilliant woman marrying a plain, manly fellow, with a simple intellectual mechanism ; at which the world often stares a good deal and wonders ; for might she not have taken that other, with a far more complex mental machinery? Might she not have had a watch with the philosophical compensation-balance, with the metaphysical index which can split a second into tenths, with the musical chime which can turn every quarter of an hour into a melody? How came she to choose a plain one, that keeps good time, and that is all? "Let her alone. She knows what she is about. Genius has an infinitely deeper reverence for character than character can have for genius." "You talk of the fire of genius," he goes on to say. "Many a blessed woman who dies unsung and unremembered has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering, in the brain of so many men of genius." Such latent caloric as warms the wistful wife in stanzas many a heart has warmed to, husband's as well as wife's,—

"Her life is lone, she sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Though rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of earthly faith and plighted vows ;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things."

M. de Tocqueville says in one of his letters, descriptive of harassed nerves amid the pains and perplexities of authorship : "I could not go on with my task if it were not for the refreshing calm of Marie's companionship. It would be impossible to find a disposition forming a happier contrast to my own. In my perpetual irritability of body and mind, she is a providential resource." In another letter he affirms that, however frivolous they may be, women soon discover the remarkable qualities of their husbands, and are generally willing to recognize a superiority in which they may almost be said to have a personal interest. Bernard Barton, in the course of a letter the key-note of which, struck at starting, and vibrating throughout, is, that it is impossible for a man to write long together with any interest, if no one is interested in his compositions,—confides to his correspondent the fact that no one, not even his wife, in and around the home circle, seems to comprehend his literary aspirations ; not even his wife, "for to say the truth of her, she has not that average leaven of vanity which, without authorizing you to call a character vain, makes her sympathize with the cravings after sympathy in others."

The Countess Brownlow describes the wife of Talleyrand as very handsome, but also very silly, so silly that Napoleon asked the Prince how he could marry her ; to which he replied, "Ma foi, sire, je n'ai pu trouver une plus bête." With her his mind was in complete repose. The apparent aim of George I., in his liaisons, to shun with the greatest care the overpowering dissertations of a learned lady, reminds Earl Stanhope of the sort of feeling well expressed in the pretended memoirs of Madame de Barry. "J'aimais à les voir," she says of two blockheads ; "leur entretien me reposait l'imagination." Never, in the counsel of one of Barry Cornwall's dramatic fragments,

"Never, boy, wed a wit. Man does not marry
To poise his reason 'gainst a quarrelling tongue ;
But for sweet idleness."

When Harley l'Estrange says of the brilliant Violante that if she is not to be some prince's bride, she should be some young poet's, Leonard Fairfield interposes a prompt negative : poets need repose where *they* love, he asserts. Harley is struck by the answer, and muses over it in silence. He all at once perceives that what is needed by the man whose whole life is one strain after glory—whose soul sinks, in fatigue, to the companionship of earth—is not the love of a nature like his own. It is repose. Just as, to apply a figure of Dr. Oliver Holmes's, the eye seeks to refresh itself by resting on neutral tints after looking at brilliant colours, the mind turns from the glare of intellectual brilliancy to the solace of gentle dulness ; the tranquillizing green of the sweet human qualities which do not make us shade our eyes like the spangles of conversational gymnastics and

figurantes. *Mais une femme habile est un mauvais présage,* quoth Molière's Arnulphe ;

> "Et je sais ce qu'il coute à de certaines gens
> Pour avoir pris les leurs avec trop de talents."

Not he the man to accept the hand any more than the argument of the Lady in *Hudibras* :

> "Quoth she, 'What does a match imply,
> But likeness and equality ?
> I know you cannot think me fit
> To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit ; .
> Nor take one of so mean deserts
> To be the partner of your parts."

She would be too clever by half for him, who confessedly "aimerait mieux une laide bien sotte, qu'une femme fort belle avec beaucoup d'esprit." Clever Men's Wives is the subject of an essay by one of our best essayists, who agrees that when a refined and sentimental friend, full of generous schemes and airy aspirations, marries a woman who proves "a good wife to him,"—in other words, who looks carefully after his children and his shirt-buttons,—it is reasonable to sigh over his unworthy fate ; as also over that of the man who, taking an eager interest and an active part in public affairs, has a wife like the "cold, silly female fool" mentioned by De Tocqueville, who ran out of the room whenever Bonaparte came in, "because he was always talking his tiresome politics." Yet it is submitted that our pity for these and the like seemingly ill-mated couples may, after all, be wholly unnecessary. If history tells us of illustrious men who found bliss in wives of their own mental stature, does it not also of as many others who "got on admirably well with fools ?" Of the four varieties of wives some one out of which a clever man, like anybody else, may choose for himself,—a clever woman, a sensible woman, a fool and an echo, —the last is unquestionably, on the essayist's contention, the least to be coveted—for the man who marries her awakes to find himself married to his shadow, a mere echo of himself, who from being a stimulant has degenerated into a sheer absorbent ; so that he has only doubled himself. If once she might have been to him, in Mr. Tennyson's words, "as water is to wine," the result of the combination bears a natural resemblance to their "detestable compound"—as the essayist accounts it—negus. The fact is, he argues, that "a clever man, more than all others, requires a slightly acidulous element in his companion"—all clever men being more or less infected with vanity ; which vanity may be blatant and offensive, or excessive indeed, yet not unamusing, or again showing itself just as a bare flavour, but is never entirely absent, and needs to be counteracted by something more potent than a hot and sugary intellectual negus. "A clever husband, like the good despot, will be all the better for a little constitutional opposition." For although it is conceded that the height of domestic felicity would not probably be attained by a man whose wife could set him right in a Greek quotation, or oppose his views about Hebrew points, or thwart him in his theory of the origin of evil ; still less is it to be looked for where he is never treated to an occasional dose of wholesome and vigorous dissent, and is allowed to make assertions and advance opinions without fear of criticism or chance of opposition.

SAILING ON THE NILE.*

DREAMING AMONG THE PALMS.

THE wind contrary. Making the most of our misfortunes I go on shore, and stroll along with my gun on my shoulder, deeply inhaling the pleasant morning breeze. A large wood of palms stretches along the bank of the river. There is no end, indeed, to these eternal palm-trees ; but you never grow tired of them. There is such variety in their grouping, their size, their attitudes, such a charm in their beauty and grace, that their sameness never palls upon you. Everywhere they spread their open parasols, inviting you to come and rest under their green, refreshing shade. These are perhaps the largest and most beautiful trees

* From "SAILING ON THE NILE," by Laurent Laporte. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

that I have ever seen. The stalk shoots up slender and vigorous, and flings boldly forth between the blue sky and the earth its green vault, light and trembling with soft undulations.

What a pleasant morning! Every thing is so fresh and calm and verdant. Solemn in his majestic simplicity, the sun is rising: his brightening rays quiver through the waving foliage, and scatter rosy arabesques over the gnarled trunks of the forest. The air is full of a shrill warbling, and, as myriads of birds, green, blue, and red, sport and flutter under the graceful pointed arches of the intertwisted palms, scintillates with gleaming hues. Mounting guard upon the sandy shore of the river, the siksaks, with their violet cloaks, repeat their sharp, monotonous cry. Soft, tender, rose-hued turtle doves, cooing, calling, seeking each other, flutter amorously to and fro; while rustling their tails, perking up their heads, flaunting about in every sort of way, coquettish young pewits hop familiarly under my very feet. All absorbed with their toilets, they quite forget that they may be in danger.

Wandering among these natural colonnades, I comprehend the fascination of solitude. I am penetrated, subdued, by her seductive charm. Often, when gazing upon extensive views,—the bewildering vastness of the desert, the immensity of the cloudless sky or shoreless ocean,—I have felt my breast dilate, my soul has expanded as if to fill all space.

But in these delicious green sanctuaries, under these shady vaults, shut in from the outer world, even from the sky itself, where all is harmony, silence, mystery; the air heavy with a divine blending of the twittering of birds, hovering odours, sweet, penetrating exhalations—the soul withdraws into her own kingdom and abandons herself completely to the dominion of the imagination. But not the imagination of the intellect alone, fantastic, capricious, but to that born of feeling, capricious too it may be, but kind and irresistible; a powerful fairy, who knows neither time nor space nor obstacles, who lives upon memory, regret, hope.

Oh, who has not felt the charm of this good genius? Who can resist her power, her attractions, when she sheds a light all around us, or transports us into new worlds, purer, more beautiful and brilliant than ours? when she lifts slightly the veil of misery in which we go enshrouded in this valley of tears, and shows us, in a brief gleam, some little corner of the ideal? Who can describe the sublime visions, the ravishing delights, the effulgence of those blessed hours? And is it not she who ennobles our dearest affection, our tenderest recollections? who speaks to the soul in a mysterious language other than of words and phrases?

Who has not taken delight in following this vagrant, capricious guide? Vague, subtle, fanciful, uncertain, are the thoughts with which she fills the soul; born without a cause, and succeeding each other without sequence. Little by little, we allow ourselves to be swept away by the pleasant, irresistible current. Then she takes possession of our bark, and amuses herself by leading us astray from reverie to reverie, from illusion to illusion; she whispers in our ears names that make us tremble, that thrill and agitate us; we reveal to her our dearest secrets, and with Love himself she enters into a plot to blind our reason. Then the traitress leads us into a forest full of seductive dreams, of unimagined blisses; she shows us the future blooming with flowers, exhaling emanations that intoxicate us with a strange, voluptuous ecstacy.

But ere long the fickle one soars back into the past: deeply moved, she carries us back to the old days fragrant with the blossoms of childhood. She recalls pleasant home scenes, she brings before us the beings whom we cherished the most in that happy time, those for whom we have felt the deepest love, the most bitter regrets that our life has known. We hear their voices, we listen to their counsel, we feel what their wish would be, we yield to their influence; and in this silent converse, this mysterious communion of souls, we seem to become better, we feel an inexpressible joy that has power to stanch our tears. Then it is that we regret, that we hope, that we dream, that we love; then it is that we live with those who are ever in our thoughts, though their names do not pass our lips.

The vision vanishes; but the emotions, the dreams, the fleeting throng of idle delusions in which we have indulged, leave lingering behind them a feeling of content, of well-being, which we are able to recall, and can still enjoy many years later. The places, too, where we are surprised by such reveries, make a singularly vivid

impression upon the mind. I can still see the trees that cast their shadows over me on that day, the birds that fluttered skimming through the air. Here was a green herb, here a bed of sand, and yonder a bush from which some little copper-coloured beetles were crawling. I can still see two little girls who were filling a basket at the foot of a palm-tree. As I approached, they fled terrified, upsetting their booty in their haste, and abandoning it.

Seating myself upon a fallen palm-tree prone by the water's edge, I awaited the craft which the sailors, oppressed by the burning sun, were dragging along with much difficulty. In front of me a green island gleamed in the encircling arms of the Nile, blue as sapphire. I saw three fellahs crossing one arm of the river to go to the island. They had fastened their shirts over their heads, and were swimming astride a bundle of sugar-cane stalks. The Arabian mountains, with their silvery summits and sandy base, stood out from against the sky.

At night-fall we entered a narrow defile, which pilots and captains regard with just apprehension. Before reaching Mantfalout, the river, confined between a precipitous bank and the encroaching spurs of the Arabian mountains, is full of eddies, and dashes along with fearful speed. Drowsy and indolent as a pacha in his harem seems the Nile when outstretched voluptuously in his winding course, but he is capable of these sudden and terrible outbreaks of fury. Exasperated by obstacles, he roars with rage, his waves rise in insurrection : dashing threats and insults in all directions, the foam leaps forth. White squadrons of billows, driven back and forth, surging furiously over the rocks and sinking back into the hollow channel, pursuing and crowding each other down, meet and clash with the shock and uproar of contending armies. Thus for ever they storm the impregnable fortresses, shutting them in on both sides.

The wind, engulfed in the narrow valley, takes part in the mighty struggle ; beating against the rocks, it increases with its clamorous cries the universal uproar. Now hiding her face and now revealing it, the moon seems to run rapidly athwart the clouds that overshadow the sky. You can see the storm-birds whirling about in her rays, which, when they touch the water, glitter like fiery serpents. The rocky banks, full of black caverns, assume the strangest, the most fantastic aspects. Colossal figures of Typhon you seem to see, threatening you with hideous grimaces ; or giants crouching down upon the shore: the motion of the boat and fitful gleaming of the moonlight make them look actually alive and moving.

Careening over, our dahabieh has a hard battle to fight with the impetuous torrent. Scarcely can she force her way through the resisting waves ; on her sides they rear themselves up threateningly, and at her stern reunite with a shudder. She is followed by a long wake of foam.

The mast is bent by the energy of the wind. Standing in the forward part of the boat, the captain thrusts every instant a long pike into the water, and shouts in a hoarse voice to the pilot, who answers him in a similar tone. Two sailors hold the sheet, ready to let it go in case a too violent gust should render it necessary.

Some two hours later the Arabian chain was fading away in the distance. The Nile, freed from obstructions, had grown broad and smooth, and the wind was wafting us swiftly towards Asyoot.

PHILÆ.

LONG before dawn we bestrode our little donkeys and galloped off towards the island of Philæ, which is above the cataract. The region about Assouan is very desolate, and bears traces of waste and devastation, that tell the story of the vicissitudes to which, like all frontier towns, it was exposed at an early period of its history. We passed the ruins of Roman Syene, and visited the crumbling fragments of the old town, of which nothing is left but a portion of the surrounding wall. What a singular sport of fate ! The city has fallen, the bulwark remains standing. Although the country is hilly and broken, you can follow with your eye for a long distance this massive granite wall, high and thick, and flanked with broad and deep ditches : so strongly constructed, indeed, that it has survived for ages the city which it was built to defend.

From Syene you can see both the Mussulman cemetery, which contains several dilapidated mosques towering up among its tombs, and the ancient necropolis, thickly strewn with

stately monuments of granite, and black, shining basalt. One would suppose that armies of giants had fought upon this plain, and left it covered with their prodigious bones.

Your attention is attracted by two small Mahometan tombs, standing on the brow of a hill, on your right hand, and built of some very white stone. The precipitous cliffs are covered with immense hieroglyphics.

We turned to the left for the purpose of visiting the ancient quarries of red granite, known as Syenite granite. It was from these quarries that the Egyptians obtained the stone for all their monuments: the columns, statues, sphinxes, sarcophagi, with which all Egypt is adorned. Here stands an unfinished obelisk, with three of its sides cut and polished, while the fourth is still attached to the rock: there is a horizontal groove in the rock, and a row of holes regularly pierced. This is very interesting; for it shows us how the old Egyptians proceeded to rend off these immense blocks, many of them forty yards in length. In all probability, the holes were stopped with thoroughly seasoned wood, and the groove filled with water: the expansion of the wood, on absorbing the water, would be sufficient to separate the monolith.

We passed through several Berber villages, and found the inhabitants quite a different race from the fellahs. They are far more intelligent and energetic: their faces are expressive, and they move with a quickness and decision which is quite unknown to the broken-spirited fellahs. Shut off from the rest of the world, dwelling among rocks, and on the verge of a dangerous tempest-tost torrent, it seems as if they had imbibed from the savage rudeness of nature a certain force and energy.

Thin and wiry, they are mere bundles of muscles and nerves; their complexion is of a tawny yellow, and glitters in the sun like old marble; their hair and beard are thin and grow in tufts, and their ears are wide and very pointed, which gives them an absurd resemblance to satyrs. The Berbers are in great request in Cairo, where great numbers of them are employed as servants, donkey-drivers, and porters, and in other subordinate positions. Active, industrious, and remarkable for their fidelity, they are the Savoyards and Auvergnats of Egypt.

I noticed some of the women in a grove of sycamore trees, some lying down and others sitting cross-legged, weaving baskets of palm leaves. Most of them were decked out gayly with glass necklaces, ivory bracelets, and other savage ornaments; and they wore also—a fashion that I had not seen before—a ring in the right nostril matched by an ear-ring in the left ear, the latter so large and heavy that its weight had perceptibly increased the length of the ear.

Some naked children who were playing in the sand had caught a little bird, and were amusing themselves by tormenting it: it is the same thing everywhere—children are always cruel. Then came some young Nubian damsels, dressed in the rather light costume of the tribe—a little belt of leather thongs—and with scarabee, rings, &c., for sale. They offered them to us with a smile that was really quite agreeable for Nubians, and which made a great display of their white teeth.

We rode on over the rocks and sand. Nothing can exceed the barren and mournful desolation of this whole region: it is a desert of stone and sand commingled. We were about an hour passing through a rocky defile lined with a thick bed of dust, which did not look as if it had ever been trodden except by wandering jackals. Pile upon pile of huge, formless cliffs, hang threatening around, completely intercepting the view. Even our alert little donkeys found it a hard matter to get along in this dry, movable dust: they struggled to keep their footing, and were advancing but slowly, when a sudden turn brought us out of the defile, and as if by enchantment we saw before us, almost at our very feet, the Nile and the island of Philæ.

Nothing can be more ravishingly beautiful than this island. A lovely vision, it rises suddenly before you, brilliant and airily fantastic as a dream. It is a strange and wonderful mirage—the strangest of these deserts—that of a city of the Pharaohs, that seems just to have emerged from the sleep of centuries, or from the waves of the Nile; a city of temples, palaces, sculptured pylones, as perfect and complete as if they had been built yesterday. It is an island clothed with a gorgeous robe of tropical vegetation, adorned with massive and magnificent monuments. The shadows of the

polychrome columns and red obelisks mingle with the shadows of the date-palms, the dom-palms, and the huge sycamores: the stone capitals are wreathed and intertwined with the green capitals of the trees. The island of Philæ is a fairy land of palaces and verdure.

Through the very heart of Egypt, from the Mediterranean coast to Nubia, the Nile has wafted us. I have climbed the pyramids of Gigeh, have caught a glimpse of the wonderful monuments of Thebes, but never have I seen any thing that impressed me so deeply as this enchanting vision—this oasis of the past, rescued from the wreck of ages, gracious and smiling under its green roof of waving palms. Hitherto, Egypt has always seemed to me powerful, colossal, formidable, but dead, petrified. In Philæ antiquity still lives; the past is young, and seems to smile; Pharaoh reigns, and Isis is enthroned on high. The old worship of Osiris, with its basalt gods and porphyry goddesses, with its sacred scarabee and immutable sphinxes, with all its attendant rites and mysteries, has withdrawn to this island, and here still survives. It seems as if time had not taken a single step for thousands of years: his cruel scythe, which spares neither persons nor monuments, has respected this beautiful sanctuary of the past.

How easy to imagine, in wandering through these splendid colonnades, that the statues of the old kings with which they are adorned are about to wake from their stony sleep and live; that extinct generations, rising from their silent tombs, are about to stand before you.

We came over to the island in a light skiff, rowed skilfully by some young Nubian lads, who landed us at the quay. On arriving, we went first of all to a granite rock on the extreme southern point of the island; it commands a fine view of all the monuments, and climbing it we drank in the impressive scene.

Afterwards, I visited the temples and examined all their beauties in detail; the coloured columns, the capitals of lotus-flowers or palm-leaves meeting in the stem-like base and opening at the summit, the cornices painted with tender greens or intense blues, the bas-reliefs and sculptures so exquisitely wrought.

Then, with a very learned book in my hand, I went through the pylones and porticos, trying to discover the hieroglyphics, ciphers, and inscriptions which my author translated. I did not have to learn from him that the great temple of Isis had been built in the reign of Ptolemeus Philadelphus, and completed by Ptolemeus Evergets; or many other curious facts, interesting and possibly true, but unfortunately which I no longer remember. The charm of this book was that it promised to reveal to me the secret lore of hieroglyphics and ciphers, in which there is always a fascination.

In my enthusiasm I even attacked the famous inscription of Rosetta, of which there is a copy at Philæ. But this did not last long: I came to the conclusion that I had better leave science to the *savants*, and depositing my book by the side of the famous inscription, I went back to the granite rock.

Forgetting all about hieroglyphics and ciphers, I seated myself in silence upon this giant cliff overlooking the fairy island, and sank into a reverie: musingly I thought of this wonderful southern land, with its transcendent beauty of nature, its wonderful history, with its sun as glorious to-day as in the earliest antiquity. Gazing far away as the eye could reach, far into the dreamy distance, I contemplated the wonderful landscape.

Darkly outlined against the southern horizon arose the Nubian mountains. The Nile was blue as turquoise, and calm as a sleeping lake: never had I seen it more tranquil and serene. The hills between which it glided, with a scarcely perceptible motion, were shaped like huge pyramids, and furrowed as they were with brown streaks, looked as if they had donned striped Arab cloaks.

The eastern shore of the winding river is broadly belted for a long distance with a magnificent palm-wood. Then comes a barren plain, with no green thing growing upon it except a few groves of sycamores, under which stand some rude villages with ranges of shadoofs near by. As I was gazing in that direction, a herd of buffaloes rushed over the plain and plunged into the river; while high in the blue air, like a black cloud, a flock of birds, sweeping from the south, hung for a second motionlessly poised between two mountain peaks.

The island of Beggeh, one of the group to which Philæ belongs, and to the west of it, is nothing but a rocky pile. Huge granite

boulders, blackened by the sun, rounded and polished by the winds beating against them, so corroded by time and weather that they look like great pieces of rusty old armour, are heaped up together to enormous heights, or lie scattered along the shore like fallen avalanches. A few palm trees grow among the rocks by the columns of the ruined temple.

Buried in the depths of this silent, lonely retreat, this sacred adytum of nature, calm in the midst of the stern-browed, serried cliffs by which she is so stormily besieged, the island of Philæ seems forgotten and abandoned by the whole world; and is so except by the sun and the Nile. The Nile laves his favourite with soft caresses, and murmurs tenderly as he lingers by her shores. The sun casts down such a blaze of glory upon her palaces and temples that they glitter again: the old gray granite is transfigured and seems a dazzling white.

Absorbed in a solemn, religious reverie, like some faithful widow living in her memories of the past, here for ever she abides, cherishing the worship of former ages. With nothing save the respect that is felt for her sanctity, the awe she inspires, to protect from the profaning grasp of rude hands, from the invasion of conquerors, she is safe in her quiet seclusion; and in this calmness, this silence enlivened only by the timid warblings of birds, finds all her happiness.

She is for ever dreaming of the days of her glory; she remembers how the Romans came to Philæ, and planted their victorious eagle upon her shores; she remembers the French, also, of the year VII., those second Romans, who paused in their desperate pursuit of the Mamelukes to inscribe upon one of her porticos a record of the glorious expedition.

Thus, while gazing upon this enchanting scene, my thoughts wandered. From my granite rock I could see the colonnade and pylones which lead to the great temple, and could even distinguish the colossal figure of a king painted upon its outer wall. A swarm of Liliputian enemies were at his feet: he held them by the hair of the head, while lifting threateningly his massive club.

Nor were these the only monuments that I beheld. Triumphal arches, temple courts, columns, obelisks, lay at my feet; and sphinxes half buried in the ruins of a mud village.

Best of all, arose before me in full view the exquisite little temple of Nectanebus, that gem of art, that master-piece of grace and elegance. Long, long did I gaze upon it. In this lovely monument, the massive, ponderous grandeur which always distinguishes Egyptian architecture is combined with the most ethereal lightness, the most airy delicacy. Fretted with open work, it seems to swim and quiver in the golden flood of sunshine with which it is inundated. How gay and brilliant it looks, outlined so clearly, so purely, upon the pure Libyan sky!

Then, while still drinking in the beauty of the landscape, beholding, enjoying everything, I thought of the great names which this river, descending from regions so remote, is for ever murmuring; I thought of the barbarous land through which it passes before reaching the island of Philæ—the countries which we should have to travel even now ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred days to reach. Far, far away in the ever-receding south, I said to myself, on distant shores which these same waters have reflected, these countries lie—some of the nearest of them we are familiar with, of others we can only form vague surmises; and then comes a great world of which almost absolutely nothing is known. Nubia, Aboo-Simbel, with its grand colossi, Wadee-Helfeh, the cataracts, are familiar ground. Then come Dongolah and Khartoum, the great marts supplying the world with ostrich feathers, ivory, gum-arabic, and incense. Still further to the south lie Sennaar, Kardofan, Darfour, Abyssinia, countries peopled by savage tribes, through whose forests rove panthers, giraffes, ostriches—countries of which little has been known hitherto, but into which the avarice and cruelty of civilized man have forced a way. It is in this region that the traders in human flesh capture the cargoes of slaves—melancholy spectacle—which we so often meet upon the Nile. Advancing still further south, what do we find? The Nile, reflecting as ever the sky above it, valleys, cities, lakes, mountains, deserts—who knows what?—tropical forests, savage races, troops of elephants, the hippopotamus, the two-horned rhinoceros, the rank vegetation, the fierce and dangerous animals, the monsters of the equator. And still beyond—penetrating still deeper into the heart of the south—what? The sources of the Nile, the ever-living, inexhaustible fountain whence

flows the life-giving river; those mighty lakes, no less a mystery, no less an enigma in their solemn beauty, since human eyes have beheld them, than while their very existence was an unsolved problem. The life of this mystery, the clue to this enigma, is flowing before me: it gleams under my eyes; it washes these shores, these monuments, written over with hieroglyphics, ponderous volumes of a secret lore; it reflects these granite gods with their stony eyes, immovable, and no less mysterious than is the river. This is indeed the country of the Sphinx.

The heat was becoming unendurable; the sun rode directly over our heads; the shadows seemed to shrink away from his burning gaze. Only a hint of shade, a slender blueish line remained visible at the foot of the temple of Isis. The sky was vividly, intensely blue—blue as the enamelled statuettes of Osiris; and there was something appalling in its immovable serenity. Yes, an eternal sameness, even of beauty, would be terrible.

The sun was a sun of fire, his heat as of molten lead; all nature seemed to suffer and faint beneath the fierceness of his rays. The birds flew for refuge into the deserted temples; the date-palms drooped their proud heads, their languishing fronds depending as mournfully as the branches of a weeping willow. At this hour the beauty of Philæ is more than solemn, more than austere: it assumes a strangely sad, an indescribably mournful, desolate aspect. Over everything is cast a feverish, unnatural glow, a tawny-yellow tint; there are no shadows, there is no blending of hues; the villages seem uninhabited; and, far away in the distance, the mountains, glorious as flaming messengers of Horus at sunrise, take on at noon a dead, lifeless, indescribable hue, like the dull, yellowish gleam of an expiring conflagration.

One last long look at Philæ, and I turned regretfully away. This was as far south as we were going; the limit of our voyage was reached. We were about five hundred miles from Cairo, and almost under the tropics: for two months almost every day had been increasing the distance between us and France. I felt as sad in leaving Philæ as in parting from a friend. But, at least, a picture of the scene, so tender and graceful in many of its aspects, and so grand and terrible in others, with its sublime monuments and luxuriant verdure set in the very heart of the arid desert—a violent contrast seen everywhere in Egypt (the one unalterable feature of its scenery), and yet which always causes a new surprise—will never fade from my memory.

Certain places, like certain people, have the power of winning us at the very first glance. Issuing from the desert, and arriving suddenly at this secluded little corner of the earth, this oasis of nature, this island of the past, the traveller feels a strange sense of repose, a deep inward satisfaction. Something within him seems to say, It is well with you here: stop, and make the most of your happiness. This intangible, dreamy, promised, prophetic bliss fades from you as you depart; it becomes one of the lost possibilities. You sigh, as when thinking of a dead friendship. And then you know there is always something bitter in eternal separations.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

TWO new inventions are recorded for unveiling the secrets of the deep sea. One of these is a product of German ingenuity, and consists of an apparatus by which specimens of water can be obtained from any desired depth of the ocean. A strong, heavy vessel, entirely closed and empty, has a valve through which water may be admitted, but which is only put in motion by means of powerful electro-magnets connected with it. These magnets are also connected with a wire accompanying the rope by means of which the apparatus is lowered

from the ship. When the empty vessel, which is in reality a plummet, has reached the required depth, an electric current is sent from the battery on ship-board to the coils below; the magnetism thus generated opens the valves, and the vessel is then filled with water and can be drawn up. The second invention is American, and was adopted in Prof. Agassiz' recent scientific expedition. Its object is to determine how far the abysses of the ocean are permeable by the rays of the sun. A plate prepared for photographic purposes is inclosed in a case so contrived as to be covered by a revolving lid in the space of forty minutes. The apparatus is sunk to the required depth, and at the expiration of the period stated is drawn up and developed in the ordinary way. It is said that evidence has been obtained by means of this instrument of the operation of the chemical rays of the sun at much greater depths than had hitherto been supposed possible.

According to the *School Board Chronicle*, "some curious statistics have been published, establishing a suggestive comparison between the expenses of education and police supervision in the cities of St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna. With regard to education, the expenses of the Russian capital are estimated at one per cent., of the total budget; Vienna stands as high as nine per cent.; and Berlin reaches thirty-one. Costs of philanthropic institutions are expressed by the proportions of: Berlin, twenty-two; Vienna, fifteen; and St. Petersburg, nine per cent. Of course, the ratio becomes inverted when we turn to the police force. Here we find Prussia down for seventeen, Austria for twenty-one, and Russia for fifty-one (figures of comparison.) Berlin employs one policeman for every four hundred and ninety-five of its population, Vienna one for every four hundred and ten, and St. Petersburg one for every two hundred and ten. The practical teaching of these statistics is that while Berlin pays twice as much for schools as for prisons and police, Vienna pays two and one-third times less, and St. Petersburg fifty times less." The moral is too obvious to need pointing out.

In spite of the wonderfully rapid growth and development of the railway system of North America, we have the best of evidence that the system is not yet equal to the wants of so vast a country, in the fact that the farmers in the Western States have taken to using corn as the cheapest fuel they can get. Not only is corn now regularly used in place of wood or coal, but supplies of it are laid up to be employed as fuel during the winter. It is said to make quite as good a fuel as wood, whilst it is much cheaper; and three tons of it are alleged to give the same amount of heat as one ton of coal. Such a state of things is the product of two causes. One of these is that the rate of freight by rail is so heavy that it is better for a farmer to burn his corn than to send it to the eastern markets, in spite of the high prices which food-stuffs fetch in the Eastern States of the Union. The second of these causes is the gradual diminution of timber, owing, in the main, to its reckless destruction, and to the fact that hardly any provision is made to secure a future supply. The burning of grain implies that the forests of the corn-producing districts of the West have been more or less exhausted. It is high time that measures were adopted to secure that the coming generation shall not be compelled to import all their wood from some distant region; for though corn may burn very well, it is hardly the material out of which houses or fences can be constructed.

Some curious considerations have been brought forward by Sir Walter Elliot with regard to the "throw-stick" employed as a weapon of chase by the rude races inhabiting the mountain and forest tracts of Central and Western India. The "throw-stick" is a curved and flattened piece of wood, about two feet long and from three to six inches broad, and it is thrown with the concave side foremost. It forms a very efficient and accurate weapon, and animals as large as deer can be killed with it. The iron weapons subsequently used by these same races seem to have been deduced from this primitive weapon, which they in many cases closely resemble. The most curious point, however, about the Indian "throw-stick" is its close similarity to the Australian "boomerang," which it resembles in all essential points except that it does not return to the hand when thrown. Prof. Huxley, in classifying the varieties of the human race exclusively by

their physical characters, founded a great division—the "Australoids"—for the reception of the aborigines of New South Wales, the primitive races of Central India, and the ancient Egyptians. It is a curious confirmation of this classification to find that amongst these three far distant peoples the "throw-stick" is the weapon of chase, whilst it does not occur in intermediate countries. We have seen that this is the case with the existing Australians and some of the Indian tribes, and we know that it was also the case with the old Egyptians, for the pictures in the tombs of the kings at Thebes represent hunting-scenes in which the curved sticks, found at this day in India, are largely represented.

At the meeting of the National Academy of Science held at Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 22, Prof. Agassiz gave a very interesting account of his researches in the "Hassler Expedition," with more especial reference to his discovery that South America, equally with the Northern continent, has enjoyed a prolonged "glacial period." More interesting, however, to the general public were the remarks made by this eminent naturalist and energetic "anti-evolutionist" upon the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. He defended his rejection of this theory upon the ground that the Darwinians "are presenting views on scientific principles which are not even based on real observation; that they have not shown evolution, or the power of evolution, in the present day, and hence are not entitled to assume it in the past." He further characterized the theory as "a mire of mere assertion." Similar views have also been expressed by Principal Dawson, of Montreal, who has recently avowed his belief that Darwinism is "the prostitution of science to the service of a shallow philosophy."

English science has just sustained a loss by the death of Mr. John Keast Lord, the superintendent of the great aquarium of Brighton, and a charming writer on various branches of Natural History. He was originally a Captain in the Royal Artillery, and in this capacity served in the Crimean war, and took part in the battle of Balaclava. At the close of the Russian campaign, he quitted the army for the more congenial field of science. His best known work is "The Naturalist in British Columbia," in which an excellent account is given of the zoology of Vancouver Island and British Columbia; but he also contributed many short papers to various popular scientific periodicals.

According to "Nature," a most remarkable discovery has just been made in the Arctic regions. Some months ago a small expedition set out from San Francisco to proceed by way of Wrangell Land to the eastern part of Siberia, and thence to penetrate northwards towards the Pole. The expedition was under the command of a rich and adventurous young Frenchman, M. Pavy, and was entirely of an unofficial and private character. The *Courier des Etats Unis* now publishes an account of discoveries alleged to have been made by M. Pavy; and if this account can be relied upon, these discoveries are most important, involving nothing less than the finding of an Arctic Continent. The account professes to be a summary of dispatches, dated Wrangell Land, lat. 74.38, W. long. 176.18, Aug. 23rd, 1872, committed to the care of the captain of a whaler for the French Geographical Society, which, it is said, will publish the scientific results after having examined them. The following are the chief points of this remarkable and somewhat incredible story:—On July 17th, Pavy and his party reached the mouth of the river Petrolitz. From this point they met with immense fields of ice moving towards the north-east. The observations indicated a deviation of eighteen miles, caused by the movments of the ice, a fact tending to confirm the theory of M. Pavy respecting the concentration and the augmentation in rapidity of the branch of the great Japanese current which passes through Behring's Straits, and flows towards the east away from the coast of Siberia. The exploring party reached the mouth of Wrangell Land, at the mouth of a great river coming from the north-west, which is not laid down in any map. This discovery confirms M. Pavy's theory that there exists a vast polar continent which stretches far to the north, the temperature of which is warm enough to melt snow in summer. The current of this unnamed river turns to the east, and follows the coast with a velocity of six knots an hour.

M. Pavy and his companions followed the current of the river towards the north, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles. Its bed is uniformly horizontal, and it is bordered by mountains of great height, with several perpendicular peaks. At eighty miles from the mouth of the river the explorers found on the plain some vestiges of mastodons, and on clearing away the snow from a spot whence emerged the tusks of one of that extinct race, they brought to light its enormous body, in a perfect state of preservation. The skin was covered with black stiff hair, very long and thick upon the back. The tusks measured nearly twelve feet in length, and were bent back about the level of the eyes. From its stomach were taken pieces of bark and grasses, the nature of which could not be analysed on the spot. Over an area of many miles the plain was covered with the remains of mastodons; and the whole region abounded in polar bears, which lived upon the bodies of these extinct animals. At one hundred and twenty miles from the coast, and half a league from the river, rises a vast block of ice, one thousand feet in height, the base of which is surrounded by gravel, and polished rounded stones deeply sunk in the soil. At the date of his despatches, M. Pavy was preparing to winter in the 75th degree of latitude, in the valley of the great river of the supposed polar continent. He considered himself certain to arrive in the beginning of next season at a polar sea of moderate temperature at the northern extremity of the continent. The explorers calculate on afterwards reaching the Atlantic through Melville's Straits.

Prof. Asa Gray, in delivering his valedictory address as retiring president of the American Association of Science, made some interesting remarks about the "big trees" or sequoias of California. That their age must be counted by hundreds of years we cannot doubt; but we also cannot doubt that they did not antedate the glaciers, whose icy expanses have left their indubitable evidences everywhere around. "Have they played," he asks, "in former times and on a larger stage, a more imposing part, of which the present is but the epilogue? We cannot gaze high up the huge and venerable trunks, which one crosses the continent to behold, without wishing that these patriarchs of the grove were able, like the long-lived antediluvians of Scripture, to hand down to us, through a few generations, the traditions of centuries, and so tell us somewhat of the history of their race. Fifteen hundred layers have been counted, or satisfactorily made out, upon one or two fallen trunks. It is probable that close to the heart of some of the living trees may be found the circle that records the year of our Saviour's nativity. A few generations of such trees might carry the history a long way back. But the ground they stand upon, and the marks of very recent geological change and vicissitude in the region around, testify that not very many such generations can have flourished just there, at least in an unbroken series." Upon the whole, Prof. Gray concludes that the "big trees" of California are the last survivors of a once powerful and widely spread race; and that a little further drying up of the climate, which is now in progress, will precipitate their doom.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The death of Lord Lytton removes from the roll of "Men of the Time" the name of one of the most distinguished writers who has graced, by the versatility of his genius and the industry of his pen, the literature of the present century. Born before the novelists who were contemporary with him—Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Ainsworth, and G. P. R. James,—he has outlived them. Yet, enjoying a longer lease of life than they, he has given, in the multifarious occupations of his pen, the amplest evidence of his extraordinary industry and intellectual activity. From "Pelham," published in 1828, to the work "Kenelm Chillingly," he had just finished for the press, Lord Lytton has striven as no author

ever strove, to achieve high distinction in almost every path of literature. And no writer, attempting so much, can be said to have succeeded as he has done, or to have better merited the honour of a "general proficiency" from contemporary critics or from posterity. Novelist and romancist, poet and dramatist, essayist and translator—in all proficient. Never, perhaps, rising to the heights of genius, yet always manifesting talent, research, and culture. A man of the world, polished and versatile; imitative rather than creative; clever rather than profound. An author, in short, typical of the educated English nobility, with cultivated literary tastes, a talent for story telling, proud of his family honours, and covetous of literary fame. His name will be a foremost one among the "men of letters" of his time; and he has well won the honour of the tomb which is now the resting place of his remains.

Since Lord Lytton's death, if current rumour in literary circles be true, we have an illustration at once of the writer's marvellously varied talents, as well of his eccentricity in the matter of authorship. It is stated that his lordship is the author of "The Coming Race," a work of considerable ingenuity on an ideal people supposed to inhabit some neighbouring sphere, and who are represented as being endowed with powers far transcendent to man; and also the author of a story now appearing anonymously in Blackwood's magazine—"The Parisians." That these works, one of which at least, is in so extraordinary a field of study, should have to be credited to Lord Lytton, only shows how diversified and many phased was the mind that produced them, and the many other subjects that engaged his pen. Moreover, when it is considered that while these anonymous works were in course of appearance, a new and acknowledged story, "Kenelm Chillingly, his Adventures and Opinions," was about to be issued by the author, we are as much impressed with the industry as with the versatility of the writer whose death is so universally deplored.

It will, we dare say, interest our readers to learn that the book which Lord Lytton had just completed before his death, "Kenelm Chillingly,"—a work, we believe, of the type of the "Caxtons" and "My Novel"—had been arranged by the author to be republished in Canada by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., of Toronto, and it will now be posthumously published by that house. We understand that his lordship was very proud of being approached by a Canadian house with the design of introducing his works to the readers of the Dominion, and we are told that he expressed great gratification at the reprint which had been made in Canada of his long poem of "King Arthur." Though of unequal merit, yet this work had, manifestly, been a long and interesting labour to him; and looking upon its production as a *chef d'œuvre* of his pen, his lordship naturally felt a pleasure at its production in Canada, and in the estimation of the author this circumstance no doubt atoned in some degree for the cold reception the work met with from English critics and readers.

But we pass from the gossip of these items in Current Literature to glance at the department we specially design to bring succinctly before our readers—the serial literature of the day, and we find

Fraser's Magazine contains a paper by Mr. Cyril Graham on the "Dominion of Canada," tracing the progress and vicissitudes of the country under British rule. From the conquest to confederation the fortunes of the colony are followed with considerable minuteness; and the article, on the whole, may be said to convey to English readers a tolerably accurate idea of the successive events in our political and industrial life. Here and there the paper betrays its having been written abroad, for we find the writer making the mistake of saying in reference to Ontario's single chamber, in contrast to the Two Houses of the other Provinces, that "this anomaly seems to be distasteful, and it is to be desired that it may soon cease." Some allusion is made at the close of the paper to the future, politically, of the Dominion, and the scheme of Imperial Confederation is referred to; but the article throughout is historical and not speculative.

Macmillan this month has no very noticeable paper. The story, "A Slip in the Fens," is continued. Mr. D. A. Spalding's article on "Instinct" will repay perusal, as the writer narrates the result of some original experiments with young animals in the domain of instinct. The phenomena of instinct, it is remarkable, seems still to baffle all attempt at a rational theory on the subject.

Blackwood has a most lugubrious paper entitled "Our State and Prospects", in which it comments severely upon the malady of the nation as the result of the retention in power of the present liberal government. The machinery of government and the whole constitution of society is dolefully said to be debilitated, out of joint, and unable to bear the least strain. Strikes, mutinies and outrages in the industrial, and general demoralization, contempt of authority, and universal disrespect in the social world, are advanced as the out-growth of the incapacity of the administration. The foreign policy, indifference to Russian encroachment, and a long catalogue of grievances are brought forward to condemn the ministry, and a host of subjects to be dealt with in the parliament now opened, are hurled at the Government to perplex, and if possible engulf it in disaster and overthrow.

The Contemporary opens with a continuation of Mr. Herbert Spencer's papers on "The Study of Sociology", No. 8—the Educational Bias. Following this come the papers of Mr. Whitehead on "Mendicity from a Clerical Point of View"; "Creeds in Church and State," by Mr. G. Vance Smith; and an essay on "Oliver Cromwell," by Mr. Peter Bayne. Dr. John Young, in a paper on "Froude and Calvin", expresses surprise at the startling and incongruous conjunction of these names in the theological sphere, and demurs to the recent glorification of Calvin by Mr. Froude, while that writer emasculates from the doctrine of the great reformer all that is peculiar to the Calvinistic system, and which stands at the opposite pole of thought from Mr. Froude. The number closes with a review by the Duke of Argyll of Mr. Knight's paper on "The Function of Prayer", published in the preceding number. His Grace takes exception to the propositions advanced by that writer, and declares his philosophy to be unsound on the subject.

The Fortnightly has an able paper by M. Emile Laveleye on "The Causes of War in the existing European Situation." The turbulent and revolutionary disposition of France is first named as a cause which menaces the peace of Europe. Prussia, though it is admitted that she has much to restrain her from ever going to war, yet having grown by the sword, and proud of her historical traditions of war and glory, there are, hence, many incentives to pursue the course of conquest and subjugation which has of late so gratified her ambitious ruler. Russia, then, is pointed at as the State which will longest remain a danger to European peace, and the despotic system under which she lives, while handing the decision of war over to the will of a single man, is provocative at any moment of arbitrary encroachment and autocratic disregard of treaties. The perilous character of affairs in Asia, and the undecided attitude of England in regard to the aggression of Russian power in the East, is an additional and grave cause of disturbance.

The fears inspired by the clerical league in Italy and the violence done to Denmark by Germany in 1864, are alluded to as possible reasons, in the event of any general commotion among the more important powers, for anticipating an outbreak in these countries; and the paper closes with the discussion of matters concerning England and America. The seriousness of the national character and the profound action of a genuine christianity, added to the influence repressive of war which characterizes the English people, render the British nation, in the estimation of the writer, the most pacific of powers. But, according to M. Laveleye, the cause which most threatens the continuation of pacific intercourse of England with other peoples is the bond subsisting between England and Canada, and which is looked upon with no favour by the United States.

In fact, so far from guaranteeing the independence and safety of Canada, it is urged, that the relation only compromises it; and by provoking danger, does nothing towards conjuring it away. "Besides says M. Laveleye, "should the Dominion become independent, the chances of conflict between England and America would be much lessened. America will be better disposed to respect her sister republic, than the dependency of a monarchy against which she has cherished a long rancour that is barely appeased." The situation, so full of dangers and contradictions in the case of Canada, it is added, is equally so in the event of a purely European quarrel, in the case of Australia.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MANUAL OF PALÆONTOLOGY FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS; with a general introduction on the Principles of Palæontology. By Henry Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., &c., Professor of Natural History and Botany in University College, Toronto. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh and London, 1872.

As a department of Modern Science, Palæontology occupies an eminently important place. It is closely connected, on the one hand, with zoology and botany, as sciences treating on existing animal and vegetable life; and it is no less intimately related to Geology, as that branch of science which deals with the earth's accumulated strata, and all their included records of ancient life. Amid the the novel and far-reaching questions of the origin of life, the genesis of species, the descent and antiquity of man, it grows even more important; and it requires a rare combination of natural gifts and acquired knowledge to furnish such a manual of Palæontology as shall actually supply what is implied in the title. It is with no little satisfaction that we

now find ourselves, called upon as reviewers, to estimate the merits of such a manual from the pen of one of the professors in our own Provincial University.

Professor Nicholson is already well known to the scientific schools on both continents as the author of the best Manual of Zoology, which supplied a want that had long been felt, and which was at once adopted in the Universities of Oxford and Edinburgh as well as in most of the scientific schools of Great Britain. Others of his text-books have been no less thoroughly appreciated ; while his recently published Monograph of the British Graptolites has added largely to his reputation as an original observer. The new Manual will be no less heartily welcomed alike by teachers and students. Geology without Palæontology is a mere *caput mortuum*. It is by their fossil contents that the age of the strata must be determined. In many cases also we are enabled to deduce trustworthy conclusions as to the climate and other conditions of remote geological periods by an examination of the embedded fossils. For example, it has been shown that in the Eocene times, or at the commencement of the Tertiary period, the climate of what is now Western Europe was of a tropical or sub-tropical character. The strata are found to contain shells such as now pertain to the life of tropical seas ; and also the fruits of palms, and the remains of other tropical plants. Again, about the middle of the Tertiary period, Central Europe possessed a luxuriant flora resembling that of the warmer parts of our own North American continent. At the same geological period, Greenland, which now lies entombed in its icy shroud, was warm enough to support numerous trees, shrubs and plants similar to those which now inhabit the temperate regions of the globe. But, also, by means of the like kind of evidence we are no less certainly assured of the fact that the greater part of the North Temperate Zone was, at a comparatively recent geological period, under the influence of a climate analogous to that of Greenland at the present time.

There is something singularly fascinating in the disclosures of Palæontology, once the student has mastered this difficult and comprehensive science. This earth with all its underlying strata, becomes to him like an ancient and grandly illuminated missal, of which he has learned the secret of its strange characters. He turns over leaf after leaf of the ancient record, and reads there, in this testimony of the rocks, one of the most marvellous records, graven there by the finger of God, countless ages before man came into being. It is the story of ancient life : a chronicle of ages of our world's history, reaching backward immeasurably into the abyss of time ; and telling us how, in the beginning, God created the earth ; and through what endless changes of form and conditions of life He has continued to manifest creative power.

In the first part of his new Manual, Professor Nicholson discusses various highly interesting general questions, such as the contemporaneity of strata, the causes leading to, or accounting for, the imperfection of the palæontological record ; and the legitimate conclusions to be arrived at by the proper use of fossils in evidence. Fossils not only guide us as to the age of the deposits in which they occur, but also enable us to arrive at important conclusions as to the mode in which the fossiliferous beds were deposited : and so to determine more or less minutely the condition of the region occupied by the fossiliferous bed at the time when the ancient life which it reveals to us had existence, and it was in process of deposition.

But we can only draw the attention of our readers to this excellent manual. It is an indispensable addition to the library of every student of Geology or of Natural History. It will, moreover, be an additional incentive to its study among Canadian palæontologists that the author has fully availed himself of the valuable results of the geological survey of Canada ; and acknowledges liberal services rendered to him, in the department of illustrations, by Mr. Selwyn, the able director of the Survey ; and by Dr. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal. The illustrations are numerous : amounting in all to upwards of four hundred beautifully executed woodcuts. An ample glossary supplies to the student the derivations and meanings of about seven hundred technical and scientific terms, the clear understanding of which is indispensable even to a rudimentary study of the subject. Lastly, let us add that the book is supplied with a copious index. It is one of the evils resulting from American reprints that the pirate who can appropriate all else in his buccaneering fashion, finds the index unavailable for his surreptitious reprint, and so sends the book forth unindexed. When international law is properly administered, any publisher issuing a book without an index will unquestionably be himself placed in the *index expurgatorius*, and disqualified for ever after from any higher work than sweeping out the printer's office.

The comprehensive character of Dr. Nicholson's manual will be seen from its four divisions. Part I. entitled the "General Introduction," extends over six highly interesting chapters, in which the author gives a general account of the principles of the science, and introduces some novel and original views in reference to the supposed contemporaneous formation of groups of beds in the widely separate areas, containing many identical fossil forms. Part II

deals with "Palæozoology," beginning with the protozoa and proceeding through thirty-six chapters, down to the Bimana, including palæolithic man. Part III., "Palæobotany, treats, as its name implies, of ancient vegetable life, including the extensive and beautiful floras of the carboniferous period; and the Cycads, Ferns and Conifers of the Triassic and Jurassic periods. This is followed by the exceedingly attractive Fourth Part, entitled "Historical Palæontology," embracing in the concluding ten chapters a review of the forms of life which characterize each of the great Geological periods: and a consideration of the principles on which the science is applied to the elucidation of the succession of the stratified deposits of the earth's crust. A synopsis of the deposits of each successive era is followed by a general account of the life which characterized the period when those deposits were in process of formation. The rocks which now lie in solid strata beneath our feet, or are built up into loftiest mountain ranges, were then in a state of solution in long extinct seas; and those oceans of a world "before the flood," were themselves animated with that ancient life which was then being imbedded as the fossiliferous record in the deposits of their ocean beds Had we but knowledge enough to read those wondrous records, written in legible characters for all who care to understand them, what romance of fiction could compare with the revelations they disclose? Here, at least, truth is stranger than fiction.

It is pleasant to read at the close of the preface of this admirably executed work the familiar words, "University College, Toronto, Oct. 16th, 1872," and to know that in the ancient seats of learning of Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin; as well as in University and King's Colleges, London; in Owen's College, Manchester; at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Cork and Belfast the students of this comprehensive science will owe, and willingly acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the laborious and cultivated master of his theme, for work carried on for their behoof in the well appointed Canadian University of the Province of Ontario.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD, BEING A HISTORY OF PLANTS WITH THEIR STRUCTURE AND PECULIAR PROPERTIES. Adapted from the French of Louis Figuier. New and Revised Edition, with 473 Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1872.

M. Figuier is probably the most prolific of living or extinct popular writers on scientific subjects, and no man probably has ever produced works on such abstruse subjects which have had such a large circulation. As a matter which "goes without saying," M. Figuier is not an authority on any subject of science whatever, and consequently his works are always disfigured to a greater or lesser extent by errors and misstatements. His style also, in the original, is florid and theatrical to the last degree, and is, therefore, by no means in accordance with the English views as to the method in which scientific matters should be treated. This defect, however, has been largely corrected in the English translations of M. Figuier's works. Lastly, M. Figuier has an extraordinary liking for wild and sensational theoretical views, even when these are not supported by the most fragmentary basis of fact. Nevertheless, in spite of these most serious defects, M. Figuier's works have to some extent really deserved the wide acceptance which they have received. In the first place, they are profusely and admirably illustrated, the engravings not only being better executed, but being in every way more artistic in their conception, than those of ordinary English scientific works. Secondly, the style of M. Figuier's works is generally characterised by the clearness which distinguishes the writings of most Frenchmen upon scientific subjects; and the interest of the general reader is not destroyed by any undue use of technical language.

The "Vegetable World," is certainly the most satisfactory of all M. Figuier's publications, exhibiting more of his virtues and fewer of his vices than anything which he has yet produced. The illustrations are simply beyond praise, and are in themselves worth the price of the book. Not only are they wonderfully good in execution, but they have the inestimable advantage of being for the most part drawn from nature; so that we are not confronted on every page with some drawing familiar to us in half a dozen older text-books. The style is clear, popular, and entertaining, and many interesting points are touched upon which ordinary hand-books on the subject pass over in silence. The English editor has wisely excised the redundant and high-flown phrases with which M. Figuier delights to adorn his pages; so much so, at any rate, that they do not form an offensive feature. The plan of the work is too comprehensive and ambitious, and by no possibility could a single small volume treat adequately of each and all of the departments of Botany which M. Figuier compresses, or tries to compress, into his book. Nevertheless, the facts for which room is found, are for the most part accurately stated, and they are presented to the student in a fresh and attractive form.

The first part of the work treats of the organography and physiology of plants, giving a systematic, though necessarily brief, account of the nutritive and reproductive organs of vegetables and of the pro-

cesses of respiration, circulation, growth, fertilization and germination. The chapter devoted to fertilization and germination is particularly good, and is remarkably well illustrated.

The second part of the work is a short account of the "Classification of Plants," giving some description of the various systems upon which different authorities have at different times arranged the vegetable kingdom. Each botanical system is accompanied with a portrait of its founder; an addition which may be well enough, in the sense that it is perfectly harmless, but which could probably have been advantageously dispensed with.

The third part of the work is occupied with the "Systematic Arrangement of Plants," commencing with the humbler flowerless forms and terminating with the higher flowering plants. The portion devoted to the flowerless or cryptogamic plants is really excellent, both as regards the text and the illustrations. Indeed, we may say that this is the first popular treatise in which the study of the cryptogams is so placed before the ordinary student as to be anything but a burden too grievous to be borne. We cannot, however, say so much for the portion devoted to the phonengamic or flowering plants. The limits of the work do not afford sufficient space for the satisfactory treatment of the numerous natural orders of flowering plants; and M. Figuier has gone out of his way to adopt the system of classification proposed by Lindley in his "Vegetable Kingdom,"—a system which has the gravest defects, and which has been almost universally rejected by modern botanists.

The concluding portion of the work is concerned with the "Geographical Distribution" of plants, and is very fairly done, though necessarily short. The arrangement of this section is also not thoroughly scientific, and we find no allusion to the many interesting facts which are now known as to the connection between the existing floras and those of the tertiary and post-tertiary period of geology.

Upon the whole, M. Figuier's work may fairly be recommended to students as a good book to read, especially if not read alone. It has many defects, but it contains many facts which are not to be found in ordinary botanical text-books, and its beautiful illustrations give it a really permanent value.

ART IN CANADA.

THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

WE have at last, like other nations, a centre round which whatever bears the name or semblance to fine art can rally, and do its part towards creating a school of design which may at some future time take rank with those of older lands. Last summer a few persons who have devoted themselves to the pursuits of art, met together and laid the foundation of the above named society. Since then, the list of active members has risen to over thirty, including painters, architects, draughtsmen and designers; and having, at the same time, organized an Art Union, they purpose holding their first Exhibition in March, when a distribution of prizes to successful competitors will take place. Everything bids fair, we understand, to make the effort a success, financially. We only hope that while this is the case its more important aim will not be lost sight of, viz.: to create and diffuse a love of art and an appreciation of its value as a means of culture and refinement amongst us. We have not, of course, the means of knowing exactly what will be comprised in the forthcoming Exhibition, but we can give our readers a slight outline of what may be looked for from the artists resident in Toronto.

Mr. R. Baigent has quite a collection of bits of still life, both in oil and watercolour, and some landscapes in oil, the former of which, particularly, are good. Mr. J. W. Bridgman is busy with numerous commissions for life-size portraits. This artist seldom fails in obtaining an excellent likeness, combined with good taste in posing the figure.

Mr. John A. Fraser (Vice-President), amidst the many calls upon his time, still snatches a quiet hour now and again to portray the beauties of out-door nature. It is likely he will send about six pictures in oil and watercolour. One, a dry bed of a mountain torrent is nearly completed, and is in our opinion, a bit of masterly handling of oil colour in the representation of changeable weather, the cloud shadows falling beautifully across the rugged bed of the stream and contributing to the effect of distance. His other pictures are somewhat unfinished as yet, but an artist of Mr. Fraser's versatile powers and ready knowledge, will be certain to shew us good work in all of them.

Mr. J. C. Forbes's *chef-d'œuvre* will, undoubtedly, be "Beware,"—a clever study from the life; the subject being a half-length portrait of a beautiful girl, whose expressive smile is very *telling*. We advise any of our susceptible young friends to read the title with care and attention. This work, like all those of Mr. Forbes, shows great care and an intense appreciation of character, combined with great delicacy in form and colour. We observe other portraits in this artist's studio; also two or three ambitious and well-conceived marine subjects.

Mr. D. Fowler (of Amherst Island) has not yet advised the committee of what he will submit, but as he has promised his brother artists to do his best, we need have no fear of the result. We will most likely find him represented by some of the most effective water colours of the collection, which is likely to be strong in this branch of art.

Mr. R. F. Gagen is a young artist, of whose works we have hitherto seen little. He, however, like the others, seems to have been impelled by the stimulus afforded by the organization of the society, and will show us some very pleasing landscapes, the most important of which is the Falls on Genesee River, Rochester, New York. "The Bush scene," "On the Susquehanna," and a pretty bit near Castle Frank, on the banks of the Don, may also be expected from this artist.

Mr. J. Halford, a student of the works of the old masters, will exhibit a striking picture of "British Captives," represented as clinging to each other in the streets of Rome, where they have evidently been brought to grace the triumph of some Roman Emperor. We cannot praise Mr. Halford too highly for his steady determination in painting from life, instead of adopting, as so many do now, the use of the photograph.

Rev. Mr. Grant has been haunting the glens and creeks of St. James' Cemetery, and other localities near Toronto, to some purpose, and will well be represented.

Mr. H. Hancock will contribute some very careful landscapes of Lower Canadian Scenery. The subjects are well chosen, and the colour generally agreeable, with faithful renderings of the lovely and varying effects to be seen on wood-crowned mountain sides.

Mr. J. Hoch enjoyed the privilege of sketching some charming bits in the neighbourhood of Dundas last summer, and for such as admire exquisite tree painting there will be a rich treat. Mr. Hoch reminds us of that prince of tree painters, Harding.

Mr. Henry Martin, having spent the summer in Europe, has enriched his portfolio with some rather dashing studies of old architectural subjects, a line in which he stands at present unrivalled among Canadian artists.

Mr. T. M. Martin is perhaps the most thoroughly Canadian in his choice of subjects of all our artists. His work this year, both in water-colour and oil, is all out-door study, which, as usual with this earnest lover of nature, will be found of a high character.

Mr. Matthews is likely to contribute a number of water-colour drawings comprising fruit and figure subjects, and landscape from nature, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Toronto; also some ideal landscape compositions in oil.

Mr. C. S. Millard, a name known to South Kensington as an example to pupils there of excellent sketching power. Mr. M. has this year visited the North-West, and his pictures show a striving for true and quiet colour, while they have all the confident and skilful handling that won for him his fame in England. He is a devoted admirer of David Cox, and some of his Welsh sketches certainly bring that now famous artist to mind.

Mr. F. Bell Smith, of Hamilton, may be looked to for something clever in figure subjects in water colours.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien will send some very pleasing water colours, principally figure subjects.

Mr. F. A. Verner will be represented in his accustomed manner by Indian hunting scenes and marine views, both in oil and water-colour. This artist is perhaps the best known to the public of all whom we have named.

The "Hanging Committee" for this year will be Messrs. Hoch, Millard and O'Brien, and the Exhibition will take place in the new Art Gallery now being built for Messrs. Notman & Fraser, Toronto.

We have no doubt that, so far as the efforts of the members of the society are concerned, the Exhibition will be a successful and interesting one. It is an experiment, evidencing the growing art taste and culture of the country, and we may claim for it the hearty sympathy and interest of all lovers of art.

LITERARY NOTES.

It must be gratifying to our native authors and publishers to find that their conjunct literary and publishing efforts in Canada are enlisting attention in England and the neighbouring States, and the signs of literary activity amongst us are hailed with considerable heartiness and satisfaction. The commendations passed by English critics on our own venture, *The Canadian Monthly*, have been very numerous and gratifying. In reference to it the *English Publishers' Circular*, in a recent issue, says, "Canada is the most vigorous of our colonies, and we are inclined to think that this is by far the most vigorous of colonial literary productions, and quite able to stand side by side with our home produce. All Englishmen should be proud of such a shoot."

Encouraging comments have also been made in various literary circles, on the indications of an important native literature springing up in the country, as well as in regard to the intelligent industry displayed by Canadian houses in the reprint ventures in which they have been for the past year engaged.

With an increasing appreciation of enterprise by our own people, we have no doubt that Canadian publishing will rapidly extend, and that each year will see the satisfactory growth of the fabric of national literature so much desired by every lover of his country. Our advertising pages this month give the announcement of one of our native houses who have been active, in an unusual degree, in furthering this desired object. A glance at the list of forthcoming works announced will show that there is a deep mine which may be successfully worked in native publishing; and the list we refer to may be taken as but a promise of what may be realized in succeeding years.

A new native work is shortly to appear with the title of "Ocean to Ocean", being a narrative of an expedition to the Pacific undertaken by Mr. Sandford Fleming, C. E., in connection with the survey ordered by the Canadian Parliament for the Canada Pacific Railway. The work has been prepared with the assistance of the Rev. G. M. Grant, of Halifax, who accompanied Mr. Fleming in the capacity of secretary. It will comprise some 400 pages, and be illustrated by about 40 plates from photographs and sketches taken on the route.

The special edition for the Canadian market, prepared by Messrs, Macmillan, of London, for Adam, Stevenson & Co., of the interesting contribution to the Darwinian discussion by Prof. Daniel Wilson, of University College, is now ready. The work entitled "Caliban: the Missing Link," it will be remembered, was reviewed from advance sheets in our issue for December.

The title of Miss Braddon's new novel is "Milly Darrell."

Mr. Matthew Arnold whose work on "St. Paul and Protestantism," has attracted so much notice, has issued a new work, entitled "Literature and Dogma; an essay towards a better apprehension of the Bible."

A reprint, revised with additions, of the sketches of public men of the day from the *Daily News* is to be shortly issued. Its title will be "Political Portraits: Characters of some of our Public Men" A volume also from the same source will appear in "Men of the Third Republic."

A second series of Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Historical Essays" has just been published.

A translation of M. Jules Favre's work on "The Government of National Defence" is preparing.

A volume entitled "Personal Recollections from Early Life to Old Age," by Mrs. Somerville, the well known writer in Physical Science, is to appear shortly.

A collection of Prof. Tyndall's "American Lectures" is being prepared. A new volume of "Critiques and Addresses," by Professor Huxley, is in press.

A volume entitled "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"—the shibboleth of the Commune, is announced from the pen of Mr. Fitz-james Stephen, Q.C.

Owen Meredith is preparing a work bearing the title of "Fables for the Nineteenth Century."

Lord Ormethwaite is writing the "Lessons of the French Revolution from 1789 to 1873."

A work intended as a text-book on sanitary science is announced under the title of "A Manual of Public Medicine in its Legal, Medical and Chemical Relations."

The English Hans Christian Andersen—Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., and Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, delights the juvenile community with two further story-books, entitled "Tales at Tea-Time," and the "History of Prince Perrypets." His former Fairy-story books, "Crackers for Christmas," and "Puss-Cat Mew Tales," have scarcely ever been excelled, and the "trailing vines" of the household will have ample material for a further revelry in the new books just issued. Flesh and blood, after all, seem to inhabit Government departmental offices.

Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon announces a new work from his pen, viz., "A History of two Queens"—

these are, "Ann Boleyn and Catherine of Aragon." New editions, revised and mainly re-written, of this author's former works—"The Switzers," and "History of Wm. Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania," are also announced.

Messrs. Strahan & Co.'s new bulletin of books is important. They embrace a volume of "Selections from the Writings of the Rev. Canon Kingsley;" "Some Talk about Animals and their Masters," by Sir Arthur Helps, author of "Friends in Council;" a posthumous work of the late Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., on "The Temptation of Our Lord;" and a volume of "Contemporary Essays," by the Rev. John Hunt, author of "The History of Religious Thought in England."

The new volume of the Christian Evidence Society Lectures is now ready. The subject, akin to that of the first series, is, "Faith and Free Thought." Among the contributors are Sir Bartle Frere, Dean of Ely, Canon Mozley, Canon Birks, Dr. Angus, and others.

The new issue, for 1873, of "Whitaker's Almanac," has come to hand, and more prodigal does it seem of information of every kind than ever. The compiler, the editor of the chief organ of the English publishing trade—the "Bookseller," appears to us to rise to the highest conception of what a reference book of this kind should be, in an age such as the present, when he sat him down to the task he has here so successfully accomplished.

The fashion of the day seems to run upon portraiture. In a number of leading English newspapers we have recently had a series of sketches of prominent statesmen and well-known writers. We suppose the curiosity which seeks this gossip about the personality of the men of the day is legitimate and rational. How far it is agreeable to the subjects of these biographies we shall not pretend, however, to say. We enumerate four of these volumes recently issued:—"Cartoon Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Men of the Day," *(Tinsley);* "Cabinet Portrait Sketches of Statesmen," by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, *(King & Co.);* "Modern Leaders," by Mr. Justin McCarthy, *(Sheldon & Co.);* and the 4th series of the "Vanity Fair Album," *(Vanity Fair Office).* All of the works have merit, and are exceedingly readable; the last named volume is a collection of clever caricatures of public men in England.

The department of travel has had the following additions to it during the month, viz., a work on the Greek nation, by the Hon. C. K. Tuckerman, late Minister Resident of the United States at Athens, entitled, "The Greeks of To-day;" an entertaining account of a visit to Algeria in 1871, by Lady Herbert, entitled, "A Search after Sunshine;" "A Scamper to Sebastopol and Jerusalem," by Mr. James Creagh; and a new volume, "Bokhara; its History and Conquest," by Prof. Arminius Vambery, author of "Travels in Central Asia."

Mr. Ruskin's new volume of Oxford Lectures on Art is just ready. The subject is the relation of natural science to art, and its title, according to the author's wont, is a fanciful one, viz., "The Eagle's Nest."

The Life and Correspondence of Field-Marshal, the late Sir John Burgoyne, Bt., comprising extracts from his Journals during the Peninsular and Crimean War, is now ready. Many letters of interest on the political and military situation during the Russian campaign will be found in the work, from such men as Lord Raglan, Omar Pasha, Lord Palmerston and others, while the historic characters of an earlier era figure largely among the private and official correspondence of the subject of the memoir.

The announcement is made of the result of the recent tour of Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, in the shape of two volumes, in the conventional English Library style, entitled, "Australia and New Zealand." In the same form, and from the same publishers, we have a new work by Mrs. Elliott, author of "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy," on the "Old Court Life of France."

A new volume of "Sermons, preached for the most part in Ireland," has just been issued, by the Archbishop of Dublin (Trench). The Archbishop of Canterbury has published his recent charge on "The Present Position of the Church of England."

Mr. John Timbs seems to be following closely in the wake of Mr. Jeffreson, whose "Book about Doctors" is well-known to the profession. Mr. Timbs' new volumes are upon "Doctors and their Patients; or Anecdotes of the Medical World and Curiosities of Medicine." In a more general field we find also from Mr. Timbs, a volume entitled, "A Century of Anecdote;" a fourth instalment of "Things not Generally Known, on Notable Things in our own Time and Things to be remembered in Daily Life;" and a collection of gossip on "Clubs and Club Life in London," with anecdotes of its famous Coffee-Houses, Hostelries, &c., &c.

A new volume of Sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge, by the Master of the Temple, the Rev. Vicar C. J. Vaughan, is in press. The subject of the new work is "The Young Life equipping itself for God's Service."

Of the recent issues of Cassell & Co., may be noted—the second and concluding volume of the "Illustrated History of the War between France and Germany"—an admirable pictorial treasury of the wars and the fourth volume of "Little Folks," an illustrated magazine for the young.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY.

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 3.] APRIL, 1873. [No. 4.

THE GRAND TRUNK AND OTHER RAILWAYS OF CANADA.

OUR railway legislation, at first necessarily experimental, has never been systematized and brought into harmony with subsequent experience. Some of the early Canadian charters evince the jealousy of the Legislature of the prospective profits of the corporators; and provide for the confiscation to the state of a part of the excessive returns which imagination pictured as the fruit of the enterprise. One company was to hand over a moiety of its earnings, after the shareholders had pocketed ten per cent., and others came under a similar obligation When these anticipations, which seem to have been seriously entertained, are contrasted with the reality, the result tells a sad story of disappointment. Taken in the bulk, our railways have not been financially successful. But few of them have yielded a fair return to the stockholders. The Great Western, in spite of the heavy load of capital it has to carry, has generally, though not always, paid a dividend. The Grand Trunk never paid one, except out of capital, during construction; the same may be said of the Northern; and the minor roads are, generally, in a similar condition.

The reasons for the failure are various. The roads were built on too expensive a scale; some of them were probably built before there was traffic enough to have made even a cheaply constructed road profitable. There is, in most cases, a fatal divorce between the proprietary and the practical management. The property is mainly owned in England, and the roads must be worked in Canada. The working expenses, often enhanced by improvident outlays, negligence and misconduct of servants, are excessively large. Whatever gauge railway engineers may finally select as the best and most economical, if it be possible for any gauge to be so under all circumstances, it is now universally agreed that the selection of the provincial gauge of five feet six inches, to which all companies were long obliged to conform, was a blunder which led to an enormous waste of capital. Before the Grand Trunk Company was chartered, there was a law in existence under which any Company who would undertake to construct a railroad anywhere, in Canada, of not less than sixty miles in length, was entitled to receive from the Government in

aid of the work £3,500, or $14,000 a mile. This aid was to be given by way of loan, and was to form a first charge on the work. The general law was repealed in 1851, in favour of the Grand Trunk; but that Company was dealt with on these terms. The first lien was in most cases soon forced back in favour of new creditors, without whose aid the companies could not continue to carry on their business; and the government advance, which in the case of the Grand Trunk the Finance Minister of the day regarded as merely nominal, came in time to represent a complete loss; but for this direct loss to the exchequer the indirect gain to the Province, from the existence of the road, made ample amends. Still there was a very great and unnecessary loss of capital; loss to the shareholders; loss, or hopelessly suspended payment, to bondholders; besides loss to the public treasury. The Great Western probably affords the only instance in which the Provincial guarantee, as it was called, did not prove a total loss; and even against that Company an amount estimated to be equal to £180,000 stg., was written off.

We have learnt, after a very costly experience, that railroads, which would have answered every purpose required of them, could have been built for a trifle more per mile than the amount advanced by government in aid of those that were built. The recent experience of the narrow gauge roads—three feet six inches—clearly proves this. A fortuitous, almost trivial circumstance, led to the adoption of the five feet six gauge as the one to which all Companies must conform: a small section of the road which would form part of a main trunk line, from the sea-board to the west of Upper Canada, had been built on that gauge. The weight of the evidence before the Railway Committee of 1851, though not greatly preponderating, was against it. The Great Western Company had arranged to construct its road on the four feet eight and a half gauge; and it was only at the solicitation of the Government that its plans were set aside in favour of the five feet six inch gauge. After a great increase of cost, and the lapse of eighteen years, that Company fell back on its original design, and changed the gauge to four feet eight inches and a half. With a servile spirit of imitation, which scorns to look at the adaptability of a thing, the demand at that time was that we should reproduce in Canada, as nearly as possible, exact copies of first-class English railways. But it can hardly be said that the aim was realized. Within six and a half years of its construction, a large part of the Great Western road had to be relaid with new rails, owing to the bad quality of those originally used. And other roads suffered in a similar way. Making every allowance for the difference of climate — the greater liability of rails to break in winter—the life of these rails was too short to justify the comparison with those used on first-class English railways.

If our railways had been built on the gauge to which the Great Western has found it necessary to change, to which the Northern is about to change, and to which the Grand Trunk would change, if it were not for the expense of the operation, there need have been little or no loss to any class of investors in them. A sacrifice of part of the government guarantee would have been all that was requisite. If ever experience was dearly paid for, it has been in this case. It is even doubtful whether the Canadian public has been so well served as it would have been, if roads of so much less cost, and less capacity, had been built. A consequence of the construction of expensively built roads has been a supposed necessity of bidding low for foreign traffic, to give full employment to the apparatus on the cost of which so much capital has been employed. To compete for this traffic has answered the purpose of the Great Western; for that line is but a short section of an iron band that con-

nects the American sea-board with the Western States. More than half its income is derived from foreign traffic, freight and passenger. But with the Grand Trunk the case is different. There has always been a doubt about the profitable nature of the freight traffic it receives from the Western States. Any estimate of profit that did not make full allowance for the wear and tear of the road; the crushing, rather than the fair wear of the rails, by the heavy trains laden with freight carried at the lowest competition rates, would be delusive. A cheap road, intended only for Canadian traffic, would have been fully employed, independent of this foreign freight, and it would almost certainly have been in a position to serve the home trade better. But it would be unprofitable to dwell upon errors which only experience has developed, which the wisest did not foresee, and which cannot now be remedied. If we profit by the lessons they teach, the experience will not have been in vain.

It is surely persisting in error longer than is excusable, to go on constructing the Intercolonial on the old condemned gauge of five feet six, discarded now in the Canada Pacific. But there is this to be said: the reasons for preferring the four feet eight and a half guage were not so obvious when the Intercolonial was commenced, and the reluctance to change the gauge of a road under construction would naturally be great.

In our whole railway system there is no line so stamped with the fatal marks of continuous failure, in a financial point of view, as the Grand Trunk. It is an object of perrennial promise and of perpetual disappointment. Not only do the proprietors get no returns on their capital: the creditors of every class are left without interest on their bonds. This road has to compete against the water communication of the St. Lawrence, during the season of navigation, for local traffic, and with the American railways, for western traffic, at all seasons. When the line was about to be located, it was a question whether it should run along the banks of the river and the shore of Lake Ontario, or strike some thirty miles into the interior. There might have been an advantage in locating the line half that distance from the water. Such a line would have lost very little business on the front, while it would have facilitated settlement in the rear, and thereby added to the traffic on that side. The proposal to run a parallel interior line, which is now made, would not have been heard of, or if started at all, the impossibility of its being realized would soon have become apparent. In any case, the competition of the water communication could not have been wholly avoided; and the possibility of a rival railroad was a contingency too remote to be taken into account. Whatever may be the merits of the project now started, it appears under conditions which did not exist twenty-two years ago. The failure of the Grand Trunk, if it had been placed thirty miles in the interior, would probably have been more conspicuous than it has proved; but at half that distance it would have had a better chance of success, and future rivalry need not have been dreaded. Besides, it would have got much of the business now done by roads which run in a transverse direction into the interior.

Canadian railways have been almost entirely free from some large items in the cost of English railways. Preliminary expenses, connected with legislation and the securing of the right of way, have scarcely made any figure at all. No second Chamber, in which there was a dominant land-holding interest to be bribed into acquiescence by the offer of high prices for the right of way, formed an obstruction. Millions of dollars had not to be expended in obtaining a charter, or in maintaining against opposition a position once secured. The Grand Trunk charter was carried through by the Government, without a dollar of cost to the company. The land over which the road ran, always cheaply secured, was sometimes obtained as a free

gift, in consideration of the benefit the road would confer on land-holders along the line.

Considering its great length, the construction of the Grand Trunk may have been premature. But the English public, when asked to subscribe the stock, could not have extracted such a doubt from the very alluring prospectus which the directors, including four members of the Canadian Government, issued. An estimated profit of nearly 11½ per cent. caused a demand for more stock than it was at first thought prudent to offer to the public; for on the stock subscribed there is no other source out of which dividends can be paid, till the road is in a condition to earn dividends, than capital: a fatal necessity, where the work of construction extends over a period of several years. The Russian war having broken out in the interval, the balance of the stock could never afterwards be floated. It is possible that the circumstance of several members of the Canadian Government appending their names to the prospectus, when taken in connection with the fact that the Province was a contributor to the capital, may have misled some persons. Still there was no excuse for misapprehending the nature of the connection between the government and the company. If it had been a Government work, loans might have been invited, but stock could not have been put on the market. No one who subscribed stock could have supposed that he was placing his capital under a directorate not amenable to the shareholders. The presence of Government directors at the board was an anomaly, because the Government was not a proprietor but a creditor, with the security of a first mortgage. Objections were soon made to the existence of Government directors, but never on this, the true ground. The theory on which a representation was given to the Government in the direction was, that the public interest would thereby be protected. But it soon came to be objected that the Government directors were liable to fall under the influence of the company; and that whenever the latter was a suitor before the Government for additional aid or assistance, in some form or other, the anomaly of men acting in a double capacity precluded the possibility of justice being done to both sides.

The Government directors were withdrawn, and an additional aid of £900,000 over the amount first promised was granted; but then it was said the Province had made a good bargain, since it had got the additional security of the Victoria Bridge, over what was included in the first mortgage, for its advance. The time came when the whole lien was practically given up, by being placed hopelessly behind other claims. The Government of Canada, it cannot be denied, more than fulfilled the obligations it assumed on the inception of the road; more than fulfilled the conditions on which the stock was subscribed. But the stockholders did not get 11½ per cent. dividends, nor any dividends, except what were paid out of their own or other capital during construction. Here a grievous disappointment fell upon thousands—a disappointment which must represent an aggregate of hardship and misery which it is appalling to contemplate. Each successive class of bondholders, under half a dozen different names, fell into the same plight: no dividends for stockholders, no interest for bondholders. Nearly a hundred millions of dollars became unproductive to the owners. For years, proprietors and creditors have been hoping against hope; and now it is admitted that a considerable additional expenditure is necessary to keep the colossal machine in motion.

At one time the English directors threw out a hint that they might have preferred a demand for a guarantee of the share capital by the Canadian Government, on the ground that the promise of the prospectus, signed by four members of the Government, had induced stockholders to risk their means. The claim was not pressed, and indeed was not made in a formal way. It must have been

felt that the capacity in which the Government directors signed the prospectus was not liable to produce any such popular misconception as would have justified the insisting on such a claim. There never was any hope of its being admitted; and years ago all chance of further Government aid, in any shape, had vanished.

The company, it is true, was obliged to make a loan to other railways, when it was itself under pressure of necessity. The security it obtained was worthless; but the loan was in fact one of the conditions on which the Grand Trunk obtained the additional advance of £900,000. The transaction, at the time when it occurred, did not admit of justification; but the virtual wiping out of the Government mortgage afterwards made ample amends; the company having received in the additional advance about eight times the amount it was required to loan. There are, in fact, no claims against the Government which the Grand Trunk can hope to make good or to enforce.

The purchase by the Government of the section of road east of Quebec, may at times have been hoped for by persons interested in the Grand Trunk; and they may have fancied that the completion of the Intercolonial would afford the desired opportunity for pushing the sale. Any hope of this kind had better be dismissed at once, for nothing can be more certain than that it is destined to disappointment. Parliament would not listen to any such proposal; and no Ministry would venture to ask Parliament to assent to it.

The enterprise must rest on its own merits; and it is for proprietors and creditors to consider whether it can ever revive while burthened with the weight of capital under which it is crushed; capital which is and for the most part must ever remain unproductive.

In one respect the estimate of the prospectus was realized; the earnings long since reached the promised mileage. The great error lay in the estimate of working expenses, put down at forty per cent. of the gross income: they have proved to be from seventy to eighty. The looseness of an estimate so far out as this seems unpardonable. Did railway authorities in England find nothing in the experience of the United States by which they could check the estimate and correct this error? Or do men subscribe their millions without looking into the facts on which their profits must depend? The names of the original directors form a guarantee that there could have been no intention to deceive. The estimate was purely erroneous, arising, probably, among other causes, from not sufficiently taking into the account the nature of the climate of Lower Canada, and the difficulty and expense of keeping the line open amid the snows of winter. The average working expenses of Unites States railroads, is between 50 and 60 per cent. of the gross receipts; and they could hardly have been less in 1851.

But if the original calculation of working expenses placed the figure too low, may not the actual amount be higher than it ought to be? The working expenses of the Great Western have never reached 63½, and have sometimes been only a fraction over 43; the Brockville and Ottawa varied from 1865 to 1870, according to these figures: 65.44, 54.18, 50.39, 45.22, 51.46; in New Brunswick, the working expenses of the North American European road, in the hands of the Government, have fluctuated between 65 and 79 per cent.* The Northern Railway keep under 60 per cent. It is difficult to obtain just grounds of comparison between the Grand Trunk and other railways: in some respects their contrasts should rather be pointed out. The Grand Trunk has two unproductive sections; that from Quebec to Rivière du Loup, and the Arthabaska branch. The necessity of building these sections was forced on the company as a consequence, or a condition, of the government aid it received. The necessity was political; and

* Trout's Railways of Canada.

the company lost much of the advantage of the government aid in being obliged to submit to it. Besides there are, in the great length of the road, and adverse climatic influences, elements which would, probably, make a complete comparison with any other road impossible. In point of climate, the comparison with the North American and European Railroad, which connects St. John, New Brunswick, with Shediac on the strait of Cumberland, would be a fair one; if any thing to the disadvantage of the latter. But even it is run at a less per centage of the gross receipts than the Grand Trunk. The difference of climate is too great to justify any attempt to insist on an exact comparison with the Great Western; but even here the difference in the per centage of running expenses cannot surely be wholly accounted for by climatic differences.

There are reasons for believing that the cost of working the Grand Trunk is greater than it ought to be. The air is full of rumours, of which an enumeration would read like an indictment. An enquiry would probably establish that several railroads purchase stores improvidently; that employés are sometimes corrupt and negligent; and that the sum of working expenses is by such means swelled beyond the necessary or legitimate figure. This, there can hardly be room for doubt, could be established by an impartial investigation. But an impartial investigation is next to impossible. Any one sent from England to investigate the affairs of Grand Trunk would be loaded with civilities and oppressed with hospitalities by those into whose conduct it would be his business to look. He would be taken along the line in the most agreeable way; feted and lionized at every centre of Grand Trunk influence; every man who has grown rich on the spoils of the impoverished company would make it his duty to throw dust in his eyes; and he would be lucky, indeed, if he did not return to report that every thing was, if not exactly what it should be, as well as it could be. If Mr. Potter had not visited Canada this picture would have been historically true; and if he had not, at the last half-yearly meeting, thrown a glimmering of light on a subject which he asked others to forbear, for the time, to discuss, the observations just made might have looked like an impertinence. The circumstance of Mr. Potter, insisting on the reduction of the amount of a contract for the supply of rolling stock to the company, at a rent charge, suggests the inquiry whether any motive of interest, friendship or connection could have induced any one having a fiduciary relation to the company, to forget his duty to his employers in entering into an improvident contract, whereby the interests of the railway were subordinated to those of the Rolling Stock Company. This is no doubt one of the questions that must come under enquiry and discussion.

In England large sums are squandered on promotion and other expenses liable to occur but once; but continued leakages in the everyday working expenses, if proved to exist, would present a greater evil by far. On a single item as much is sometimes lost as would pay a dividend on the whole capital of a company. The State inspector of the railroads of Ohio, Mr. George B. Wright, states in his report for 1868, that the amount lost by the companies in that State, through the prevailing habit of giving free passes—which railroad authorities tell him is incurable—would pay an annual dividend on the stock of all railroads in the State; the total capital invested in which is over $316,000,000, bonds included. There is no reason to believe that the abuse was ever carried to that extent in Canada; and it has lately been announced that free passes have been abolished. In the State of New York, free passes were abolished by law five or six years ago. But this prohibition is violated in the person of the legislators themselves; some of whom, not content with sessional, insist on annual passes. Free passes are,

however, very different from the various forms of fraud by which a railway company may be impoverished through the several classes of its employés: they belong to the polity of the company—being generally issued on the give-and-take principle—and when given by competent authority, are, at least, open and avowed. But the habit is mainly evil, and is almost sure to be abused.

If supplies are almost systematically purchased at higher prices than it is necessary to pay; if ties, after being rejected by an inspector, are purchased by a relative of that scrupulous functionary, and then found to pass muster; if cull wood and green wood are accepted for fuel at the highest prices, and trains made sometimes to stand still till the green stuff can be coaxed into a steam-producing temper; if tickets once used and not punched find their way into service a second time; if conductors, in spite of ticket pickers, engage in this traffic; if a passenger, about to take the boat at Montreal for Toronto, has been met by a runner and told that he could go by rail for four dollars, and he accepted the offer and was never asked by the conductor for a ticket; if conductors "dead-head" acquaintances and sometimes get paid an under rate, of course in the form of presents; if a conductor who comes from England without private resources, and has a large family to maintain on a slender income, is able to set up in business in a few years, on a capital of four or five thousand dollars; if employés are able to give frequent dinner parties on salaries that would exact from ordinary mortals a rigid economy; if individuals throughout the country have become rich by dealing with the company, and there is a suspicion that their wealth is the result of favouritism; if there be truth in these and other sinister rumours with which the air resounds, it would be a wonder if the company were not poor, if dividends were paid, or bondholders got their due. Many of the stories told to the disadvantage of the company's servants, of various degrees, might break down under investigation, and others might be modified if light were thrown upon them; but when there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Many of these stories, if true, would show a number of acts of a fraudulent character, committed by individuals over an extended line, whom nothing but the most rigid surveillance could restrain. They might be committed without involving the central administration in any thing but the negligence evinced by a want of adequate checks and effective responsibility. The above statements, which have been purposely put in an impersonal shape, without being connected with any one's name, are such as it is impossible not to hear if a certain topic be introduced. There may be great exaggerations among them; but they can hardly be all inventions.

On the back of Mr. Potter's speech came stories of dismissals, showing more than a suspicion of something wrong. Cause for the exercise of vigilant oversight has been shown: would it not be well to go to the bottom of the matter, by means of a systematic investigation? If that were determined on, one person sent from England should be united to a trustworthy person in Canada, having such local knowledge as would enable him to direct the enquiry into proper channels. These two, with the assistance of a first-rate accountant, ought to be able to discover whether the company loses by the irregular and improper conduct of its servants what might pay the interest on some of its bonds and place its affairs in a more hopeful condition. If it should be proved that the alleged wrong-doing is greatly exaggerated, it would still be well to have the fact clearly established. It is quite certain there has been much exaggeration in many of the attacks made, in Canada, on the company's officers. The tone and frequency of these attacks cause them to be set down to some other motive than a

desire to reform any abuses that may exist in the administration, and they come to be in a great measure disregarded by the public. The defence is seldom more trustworthy; it is too frequently the defence of the advocate, not an impartial discussion of a matter of public interest. There is a general belief, founded altogether on evidence outside of adverse newspaper criticism, that there is something wrong in the administration of the company, which extends to almost all its details; and that the result is a great increase of the working expenses over and above what is necessary to thorough efficiency.

It is extremely doubtful, however, whether any reform in the administration of the company, or any economy it would be possible to introduce would enable the company to succeed under the weight of capital with which it is burthened. Much of that capital is irretrievably lost, and it is sheer folly to refuse to look that disagreeable fact in the face. It is mere self-delusion to hope that the stock and a large part of the bonds will ever return a farthing to the owners. A road which, after sixteen years of trial, yields nothing to any one interested in its capital, and now requires a considerable expenditure upon it; which precludes the hope of anything being obtained by proprietors or creditors for years to come, is, in fact, if we must call things by their right name, bankrupt, and the sooner it goes into liquidation the better. To this complexion it must come at last. Every delay only prolongs the torture; every new hope leads inevitably to a further disappointment. There is only one condition under which new capital could be put into the road without being imperilled or sacrificed; and that is, in the shape of purchase money, the road being sold for what it will bring. But is a road which yields nothing worth anything? Yes, doubtless, under new conditions, including a change of gauge to four feet eight and a half inches. When interest had to be earned only on capital representing the present value of the road, and the cost of working expenses had been greatly increased by the change of gauge, the supposed necessity for competing for Western States' traffic would be got rid of, and the whole remaining business would be certainly and permanently profitable. Everything short of a sale of the road would be a mere palliative, which must fail of its object.

The Northern Railroad has virtually, though not in form, gone through an experience such as is here suggested. It fell into the control of the holders of bonds issued for its renewal. The Government claim was placed out of sight and fell under half-pardonable, half-censurable, neglect, while the stock, unextinguished, no longer carried any authority of control. This form of compromise is highly objectionable; and ought not to be repeated. The bondholders, no matter what the road earns, can never get more than their stipulated interest. It does not concern them that the stockholders get nothing, and that the Government is in the same condition. If creditors had to be dealt with instead of nominal proprietors, whose powers of control are taken away, common honesty would induce a desire to pay them their due; and if the only creditor who is unpaid were not the Government, he might hope to get something; for that the road cannot earn enough to pay more than the bondholders the public is slow to believe. A railroad managed under such conditions is sure to be wastefully managed. If the road had been sold out-and-out what is now under a dangerous liability of being wasted would have been saved. The stockholders and the Government would have been as well off; for neither gets anything or hopes to get anything. If the Government has not absolutely parted with its power to interfere, it might do worse than to look after its interest. The stockholders are helpless; and it would have prevented any false hopes being entertained if their right

had been absolutely as well as practically relinquished.

The Ottawa and Prescott road came to the hammer, and is now profitable. The Cobourg and Peterboro' road went through a similar experience; though the results expected from the change have yet to be worked out.

Within the last few years Canada has seen the growth of a new spirit of self-reliance, in the construction of railroads. While the Grand Trunk remained unproductive, it was felt that no capital for additional Canadian railways could be obtained from England. If we were to construct railroads with Canadian capital, it was felt they must be cheap railways. For that reason the narrow gauge began to find favour. Two railways, the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, and the Toronto and Nipissing, having a gauge of three feet six inches, were built with capital of which about nine-tenths are owned in Canada. They were aided largely by municipal bonuses, which were the more readily obtained from the consideration that whenever municipalities had put such aid in the shape of stock, they had been merely deluded with the hopes of direct returns which they never got. This was almost the universal experience, in the United States as well as Canada. Government loans to railway companies had almost invariably shared the same fate. The bonus system is not free from grave objections. When every person may hope that a railroad will come past his door if he vote for the bonus, there is no difficulty in predicting how he will vote; and he will be all the more zealous in the cause if the effect will be partial confiscation of the property of others, which, though liable to the tax, is so situated that it can derive no advantage from the road. When two rival companies send paid advocates through the municipalities, surrounded with corrupting influences, the effects are deplorable. When a hundred thousand dollars bonus might depend on the vote of a single reeve, it is not surprising that accusations of bribery were hurled about. And now when the Council is obliged to submit a by-law for a bonus, the operators have to change their scale of procedure. This mode of raising money is becoming discredited; but it is not yet exhausted, and it is impossible to tell the extent to which it may be carried. The share of profit which common rumour has assigned to one railway promoter is all the bonuses he could obtain. It must, however, be a very peculiar case where this would be possible; it would be utterly impracticable in any purely local road. Where a large railway company is interested in getting bonuses to assist in the building of branches, the worst evils are likely to occur.

There are many guarantees for the faithful management of railways having a local proprietory. They will naturally be managed by persons having a direct interest in their success. Authority exercised at a great distance from the centre is always feebly felt. However strong the sense of justice in the Council of the Indies, it could not prevent the worst atrocities resulting from the *repartiamientos* in the Spanish colonies. Railways owned in England and worked in Canada must experience, in some degree, the same evil. And in the case of a line of such great extent as the Grand Trunk, the hand of delegated authority moved from Montreal is feebly felt at the extremities. If the company were reorganized, or a sale of the property effected, these evils would be reduced to a minimum, if not entirely overcome.

THRENODIA.

(*From Miscellaneous Poems of* JAMES R. LOWELL.)

Gone, gone from us! And shall we see
Those sibyl-leaves of destiny,
Those calm eyes, nevermore?
Those deep, dark eyes, so warm and light,
Wherein the fortunes of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
In characters a child might scan?
So bright, and gone forth utterly!
O stern word—Nevermore.

The stars of those two gentle eyes
Will shine no more on earth;
Quenched are the hopes that had their birth,
As we catched them slowly rise,
Stars of a mother's fate;
And she would read them o'er and o'er,
Pondering as she sate,
Over their dear astrology,
Which she had conned and conned before,
Deeming she needs must read aright
What was writ so passing bright.
And yet, alas! she knew not why,
Her voice would falter in its song,
And tears would slide from out her eye,
Silent, as they were doing wrong.
O stern word—Nevermore.

The tongue that scarce had learned to claim
An entrance to a mother's heart
By that dear talisman, a mother's name,
Sleeps all forgetful of its art!
I love to see the infant soul
(How mighty in the weakness
Of its untutored meekness!)
Peep timidly from out its nest,
His lips, the while,
Fluttering with half-fledged words,
Or hushing to a smile
That more than words expressed,
When his glad mother on him stole
And snatched him to her breast!
O, thoughts were brooding in those eyes
That would have soared like strong-winged birds
Far, far into the skies,
Gladding the earth with song,
And gushing harmonies,
Had he but tarried with us long!
O stern word—Nevermore.

How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there upon his little breast,
These small, white hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm,—
Sweet thoughts! they made her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropped asleep.
Alas! too deep, too deep
Is this his slumber!
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.
O, may we see his eyelids open then!
O stern word—Nevermore.

As the airy gossamere,
Floating in the sunlight clear,
Where'er it toucheth clingeth tightly,
Round glossy leaf or stump unsightly,
So from his spirit wandered out
Tendrils spreading all about,
Knitting all things to its thrall
With a perfect love of all.
O stern word—Nevermore.

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening to their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;

He did but float a little way,
And, pulling to the shore
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more!
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more:
O stern word—Nevermore.

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—Evermore.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By Louisa Murray, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIR HILLS OF ERIN OGH.

A HISTORIAN, in an eloquent passage, has described the subtle spell of the Irish character with which the conquered Irish revenged their defeat, and in yielding triumphed, by throwing over the minds and hearts of their new masters its fatal fascination. The spell, he tells us, was first chanted over the infant's cradle by the foster-nurse in wild, passionate melodies; it was breathed in the ear of the growing boy by the minstrels who haunted the castle-halls; its lawless attractions proved too strong for the manhood trained amidst such perilous enchantments, and the sons of the invaders became "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

In perfect harmony with this subtle fascination of the Irish character, is the charm of the Irish land. It is truly a land "half sunshine, half-tears," of varying aspects and changing skies. One moment gloomily shrouded in clouds and vapours, the next robed in golden hued sun-shower, or purple mist, or sparkling and glowing under the radiant sun-burst which her poets and patriots hail as an emblem of the bright future yet in store for fair Erin Ogh. A land in some places dark and frowning, wild and barren; in others soft, genial, fertile and bright; raised into grandeur by its magnificent sea-cliffs, its pillars of basalt, and granite mountains; softened into beauty by its glittering rivers, lakes and waterfalls, and its fairy-haunted glens forever green; its ivied ruins of castle, church, and abbey, throwing over it the weird glamour of the past, its legendary and faërie lore filling it with the magic of poetry and romance. It is a land, like its children, full of strange anomalies, mysteries and contrasts; a land whose wild beauty and pathetic story irresistibly appeal to the imagination and touch the heart.

In all this beautiful land there is no spot more lovely than that which lies between the Dargle, the Vartrey, and the Avoca Rivers, guarded and encircled by its groups of crystalline mountains. The eastern flanks of these mountains, fronting the Irish sea, are broken into deep glens and gorges, their steep rocky sides lined with purple heather,

where the shy wild grouse lay their eggs and nurse their broods, and over whose lofty summits the golden eagle, soaring in the blue, poises for a moment on his strong wing, while his bold eye glances down at the dark, steel-blue waters of the little lough lying far below, looking at that distance like the shield of Ossian or Finn, or the mirror of Selma, but hiding, as the royal bird well knows, many a speckled trout in its crystal depths. A succession of narrow, transverse valleys, unsurpassed for romantic and picturesque beauty, open out from these heights, growing richer and more fertile as they approach the sea. Sheltered by mountains, watered by numberless springs and rivers, fanned and freshened by gentle winds and soft showers, these valleys are magnificently wooded, and filled with the most luxuriant vegetation. There myrtles and fuchsias grow to the height of the houses, and fear no blighting frost; the rarest and loveliest shrubs and flowers live and bloom there in perfection, and in old-fashioned gardens, on sunny south walls, figs grow ripe and mellow, and mulberry trees are loaded with purple fruit as in their native clime.

And flowers are not the only gems of nature to be found in this favoured region. Among its mountains of granite and quartz, of greenstone and porphyry,—fit haunts for faërie gnomes—garnets and beryls may be found, and Irish diamonds are abundant. Its sea-beach is strewn with pebbles of exquisite beauty, some with delicate opal tints, some bright cornelian red or emerald green —with blood-stones and agates, and many others whose lovely streaks and veinings might have been wrought by the mermen and mermaids

In the purple twilights under the sea.

Gold is still found in Crooghan Kinshela mountain, the "Lagenian Mine," with whose glittering splendour Moore adorned his song, and in the streams which have their rise there; and traces and indications of almost every metal are to be met with. No wonder that these rich and beautiful hills and valleys should be famous in Irish story and song? No wonder that those whose senses first opened on these fair scenes, and drank in their enchantments with every breath they drew, should pine for them with passionate love and longing when far away, and echo the lament of the student of St. Omer, in his plaintive song, the Ban-Chnoic, Erin Ogh.*

Beautiful and broad are the green fields of Erin,
Uliacān dev O!
With life-giving grain and golden corn,
Uliacān dev O!
And honey in the woods with the mists wreath deep,
In the summer by the paths the high streams leap,
At burning noon rich sparkling dew the fair flowers steep.
On the fair hills of Erin Ogh!

CHAPTER II.

ROEBAWN AND ITS MASTER.

IN that lovely valley through which the winding Vartrey flows, there is, or was a few years ago, a farm of about fifty acres, known by the name of Roebawn, so called from an ancient fort, or keep, of the great clan O'Byrne, of which part of the foundation still remained. It lay on the side of a gently sloping hill, safely sheltered from stormy winds, yet freely shone on by the sun, and open to the sweet western breeze; a picturesque, yet homely, old-world spot, such as, in these days of improved and scientific farming, is scarcely any where to be found. It was divided into small fields, enclosed by thick thorn hedges, with here and there clumps of oak, ash and elm interspersed; and lanes sunk between high banks, where all sorts of weeds and wild flowers grew, and where, in their season, hips and haws, sloes, blackberries, and hazel nuts, might be gathered in abundance, ran from one end of the farm to the other.

* "The Fair Hills of Virgin Ireland."

The dwelling-house, though old, built of mud, and thatched with straw, looked neat and comfortable, for the thatch was kept fresh and trim, the walls were whitewashed and covered with creepers, and the panes of glass in the windows were always clean and bright. It was divided from the road—a by-road, overhung with trees, and so narrow that it was with difficulty two vehicles could pass each other—by a strip of green field, and a white-thorn hedge and double ditch. At one end of the hedge a gate gave entrance to a lane, shaded with old ash trees, which led to the farm-yard, and near it was a stile from which a footpath wound through "the bawn," as it was called, to the house. Divided from the dwelling by the garden gate, was the dairy; a place of no small importance, for Roebawn was famous for its delicious butter. Close by ran a clear, sparkling stream, which never became dry in the hottest summer, and there every morning and evening, a bare-headed, bare-footed maiden scoured her wooden "milk-vessels,"—churns, cools, piggins and noggins—with bright sand from the stream's pebbly bed, till the wood was white as snow, and the iron hoops shone like silver, piling them on the bank as they were finished, to sweeten in the pure air among the butter-cups and daisies.

At the other end of the house, a green door in a low stone wall, covered with clematis, and a monthly rose which bore blossoms nearly every month in the year, opened on the farm-yard round which the farm buildings were grouped, and where there was life and bustle all day long. There cocks, hens, and chickens, crowed and cackled from morning till night; there ducks and geese waded or swam in the little pond beside the big well, there pigeons cooed and swallows twittered, and the great black turkey-cock strutted and gobbled among his wives and children, and spread his monstrous tail in the sun. There pigs grunted and fought over their feeding troughs; and there the ploughman brought his tired horses after the day's work was done, to be rubbed down, watered and fed. To this yard the cows came to be milked, and a pretty sight it was to see the stout, red-armed milkers, each carrying her three-legged stool, patting and stroking the gentle creatures, calling them all sorts of pet names, and having pushed and shoved them into their proper places, tied up their long tails, and spancelled their hind legs, sit down on their queer little tripods, and while the cows placidly chewed the cud of the grass or clover on which they had been feeding all day, deftly drew down into the white pails the rich fragrant milk, in rapid frothing streams, keeping time with some crooning old ditty to the rhythmic flow. For it is believed there that cows are soothed by the soft sweet sounds of a musical voice, and when once accustomed to be sung to at milking-time, will not give their milk freely without the wonted strain. Here, through all the autumn, and far on into the winter, the thresher's flail resounded—threshing machines being then scarcely know in the district—and saucy sparrows and chaffinches, with pigeons from the pigeon-houses, fluttered among the fowls, as, in search of stray grains of wheat and oats, they scratched up the chaff at the barn door. Here there was constant variety and movement, and an ever-changing succession of pictures of animal life and rustic labour. Little order or neatness was to be found, but every thing showed careless plenty and rough prosperity, and men and animals alike seemed cheerful, thriving and contented.

Next to the yard was the haggard, where mighty ricks of hay and stacks of sheaves, carefully thatched to defend them from the weather, and shaped and trimmed with the nicest accuracy, were raised above the ground on rough frames, to preserve them from the ravages of rats and mice.

At the back of the dwelling-house was the garden, well stocked with cabbages, and gooseberry and currant bushes; and beyond the garden was the apple orchard, with apple-trees, old, crooked, gnarled, and moss-

grown, which, in spite of all horticultural rules, summer after summer, showed branches bending to the ground with their red and golden fruit. In a corner of the orchard two fine old filbert-trees grew beside a well, renowned for the purity and clearness of its water, bubbling out of a stony bank overrun with robin-run-the-hedge, ground ivy, and wild strawberry plants. In the shady lane at the other side of the hedge, what wealth of primroses bloomed in early spring; what cowslips clustered on the meadow banks; what wild roses and honeysuckles made the hedges fragrant in the later summer! Every field had a name, such as the oak park, the hanging field, the red bank, the spring meadow, and every spot on the farm was endeared to the owners by some pleasant memory or inherited association. For it had been the property of the same family for many generations. No one in the neighbourhood had ever heard of a time when it did not belong to the Byrnes.

These Byrnes were descended from a branch of the powerful sept of the O'Byrnes, who once were princes in the land, but were now only represented there by a few obscure and impoverished descendants. Maurice Byrne, the present possessor of Roebawn, was a fine, handsome young fellow, quick-witted, eager and impulsive; like a true Celt, sensitive and affectionate, and an excellent son to his widowed mother; with a frank, kindly, pleasant manner, and a temper that made him a favourite with all who knew him; but with a flash in his eye, and a ring in his voice at times, that showed the wild blood of his forefathers still ran in his veins, however restrained and subdued by English civilization. He was now five and twenty; and in that land of early marriages it caused some wonder among the neighbours that he was still single. He was always ready to laugh and dance with any girl that came in his way, and was famous for his skill in those jokes and repartees in which rustic courtships are usually carried on; but in spite of this, and the many shy glances of admiration which the prettiest girls in the parish gave him at mass and merry-making, from under their black or brown lashes, he was still a free man. But some of the most discerning gossips had begun to suspect that he was not likely to remain so long.

CHAPTER III.

A MOUNTAIN MAID.

At the head of the glen into which the valley narrowed as it approached the mountains, there was a lonely little cabin, built of sods, and thatched with heath, in which lived a very old man, sorely crippled with rheumatism, and his granddaughter, a girl of seventeen. His son, with whom he had lived, his son's wife, and all their children, except this one girl, had been carried off by a malignant fever; and he would have been forced to go into the poor-house—a harder fate to the wild and lawless Irishman than to the proudest and most independent Englishman—if it had not been for the kindness of his neighbours, and the faithfulness of his granddaughter, little Dorinn. Though only thirteen at the time, she was a bright, intelligent girl, tall and strong for her age; she could spin and knit to perfection, and do most kinds of woman's work better than many who were twice her age, and she bravely declared that she was both able and willing to support her grandfather, if they could only get a roof to shelter them. Filled with admiration for this young thing's courage and filial devotion, her kind neighbours, nearly as poor as herself, built a little cabin at the foot of the mountains, for which no rent was required, and conveyed little Dorinn and her grandfather thither in triumph; adding to the small stock of household goods remaining, after the beloved dead had been "decently buried," and all debts paid, "a loan," as they delicately called it, "not to hurt the darling's

pride," from their own scanty stock of provisions.

Her good qualities were already known to some of the farmers' wives, who lived near, and they soon found work for her to do. And so she had struggled on with never-failing hope and energy; tenderly waiting on her crippled grandfather, working early and late with all her might, and with blithe goodwill; never seen at dances, wakes, or fairs; and always, found by those who entered the cabin, gay as a lark and busy as a bee, cheering the old man, as he sat by the hearth in his rush-bottomed arm-chair, with snatches of sweet song, lively chat, and merry laughter.

Often the traveller, passing along the bridle-path that led up the mountain near the cabin door, saw her at sunrise, spreading the linen she had washed to whiten on the sweet thyme and heather that grew all about; or filling her pitcher at the bright bubbling spring bursting out of its rocky prison close by. Returning in the evening, when the summer twilights were long and warm, he might find her at the cabin door spinning, on her big wheel, soft rolls of carded wool; or sitting on the doorstep, knitting into stockings the yarn she had spun, singing softly to herself, not to waken her sleeping grandfather, in a voice as sweet and clear as the wild wood notes of the robin or the thrush, some simple old ballad of true love, its joys and sorrows. Of such ballads the Irish peasantry are passionately fond, and the peddlers, who carry them about, and sell them at a halfpenny a sheet, find ready purchasers at every fair and market, farm-house and cabin in the country. Silly enough these ballads often are, no doubt, but almost always harmless, and at times as full of guileless romance, pity, and pathos, as that old and antique song which Duke Orsino loved, and which

> The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun
> Did use to chant—
>
> Dallying with the innocence of love
> Like the old age.*

No one who saw little Dorinn in that wild and lonely spot, clad in her dark blue woollen frock, hanging straight and narrow round her lithe, symmetrical figure, like an antique robe, her hair plaited and coiled round her graceful head, her arms, feet, and ankles, bare and brown, but beautifully shaped, could have helped turning to look at her again. And if a sculptor could have moulded the image of her artless grace and unconscious beauty, as she stood by the spring watching the sparkling water falling into her pitcher, and breaking into silvery spray as it fell, and called his work "The Naiad of the Well," he would certainly have made his fortune. For little Dorinn was beautiful, with all the finest traits of Irish beauty. Her figure was tall and well rounded, notwithstanding the endearing diminutive by which she was known, and perfectly formed, and her face had that bewitching and nameless charm which wins love even more than it attracts admiration. Her features were all soft and harmonious; her dark blue eyes, heavily fringed with darker lashes, were at once laughing and tender; she had rich, abundant chestnut hair, a lovely dimpled mouth and chin, and the prettiest teeth; her skin, though browned by the sun, was dazzlingly clear, and the brightest hue of the wild rose glowed on her cheek. Health, freedom, and innocence, were in every look and gesture, and a light, happy heart shone through all. No mountain maid could ever have been fairer than little Dorinn.

This was the girl, it was whispered, who

* Occasionally some of the gems of modern poetry are to be found among them; Burns' songs, when not too Scotch, and those of Moore, that are most simple and unpretending. The beautiful ballad, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," is a great favourite, and so are two or three of Thomas Davis' love songs. I say nothing here of those patriotic effusions which, of late years, have spread like wildfire through the land.

had made young Maurice Byrne so indifferent to the charms of all the farmers' daughters with a "fortune," any one of whom he could have had, it was well known, for the asking. As the whispers grew louder they at last reached Mrs. Byrne's ears, and caused the good woman no small vexation and trouble. She had been particularly kind to little Dorinn, who had always been a great favourite with her, but it had never once entered her head that Maurice, who seemed so hard to please in a wife, and so indifferent, if not absolutely averse to marriage, and who could have had his choice out of all the best matches for miles around, could throw himself away on one so poor and low-born as little Dorinn; for the Irish pride of family is intensely strong, showing itself under all circumstances and in all ranks, often in a highly ludicrous, often in a really pathetic manner; and Mrs. Byrne had her full share of the national weakness. She herself was a Byrne by birth, a far-off cousin of her husband, and it was acknowledged through all the county "that, though the Byrnes had come down in the world, some of the very best blood of Ireland ran in their veins." Her suspicions, however, once excited, it was not long till she saw enough to confirm her worst fears. Little Dorinn never came to the farm to help at a busy time, or to bring home the wool she had spun, or the stockings she had knitted, that Maurice did not seem to know it by instinct, manage some how or other to hover near her while she staid, and contrive some excuse to join her on her way home. These signs, and many more of the same kind, were seen by Mrs. Byrne with great indignation, and she told herself emphatically that it was her duty to put a stop to such folly; but how she was to do this, so far as Maurice was concerned, was not very clear. She well knew that, in spite of his sweet temper and gentle ways, he had a strong and steadfast will of his own, whenever he thought proper to exert it, and as often as she resolved to speak her mind to him on the matter, her dread of his anger, and a look of determination in his face when she made the most distant approach to the subject, kept her silent. But she did what she could. She tried to relieve her mind by as many expressions of contempt for girls who had neither family nor fortune, as she dared utter before Maurice, and held forth on the folly and evil results of unequal marriages as if she had been a duchess who dreaded that the heir of the house was going to make a *mesalliance* with a daughter of the people. She also shewed a marked change in her conduct to little Dorinn: ceased to send for her on every trivial occasion as she had been used to do, grew cold and distant in her manner when they met, and made her displeasure so evident that little Dorinn, painfully conscious of its cause, gave up going to Roebawn. But this by no means prevented Maurice from going to little Dorinn. Mrs. Byrne soon learned that he walked home with her from early mass every Sunday, and on week days, no matter how hard his day's work had been, some one was sure to meet him, in the summer twilight, going up the glen. And thus it happened that, for the first time in their lives, there was coldness and estrangement between Maurice and his mother.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT CLAN O'BYRNE.

IT was now late in September, and harvest, which this year had been unusually early, was already over. A warm, dry summer had ripened the crops quickly and well, the fields had been rapidly stripped of their rich stores by the glad reapers, and the golden sheaves carried quickly home, without a single shower having fallen to dim their brightness. The hay had been drawn in from the meadows, and the great rick made; wheat, oats, and barley had been stacked in the haggard; yet still the weather remained

clear and sunny: the skies were blue, the trees green, the streams sparkled in the sunshine, birds sang among the branches, and bees hummed round the flowers as if it were midsummer still.

The kitchen in the farm-house of Roebawn was large and roomy, with a clay floor, beaten as hard and smooth as stone, whitewashed walls, and a raftered roof. A huge dresser, loaded with tin, delf, and wooden ware, a couple of deal tables and oak "settles," some forms and stools, made up the furniture. In the chimney of the great open hearth, with seats at each side, flitches of bacon, hogs' puddings, and strings of herrings, were hung to smoke and dry; and here, too, the sacred salt-box was suspended. A fire of turf, after having done its duty in boiling the potatoes for supper, was now falling into glowing embers on the hearth. The bright evening sun came in through the green leaves and blue flowers of the periwinkles clustering round the window, and shone on the long table, on which a coarse linen cloth was spread, covered with the remains of the meal which Maurice and his hired men had taken together. It had consisted of the "pot of potatoes," which, after being "teamed" and emptied into a great osier basket, had been tossed up on the table and heaped inside a wooden hoop, which kept the mighty pile of soft, flowery roots from falling about in all directions, buttermilk and skim-milk mixed in wooden noggins, whole meal bread baked on the griddle, and butter.

Though Maurice had supped with the men, a little round table had been placed beside the fire for Mrs. Byrne, on which were a cup and saucer, a tiny cream-jug, and a little brown earthenware tea-pot, shewing that the mistress had indulged in the luxury and dignity of tea. She was a dark-eyed, dark-haired, comely woman of about fifty, comfortably dressed in a black quilted petticoat, a green stuff gown, with the skirt pinned up behind, and a white cap and apron; kindly and pleasant-looking, but with a hasty imperative glance and tone, which showed that, in small matters at least, she was accustomed to have her own way. As she saw Maurice, when he had finished his supper, rise hastily from the table and go up the little stairs that led to the loft where he slept, she seemed seized with a sudden fit of impatience, and began bustling about the kitchen, scolding the servant-girls for their slowness in clearing the table, and hurrying them out to milk the cows. She knew quite well that he had gone to his room to make himself look smart before going to little Dorinn, and, when she heard him coming down, she turned hastily away, determined not to look at him or speak to him as he went out. But instead of hurrying away, as he usually did, Maurice lingered at the door, looking alternately across the green bawn and back at his mother, who was now alone in the kitchen. While he yet hesitated, a little green linnet hopped on a rose-bush that was near, and, as if with a sudden impulse, poured forth its evening song. At the same moment Mrs. Byrne uttered something between a sigh and a groan, as the hook on which she was hastily trying to hang a pot of milk swerved aside, making her spill some of the milk, and almost put out the fire.

"I'll do it, mother," said Maurice, coming towards her; "it's too heavy for you."

"No, you won't," said Mrs. Byrne, again catching the hook, and this time succeeding in hanging the pot; "go off to your sweetheart, and leave me alone."

"Is it little Dorinn you mean, mother?" Maurice asked quietly.

"Who else would I mean? My heart's fairly broke with the same Dorinn."

"Mother," said Maurice, "you used to say she was the best girl in the country; what has turned you against her?"

"You know well enough what has turned me against her. I know no harm of her, and she's fought a good fight to get bread for herself and her old grandfather, poor

man ; but she's not the sort of girl I'd want to see my son's wife. And that's what I'm told she's going to be."

"But if your son wanted her, and only her, out of all the women in the world, to be his wife—" Maurice began, coaxingly.

But his mother interrupted him with hasty vehemence, "Musha, then, don't be talking nonsense, child ! It's enough to drive me distracted to think of all the decent girls you're throwing over for the sake of one that hasn't a second gown to her back. There's Biddy Doyle, as handsome a girl as there is in all Leinster, with fifty pounds for her fortune, and a Dublin education, no less ; and I know she'd jump into your arms this minute, if she was here, and you'd only say the word."

"I hope not, mother," said Maurice, with a comical look, "for I'll never give her the chance. I wouldn't marry her if she had fifty millions instead of fifty pounds. She's got a tongue that would drive me mad in a week."

"Well, there is Katy Kelley. She's not so handsome, maybe, but she's her father's only child, and I know she'll have all he owns when he dies. I'm sure she's quiet enough."

"Is it that big, ugly, awkward mountain ? Why, I couldn't eat a morsel of food, for my life, if I had her before me. It's joking you are."

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Byrne, obstinately. "You'd find her money pretty handsome in your hands, if you had it, let me tell you."

"But I wouldn't find Katy herself so, and not to deceive you, mother, I never intend to try. And, indeed, I never thought you would have advised me to do such a mean thing as marry a woman for her money. I'd far rather be hanged."

"Oh, well, if you think such a deal about beauty, there's Rosy Moran. I'm sure she's as pretty as a posy, and a quiet, civil, little girl as you'd meet in a day's walk ; and her father himself told me he'd give her a hundred pounds down on her wedding day."

"Faith, and she'll want it all," said Maurice, laughing. "Why, mother, I've often heard you say she hadn't wit enough to knit two stockings alike."

Mrs. Byrne was somewhat at a loss how to answer this, for she knew in her inmost heart that she really did not like any one of these girls, but just now she had thought it good policy to bring them forward in opposition to little Dorinn.

"May be I did, and may be I didn't," she said, "but if I did, sure I was only talking nonsense. If Rosy's not as clever as—as some people, she's no fool. But there's other good girls in the parish ; girls with fortunes, and pretty girls, too, and that would make good wives. Why couldn't you fancy one of them ? Oh, Maurice, acushla machree, pulse of my heart that you are," she suddenly exclaimed, changing from anger to passionate entreaty ; "what do I care for in the whole world but you ! When your father died, God rest his soul, I wasn't old nor bad-looking neither, though it little becomes me to say it, and I might have married again many and many a time, and married well, too ; but I wouldn't have listened to the Lord-Lieutenant himself, if he had come to me in his coach and six, with the marriage license in his hand, for my heart was wrapped up in my fair-haired boy. And a good mother I was to you, Maurice mavourneen ; watching over you early and late ; the Queen's own son couldn't have been better cared for ; and now are you going to cross me in my old age, and break my heart by marrying against my will ?"

"Mother," said Maurice softly, as he went gently up to her, and laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder, "there's not a girl in the whole country you like as well as you like little Dorinn, or that would make you as good a daughter."

Poor Mrs. Byrne ! Maurice, as she said, was the very pulse of her heart, the light of

her eyes; to her he was at once the helpless baby she had carried in her bosom, and the brave young fellow she looked up to as her king among men, blended in one, and equally irresistible in either shape. She knew she would have to yield at last, but she would not do it without trying to hold out a little while longer.

"It's not myself I'm thinking of," she said, "its your good, and nothing else. I don't deny that little Dorinn is a good girl, but she hasn't a penny in the world to bless herself with, and nothing to bring to the man she marries, but her poor crippled old grandfather."

"Yes, mother, she has," said Maurice, gravely and earnestly, "she has the sweetest temper and the kindest heart in the whole world; and her handy ways and industry are better than any fortune. She's been the best of daughters to her grandfather, as you know well, and she'll be the same to you, mother, if you'll let her, or else I'd never ask to bring her here. And then for beauty, and modesty, and sweet pretty ways, where could her equal be found? My only fear is that she's too good for me, and do what I will, I can never deserve her."

"Too good for you," cried Mrs. Byrne, growing angry again; "for you, that's the handsomest boy, and the cleverest, and the best respected in all the country. You'd better not try to come over me with talk like that, Maurice. And that reminds me of little Dorinn's worst fault, though of course, it's more her misfortune than her fault;—as pretty as she is, and as well spoken, she's *low-born*. She's sprung from a poor, low family, whereas your family is one of the most ancient and honourable in all Ireland. Everyone knows what the O'Byrnes were in the good old times, and you know it, too, for often I've told you; and for the matter of that, you may read about them in history."

"Yes, I know all that," said Maurice, "but I don't care a straw for it.—That is," he added, correcting himself, "I don't care a straw for it in comparison with what I care for little Dorinn."

"Then you ought to be ashamed to say it!" said his mother. "There's no one in all Ireland has a better right to be proud of his family than you. Sure they were kings and princes in the old days, ages and ages before the English ever saw the green sod, and more than that, they were always true to their country, and fought for her like men, down to the poor boy that was hung on Gallows Hill at Wicklow, and his brother that died in a foreign land. Why, your father had a paper with the whole, true pedigree of all the O'Byrnes in it, and didn't a schemer of an attorney, Tom Cotter by name, wheedle him out of it, and a heap of money besides, under pretence of getting back some of his ancestors' estates for him, that ought to be yours now, if there was any honesty or justice in the country; and that was the last your father ever saw of his pedigree or his money either. But, indeed, he wasn't the only man Tom Cotter cheated. He died in the *Marshalls*, after all, drinking the glorious, pious and immortal memory, and didn't his widow get a pension from the Government. It's my belief he sold that pedigree to them that had very good reasons for wishing it out of the way, and got a power of money for it."

"You often told me all this before, mother," said Maurice.

But it was difficult to stop Mrs. Byrne when she had once begun to recount what she called the pedigree of the O'Byrnes.

"Yes, I dare say I did, and I could tell you more besides. I could tell you about all the estates they owned in this very county within the memory of man. There was the Byrnes of Killoughter, and the Byrnes of Ballymanus, and the Byrnes of Cabinteely, and where are they all now? All swept away with fines, and confiscations, and forfeitures, and attainders—sure I remember the ugly words well, for your father took a deal of trouble to make me learn them.

And didn't Black Tom* and his Body Guard get thousands and thousands of pounds from them, 'grace money,' as he called it, and take the land after, the villain, with a heart as black as his face; and more betoken the ruins of the castle he built with that money may be seen at Newcastle to this very day. Not a word of lie am I telling you, Maurice Byrne; it's all as true as the gospel; and if right was might, and justice was done, you'd be *The O'Byrne* this very minute, and own half the county from Glenmalhere round by Sugar Loaf Mountain, and down to the sea! And yet you're thinking of demeaning yourself to marry a girl who couldn't tell where her great-grandfather came from, if you were to give her a kingdom, and no more could old Paddy either."

"But you know, mother, there was once a king that married a beggar maid," said Maurice, laughing.

"Now, don't be making game of me, Maurice. If he did I'll be bound it was not with his mother's good will, and no doubt he was sorry for it after. When clear streams mix with muddy ones, they're pure no longer, and it's just the same with blood."

"I'm sure, if looks are anything, there couldn't be clearer and purer blood in the world than little Dorinn's," said Maurice. "To me she looks like a queen! And did you ever see a finer, handsomer old man than Paddy? How do we know that he hadn't ancestors just as grand as the Byrnes? Didn't the English take away our names as well as our lands, and make it a crime to be called O' or Mac, or anything Irish? Maybe Paddy's ancestors had their names taken away, and we might find them in history as well as our own if we knew what they were."

"Don't talk such nonsense," said Mrs. Byrne, angrily. "Do you think any mortal man whose name was taken away from him could ever forget it, except he was a turncoat or an informer? Wouldn't he hand it down, and his curse on them that took it away, to his children from generation to generation? True enough," she added, cooling down a little, "I did hear that the Lavertys were the same as the O'Flaherty, but the O'Flahertys never could compare with the O'Byrnes; or indeed, if they ever had any glory or greatness, it died out so long ago, that the whole seed and breed of them must be dead too. Not like the O'Byrnes, with their printed pedigrees, and plenty of people still alive to testify to their grandeur!

"Well, but, mother," said Maurice, a bright idea suddenly striking him, "there's the O'Tooles. The O'Tooles were as great as the O'Byrnes, anyhow, and little Dorinn's mother was an O'Toole."

"Sure enough, Maurice, there's something in that. Yes indeed, the O'Tooles were great once, though it was far back in time, and beyond the memory of man. But it is in history, and on the monuments. Sure their burying-place is up at the Seven Churches, and there's a stone there with an O'Toole's name on it, and the year of his death, Anno Domini, 1010. I saw it myself once, when I was at a Pattern there.* But the O'Byrnes have monuments older than that; and it stands to reason they should, for they were real kings of all Leinster in the days of St. Patrick himself, and the O'Tooles were only kings of a little *patch* out of it, by the O'Byrnes' leave, as it were. But, no doubt, they're an old, ancient family, and the tombstone is certainly there. I saw it with my own eyes and your father saw it too, for he was with me. That Pattern used to be a great place for diversion when I was young, and I've always had a liking for the place, for it was there your

* The Earl of Strafford, known and execrated by that name in Ireland even at the present day.

* The Festival of St. Kevin, the Patron Saint of Glendalough; patron being pronounced pat-ron or pattern. In an ancient burial-place of the sept O'Toole, among the ruins of the Seven Churches, the tombstone mentioned above may still be seen.

father first courted me, and he and I came home that night on the same jaunting-car."

"You were very fond of my father, weren't you, mother?" said Maurice; "you wouldn't have liked any one to come between you and him, even your own father and mother, would you?"

Mrs. Byrne looked at her son and sighed, partly for her lost husband, partly because she knew what Maurice was going to say.

"Indeed, then, I was," she murmured, "and he was fond of me, and it wouldn't have been easy for any one to have come between us."

"I believe you, mother," said Maurice, triumphantly, "and I'm as fond of little Dorinn as ever you were of my father, or he of you. And, mother, a while ago, when the linnet was singing at the door, it came into my mind how you got father to let me keep my little linnet that I found in the bawn, when I was a weeny boy, and how you bought me a cage for it, and helped me to feed it till it grew big. And now, mother, I care a deal more about little Dorinn than ever I did for the linnet, and you must be good to me now as you were then, and let me have my pet bird, and you must love her and be kind to her for my sake."

Mrs. Byrne was thoroughly subdued by this appeal, but still she would not confess it. She wanted to have the pleasure of being coaxed by Maurice a little longer.

"O, whisht, alanna," she said, pretending to push him away, as he still kept his hand on her shoulder, "you needn't be trying to wheedle me that way. What do you care about me now? You only care about your sweetheart. Old mothers are nothing compared to young sweethearts. Sure I know the old proverb:

> "My daughter's my daughter all my life.
> My son's my son till he gets him a wife."

"Mother," said Maurice, tenderly, "I'll always be just the same to you, married or single, in spite of all the proverbs in the world. And if you're wishing for a daughter that will be a daughter to you all your life," he added with a bright smile, "where could you get one equal to little Dorinn? And I know you're fond of her mother."

"You know nothing about it, you foolish boy," said his mother. "But even if I am, there's her old grandfather, think what a burden he'd be.—God forgive me for saying so, and save us from the like misfortune ever falling upon ourselves."

"Amen, mother," said Maurice. "But don't you recollect what Father Matthew said the time he came to Wicklow to give the people his temperance medals, and Nelly Casey took her poor foolish boy to him to cure him. I'm sure you can't forget it, for I've heard you tell the story hundreds of times."

"And so you might," said Mrs. Byrne, her enthusiasm kindling as the scenes seemed to rise up before her, "for I was there that day, and heard him say it. It wasn't poor Nelly Casey only, that expected miracles from him; crowds upon crowds came to the town from the farthest glens, and the very tops of the mountains, and all the roads round about were lined with people on foot, or on horseback, and in cars; little old-fashioned cars some of them were, with a bed and a quilt on them, and a step at one side, such as you never see in these parts now. And some poor creatures brought their sick and their crippled in wheel-barrows, and some on their backs,—a pitiful sight to see. Nelly Casey brought her boy along with the rest, poor soul, and she asked the good Father to put his hands on him, and bring back his poor wandering wits.

"'Good woman,' said his reverence, 'I'll lay my hand on him and give him my blessing, the blessing of an unworthy servant of God, but no one could cure such an infirmity as your son is afflicted with, except the Saviour of the world himself came down from heaven to do it.' And, says he, 'I can do no miracles,'—and whether he could or not, I can't tell; sure he must have known

best, but, anyhow, he was a holy man, and a saint, if ever there was one on earth. 'I can do no miracles,' says he, 'but there never was a burden like yours given us to bear, that it didn't bring a blessing along with it, if it was rightly taken; for patience and faith,' says he, 'can make the heaviest load light."

"Them were his reverence's very words," continued Mrs. Byrne solemnly, "and sure enough they came true with Nelly Casey, for she has been better off since that day than ever she was in her life before.' "

"And I am sure the good words have come true with little Dorinn, too," said Maurice.

"And so they have," said his mother, "and I don't deny that she'll make a good wife to the man that gets her."

"That'll be me, mother," said Maurice, putting his arm round his mother's neck and kissing her.

"Ah! well, acushla, take your own way," said Mrs. Byrne, "I'll never say another word against it. Sure, after all, it's hard if a man can't please himself in his own wife. And I'm glad you reminded me that her mother was an O'Toole, Maurice, for the O'Tooles were once as great as the O'Byrnes, only they lost their lands and dignities sooner. Many a queer story I've heard about them same O'Tooles. Don't you remember the story about King O'Toole and Saint Kevin and the gander? How the king promised to give the saint all the land the old gander could fly over, and how by the power the saint's prayers put into him, the gander flew over all the lake and all the glen, as strong as an eagle, till he had flown over every inch of the ground from mountain to mountain; and how King O'Toole kept his word like a man, and made over the whole valley to St. Kevin, and then the seven churches were built, and St. Kevin was the first bishop. He turned a holy hermit, in the end, as I have heard, and lived and died in the little cave in the rock over the lake, that they call St. Kevin's bed."

"I was in it once," said Maurice, "and I came near breaking my neck getting out of it. But the story I heard about it was that St. Kevin went there when he was young, to escape from a woman that loved him, and she followed him, and when he saw her there, not believing any mortal woman could come into such a place, he thought she was an evil spirit, and pushed her into the lake, and she was drowned. And when he came to understand what he had done, he was sorry, and said masses for her soul, day and night, till her sinful spirit was purified, and she was taken into heaven. Her name was Kathleen, and I read a lovely poem written about her by a young man named Gerald Griffin. He was a Catholic, and when he was disappointed with the world, he turned monk, poor fellow, and died young. Mr. Frank Wingfield lent me the poem and a sketch of his life. And then there's Moore's song about the same story. Every one knows that."

"Well, it's a pretty story," said Mrs. Byrne, "but, somehow, I don't think it is right to believe it. I don't think any woman would be so wicked as to fall in love with a saint, though, no doubt, they often take queer fancies. And now that we're talking of all these old stories, I remember hearing that the great chief of the O'Byrnes, Feagh MacHugh, of Glenmalurg, was married to an O'Toole. Rose O'Toole was her name, Maurice," added Mrs. Byrne with great gravity. "I'd like you to call your first daughter Rose. Though, perhaps," she added, "it mightn't be lucky for the child, for it comes into my mind that the poor Lady Rose was taken prisoner when Feagh was fighting against the English, and hung. And then there's another thing against it. It is Rosy Moran's name. and it would never do for people like us, who have so many fine names in our family to be borrowing one from the Morans!"

"Certainly not, mother," said Maurice, laughing merrily; "we don't want to have anything to do with Rosy Moran more than

common civility, do we? But we needn't mind settling the children's names till I get my wife."

"Well, I suppose, you'll do that quick enough now. There's the room beyond the kitchen; a little fitting up, and furnishing, will make it an elegant room for your bride; and I can soon buy her some wedding clothes, and a nice dress to be married in. It won't take long to get things ready, and then, after the potatoes are out, you can get married as soon as you like."

"Yes, mother, if little Dorinn will consent," said Maurice.

"Ah! then, don't be a fool, Maurice," said Mrs. Byrne; "the child fairly dotes on you, and you know it well."

"For all that, mother, she says she will never marry any one as long as her grandfather lives."

"Does she, indeed?" said Mrs. Byrne. "Well, that shows what a right spirit she has. But old Paddy may live these ten years, and sure you'd never think of waiting all that time for a wife. It would be nearly as long as Jacob waited for Rachel in the Bible."

"No man, in the Bible or out of it, ever loved a girl better than I love little Dorinn," said Maurice, "and I'll wait for her till I get her, sure enough, however long that may be. But, mother, she thinks a deal of you, and may be she might consent if you asked her."

"Musha, now, none of your blarney, Maurice, you rogue," said his mother; "do you want to persuade me she'd do more for me than for you?"

"No, mother, only you know you've been stiff to her lately, and she may think that you would object to the poor old man, as many a one would, and she can't know your kind feelings till she hears them from your own lips. Won't you go to her to-morrow, mother, and tell her you'll welcome her for your daughter with a warm heart, and poor old Paddy, too, for her sake."

"I don't know whether I will or not," said Mrs. Byrne, though she had the fullest intention of doing so. "It's a queer thing for me to go begging her to be my son's wife, when she ought to be down on her knees thanking God for giving her the chance of such a good husband."

"Now, mother, you know very well you don't mean what you say;" said Maurice. "I'm sure you wouldn't like to see her too ready to come into the house before she knew she was welcome. And she an O'Toole, too, mother!" he added slily.

"Well, Maurice, you need not make a joke of it. You may take my word for it, she's all the better for being that same."

"Then you'll go to her to-morrow, mother, won't you?"

"May be I will, and may be I won't. I'll make no promise. But there," she exclaimed, as Maurice was about to speak again, "don't say any more. I'll go. What's the use of denying you anything? You're sure to have your own way in the end—with your mother anyhow. I doubt if your wife will be as ready to give it to you."

"She's a sensible girl, and will follow my mother's good example," said Maurice, gaily.

"You may tell her I'm going to try if she's more easily won by an old woman than a young man. And now be off with you. I must go to the dairy, for there's the girls gone by with the milk. And here's Barney with the pails for the calves' supper. They're bleating their throats out for it, the creatures."

Happy, and light of heart, Maurice darted away, leaping over the big old housedog lying lazily in the sun, and calling to the little terrier that, tired of watching for his master to come out, had been trying to amuse himself by biting old Pluto's ears; a saucy proceeding which the magnanimous old mastiff regarded with supreme indifference.

"Come along, boy," said Maurice, "and let old Pluto alone. His best days are over, but ours are all before us. Come along, and

let us see who'll be first over the stile. We're going to see little Dorinn!"

Mrs. Byrne, too, felt happier than she had done for weeks, for Maurice's anger had all passed away, like a bad dream, and he was her own loving son once more. Besides she was really fond of little Dorinn, as Maurice had said, and as she went about the dairy, skimming the rich cream from which the far-famed Roebawn butter was to be made, she reflected with satisfaction that she was not only pleasanter, brighter, and sweeter in disposition, than any girl she knew, but she would be certain to make her a much more loving and dutiful daughter than any rich heiress who might pride herself on her fortune, and probably think little enough of her old-fashioned mother-in-law. Nor did Mrs. Byrne forget to remind herself that little Dorinn was an O'Toole; altogether an O'Toole she was sure, for she showed her gentle blood in every look and action. No one could say an O'Byrne was lowering himself by marrying an O'Toole, as the great chief of the clan had done three hundred years ago. Both families had come down in the world since then, but the good old blood was in them still.

(To be continued.)

GOLD FOR SILVER.

BY ALICE HORTON.

A TERRACE with glinting shadows,
A trellis with clambering plants,
Red roses that budded and blossomed
In lazy luxuriance.

A fountain that plashed in its basin,
A passion-flower trained to a wall,
A solemn horizon of highlands,
And the sound of a waterfall.

You stood on the steps of the terrace,
Your beautiful face in the light,
Your hair was aglow with the sunset,
Your eyes were agloom with the night.

Across gulfs of years and distance
I can conjure you even yet.
Though your face breaks not now from the background,
With all the tints I regret.

The years have defrauded your outline
Of many a curve and shade;
And the sunset surroundings about you,
And the golden colours fade.

Ah well, it was not for beauty,
That I threw up the cards of life,
When you told me you could not love me
Enough to become my wife!

And I loved you so well and unwisely
I would not be answered so;
I could not endure to behold you,
And love you, and then forego.

So I watched for my chance of a tide-turn,
And followed your steps afar,
And heard your voice in all music,
And saw your eyes in each star.

Did I flatter myself after service,
And patient waiting o'erpast,
That blest like a second Jacob,
I should clasp my Rachel at last?

I may have done—till one evening
You had let me sit at your feet,
The wild bees hummed in the sunshine,
The bagpipes droned in the street.

You were at your ease with me ever,
Though my words would not come for bliss;
I was far too glad of your laughter
To question, "Laughs *love* like this?"

On a sudden the sky overclouded,
And there fell a splash of rain,
And a requiem wind came wailing
And sobbing against the pane.

Then a knock and a ring at the entrance,
And a pain at my heart like despair,
For why should you brighten and listen
To the fall of a foot on the stair.

For me you had prattle and laughter—
Could I be content with this,
When you had not a word to say,
As your lifted eyes met his?

Not that I blamed you for loving—
He was better to look at than I!
I gave up the game when I saw him,
Before he had cast the die.

There may be, perhaps, exceptions,
But only to prove the rule:
That, give her a fool and a wise man,
The woman will choose the fool!

And yet I felt bitter against you—
You had not softened the stroke;
You hardly, in your full gladness,
E'en pitied the heart you broke!

The shadows still glint on your terrace,
The creepers still clamber and stoop;
But the gravel is red with shed roses,
And the sorrowful passion-flowers droop.

In my anger I long to forget you,
Through summers and winters, yet
I long to completely remember,
More than I long to forget!

O terrace, O trellis, O fountain,
O face in the sunset glow!
And so I still love this woman
Who jilted me years ago!

THE BURNING OF THE "CAROLINE."

BY G. T. D.

[We have been lately reminded again of the once famous affair of the *Caroline* by the grant, through the intercession of Lord Dufferin, of a pension of £100 to the widow of the late Col. McLeod, who took a distinguished part in that affair and whose arrest and trial by the American authorities formed at the time a very serious question between the government of England and that of the United States. The following narrative is by a Canadian officer, who served against the rebels and their American sympathizers.]

ON the morning of the 29th of December, 1837, I was standing on the roof of the old Pavilion Hotel, Niagara Falls, in company with two brother officers. We were all young men, and were much interested in the stirring events with which we had been connected during the previous month. We had been surprised by the threatened attack upon Toronto by the rebels under Mackenzie, who assembled at Montgomery's Tavern on the 4th of the same month. We had performed our share of the garrison duty from the 4th till the 7th, and on that day had taken part in the so-called battle of Gallows Hill. I had also gone through the winter march to the village of Scotland, and on to Ingersoll, under Sir Allan MacNab. Thence we were marched to Chippewa, where the company in which I was lieutenant was stationed, as part of the force besieging Navy Island, which was occupied by the patriots or sympathisers, as they called themselves, and where Mackenzie and others had established a provisional government.

The old Pavilion Hotel, since burned down, stood upon the high ground about two or three hundred yards north of the

Roman Catholic Church and Nunnery, on the bank just above the Horse Shoe Fall. The remains of the cellar and foundation can still be seen close to the reservoir of the Clifton House water works.

The prospect from the balcony or observatory was singularly beautiful. In fact the most picturesque and varied view to be seen about the Falls is, without doubt, that from the higher bank between the site of the Pavilion Hotel and the Nunnery. From this point one can overlook a great portion of the surrounding country. Right under your feet you look down into the cauldron of the Horse Shoe Fall, the mist rising up and partially hiding its depths. Farther on you look down upon Goat Island and the American Fall; and on the other shore over the white buildings and large hotels of Manchester, to the fields beyond. The centre of the picture is filled up with the great river coming into sight on the horizon miles away, near Tonawanda, with Grand Island and Navy Island dividing it into different broad channels, looking like arms of the sea. In the distance the river seems still and almost dead in its quiet calm; as it comes nearer, ruffled a little upon its surface, until it gets into the rapids, and then for about a mile it comes tearing down, pitching and leaping, now breaking into great waves of spray dashing against each other, now gliding in a rushing green mass, too heavy, too massive, for the unevenness of the channel to print itself upon its surface. So it moves in its onward progress until it takes the last plunge into the abyss beneath, and loses itself in spray and foam and mist.

From our standpoint Navy Island lay before us, about a mile and a half above the commencement of the rapids, and almost in the middle of the river. Towards Navy Island, then occupied by the sympathisers, we noticed a steamer leave the American shore, almost opposite to it, and move across the river towards the island. We had with us a powerful telescope, and immediately brought it to bear upon the vessel, which was about two miles from us, and among other things we noticed wheels upon the deck showing above the bulwarks. At first it was thought they were cart or waggon wheels, but a closer inspection showed they were cannon wheels of field pieces, which were being conveyed from Fort Schlosser to the aid of the rebels whom we were besieging. It must be remembered that from the Canadian shore, opposite Navy Island, the trees upon it completely hid what was going on behind it and between it and the American shore.

The news that the steamer (which proved afterwards to be the *Caroline*), was carrying cannon and supplies to the rebels, was communicated to Sir Allan MacNab, with the further information that she was moored behind the island, and that it appeared likely that she would remain there.

Sir Allan MacNab, immediately upon hearing that the steamer was conveying munitions of war to the enemy and was moored in British waters, determined to organize an expedition to cut her out and send her over the Falls. His plans were laid at once with great skill, and every means taken to ensure success. Volunteers were called for, and only those accustomed to boats and the water were allowed to take part. Captain Drew of the Royal Navy, a retired officer, was appointed to command the expedition, assisted by Lieutenants Sheppard, McCormack, John Elmsley and others. The men were ignorant of the service they were to perform; for Captain Drew merely called for a few fellows that would be willing "to follow him to the devil."

Five boats were prepared, well manned, well armed, and with muffled oars and every arrangement that could conduce to success. To properly understand the difficulty of the enterprize it must be understood that there is probably nowhere a more dangerous piece of water to navigate than that immediately above the Falls and about Navy Island.

The current runs from four to five miles an hour, so smoothly and quietly that when upon the river it is impossible to tell how you are drifting unless you take bearings upon shore, when if you desist from rowing for a minute it makes you shudder to feel how quietly and rapidly you are gliding down to the fearful cataract whose sounding waters are roaring in your ears, and whose column of white spray towers up before you. The river below Navy Island is almost three miles across from shore to shore, and it is only about a mile and a half to the rapids, so one can readily imagine the difficulty of navigating a piece of water of that shape with so rapid a current. A broken oar, a strong wind down stream, a capsized boat or a little carelessness, and the poor boatman is lost beyond all hope. When all this is considered, and that this operation had to be performed at night, the danger will appear in all its force. The most skilful ferryman will refuse to cross at night unless it is singularly clear, so that the opposite shore can be seen.

To give bearings to guide the boats at night a line was taken by daylight and the sites fixed for two large fires, one on the shore of the river and the other about half a mile inland. These were lighted after dark and gave the expedition a line below which it would be dangerous to drift and by which they could fix their positions while upon the water.

The little expedition set out quietly on its undertaking about 11 p.m. After getting away from the shore Captain Drew gathered the boats around him and told his followers the service they were about to undertake and gave them the necessary directions. They then moved on again. The greatest silence was observed, and with muffled oars and careful stroke they glided across the river, went around the Island, and skirted its farther shore without finding the object of their search. In doing this three of the boats, namely, those commanded by Captain Drew and McCormack and Elmsley became separated from the others. Coming together, a hurried consultation was held. It was thought the *Caroline* had gone back after dark to Fort Schlosser, and the brave sailors, not to be foiled, determined to follow and cut her out from that place. The execution of the plan followed closely upon the conception, and the three boats were soon under the side of the *Caroline*, which was moored to the wharf at Schlosser. On coming alongside they were challenged by a sentry. Captain Drew said he would give him the countersign when on deck and immediately boarded by the starboard gangway while McCormack led on another party by the starboard bow. Captain Drew, who was first on deck, was fired at and set upon by five men. He cut down one and disabled another, and, his men supporting him, they drove the others off the vessel on to the wharf. Lieutenant McCormack was not so fortunate. Upon boarding he was immediately fired upon and badly wounded, but not before he had cut down two of the rebels. The vessel was then at once carried.

As soon as the Canadians had obtained possession of the *Caroline*, their next object was to cut her adrift, and, after setting fire to her, let her float down the rapids and over the Falls. The moorings were with some difficulty loosened, Lieutenant Elmsley and a few men covering the operation, and she was set on fire in several places. The crews got into their boats and, counting over their numbers before starting, they missed Lieutenant McCormack. They hurriedly went again on board the steamer, which was drifting downwards, and burning, and found McCormack lying insensible with no less than five severe gun-shot wounds in addition to sabre cuts. They had barely time to get him out and into the boats when they had to leave, and, turning their bows up stream, they worked their way back to Chippawa.

McCormack was rupposed to be mortally

wounded, but with great care and attention he was brought round and eventually recovered. His gallantry was so marked as to be acknowledged by all, and he was granted by the Canadian Parliament a pension of £100 a year for his services on that occasion, and after his death Parliament, with rare liberality, continued it to his widow.

The *Caroline* on fire, with the flames continually increasing, drifted down the main channel and into the Horse Shoe Rapids. On reaching the rapids she was shaken and broken almost immediately. A large portion of her stuck on a ledge of rock and remained there for years, the remainder broke up and was dashed over the Falls. The fire went out almost as soon as she got into the rapids.

Pictures were published and extensively circulated purporting to represent the *Caroline* going over the Falls, in which she was depicted in full blaze, just taking the final plunge. These views are entirely false, for she went over in pieces.

The next morning numbers of us went down under the bank below the Falls and picked up pieces of the vessel that had been drifted up against the rocks. I picked up a piece of oak which I still keep in my possession as a relic of the ill-fated but historic steamer.

This affair created an intense excitement in the States, and almost caused a war between them and us. There is no doubt, however, that the United States authorities were to blame in the matter, for they had no justification in allowing cannon to be taken from their own arsenals by filibusters to wage war against a country with which they were at peace.

The cutting out of the *Caroline* was a vigorous step. It dispirited the enemy as much as it encouraged our own men, while it had a wholesome effect upon the American sympathisers. Soon afterwards the patriots decamped and we were able to return to our homes. Canadians proved then, as always, that they had the power and did not lack the will to defend their hearths. That her sons may always be able, in the future as in the past, to protect the soil and maintain the honour of our native land is the fervent wish of an old Canadian.

COMING SUMMER.

From Frances Havergal's "MINISTRY OF SONG."

WHAT will the summer bring?
Sunshine and flowers,
Brightness and melody,
Golden-voiced hours;
Rose-gleaming mornings
Vocal with praise;
Crimson-flushed evenings,
Nightingale lays.

What may the summer bring?
Gladness and mirth,
Laughter and song,
For the children of earth;
Smiles for the old man,
Joy for the strong,
Glee for the little ones
All the day long.

What will the summer bring?
Coolness and shade,
Eloquent stillness
In thicket and glade;
Whispering breezes,
Fragrance-oppressed;
Lingering twilight
Soothing to rest.

What may the summer bring?
Freshness and calm
To the care-worn and troubled,
Beauty and balm.
O toil-weary spirit,
Rest thee anew,
For the heat of the world-race
Summer hath dew!

What will the summer bring?
Sultry noon hours,
Lurid horizons,
Frowning cloud-towers!
Loud-crashing thunders,
Tempest and hail;
Death-bearing lightnings,
It brings without fail.

What may the summer bring?
Dimness and woe,
Blackness of sorrow
Its bright days may know;
Flowers may be wormwood,
Verdure a pall,
The shadow of death
On the fairest may fall.

Is it not ever so?
Where shall we find
Light that may cast
No shadow behind?
Calm that no tempest
May darkly await?
Joy that no sorrow
May swiftly abate?

Will the story of summer
Be written in light,
Or traced in the darkness
Of storm-cloud and night?
We know not—we *would* not know;
Why should we quail?
Summer, we welcome thee!
Summer, all hail!

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.*

MR. Augustus Hare is already most favourably known as the author of "Walks in Rome." He has now brought out a book of somewhat similar character on Spain, and as it happens, at a moment when general attention is turned to that country by a fresh crisis in its stormy fortunes. His style is very pleasant, though not always correct; his descriptive powers are great, and he gives us a vivid picture of the land of ancient grandeur, of modern decrepitude and decay, with its scenery in the strange extremes of beauty and ugliness; its glowing atmosphere; its picturesque, though dilapidated cities; its mixture of Moorish with Christian art; its fine and gay, though idle and listless race; and the dark pall of deadly superstition forming the background of the whole.

Mr. Hare and his party entered Spain in December, which he says is too late. You should go not later than October, so as to get to the southern sunshine before winter sets in. His entrance was not triumphant, for just as he was crossing the Bidassoa, and looking out for the Isle of Pheasants, so famous in the annals of diplomacy, the train went off the track. The change, he says, on crossing the boundary, is instantaneous. You at once find a knowledge of Spanish indispensable. Spanish customs also at once come into play. You ask his worship the porter to have the graciousness to assist you in lifting your portmanteau,

* Wanderings in Spain. By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life," "Walks in Rome," &c. With seventeen illustrations. London: Strahan and Co.

and you implore his worship, the beggar, for the love of God to excuse you from giving him anything. The courtesy of the people in the railway carriage is described as very pleasant. New comers are welcomed, places are made for them, everybody tries to make them comfortable ; and on leaving the carriage the humblest peasant lifts his hat, and wishes you an "A Dios, Senores."

The train crawls, making long stoppages at all the small stations. But the Spaniards are perfectly satisfied. Time is of no importance to them, and they can smoke their cigarettes as well in the railway carriage as elsewhere. On reaching a junction Mr. Hare's party found that the connecting train had been taken off without notice, and they were turned out on a swamp in a pitch dark night, and amidst pouring rain. The Spaniards only shrugged their shoulders, and "avoided the fatigue of discomposing themselves." There is an agreeable side to such a national character, no doubt, when it is contrasted with Yankee go-a-headativeness ; but at the same time one cannot have much respect for people whose lives are of so little use to them that they do not care how many hours they spend in a railway carriage.

On entering "rock-built Pamplona," the aspect of things is thoroughly Spanish—the brightly painted houses thickly hung with balconies of wrought iron-work ; the small "plazas" with their grey churches, in front of which groups of priests are seen mingling with the gay costumes of the peasantry ; the great square surrounded by its heavy arcades : the avenues and gardens, especially that known as "La Taconera," the favourite resort of handsome black-robed senoras, in their flowing mantillas ; for in Spain a bonnet is unknown, and its wearer is followed about and pointed at as a curiosity. The cloisters of the Cathedral, enclosing a tangled garden and a lonely cypress, are a perfect dream of beauty. The Church of St. Lorenzo contains a statue of St. Firmin, the patron saint of the city, the place of whose burial was revealed by the delicious scent of his body, while his disinterment in midwinter was celebrated by an entire resurrection of nature and the recovery of all the sick. In defending the citadel of Pamplona, Ignatius Loyola received the wound in his leg which lamed him, converted him from the service of the ladies to that of the Virgin, and led to his founding the Order of Jesus. In the great Plaza, one of the largest in Spain, 10,000 Jews were burnt alive to do honour to the marriage of a Count de Champagne—"a human bonfire which was visible from all the country round."

The Christmas mass in the Cathedral of Pamplona is magnificent. No service in Italy can compare with the solemn bursts of music which follow the thrilling solos sung in these old Spanish churches, where every possible instrument is pressed into the service of the orchestra ; and not less striking is the multitude of veiled figures who kneel in the dim light between the *coro* and the altar.

From Pamplona to Tudela the journey was through "a dismal, barren wilderness." From Tudela to Zaragoza "it would be impossible to do justice to the ugliness of the scenery—to the utter desolation of the treeless, stony, uninhabited wastes, across which the ice-laden north winds whistle uninterruptedly." Such treeless wastes extend over large districts of Spain in strong contrast with her gardens of fertility.

Zaragoza has two cathedrals, in one of which, imposing in size but tasteless in its decorations, is a semicircular temple, surrounded by granite columns, where the Virgin, descending upon a pillar, part of which may be seen through a hole—it is too sacred to be gazed upon in its entirety—appeared to Santiago. This famous shrine, says Mr. Hare, which had its origin in Arragonese jealousy of the pilgrimages to the Castilian Compostella, is one of the great-

est loadstars of Spanish devotion. Hundreds of pilgrims are always kneeling in front of the black image, or pressing to kiss its feet. The wardrobe of La Virgen del Pilar is inexhaustible, and she is constantly changing her gorgeous apparel, the priests who perform her toilette averting their eyes at the time, lest they should be struck with blindness by the contemplation of her charms. Fifty thousand pilgrims sometimes flock hither on the festival alone. Pope Innocent III. said that only God could count the miracles which are there performed; and Cardinal de Retz, a man one would think not easily deceived, affirms that he saw a leg which had been cut off grow again when rubbed with oil from one of the Virgin's lamps.

Hideous as was the country through which the travellers had passed before reaching Zaragoza, it paled before that which they had to traverse on their way to Lerida—"six hours without a tree or shrub, or symptom of vegetation, but barren, malaria-stricken swamps, riven here and there into deep crevasses by the action of some extinct volcano, seeming alike forsaken by God and man." Another hideous journey brought them to Manresa, where they enjoyed a true Spanish inn, such as we read of in Don Quixote. The boy who carried their bags opened a door into a stable, where a number of rough-looking men were drinking, and whence a filthy stair led to some bare brick-floored rooms with pallet-beds and scanty furniture. There was no washing-stand in the rooms. A pie-dish was found for the ladies. But for gentlemen, the landlady said, such things were unheard of. For them there were public stone troughs, one at the end of the passage and another in the dining-room. At the latter a Spanish traveller in his shirt performed his ablutions while the party were breakfasting. In the evening the hostess' daughter, with divine simplicity, received her lover in the common room. When the time came for him to go, he looked round at the travellers, and asked the young lady whether he should kiss her as usual. "Certainly," she said, "why not?" Upon which he did kiss her—not once only.

"But, oh! how entirely Manresa itself makes up for any amount of suffering, when, having followed the filthy streets—not paved, but cut out of the living rock—for some distance, and having descended a rugged way between two walls, which looks as if it led to a stone quarry, the view from the esplanade before the Church of St. Ignatius suddenly bursts upon your sight! In front rises the grand colegiata of *El Seo*, built of yellow grey stone, perched on the summit of the dark rocks, broken into a thousand picturesque hollows, which are filled with little gardens where Indian corn and vines and cypresses flourish. On the right rises range above range of gaily painted houses, of the most varied and irregular forms—arches, balconies, overhanging galleries, little ledges of roof supporting tiny hanging gardens, with ivy and jessamine tangling over their edge. Deep down in the abyss flows the Llobregat, crossed by its tall bridge of pointed arches, and ending at a richly carved stone cross on a high pedestal. Beyond the river are ranges of olive-clad hills, above which, as we were driving in the afternoon, up rose in mid-air a glorious vision lifted high into the sky; pinnacles, spires, turrets, sugar loaves, pyramids of faint grey rocks, so wonderful that it was almost impossible to believe them a reality and not a phantasmagoria—the mountains of Montserrat."

The great convent of Montserrat grew round one of the black images reputed to have been carved by St. Luke. The travellers attended the New Year's evening service. So many candles were lighted round the altar that the famous image, a black doll in a robe of silver tissue, shone forth resplendently. The priest who lighted the lamps, when he went up to her, kissed her on the cheeks. When all was ready, a long procession of boys in surplices filed in

and grouped themselves around the image. Then came the strangest service; singing, sweet and soft at first, but suddenly breaking off into the most discordant yells and shrieks, accompanied by a blowing of whistles and horns, beating of tin clappers, with fiddles, trumpets and cymbals. There were about sixty performers, and a congregation of eight. This unmelodious music, it turned out, was typical of the rude worship of the Shepherds at Bethlehem.

The views from the rocks above Montserrat, which abound in ancient hermitages, are superb. Just beneath the summit is the ruined hermitage of S. Geronimo, one of the now desolate retreats where many of the proudest and noblest Spaniards in the Middle Ages passed their latter years in solitary penance and prayer. Two little rooms remain, with the paved terrace and the stone seat of the hermit, "and certainly it would be hard for him to find a more heaven-inspiring place than this silent mountain-peak, looking down through all the glories of nature upon the world he had renounced." As the travellers were returning to Montserrat, "just as the bell of the convent, from its green invisible depths, gave notice amid mountain echoes of the Ave Maria, an enchanters' wand seemed to strike the heavens, which above the sea burst into a crimson flush, melting into the most delicate emerald, while every crag of the valley glowed as if tipped with burnished gold rising from its purple chasms; and, then, silently, the blue veil arose and shrouded peak after peak, gorgeous in colour at first, but solemnly fading till all nature was asleep beneath a grey mantle."

Barcelona, as the great port, has more life and animation than any other Spanish city. "The streets in the heart of the town are thoroughly dull and unpicturesque; and it is only after following one of the dingiest of all, bounded by high drab-coloured walls, that suddenly a wide Gothic arch admits one into a vast arcaded quadrangle, perfectly bathed in light and sunshine. There huge orange trees, whose boughs are weighed almost to the ground by their massive bunches of golden fruit, rise amid plantations of tree-like geraniums, and fountains plash gaily in the sunbeams. It is not like one's idea of a cathedral cloister, yet such it is, and wonderfully interesting is it to watch the ever-varying representatives of life here—the solemn canons, with their breviaries, pacing up and down, and toiling through their appointed task of psalm-saying; the polite old beggars, the men in their bright mantas and scarlet barettas, the women in their blue petticoats and white handkerchiefs over their heads; the children who shout and feed the canons' geese with bread—for on the largest of the fountains live the famous geese which have been kept here from time immemorial to guard the treasures of the Cathedral, according to the odd Catalonian custom which makes geese serve, and more efficaciously too, the place of watch-dog in the country houses. In the centre of the Fòntana de las Ocas is a little bronze figure of a knight on a horse, which spouts water from its nostrils, while its tail is indicated by a long jet of silvery spray. This is not St. George, but the brave knight Vilerdell, full of good works, who was permitted to kill the famous dragon, but who forgot his humility at the moment of triumph and exclaimed, 'Well done, good sword! Well done, brave arm of Vilardell!' upon which a drop of the dragon's poisonous blood fell upon his arm from the sword which he brandished, and he died. This is the first moral inculcated upon the childish mind of Barcelona, which is intimately familiar with Vilardele, who is again represented in his combat with the dragon over an archway in the street leading to the Cathedral."

Tarragona is disappointing, except that it has one of the magnificent cathedrals. But from it is visited a most interesting object, the ruined convent of Poblet. The history of this once sumptuous establishment is a

perfect type of the course of monasticism—its original austerity and popularity, its gradual corruption by wealth, its loss of reverence, its ultimate destruction by popular hatred and vengeance. We have in the fate of Poblet what no doubt is the exact modern counterpart of the fate of those great English abbeys, whose beauty is so touching in its decay that even a Protestant, if he is a man of taste, cannot help anathematizing their ruthless destroyers.

"The sun was just breaking through the clouds, which had obscured the earlier morning, and lit up the lonely hollow of the hills in which the convent is situated. Venerable olive trees, their trunks gnarled and twisted into myriad strange forms, lined the rugged, rock-hewn way; and behind them stretched ranges of hills; here, rich and glowing with woody vegetation where the sun caught their projecting buttresses,—there, lost in the purple mists of their deep rifts. The approach to a great religious house was indicated, first by a tall stone cross rising on a lofty pedestal, stained with golden lichen and with myrtle and lentisck growing in the hollows of its grey stones; then by a strange group of saintly figures in stone, standing aloft amid a solitary grove of pillars at a crossway, and marking, as we were afterwards told, the afternoon walk of the friars. Hence an avenue, with broken stone seats at intervals on either side, leads up to the convent walls,—a clear, sparkling mountain torrent singing by its side, in a basin overhung with fern and tall water-plants. Then, after skirting the walls for some distance, an ancient gateway admits one to the interior of what, till within a few years ago, was the largest religious house, and one of the largest buildings in Europe.

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English ruin, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here, it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoilers' hand to reach them, only make stronger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have been violently torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Berenguer IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Arragon were brought to be buried. As the long lines of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time the conventual life. And thus, though no sovereign ever actually assumed the cowl at Poblet, several left orders that their effigy should be twice represented on their monuments, once in royal robes, and again in the monastic habit. Five hundred monks of St. Bernard occupied, but did not fill, the magnificent buildings; their domains became almost boundless; their jewelled chalices and gorgeous church furniture could not be reckoned. The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of waggons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquises and counts, less honoured, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-cha-

pel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house, where numbers of their venerable effigies, typical of dignity and repose, may still be seen, having been hastily covered over at the time of the invasion. Gradually the monks of Poblet became more exclusive; their number was reduced to sixty-six, but into that sacred circle no novice was introduced in whose veins ran other than the purest blood of a Spanish grandee. He who became a monk of Poblet had to prove his pedigree, and the chapter sate in solemn deliberation upon his quarterings. Every monk had his two servants, and rode upon a snow-white mule. The mules of the friars were sought through the whole peninsula at an enormous expense. Within the walls every variety of trade was represented; no monk need seek for anything beyond his cloister: the tailors, the shoemakers, the apothecaries, had each their wing or court. Hospitals were raised on one side for sick and ailing pilgrims; on the other rose a palace appropriated to the sovereigns who sought the cure of their souls. The vast produce of the vineyards of the mountainous region which depended upon Poblet, was brought to the great convent wine-presses, and was stowed away in its avenue of wine-vats. 'El Priorato' became one of the most reputed wines in the country; the pipes, the presses, and the vats where it was originally prepared, still remain almost entire.

Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell, had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumours began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighbouring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle; half the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones, and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted upon by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety: they escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection: nothing was taken away.

"Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. All gave way before them; nothing was spared. "Destroy, destroy!" was the universal outcry. Every weapon of destruction was pressed into service. No fatigue, no labour was evaded. Picture, and shrine, and tomb, and fresco, fell alike under the destroying hammer; till, wearied with devastation, the frantic mob could work no more, and fire was set to the glorious sacristy, while the inestimable manuscripts of the library, piled heap upon heap, were consumed to ashes.

"At the present time the story of that day of destruction is engraved on every wall. At first you are unprepared. The little decorated chapel of St. George, on the right of the second entrance, is so little injured that it might be taken for an ordinary ruin: then, passing the gate, one finds the remains of a series of frescoes, which tell the story of the Moorish invasion. Only the figure of one warrior and of the avenging angel are left, the rest is torn away; the lower pillars are gone, but their beautiful capitals, of monks seated amid rich foliage, are left.

"Hence one reaches the original front of the convent. On the left is another chapel, windowless and grass-grown, and behind it the remains of the hospital, which is reduced to a mere shell. In front, rise on one side the heavy machicolated towers which once flanked the main entrance, now bricked up,—and on the other, between statues of San Bernardo and San Benito, the entrance of the church. Here, in the ante-chapel, donkeys have their stalls around the tombs of kings, and the fragments of the royal monuments lie piled one upon an-

other. On the right, in a dark niche, is the Easter Sepulchre, richly wrought in marble: only the figure of the Saviour has been spared; the Virgin and saints, legless, armless, and noseless, stand weeping around. Below, a sleeping archbishop has escaped with less injury.

"The Coro retains its portals of lumachella marble, but within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retablo of white marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the figure of the infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs; Jaime El Conquistador; Alonzo II.; Ferdinand I. and his two sons, Juan II. and Alonzo V.; Pedro IV. and his three queens; Juan I. and his two, with many princes and princesses of royal blood. The monuments remain, but so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels, wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristy, blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, in which the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain, once of many streams, where the monks in summer afternoons were wont to be regaled with chocolate. This was voluntary chocolate; but another room is shown in which it is remembered that obligatory chocolate was served every morning, for fear any brother should faint during the celebration of mass. Beyond the great cloister, which is of the richest pointed architecture,—every capital varied in fresh varieties of sculpture,—is an earlier cloister, formed by low, narrow, round-headed, thick-set arches of the twelfth century. Above one side of the great cloister, rich in the delicate tracery of its still remaining windows, rises the shell of the palace of Martino El Humilde. Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its distinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful in the agony of its unexpected destruction.

"In the summer the solitude is broken by a perfect school of young architects, from Italy, Prussia, and America, who come hither to study; but in England Poblet is little known. The time is so short since its destruction that, of the sixty-six monks who occupied the convent at the time, many are still living. At Poblet they wore the white Bernardine habit, and at mass they officiated in long trains of white; but the feeling against them is still so bitter that if one of them reappeared in his former costume he would be immediately assassinated. Each has retired to his family. We asked the guide if none had ever revisited their former home. "Yes," he said, "five of the friars came last summer; but they could not bear to look. They wept and sobbed the whole time they were here; it was piteous to see them.' From the ruins of their old home must have come back to them with thrilling force an echo from the hymn of their Founder, so often chaunted within its walls:—

"Hortus odoribus affluet omnibus, hic paradisus,
Plenaque gratia, plenaque gaudia, cantica, risus;
Plena redemptio, plena refectio, gloria plena:
Vi, lue, lutcibus aufugientibus, exule pœnâ.
Nil ibi debile, nil ibi flebile, nil ibi scissum;
Res ibi publica pax erit unica, pax in idipsum.
Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala, pax sine pace;
Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus in Syon arce."

Valencia, rife with heroic memories of the Cid, who rode forth from its gates for the last time on Bavieca, upright in death, his corpse arrayed in full armour, with

the face uncovered and his white beard flowing down over his breastplate, supported by Gil Diaz and Bishop Geronimo, and followed by his warriors—a sight so awful that the Moors who were encamped about the town fled in terror from the strange funeral procession. But the city is now "a very concentration of dulness, stagnation, and ugliness." The streets, however, abound with the salient forms of a land which has not yet been toned down to the general European level of frock coats and stove-pipe hats. "In the market many picturesque costumes may be seen and admired; swarthy labourers of the Huerta, with sandals, linen drawers, velvet jackets, flowing mantas of scarlet and blue, and their heads bound tight with a gaily crossed handkerchief, knotted behind, with the ends hanging down, women of the lower classes in bright handkerchiefs also, over their black hair, and, of the upper classes, invariably in the mantilla, which is so much the rule here that English ladies who do not wear them are followed, much as an Indian in feathers would be in Regent street, and those of our party who went to see Ribera's pictures at the Colegio Patriarca were forcibly ejected from the church for venturing to enter it in bonnets." One cannot help asking why these English ladies could not so far conform to the custom of the country as to assume mantillas while they were in Spain.

The imposing effect of the religious ceremonies is also the same everywhere, and enables us easily to understand how the religion retains a strong hold upon the feelings of the people, even where it has lost its hold upon their convictions. The travellers were present at the Friday service in the chapel of Corpus Christi. "At ten, a.m., the congregation, all in black, take their places near the high altar, which on ordinary occasions is surmounted by a Last Supper of Ribera; around this many tapers are burning, but the rest of the naturally gloomy church is additionally darkened. In front of the altar the priests kneel in silence, while the penitential psalms are sung by a hidden choir. Then, as the *Miserere* swells in thrilling notes through the gloom, the picture over the altar descends by an invisible machinery, and violet curtains are seen within. Gradually, as the chant proceeds, one veil after another is withdrawn—lilac, grey, black—till, when the imagination is fully aroused, appears, deeply recessed and dimly shown by a quivering torchlight, the figure of the dying Saviour upon the cross, only the bent head fully lighted up into a vividness of reality—the rest of the figure rather expressed than seen. The whole service is most impressive and touching. The last veil is only drawn for a few minutes, and as it is closed again and the people rise from their knees, the joyful notes of the organ, accompanied by a chorus of voices, tell of the Resurrection and a new life."

Around Valencia lies the Huerta, the most fertile district in Europe, where lucerne is mown fifteen times in one year and the rest of the crops are in proportion. Peas were in pod in January and other vegetables were in perfection. But the price paid is miasma from stagnant water, which, with siroccos and a depressing climate, may be said to render the Huerta a garden but not a paradise.

In driving from Alicante to Elche, the party had their first experience of a Spanish diligence. It was not so bad as they expected, the speed being greater in proportion than that of the railway. "On the outside the fresh air blowing over the vast plains was delightful, and the old Arragonese coachman in his quaintly decorated velveteen suit, with a large sombrero, vied in civilities with the Valencian *mayorel*. 'To the right; to the left; go on you creatures; Ave Maria Purissima, more to the left, you leader; go along will you, you outsider;' thus they talk to their horses in a loud, stormy voice. There is very little guidance used, literally no driving at all; the horses

hear and obey, or if the leader takes advantage of his distance, far beyond the reach of whip, to become wilful, stones are thrown at his tail from a little hillock prepared all ready on the coach-box—the object of which on setting out had greatly puzzled us."

Elche is a place of palms and dates. By the road-side, before every cottage door, are quantities of dates in baskets, no one watching them. Any passer-by can eat as many as he pleases, fill his pockets, and leave his halfpenny in payment. Mr. Hare says it is generally left, for when Spaniards are trusted they scarcely ever abuse a trust. When the party walked in the palm groves the peasants loaded them with bunches of the best fruit and would accept no payment at all. We may mention in this connection that Mr. Hare testifies to general fair dealing at the Spanish inns, though he records a few cases of extortion.

Cordova, once the splendid abode, now the sepulchre, of Moorish civilization, is famous, as all the world knows, for its mosque converted into a cathedral. The building is "a roofed-in forest of pillars, of varied colour, thickness and material, of which there were once twelve hundred and are still a thousand, dividing the edifice into twenty-nine naves one way and nineteen the other. The remainder of the columns were destroyed to engraft the cathedral. Near Cordova once stood a Moorish work of a still more sumptuous kind—the city-like palace of Azzahra, built by the Kaliph Annasir in honour of his wife, who begged that he would build a city for her which should be called by her name. It was begun A.D. 936 (when Christian Europe had not yet emerged from the rudeness of barbarism) and was constructed by architects from Bagdad and Constantinople, 10,000 men, 2,400 mules and 100 camels, being employed in the work. The palace contained 4,812 pillars of different kinds of precious marble; its hall, called the Khalafat, had eight doors overlaid with gold and encrusted with precious stones, hung in arches of ebony and ivory; in the hall called Almunis was a great fountain brought from Constantinople, decorated with many figures of animals, made of pure gold adorned with precious stones, and with water streaming from their mouths. The annual expense of the establishment was 300,000 dinars, and there were 13,000 male and 6,000 female servants. This miracle of art and magnificence was so totally destroyed that its very site is unknown, though the surrounding country retains traces of the beautiful gardens of fruit trees with which it was surrounded by its founder.

Seville, the "marvel" of Spain, is pre-eminently a pleasure city. "Of all the inhabitants of Spain, the Sevillians have the greatest reputation for liveliness of character and enjoyment of all the pleasures which the world can afford them. The past and the future seem to have no part in their existence; the present is everything. The churches here are deserted by comparison with those of other towns; the theatres and promenades are crowded." When Mr. Hare's party arrived the whole population was throwing itself rapturously into the carnival. "The streets were filled every evening with masquers in every description of ridiculous dress, from Chinese mandarins and Indians in feathers, to old English ladies with poke-bonnets, reticule and spectacles, and old English gentlemen with high collars, tail coats and umbrellas, very admirably imitated. Reverence to the church also was little evinced in the number of would-be nuns, mumbling over their breviaries, while their eyes, sparkling through their masques, sought a new object for a joke; and even the Pope himself had his representative dragged woefully along by a horrible green devil with a long tail, which he lashed in glee over each contortion of the wretched potentate. In the carriages were many lovely little children of the nobles, beautifully dressed in blue, green and yellow satin, à la Louis XIV., with their

hair powdered; the little boys of three or four years old having silk stockings, and buckles in their shoes. All classes mingled together and amused one another; yet at such times the high breeding and courtesy of every rank of Spaniard never deserts them, and no coarseness or breach of decorum can be discovered." There is a dark side to the picture, however. During the course of the first masqued ball six persons were killed, eight wounded, the long Albacete knives being used, and the murderers easily escaping in their masquerade dress, without the incident producing any effect upon the gaiety of the rest of the revellers.

Love-making, of course, is an active business in Seville. "If, in the evening, leaving the busier streets, filled far into the night with a moving crowd, amid which water-carriers are constantly circulating with their shrill cry of 'Agua, Agua,' you turn into the quieter lanes, flanked by private houses, you may generally see not one but many scenes, which look as if they were taken out of *Romeo and Juliet*, of young men wrapped in their cloaks, clinging to the iron bars of one of the lower windows, making love, with the ripple of the fountain in the neighbouring patio as an accompaniment. Only, at Seville, there is nothing surreptitious in this; it is the approved fashion of love-making, admitted by parents and guardians, and to neglect it on the part of the innamorato would be to forfeit his lady's good graces. Fatal affrays frequently occur in the streets, in consequence of the lover arriving and finding his place occupied by another. Often the love-making is no whispered confidence, but a serenade on the guitar. The verses sung are seldom original, and have a savour of Moorish times and imagery."

Spanish society, as seen at Seville, seems a curious mixture of freedom and formalism. "Looking into the patios of Sevillian houses is like looking into the private life of their inhabitants, for the adornment of each may be considered to reflect the taste of its owner; in one, brilliant flowers; in another, a marble fountain, or a beautiful statue, or drooping banners, or tall palms, or cypresses clipped into strange forms of temples and pagodas. Here the *tertulias* are given, the pleasant, unformal receptions, which are the only kind of evening parties in common use in Spain. When properly presented at any Spanish house, its master says to you on taking leave, after your first visit, "Henceforth this house is yours," and from that time you may come and go unrestrained, and feel sure that you are always welcome, though you are offered no refreshment, or only a cup of chocolate, which it is not usual to accept, and though the master of the house himself is seldom at home, being at some other *tertulia*. In the course of the evening one of the gentlemen present often takes a guitar, then the younger guests dance, while their elders play at cards, or gossip round the fountain. If a sudden silence falls upon the company, it is attributed to the passing of an angel, who imposes upon the air, which is wafted by his wings, the respect of silence without any definite cause. With Spaniards dinner parties are almost unknown; though invitations are sometimes given, it is a mere matter of form, which all well-bred persons are expected to refuse, unless pressed repeatedly. Great stress is laid upon all the formalities of Spanish courtesy, and a stranger is measured by his observation of them. It is absolutely necessary that a first visit at a Spanish house should be paid in complete black, though morning dress may be worn. The visitor's hat is then seized, the utmost consideration is paid to it, and it is solemnly placed on a cushioned chair by itself, and this attention must be carefully observed when the visit is returned. No attempt must be made to shut the door, for to be alone with a lady with closed doors would be considered indecorous, and it must be remembered that Spanish ladies never shake hands or take a

gentleman's arm ; but when the visitor rises he must say "Lady, I kiss your feet," to which the lady responds "Sir, I kiss your hand."

Far above the city of Seville rises the famous tower called the Giralda, its colour a pale pink, encrusted all over with delicate Moorish ornaments ; so high that its detail is quite lost as you gaze upwards ; so large that you may easily ride on horseback to the summit, up the broad roadway in the interior. "Nothing can be more enchanting than to spend a morning at the top of this tower, where from the broad embrasures you overlook the whole city, the soft bends of the Guadalquiver, and the sunny green plains melting into an amethystine distance. Subdued by the height, the hum of the great city scarcely reaches you ; but the chime of many bells ascends into the clear air, and mingles with the song of the birds which are ever circling round the tower in the aerial spaces, and perching on the great lilies which adorn it. Just below are children always playing in the Court of Oranges, where the old fountain used in the Moorish ablutions still sparkles in the sunshine."

The Giralda has looked down on other sights than children playing in the Court of Oranges. On a spot outside the walls the *autos-da-fé* took place. The bricks of the long-used scaffold can be just seen peeping through the grass. There the Church of Rome burnt 34,601 persons alive, and 18,043 in effigy, between 1451 and 1700, besides imprisoning and sending to the galleys many thousands of others. In all cases the property of the sufferers was confiscated and their families left destitute. Beneath the altar of the Cathedral, in a silver sarcophagus, rests the royal saint, Ferdinand, who was canonized in 1627 "because he carried faggots with his own hands for the burning of heretics." Seville, Mr. Hare tells us, is now foremost among Spanish cities in her search after a reformed faith. Many Protestant schools have been opened, and their teachers, though denounced from the pulpits, are welcomed and respected by the people. A church has been bought, and Protestant services are performed and sermons preached in Spanish. Spaniards of the lower orders often appear at the English services, and behave reverently.

Seville is a galaxy of religious paintings by Murillo and others. As expressions of spiritual sentiment the pictures of Murillo are, as it appears to us, somewhat overrated by Mr. Hare. His Madonnas are Spanish women. Art of a certain kind has ministered to the worship of many a blood-stained idol. But it is hard to imagine that the very highest and most spiritual art can have ministered to a religion like that of Spain in the days of the Inquisition, reduced to the level of Mexican superstition by the practice of human sacrifices on a hideous scale ; for such in fact were the *autos-da-fé*.

Gibraltar is a part of England rather than of Spain, though there is no fortress in the British Islands where "the mouth of a cannon is frequently found protruding from a thicket of flowers." Granada, with its Alhambra and the beauties of its scenery, are known to us by a thousand descriptions. We do not remember to have seen before a notice of the elms, almost the only ones in Spain, which were planted by the Duke of Wellington—rather a pleasing little trait in the character of the Iron Duke.

At Granada, in Passion Week, the party witnessed a Passion play, similar to that of Ober-Ammergau, the Last Supper and the Crucifixion being represented on the stage. A burlesque was by no means intended, yet some parts bordered on the ludicrous. One scene was rapturously encored by the audience ; it was when Judas descended to the infernal regions amid a crash of thunder and a blaze of blue lights. Mr. Hare says the Archbishop of Granada had opposed the exhibition. On Easter Sunday there was a splendid religious festival in honour of the "Virgin of Sorrows," described by Mr. Hare as

a figure of the size of life, better as a work of art than most worshipped images of saints, dressed in black velvet robes spangled with golden stars and adorned with most magnificent jewels. "As the image left the church, carried by the principal citizens of Granada in full dress, a blare of trumpets and crash of drums greeted its appearance. Guns were fired and rockets sent up; the noise was deafening. As the procession entered the Alameda, with one impulse the whole people fell upon their knees. Many women wept and sobbed as they stretched out their hands in eager supplication. At each step of the procession fresh fireworks rose from the houses on either side of the way; it was like a march of fire, and the appearance of the tall black figure, slowly advancing up the green avenue between the throngs of kneeling people, was certainly most striking." "A very different scene," says Mr. Hare, "was enacted upon the evening of Holy Thursday, when, in an upper chamber, seventy earnest Protestant converts met to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hands of a Protestant Presbyterian Minister. The liturgy used was almost entirely that of the English Prayer-book, which is translated into Spanish. The elements were received seated, according to the Presbyterian custom. In spite of the power of the Virgin of Las Augustias, Protestantism is making strong advances in the town where Matamoras suffered."

The Alameda is the "Vanity Fair" of Granada. There the unmarried daughters, followed by their admirers, are paraded up and down by their parents, not unmindful perhaps, says Mr. Hare, of the old Spanish proverb "Three daughters and a mother are four devils for a father." The dresses are brilliant. Mr. Hare says that more, probably, is spent on dress in Spain than in any other country in Europe. Only the military appears to be less resplendent. On the walls was a placard announcing a subscription to present the soldiers of Asturias as a reward for their distinguished valour with a pair of pantaloons.

The situation of Madrid is unanimously admitted to be odious. As the Spanish saying is:

"Quien te quiere, no te sabe;
Quien te sabe, no te quiere."

"He who wishes for you does not know you; he who knows you does not wish for you." It was made the capital by Charles V., because the sharp air suited his gout. The climate is burning in summer, piercingly cold in winter. "All around the country is utterly barren and hideous. Not a tree, not a drop of water, not a green plant, not even a blade of grass, not a vestige of colour of any kind, but only roads deep in dust, and a district covered with brown sand or dull grey rock." The very river is dried up in summer, so that the Court used to amuse themselves by driving up and down in its bed; and a wit told Philip IV. that he had better buy a river or sell his bridge. There are splendid galleries of Spanish art, and the palace is described by Mr. Hare as very fine; but the general picture of the city is unattractive. The Plaza Mayor, still antiquated and picturesque, was the scene of many *autos-da-fé*. It was also, before the construction of the regular Plaza de Toros, the scene of the other grand Spanish entertainment, the bull fights. Mr. Hare has taken a pretty story from a French memoir relating to the time of Philip IV.

"A cavalier of merit was in love with a fair young girl, who was only a jeweller's daughter; but she was perfectly beautiful and a great heiress. This young nobleman, having learnt that some of the fiercest bulls of the mountains had been taken, and thinking that he would derive great honour from their conquest, resolved to fight with them, and asked his mistress' permission. She, horrified at the very idea of such a proposition, fainted away, and forbade him, using the whole force of her influence over him to prevent his risking his life. In spite of this prohibition, he thought he could not give her a higher proof of his love, and

secretly prepared everything which he required. But notwithstanding the care which he took to conceal his designs from his mistress, she discovered it, and left no stone unturned to change his resolution. At last the day of the fête arrived, and he conjured her to be there; assuring her that her very presence would be sufficient to make him a conqueror, and to acquire for him a glory which would render him more worthy of her. 'Your love,' she said to him, 'is more ambitious than tender, and mine is more tender than ambitious. Go where glory calls you. You wish that I should be present, you wish to fight before me; yes, I will accede to your wish, and perhaps my presence will cause you more trouble than encouragement.'

"At last he quitted her and went to the Plaza Mayor, where all the world was already assembled. But he had scarcely begun to defend himself against a fierce bull that had attacked him, when a young peasant threw a dart at the terrible beast, which pierced it, causing great agony. It instantly left the young nobleman who was engaged with it, and rushed bellowing against the person who had struck it. The young man aghast tried to escape, when the cap which covered his head fell off, and the most beautiful long hair in the world floated over his shoulders, and revealed that it was a girl of sixteen. So petrified was she with terror that she was unable either to run or escape the bull, which gave her a terrible wound in the side, at the very moment when her lover, who was the *tocador*, and who recognised her, came to her assistance. O God! what was his anguish, at seeing his dear mistress in this terrible state! He became beside himself, life was valueless to him, and more frantic than the bull itself, he performed incredible feats. He was mortally wounded in several places . . . That was indeed a day when people considered the fête delightful."

The Escorial is an "architectural nightmare." Notwithstanding its oppressive hideousness, however, there is a certain fascination about it, and about the history of the dark fanatic and tyrant of whose character it is so congenial a monument, which will make the description of it interesting to our readers.

"The Escorial may be undergone upon the road northwards, or may form a separate excursion from Madrid. The station of the name lands you at the foot of the hill on which this colossus of granite is placed. It is generally described as standing in a mountain wilderness, but this is not quite true. You ascend through woods, which are pleasant enough, and where Charles IV., wisely declining to inhabit the 'architectural nightmare,' built a pretty little toy palace of his own. But behind the Escorial all is a bleak solitude, blue-black peaks capped with snow, and furrowed by dry torrent-beds, or sandy deserts sprinkled over with boulders of granite. There is no softening feature. The dismal streets of granite houses which surround the huge granite palace and church have the same lines of narrow prison-like windows, the same harsh angular forms everywhere. The main edifice was thirty-one years in building, and is three quarters of a mile round, but each wall is just like the other, they have no distinguishing features whatever. It has thirty-six courts, and eleven thousand windows, in compliment to the virgins of St. Ursula, but they are all the same size, and all exactly alike. The architect, Herrera, was tied down to the most hideous of plans, that of a gridiron, because it was the emblem of St. Laurence, upon whose day, the 10th of August, the building was vowed after the successful siege of St. Quentin. The whole is justly looked upon as a stone image of the mind of its founder, Philip II. And the interest which encircles this cruel yet religious, this superstitious yet brave, character, lends a charm even to the Escorial. Except the extirpation of heretics, it was the one object of his earthly ambition. The seat is shewn—*Silla del Rey*—high among the grey boulders of the hillside, whence he used to watch the progress of the huge fantastic plan, as court after court was added, each fresh wing forming another bar of the gridiron. When it was finished he deserted his capital, and made it his principal residence, devoting himself to an eternal penance of fasting and flagellation, but at the same time boasting that he governed two worlds from the heights of his mountain solitude. Hither, when he felt the approach of death during an absence at Madrid, he insisted upon being brought, borne for six days in a litter upon men's shoulders, and here, during his last hours, he was

carried round all the halls, to take a final survey of the work of his life.

"The main entrance is so featureless as almost to past unnoticed. It leads into a vast gloomy court-yard, at the end of which are huge statues of the kings of Judah. These decorate the façade of the church. Its interior is bare and dismal, but the proportions are magnificent, and though the effect is cold and oppressive, it is not without a certain solemnity of its own. In high open chapels on either side of the altar, kneel two groups of figures in gilt robes. On the left are Charles V., his queen, his daughter, and his two sisters; on the right are Philip II., three of his wives (the unloved Mary of England being omitted), and Don Carlos. Down a long flight of steps you are led by torchlight to the *Panteon*, an octagonal chamber surrounded by twenty-six sepulchres of kings or mothers of kings, arranged one above another like berths in a ship. Charles V. occupies a place in the upper story. Brantome declares that the Inquisition proposed that his body should be burnt for having given ear to heretical opinions. It remains, though curiosity, not heresy, has twice caused the coffin to be opened; the last time in 1871, during the visit of the Emperor of Brazil, when hundreds of people flocked forth from Madrid to look upon the awful face of the mighty dead, which was entire even to the hair and eyebrows, though perfectly black. Philip II. fills the niche below, lying in the coffin of gilt bronze which he ordered to be brought to him that he might inspect it in his last moments, and for which he ordered a white satin lining and a larger supply of gilt nails with his last breath. Each of the Austrian kings seems to have loved to pass hours in meditation over his future resting-place. Philip IV. used to sit in his niche in his life-time to hear mass; Maria Louisa scratched her name upon her future urn with a pair of scissors. The last funeral here was that of Ferdinand VII., whose coffin was too big for the royal hearse, and had to be brought hither in a common *coche de colleras;* its end projecting from the front windows, the attendant monks riding round it on mules, and the empty hearse following, for the sake of decency. His widow, Christina, though the mother of a sovereign, will never be buried here, even if the Bourbons return to power, as Spanish aristocratic feeling would not allow the honour to a queen who has formed a mésalliance in her second marriage. Isabella II. heard midnight mass in the Panteon whenever she visited the Escorial.

A separate chamber has the dreadful name of *El Pudridero.* Here lie sixty members of the royal family, including Don Carlos, Don John of Austria, and the many queens-consort who were not mothers of kings.

"Through the bare cold passages of the convent one may reach the Coro, which contains a celebrated crucifix by Benvenuto Cellini. The stall is still shown which Philip II. occupied, and where he was kneeling when the messenger arrived breathless with eager haste from Don John of Austria to announce the victory of Lepanto, but could obtain no audience till the monarch had finished his devotions. From hence it is but a few steps to the low bare rooms which the bigot king occupied as a dwelling. They are full of interest. The furniture is the same, the pictures, the table, the chairs, the high stool to support his gouty leg. At the bureau, which still exists, he was sitting writing when Don Christoval de Moura came in to announce the total destruction of the Spanish Armada, the scheme on which he had wasted a hundred million ducats and eighteen years of his life. Not a muscle of his face moved. He only said, "I thank God for having given me the means of bearing such a loss without embarrassment, and power to fit out another fleet of equal size. A stream can afford to waste some water, when its source is not dried up."

"The inner room opens into the church by a shutter. At this opening the ghastly figure of the king was seen present at the public mass during his illness, following the prayers with an agonized fervour of devotion. Here also he sate on the morning of the 13th of September, 1598, and, having summoned his children, Philip and Clara Eugenia Isabella (so well known to us from their pictures) to embrace him, received extreme unction, and, even after the power of speech had departed, remained with his hands grasping the crucifix which his father Charles V. held when he was dying, and with his eyes fixed upon the altar of the church till those eyes were closed in death.

"All the other sights of the Escorial are of little importance compared with those which are connected with Philip II. One set of apartments was prettily decorated with

inlaid woodwork by Charles IV. The endless corridors were once filled with fine pictures, now removed to Madrid. Only three of any consequence remain. In the chapter-house is a Velazquez of Jacob receiving from his elder sons the coat of Joseph; in the Refectory is a grand Last Supper of Titian; and in the Ante-Sacristia is a fine historical scene by Coello, representing the half-witted Charles II., with his court, upon their knees before the miraculous wafer, which bled at Gorcum, when trampled upon by Zwinglian heretics. Every Spanish sovereign is expected to make some offering to St. Laurence and the Escorial; that of Isabella II. was a gorgeous golden shrine for this very wafer, preserved behind the picture. The library contains several interesting pictures of kings, and some fine illuminated manuscripts. All the books are arranged with their backs to the wall.

Upon the south and east sides of the building are so-called gardens—broad terraces with trim box edges, but on the whole possessing more architecture than vegetation. Here, from the angle of the terrace wall, one may best examine one of the external curiosities of the building, a glittering plate of gold an inch thick and a yard square, which Philip II. built into the wall when the building was nearly complete, as a bravado to the world which expected it to become his ruin. Fortunately for its preservation it is near the top of the pyramid above the dome, where it glitters, inaccessible, and reflects all the rays of the sun."

Salamanca is a despoiled, decayed, and ragged Oxford. There is no place where pride in rags is so splendidly exhibited.

"Madame d'Aulnois narrates that one day looking out of a window, she saw a woman selling small pieces of fresh salmon, and calling upon all the passers-by to buy of her. A poor shoemaker came and asked for a pound of her salmon. 'You do not hesitate about the price,' she said, 'because you think it is cheap, but you are mistaken, it costs a crown a pound.' The shoemaker, insulted at her doubting him, said in an angry tone, 'If it had been cheap, one pound would have been enough for me, but, since it is dear, I wish for three'—and he immediately gave her three crowns and walked away twirling his moustache and glowering at the spectators, though the three crowns were all that he had in the world, the earnings of his whole week, and the next day he, his wife, and his little children would fast on something less than bread and water. This was in 1643; but Spain never changes, and scenes of the same character might be witnessed any day in Salamanca. It is the want of regard for this Spanish amour-propre which makes the generality of English travellers so unpopular in Spain. Théophile Gautier narrates that an Englishman, travelling from Seville to Xeres, not understanding that a distinction of classes was unknown at such times, sent his driver to dine in the kitchen of the inn where they halted. The driver, who in his heart thought that he would have been doing great honour to a heretic by sitting at the same table with him, concealed his indignation at the time, but in the middle of the road, three or four leagues from Xeres, in a horrible desert full of bogs and brambles, pushed the Englishman out of the carriage, and cried out, as he whipped on his horse, 'My Lord, you did not find me worthy to sit at your table; and I, Don Jose Balbino Bustamente y Orozco, find you too bad company to occupy a seat in my carriage. Good night.'"

With this trait of Spanish character we may close. We have left many interesting parts of the volume untouched, including the description of Toledo; but we hope the specimens we have given may lead our readers to the volume itself.

ROTTEN ROW.

(*From "London Lyrics," by* FREDERICK LOCKER.)

I HOPE I'm fond of much that's good,
As well as much that's gay ;
I'd like the country if I could,
I like the Park in May :
And when I ride in Rotten Row,
I wonder why they call'd it so.

A lively scene on turf and road,
The crowd is bravely drest :
The Ladies' Mile has overflow'd,
The chairs are in request :
The nimble air, so warm and clear,
Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

I'll halt beneath the pleasant trees,
And drop my bridle-rein,
And, quite alone, indulge at ease
The philosophic vein :
I'll moralise on all I see—
I think it all was made for me !

Forsooth, and on a nicer spot
The sunbeam never shines ;
Young ladies here can talk and trot
With statesmen and divines :
Could I have chosen, I'd have been
A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean !

What grooms ! What gallant gentlemen !
What well-appointed hacks !
What glory in their pace—and then
What Beauty on their backs !
My Pegasus would never flag
If weighted as my lady's nag.

But where is now the courtly troop
That once rode laughing by ?
I miss the curls of Cantilupe,
The smile of Lady Di :
They all could laugh from night to morn,
And Time has laughed them all to scorn.

I then could frolic in the van
With dukes and dandy earls ;
I then was thought a nice young man
By rather nice young girls :
I've half a mind to join Miss Brown,
And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no ! I'll linger here awhile,
And dream of days of yore ;
For me bright eyes have lost the smile,
The sunny smile they wore :—
Perhaps they say, what I'll allow,
That I'm not quite so handsome now.

1867.

THE VENDETTA.

(*From the French of* HONORE DE BALZAC.)

[Continued from March Number.]

THOUGH the servant immediately departed upon his errand, the baron continued to chafe at Ginevra's extended absence, and presently remarking "John will not hurry sufficiently," the old man buttoned his blue coat, and, seizing his hat and cane, hastily strode out of the room.

"You will not have far to go," his wife called after him.

The carriage gate had indeed already opened and closed again, and Ginevra's light step was heard crossing the yard. Presently Bartholoméo reappeared, triumphantly carrying his daughter, who struggled in his arms. "Oh, father," she said, "you hurt me," whereupon she was immediately and gently released. She gave her head a graceful toss to reassure her mother, who seemed somewhat alarmed at her exclamation, and the anxious face of the baroness at once regained its usual amount of colour and placid expression.

Piombo stood rubbing his hands energetically, an infallible sign of delight with him—a habit he had acquired at court while watching Napoleon giving vent to ebullitions of temper against those generals and ministers who either served him badly or had been guilty of some fault. When the muscles of his face were relaxed every wrinkle in his forehead expressed benevolence, and both the old people appeared at this moment like plants just freshened and revived by a summer shower.

"Let us go to supper," said the old baron, presenting his large hand to Ginevra, whom he playfully called Signora Piombellina, another token of his good humour, and which his daughter answered by a loving smile.

"Ginevra," said Piombo after supper, "I learn from your mother that for the last month you remain much longer than usual at your studio. Is this an evidence that you prefer painting to your parents?"

"Oh, my father, how can you ask such a question?"

"Ginevra is doubtless preparing some surprise for us," said her mother.

"Do you intend bringing me a portrait of yourself?" asked the Corsican.

"I am very busy at the studio," answered Ginevra quietly.

"What is the matter, Ginevra?" inquired the baroness, "you are turning pale."

"No," exclaimed the young girl impulsively, "it shall not be said that Ginevra de Piombo uttered even one falsehood in the course of her life!"

At this singular speech Piombo and his wife looked at their daughter in astonishment.

"I love a young man," she continued in a low tone of voice. Then, not daring to look at her parents, she lowered her long lashes to conceal the excitement blazing in her eyes.

"Is he a prince?" ironically inquired her father, in a voice that made both mother and daughter tremble.

"No, father," she replied; "he is without fortune and without friends."

"Is he very handsome, then? What is his occupation?"

"As the companion of Labédoyère he was proscribed, and, being without shelter, Servin concealed him."

"Servin is a good fellow, and behaved nobly," exclaimed Piombo. But you, my daughter, are very wrong to love any other man than your father."

"How can I help loving. Is it not woman's destiny?" replied Ginevra gently.

"I fondly hoped," pursued her father, "that my Ginevra would be faithful to me until death—that my care and affection, combined with that of her mother, would be sufficient for her, that no rival love would ever displace . . ."

"Did I reproach you with your love for Napoleon?" said Ginevra. Did you hold dear none other beside me?" Did you not spend months at a time as ambassador at foreign courts? And did I not endure your absence courageously?"

"Ginevra!"

"You do not love me for myself, and your reproaches are unjust and cruel."

"You accuse your father's love!" exclaimed Piombo with flashing eyes.

"I will never accuse you, my father," said Ginerva in a far more gentle tone than her trembling mother expected. "You are justified in your selfishness as I am justified in my love. Heaven is my witness that no daughter ever fulfilled her duty to her parents better than I have mine. It was ever my happiness and great delight to minister to your pleasure. But am I ungrateful towards you in loving and letting myself be loved by one who will protect me when you are no more?"

"Ah, Ginevra, you reckon with your father," said the old man gloomily.

For a while they all remained silent and thoughtful, then Bartholoméo exclaimed in a heart-rending tone: "Oh, stay with us, Ginevra! Stay with your old father! Oh, my daughter, you will not have to wait long for your release."

"But, my father, we will never leave you; there will henceforth be two of us to love you, and you will know and esteem the man in whose care you will place me. You will be fondly cherished by both of us."

"Oh, Ginevra, why did you not marry when Napoleon had accustomed me to the thought, and when he introduced you to worthy men."

"They loved me only because they were commanded to do so. Besides, I did not wish to leave you, and they would have taken me away."

"You do not wish to leave us alone, and yet we must be separated. I know you, my daughter, you will love us no longer. Elisa, he continued turning to his wife, who sat motionless and almost stupefied, "we have no longer any daughter—she has forsaken us."

The old man sat down, after having raised his hands as if to invoke the protection of Heaven; then he remained silent, stunned and overpowered by grief. Ginevra saw her father's agitation, and although she was prepared for his anger, her heart was not proof against his gentleness and sorrow.

"My father," she said in a tone of touching humility, "You shall never be forsaken by your Ginevra. But, pray love her a little for her own sake—if you only knew how *he* loves me. He would not cause me pain."

"Comparisons already," said Piombo fiercely. "No, I cannot endure it. If he loves you as you deserve to be loved, I would kill him; and if he did not love you thus, still I would kill him."

Piombo's hands trembled, his lips quivered, his eyes flashed, and his whole body shook with the violence of his emotion. "What man on earth is worthy of becoming your husband?" he exclaimed passionately.

"The man I love!"

"Can he know you well enough to love you?"

"But, my father," said Ginevra, impatiently, "even if he did not love me, from the moment I love him . . ."

"So you love him then!" exclaimed Piombo.

Ginevra gently bowed her head in assent.

"Then you love him better than you love us."

"The two feelings cannot be compared."

"The one is doubtless stronger than the other."

"I believe so."

"You shall never marry him!" thundered

the old Corsican, in a voice that made the windows rattle.

"I will marry him," quietly responded his daughter.

"My God! my God!" ejaculated the mother, "how will this quarrel end! Holy Virgin pray for us."

The baron, who had been pacing up and down the room, now seated himself. There was a look of anguish on his face, and he said gently: "Well Ginevra, you will not marry him. Oh, do not say yes this evening. . . . Do you wish to see your old father on his knees before you, his hoary head bent in supplication. I beseech . . ."

"Ginevra Piombo does not make promises and break them. She is your daughter."

"She is right," said the baroness.

"So you encourage her in her disobedience," said the baron to his wife, who, intimidated by his words, instantly relapsed into silence.

"Refusing to obey an unjust command is not disobedience," said Ginevra.

"The command cannot be unjust when it emanates from your father! Why do you judge me? The repugnance I feel for this union seems a warning from above, and probably I am preserving you from misfortune."

"The misfortune would be his not loving me."

"Always *he*!"

"Yes, always!" she replied; "he is my life, my thought, my all, even were I to obey you he would ever dwell in my heart and memory, and by forbidding me to marry him you would only make me hate you."

"You love us no longer," cried Piombo.

"Oh, my father, how can you say that?" said Ginevra, shaking her head mournfully.

"Well, then, forget him, and remain faithful to us. After us . . you understand."

"My father, do you wish to make me long for your death?" exclaimed Ginevra.

"I will survive you, for children who do not honour their parents die young," said the old man, greatly exasperated.

"All the more reason for my getting married and living happily," said Ginevra.

This coolness and powerful reasoning proved too much for the old baron; the blood rushed to his head, and his face became purple. Ginevra trembled, and hastening towards him put her arms round his neck, stroked his hair, and said in loving tones, "Oh, yes, I trust I may die first. I could not survive you, my father, my good father."

"Oh, Ginevra, my foolish Ginevra," said Piombo, whose anger melted at this caress as snow beneath the genial rays of the sun.

"It was about time that you should finish," said the baroness in a moved voice.

"Poor mother!"

"Oh, my own beautiful Ginevra," said the old baron, fondling his daughter as if she were a little child.

Having restored her father to good humour she endeavoured to obtain permission for Louis to visit her in her home, but he would not consent, and she had to be content with having impressed her father with her love for the exile, and the idea of their speedy union. The following day the subject was not renewed, and although she went to the studio she returned early. Her manner towards her father was more affectionate than usual, as if to reward him for the consent which his silence seemed to give to her marriage. At the end of a week her mother brought her the joyful intelligence that the baron had consented to see Louis.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "how happy you make me!"

That same evening Ginevra had the happiness of returning to her father's house in Louis' company, and for the second time the poor officer left his hiding place. Ginevra's petition to the Duke of Feltre had been graciously received, and Louis had been granted a free pardon. This was one great step towards a brighter future. Informed by Ginevra of the difficulties that awaited him on meeting the baron, the young

man was almost overpowered by the fear of not pleasing him. This man, so courageous in struggling against adversity, so brave on the field of battle, trembled at the prospect of an introduction to Piombo's drawing-room.

"How pale you are," she said, on reaching the door of her home.

"Oh, Ginevra," replied Louis, "if it were only a matter of life and death I should feel more at ease."

Although Bartholoméo had been apprised by his wife of the formal presentation of Ginevra's lover, he did not go to meet him, but, seated in his arm-chair, awaited his approach.

"My father," said Ginevra, "let me introduce a gentleman to you whom you will doubtless be delighted to see, M. Louis, a soldier who fought at the Emperor's side at Mont St. Jean."

The baron of Piombo rose, cast a furtive glance at Louis, and said sarcastically, "M. Louis has no decorations."

"I no longer wear the Cross of the Legion of Honour," timidly replied Louis.

Ginevra, distressed at her father's rudeness, hastened to place a chair for their guest. Louis' reply had, however, evidently satisfied Napoleon's ancient adherent, and Madame Piombo, perceiving that her husband's face had regained its ordinary composure, said, "M. Louis' resemblance to Nina Porta is astonishing! Don't you think he has the Porta face?

"Nothing more natural," replied the young man, "Nina was my sister."

"Luigi Porta!" exclaimed the old man.

Bartholoméo di Piombo rose, staggered, and leaning against a chair for support, gazed at his wife. Elisa Piombo went towards him, and the two old people clasped hands silently, and, with a feeling akin to horror, passed out of the room—leaving their daughter with her lover.

Luigi looked in a stupified manner at Ginevra, who, white as a marble statue, kept her eyes fixed on the door through which her father and mother had disappeared. Their agitation and departure had been so solemn that, probably for the first time, a feeling of fear entered her heart; she wrung her hands and said: "How much unhappiness can be conveyed in a single word!"

"In the name of Heaven what have I done?" asked Luigi Porta.

"My father," she replied, "never told me our deplorable history, and when we left Corsica I was too young to understand it."

"Are we then in *vendetta?* asked Louis anxiously.

"Yes, on questioning my mother, I learned that the Portas had killed my brothers and burnt our house, and my father, in retaliation, murdered your whole family. How did you happen to escape? you whom he thought he had fastened to the bed-posts before setting fire to the house."

"I do not know," replied Luigi. "When only six years old I was taken to Genoa, to an old man called Colonna, and no particulars of my family were given me; I only knew that I was an orphan. This Colonna was a father to me, and I bore his name till I entered the army, when, obliged to prove my identity, old Colonna informed me that, though little more than a child, I had vengeful enemies. For this reason he advised me to use only the name Luigi, in order to avoid them."

"Fly, Luigi! fly!" exclaimed Ginevra, impetuously; but no! I must go with you. As long as you are in my father's house you have nothing to fear, but be careful so soon as you have left it, for you will be exposed to no end of danger. My father has two Corsicans in his service, and they will not suffer you to escape even if he does."

"Ginevra," said he, "is the same hatred to exist between us."

The young girl smiled sadly, and bowed her head, but soon she looked up again with a proud air, and said, "Oh, Luigi, our feel-

ings must indeed be pure and sincere, to enable me to pursue the path I have determined on ; but it is a question of life-long happiness with us, is it not ?"

Luigi replied by a gentle and reassuring smile, and pressed her hand fondly. She felt that words were vain indeed to express the deep and pure affection with which she had inspired him. Ginevra foresaw that she would have to suffer many hardships in the battle of life, but she never faltered in her determination of clinging to Louis—she had given herself to him once and forever. She hurried him from the house, and only left him on seeing him enter the lodgings which Servin had secured for him. On returning home she had acquired the serenity born of a firm and unalterable resolution ; she betrayed no traces of anxiety, and looked at her parents with eyes full of gentleness. She perceived that her old mother had been weeping, and though her red swollen eyelids appealed to her heart, she did not betray the slightest emotion. Piombo's grief was far too violent to find vent in ordinary expressions. Dinner was served and removed without having been touched, and when the three reassembled in the drawing-room the same solemn and unnatural silence that had prevailed at table still continued. The old baron wished to speak, but his voice failed. He endeavoured to leave the room, but his strength was utterly exhausted, and he sank into a seat and rang the bell.

" Pietro," said he to the servant, " light the fire ; I am cold."

Ginevra started and looked anxiously at her father. The struggle going on within him must have been fierce, for his features were contorted.

" Ginevra," he said at length, without looking at her, " do you really love the enemy of your race ?"

" It is indeed true," she replied.

" You must choose between us. Our *vendetta* is a part of ourselves, and whoever does not espouse my vengeance does not belong to my family."

" My choice is made !" said Ginevra calmly.

Her tranquillity deceived Bartholoméo.

" Oh, my beloved child !" he exclaimed, with tears glistening in his eyes, the first and last he ever shed.

"I will be his wife," said Ginevra abruptly.

Bartholoméo was bewildered for a moment, then recovering his presence of mind he said coldly : " This marriage will not take place during my life ; I will never give my consent." Ginevra remained silent. " But," continued the baron, " do you believe that Luigi is the son of him who murdered your brothers ?"

" He was six years old at the time the murder was committed, and must be innocent of all participation in it," she replied.

" A Porta !" said Bartholoméo.

" I never shared your hatred," exclaimed the young girl impetuously. " Did you bring me up in the belief that a Porta was a monster ? How could I be aware that a single member of the family you had extirpated was still living? Is it not more natural that you should sacrifice your *vendetta* to my feelings ?"

" A Porta !" repeated Piombo. " If his father had formerly found you in your bed, you would no longer be alive; he would have killed you."

" That may be," she replied, " but his son has given me more than life. To see Luigi is a happiness without which I can no longer exist ; he loves me and will be my husband."

" Never !" thundered Piombo. " I would far rather see you in your coffin." The old Corsican arose and paced up and down the room, giving vent to his feelings at intervals in the following words : " You think perhaps that you can curb my will, you are grievously mistaken ; no Porta will ever be my son-in-law. Such is my unalterable decision. Let the subject be henceforth dismissed for ever

between us. I am Bartholoméo di Piombo. Do you hear me, Ginevra ?"

"Do you attach any mysterious meaning to these words?" she inquired coldly.

"They mean that I have a dagger, and that I do not fear the justice of men. We Corsicans render an account of ourselves to God alone."

"Well," said the young girl rising, "I am Ginevra di Piombo, and I declare solemnly that within six months I will be Luigi Porta's wife. You are a tyrant, my father," she added after a moment of silence.

Bartholoméo clenched his hands and struck the marble mantel-piece. "Alas !" he muttered, we are in Paris." Then he silently folded his arms, inclined his head upon his breast, and did not utter another word the whole evening. After having expressed her firm determination to become Luigi Porta's wife, the young girl affected an indescribable calmness. She sat down at the piano, sang and played some exquisite melodies, with much expression and feeling, but failed to lull Piombo into a forgiving mood. Though usually so sensitive to the influence of music this evening he remained unimpressed.

The following morning, when Ginevra wished to go to the studio at the usual hour, she found the house-door locked, but she soon discovered a way of informing Luigi Porta of her father's severity. During five days, by various ruses, the two lovers managed to correspond. Piombo rarely spoke to his daughter; in fact there was almost a feeling of hatred between the two : they suffered proudly and in silence, yet vainly endeavoured to rend the strong ties that had hitherto bound them so closely.

On Ginevra's birthday her mother, distressed by a disunion which now bore so serious an aspect, fondly hoped to reconcile father and daughter on the anniversary which had as yet always been celebrated joyously in the little household where peace and love had hitherto reigned supreme. They were all three assembled in Bartholoméo's room, and Ginevra divined her mother's intention by the agitation depicted on her countenance. At this moment a servant announced two notaries, accompanied by several witnesses. Bartholoméo looked fixedly at the men, whose unsympathetic faces formed a striking contrast to the three principal actors in this scene. The old man turned anxiously towards his daughter, and seeing a smile of triumph on her face, immediately suspected some catastrophe. Disguising his feelings under a calm exterior, he looked inquiringly at the notaries, who, in obedience to a sign from him, sat down.

"We have, I presume, the honour of addressing the baron of Piombo," said the elder notary.

Bartholoméo bowed.

"And I, sir," continued he, "am Mr. Roguin, your daughter's lawyer. We come —my colleague and I—to fulfil the behests of the law,—and put an end to the strife which has unfortunately arisen between you and your daughter on account of her intended marriage with Mr. Luigi Porta."

Mr. Roguin stopped and looked at Bartholoméo, after having delivered this speech, which had irritated the latter to such an extent that he with difficulty refrained from throwing Mr. Roguin out of the window. His face betrayed the violence of his passion, and the notary flattered himself that he was making an impression.

"But" he continued, "on such occasions we invariably endeavour to be conciliatory. Have the kindness, therefore, to listen to me patiently for a few minutes. Miss Ginevra Piombo attains to-day the age at which it is considered legal for a woman to act for herself, and in all matters to dispense with the consent of her parents, consequently any interference which does not meet her views is of no avail, and only causes further dissension."

When Roguin perceived that he could make no impression on the old baron, he

proceeded to read his official report, and coolly asked Bartholoméo for his answer.

"So there are laws in France to destroy paternal authority?" queried the Corsican.

"Sir!" said Roguin in a mellifluous voice.

"To snatch a daughter from her father?"

"Sir!"

"To deprive an old man of the last comfort he has left?"

"Sir, your daughter only belongs to you . . . ."

"To utterly annihilate me?"

"Sir, permit me . . ."

Nothing is more horrible than the coolness and formal reasoning of lawyers when amid passionate scenes, where they are so often to be met with. The figures which now appeared before him seemed, to Piombo's distracted imagination, like demons escaped from hell. His concentrated rage and fury knew no bounds from the moment he heard the calm and flute-like voice of his small antagonist pronounce the fatal "Permit me." He seized a long stiletto which was suspended over the chimney-piece, and rushed towards his daughter. The younger of the notaries and one of the witnesses rushed between him and Ginevra, but Bartholoméo roughly thrust them aside.

When Ginevra found herself confronted by her father, she gazed at him fixedly for a few moments, then, advancing slowly, she knelt down.

"No! no! I cannot do it!" exclaimed Bartholoméo wildly, flinging away his weapon with such force that it was buried in the wainscoting.

"Pardon me, pardon me!" she said with passionate, pleading force, her lustrous face uplifted to his. "You tremble at the thought of killing me, and yet you refuse all that makes life dear to me. Oh my father, I never loved you better. Give me Louis! See, I ask your consent upon my bended knees. Give me my Louis. Without him my life would be lonely and desolate. I would die!" Violent excitement seemed to choke her, and she could no longer command her voice, but Bartholoméo was unforgiving and implacable, and rudely thrust her aside.

"Begone," said he, "Luigi Porta's wife can never be a Piombo. I have no daughter. I have not the courage to curse you, but I abandon you utterly. My Ginevra Piombo is buried here," he added in a solemn voice, pressing his hand to his heart. "Leave me then, unhappy one," he added after a moment's silence, "leave me, and never let me see your face again!" Then he took her by the arm and silently led her out of the house.

"Luigi," exclaimed Ginevra, entering the modest apartment where the officer was lodging, "my Luigi, we have no fortune save our love."

"We are richer than all the kings of the earth," he answered rapturously.

"My father and mother have abandoned me," she said with profound melancholy.

"I will love you for them both!"

"Then we will be happy," she replied with unnatural gaiety.

"Yes, happy, and forever!"

The day after Ginevra left her father's house she went to ask Madame Servin to grant her a home and protection until the time fixed by law for her union with Luigi. Then commenced her apprenticeship with the sorrows this world has ever in store for those who do not follow its customs. Annoyed by the harm Ginevra's adventure had done her husband, Madame Servin received her coldly, and told her, in cuttingly polite terms, not to count upon her support. Too proud to insist, but astonished at an egotism to which she was wholly unaccustomed, the young Corsican took furnished rooms in the boarding house nearest Luigi's. The son of the Portas spent all his time with his affianced wife. His loving words and cheerful conversation banished the clouds which paternal reprobation had called to the brow of the banished daughter, and brought her a sense of rest and protection.

One morning the servant of the house brought Ginevra several trunks containing dress goods, linen, and a number of articles required by a young housekeeper, in all of which a mother's foreseeing goodness was perceptible. Among the parcels she found a purse containing her money, to which the baroness had added the fruits of her own economy. The money was accompanied by a letter, in which the mother earnestly besought her daughter to give up all idea of marriage, if there was still time; she told of the almost insurmountable difficulties she had to overcome in order to insure the safe transmission of the boxes; begged Ginevra not to accuse her of harshness if in the future she sent nothing more. She blessed her, hoped she would find happiness in the marriage, if she persisted in taking her own course, and concluding by assuring her that her dear daughter was ever present to her thoughts. The letter was blotted with tears.

"Oh, my mother!" cried Ginevra, sobbing bitterly. She longed to throw herself into the loving arms that had ever been ready to receive her, and once again to breathe the sweet air of home. She started up as Luigi entered; her filial tenderness vanished, her tears ceased to flow; she felt she could not give him up. She spoke to him cheerfully, for she did not wish him to see traces of regret or sadness; with him she was willing to endure any hardship that might be in store for her.

At last the nuptial day arrived. Luigi took advantage of the time Ginevra was dressing to fetch the necessary witnesses; one of these was an old soldier to whom Luigi had once been able to render some slight services, and thus won his life-long gratitude; the other a master mason, and owner of the house in which the newly married couple were about to take up their abode. Each of these was accompanied by a friend, and all four escorted Luigi to meet his bride. Unaccustomed to social etiquette, these men came in perfectly plain attire; nothing announced a joyous wedding cortège. Ginevra herself was dressed simply, as befitted her altered fortunes, but her wondrous beauty was so noble and imposing that, when she appeared, the witnesses felt unable to address her as they had proposed doing. They saluted her respectfully, and regarded her with evident admiration. Joy can only be felt among equals, and such a feeling of restraint possessed the men, that all around the bride and bridegroom appeared sombre and gloomy—nothing reflecting their inward felicity. As neither the church nor the mayor's residence were far from Ginevra's abode, the party proceeded on foot. They found innumerable equipages in the court-yard of the City Hall; they ascended to a large room where the betrothed, who were to be united on that day, were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the mayor. Ginevra seated herself beside Luigi, and gazed at the numerous happy faces around, parents, brothers and sisters; all seemed radiant with joy. She alone had neither friends nor relatives to support her at the turning point of her life, no one to encourage and bless her, no one to wish her happiness or predict a bright future.

Ginevra's heart throbbed painfully, and she pressed Luigi's arm more closely. Till now he had not fully realised how much Ginevra had sacrificed for him. His anxious look made the young girl forget her loneliness—forget all save the sweetness of loving and being loved. Love cast a halo round the young couple, and they only saw one another amid the great crowd.

"How we lose our time here!" said the mason, replacing a large silver watch in his pocket.

Luigi and Ginevra, sitting close beside each other with clasped hands, seemed to form but one person. A poet would have admired these two, united by a single feeling, apparently melancholy and silent, and forming a strong contrast to two grand wedding parties, surrounded by their joyous families, glistening with diamonds and flowers, and

whose gaiety, though noisy, appeared but fleeting, whilst the bliss of Luigi and Ginevra seemed quiet and enduring. Ginevra, with all the superstition of an Italian, could not divest herself of the feeling that this contrast was a presage, and she trembled and shuddered at the thought. Suddenly a clerk in livery opened the folding-doors, and every one became silent as he called for Mr. Luigi Porta and Miss Ginevra di Piombo. The celebrity of the name of Piombo attracted universal attention, and all seemed to look for a sumptuous wedding. When Ginevra rose her proud look impressed the whole assembly; she took Luigi's arm, and with a firm step they crossed the room, followed by their witnesses. A gradually increasing murmur of astonishment reminded Ginevra that the world wondered at the absence of her relatives, and she felt as though the paternal curse were following her.

"Must we not wait for the family?" inquired the mayor of the clerk, who was proceeding to read the deeds.

"The father and mother object," replied the secretary in a phlegmatic tone.

"On both sides?"

"The husband is an orphan."

"Where are the witnesses?"

"Here!" replied the secretary, pointing to the four men, who stood silent and motionless as statues.

"Is there no protestation?"

"The deeds have been legally drawn out," replied the clerk, rising in order to hand the documents to the mayor.

This bureaucratic discussion was somewhat dishonouring, and contained a whole history in few words. The hatred of the Piombos and Portas was here inscribed, as ineffaceably as on a tomb-stone. Ginevra trembled. Like the dove who, after traversing the seas, had only the ark on which to rest, her sole comfort was in looking into Luigi's true and loving eyes; all else around her appeared cold, sad, and indifferent. The mayor looked severe and disapproving, and the clerk stared inquisitively. Nothing could well seem less festive than the surroundings of the young couple. After a few questions, to which they responded in low tones, a few words muttered by the mayor, and the signing of their names, Luigi and Ginevra were united. The two young Corsicans now passed through the rooms full of happy and expectant relatives, with whom they had nothing in common, and who appeared almost impatient at the delay caused by this unostentatious wedding. When the young couple found themselves once again in the open air, under the free vault of heaven, Ginevra heaved a sigh of relief.

"A life-long love and devotion will not suffice to reward my Ginevra for her courage and tenderness," said her husband.

Luigi and Ginevra hastened to the quiet little chapel, before whose simple altar an old priest solemnised their union. Here also they were followed by the two pompous wedding parties. The church was filled with friends and relatives, and resounded with the noise of carriages, beadles and priests. Some of the altars were gorgeously decked; wreaths of orange blossoms crowned the statues of the Blessed Virgin; fragrant flowers, lighted tapers, and velvet footstools embroidered with gold, were to be seen in every direction. When the time arrived to hold the white satin yoke, the symbol of eternal union, over the heads of the contracting parties, the priest vainly sought the little boys who are in the habit of performing this ceremony, and their place had to be filled by two of the witnesses. The priest then hastily delivered an exhortation to the young couple on the perils of life, and on their duties to each other; then, having made them one in the eyes of the church, as the mayor had already done in the eyes of the law, he finished mass and dismissed them.

"May God bless them!" said Vergniaud to the mason in the porch of the church. "No two human beings were ever better suited to one another. I know no braver

soldier than Colonel Louis, and, if every one had acted like him, Napoleon would be still in power."

The soldier's blessing, the only one given her that day, shed a holy balm into Ginevra's wounded spirit.

On leaving him Luigi pressed his hand and thanked him cordially.

"I am at your service, colonel. Everything of mine is at your disposal."

"How he loves you!" exclaimed Ginevra.

Luigi hastened to take his wife home, and they soon reached their humble abode. When there, Luigi closed the door, and taking his wife into his arms exclaimed: "Oh, my Ginevra, for now you are truly mine, here we will be happy, and fortune will smile on us!"

They visited the three rooms which composed their dwelling; the first apartment served as a drawing and dining-room, to the right was a bed-room, and to the left a small room which Luigi had fittied up as a studio for his wife. She looked at the hangings and furniture, and ever turned to thank Luigi. There was a great deal of taste displayed in this little retreat; a book-case contained Ginevra's favourite authors, and in the background was a piano. Ginevra seated herself on a couch, and drawing Luigi down beside her said: "You have very good taste." Ginevra was more than satisfied with her little domain. They were both perfectly happy, and clothed the future in the bright colours of their hopes and aspirations.

It was difficult to settle down to work during the first days, and Luigi would remain for hours seated at Ginevra's feet, admiring the colour of her hair, her noble forehead, and the shape and colour of her glorious eyes, while she never wearied of fondling his clustering locks and admiring his handsome features. They would fain have spent their whole existence in this blissful revery. Forethought came at last to their assistance, and wakened them out of their dream of Eden. They must work to earn their living. Ginevra, who had a great talent for imitating old paintings, began to make copies, which she sold to picture dealers. Luigi sought eagerly for some occupation, but it was a difficult matter for a young officer to find suitable employment in Paris. At last, when almost in despair, seeing that on Ginevra alone fell the burden of their support, it occurred to him to make use of his handwriting, which was very beautiful. Following the example of his wife, he perseveringly solicited attorneys, notaries and lawyers for employment. The frankness of his manner and his peculiar position interested many in his behalf, and he soon obtained a large amount of law papers to copy. The joint fruits of his writing and Ginevra's painting was more than sufficient for the wants of the little household, and they felt proud of the comforts earned by their industry. This was the happiest period of their lives. The days passed rapidly in their various occupations, and the evenings were spent in Ginevra's studio, where they wiled away the time with music and cheerful conversation. No expression of melancholy ever marred the young wife's perfect features, and she never uttered a single complaint. She was ever seen with a cheerful smile upon her lips, and eyes glistening with happiness. Both found true delight in the thought that they worked for one another. At times, during her husband's absence, Ginevra could not help thinking how perfect would have been her bliss if this life of love could have been spent in her parents' presence and hallowed by their blessing. On such occasions a deep feeling of sadness would come over her, filling her with remorse, and gloomy shadows would cross her imagination. She saw her old father solitary and alone, or her mother weeping bitterly at eventide, yet hiding her tears from the implacable Piombo; their aged heads appeared before her, and the sad idea that she should never see them again, except through the fantastic medium of recollection, haunted her like a presentiment. She celebrated the

anniversary of her marriage by presenting her husband with what he had so often longed for, a picture of his Ginevra, and never yet had painting of hers been so exquisite and remarkable. Beside the perfect likeness, the splendour of her beauty, the purity of her feelings and the happiness of perfect love were traced in it as if by magic. It was a masterpiece in every sense of the word. Another year passed in the midst of ease and plenty, in the course of which the history of their lives may be written in three words. They were happy !

In the beginning of the winter of 1819 their horizon began to cloud over. The picture dealers advised Ginevra to furnish them something different from the copies of old paintings, as they could no longer dispose of them to advantage on account of the great amount of competition. Madame Porta at once perceived her mistake in not having practised painting *tableaux de genre*, by which means she would have made herself a name. She at once began to paint portraits, but had to struggle against a number of artists who were poorer even than herself. However, as both Luigi and Ginevra had saved some money, they did not despair for the future. By the end of the winter of the same year Luigi was compelled to work incessantly, for he, too, had to struggle against competitors ; and was obliged to spend much more time at his work. His wife had painted several pictuers which, though possessing a good deal of merit, were little in demand, and the picture dealers would only purchase the work of celebrated artists. The position of the little household was fast becoming deplorable ; though rich in love, poverty hovered like a spectre in the midst of their harvest of happiness ; they still mutually strove to conceal their anxiety and uneasiness. When Ginevra was on the verge of shedding bitter tears, seeing Luigi suffer she would overwhelm him with caresses, and Luigi, with despair in his heart, would express the tenderest love and affection. They dreaded the future, and when speaking of their poverty they deceived one another, each greedily seizing and clinging to the faintest ray of hope. One night Ginevra awoke and became terrified on missing Luigi from her side ; she rose in affright and hastily approached the window, where, perceiving a feeble light reflected in the little court-yard, she came to the conclusion that he was working in his little study. She stood still, watching the faint reflection, until the clock struck four ; then she returned to bed and feigned to be asleep when Luigi returned, perfectly overcome with fatigue and want of sleep. Ginevra's heart was dull and heavy as she gazed sadly on his beautiful face, already furrowed by hard work and bitter cares. " It is for me that he spends his nights in work " she thought, weeping bitterly. One thought alone consoled her and helped to dry her tears—she determined to follow his example. That same day she went to a rich print-seller, furnished with a letter of introduction from Elie Magus, one of the picture dealers, and obtained from him a contract for the colouring of prints. Thenceforth she devoted the hours of daylight to household duties and painting, and at night she illuminated or coloured engravings. The unfortunate couple thus deceived one another, each feigning to be asleep and arising in turn to go to work. One night Luigi, succumbing to the sort of fever caused by anxiety and overwork, opened his little study window in order to refresh himself with a breath of the pure morning air, and on looking down into the court-yard was shocked to see the reflection cast by Ginevra's lamp on the opposite wall ; he immediately divined the truth, and going softly downstairs, surprised his wife in her studio.

" Oh, Ginevra !" cried he in despairing accents.

She trembled and blushed while she mournfully said, " How could I sleep whilst you were exhausting yourself with labour ?"

"But to me alone belongs the right of working thus."

"Can I remain idle," replied the young wife, with tearful eyes, "knowing that every mouthful of bread is purchased with a drop of your heart's blood. No, I would rather die than not share your labours. Should we not have everything in common, joys and sorrows, pleasure and pain?"

"You are cold," said Luigi; "pray draw the shawl more closely around you, my own Ginevra, the night is chilly and damp."

They walked to the window, the young wife with her head pillowed on Luigi's breast, his arm round her waist, and stood gazing silently at the eastern sky, where the first faint streaks of dawn were just becoming visible. The grey, tinted clouds, gradually changing to gold, ushered in another day, the horizon appeared bright and luminous, and the sun rose gloriously.

"See, Luigi," she said, "this is a happy omen; we will be happy yet."

"Yes, in heaven," he replied with a bitter smile. "Oh, Ginevra, you deserve all the treasures and happiness this world can bestow."

"I have your love," she said, in an accent of heartfelt joy.

"Ah, I do not pity myself," he said, embracing her fondly, and covering with kisses the delicate face which already began to lose the lovely tints and freshness of youth, but on whose tender and loving expression he could never gaze without a deep sense of comfort.

The courage with which they both struggled against misfortune was for a time rewarded with success, but an event which almost invariably is the consummation of earthly bliss proved fatal to them. Ginevra had a little son, beautiful as day. The feelings of maternity increased Ginevra's strength, and Louis went into debt to meet the incidental expenses, so that at first she did not feel all the inconveniences of her position, and both gave themselves up to the happiness of tending their child. But it was their last happiness. As two swimmers first unite their efforts to breast a current, so the two Corsicans struggled courageously for a while, but at times they were seized with an apathy similar to that which precedes death. Soon they were compelled to sell their jewellery. Poverty overtook them suddenly, not in all its horrors it is true, for it did not yet bring despair and rags in its wake, but it made them lose the habits and recollection of ease.

Then came misery in all its gaunt aspect, crushing almost every human feeling. Seven or eight months after the birth of little Bartholméo it would have been difficult to recognize in the pale and emaciated mother the original of the admirable portrait, now the sole remaining ornament of the bare and unfurnished room. She was without fire in the coldest winter weather, the glory of her beauty departed slowly, her cheeks lost their graceful roundness and became white as alabaster; her once radiant eyes were now dim and lustreless as if the well-spring of life was already dead within her. As she looked at her thin and attenuated child she suffered intense misery, and poor Luigi no longer had the courage even to smile upon his son.

On entering one evening, fatigued and faint, he said in a hollow voice: "I have been all over Paris, but I know no one, and how can I beg from those who are indifferent to me. Vergniaud, the old Egyptian, has been implicated in a conspiracy and has been imprisoned; besides he has already lent me all he could spare. As to our landlord he has asked no rent for the past year."

"But we require nothing," gently replied Ginevra, affecting calmness.

"Each day brings us into fresh difficulties," replied he, with terror.

Luigi took all Ginevra's pictures, her portrait, and several pieces of furniture which they could spare, and sold them for a miserable sum which prolonged their agony yet a little.

During these days of suffering Ginevra displayed the sublimity of her character and the extent of her resignation; she stoically bore her ever increasing sufferings; her energetic heart supported her in all ills. She worked with faltering hands by the side of her dying son; pursued her household avocations with marvellous activity, and fulfilled every duty bravely. She was even happy at times when she saw a smile of astonishment hover on Luigi's lips at the sight of the neatness of the solitary apartment which they now inhabited."

"My dear, I have kept a piece of bread for you," she said one evening as he returned fatigued and exhaused.

"And what have you for yourself?"

"Oh I have had my share, and require nothing more."

The tender expression of her face persuaded him even more than her words to accept the food of which she had deprived herself; he pressed a passionate and despairing kiss upon her forehead, such a kiss as might have been given in 1793 by friends mounting the scaffold together. In these supreme moments friends can read each other's hearts, and the unfortunate Luigi, suddenly understanding that his wife was fasting, shuddered and hastily left the room. He wandered through Paris in the midst of brilliant equipages and boundless luxury; he passed brokers' offices and saw their windows glistening with gold coin. In despair he determined to sell himself as a substitute for military service, hoping thus to save Ginevra, who, during his absence, might once again be received into Bartholoméo's favour. On entering one of the offices where this white slave-trade is carried on he was rejoiced to recognize an old soldier of the Imperial Guard.

"I have eaten nothing for the last two days," he said in slow and feeble accents, "my wife is dying of hunger. For pity's sake, my friend," he continued sadly, "buy me."

The soldier gave him a sum of money on account of what he thought he should be able to obtain for him, and the unfortunate man uttered a convulsive laugh as he felt his fingers close upon the gold. He hurried home as fast as his enfeebled strengh would allow. Daylight waned and the night began to fall ere he reached his home. He entered the room quietly, fearing to excite his wife, whom he had left in so feeble a condition; the last rays of the setting sun irradiated her pale face as she slept on a chair with her infant tightly clasped in her arms.

"Awake, my love," said he without noticing the unnatural position of the child.

On hearing her husband's voice the poor mother opened her eyes, and meeting Luigi's gaze she smiled faintly. With savage energy he displayed his gold, and Ginevra began to laugh mechanically, but suddenly she gave a heart-rending shriek. "Luigi, our child is cold!" She looked at her son and fainted away. Little Bartholoméo was dead. Luigi took his wife in his arms, without putting away the babe, which she was still clasping convulsively, and after placing her gently on the bed he left the room to call for assistance.

"Oh, my God," said he to the landlord, whom he met on the stairs, "I have money now, but my child died from starvation and his mother is dying . . . . Help us!" He returned to his wife, leaving the honest mason and some of the neighbours occupied in endeavours to alleviate the misery which they had hitherto known nothing of—so proudly had the sufferers concealed their poverty.

Luigi's money lay on the floor, and he was kneeling at the head of his wife's bed.

"My father!" cried Ginevra in her delirium, "take care of my son, who bears your name."

"Oh, my angel, be calm!" said Luigi embracing her; "bright days are yet in store for us."

His voice and caresses restored her to some degree of tranquility.

"Oh, my Luigi," she replied, looking at-

tentively at her husband, "I am dying. My death is natural, for happiness such as mine has been could not last. But, my Luigi, be comforted, I have been so happy that even were I to live now, I should contentedly accept my destiny. I am a bad mother, for I regret you more than I do my child. My child!" she repeated mournfully, and clasped the little corpse more tightly to her bosom, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks. "Give my hair to my father," she added presently "in memory of his Ginevra—tell him that I never blamed him . . ."

Her head fell on her husband's arm.

"You must not die!" exclaimed Luigi, "the doctor is coming. Your father will forgive you. Ease and plenty will once more surround us. Stay with us, my beautiful angel."

But her faithful, loving heart was fast becoming still, and she instinctively turned her eyes towards him whom she adored. Although no longer conscious, she felt he was beside her, for she still clasped his hand.

"My darling," she said at length, "you are cold, let me warm you."

She endeavoured to place her husband's hand upon her heart, but in the effort her spirit passed to its rest. Two doctors, a priest and some neighbours entered the room with all the necessaries required to save the lives of the young couple and calm their despair. The entrance of the strangers caused some confusion, but a glance at the dead wife, her stricken husband, struck the spectators with silent awe.

While this scene was taking place, Bartholoméo and his wife were seated in their old arm-chairs, one on either side of the large fire-place. The hands of the clock pointed to midnight, but of late the old couple had not been able to sleep much. They were both silent; the deserted drawing-room, to them full of sorrowful memories, was feebly lit by the flame of an expiring lamp; the room would have been almost in total darkness had it not been for the sparkling fire. One of their friends had but lately taken his departure, and the vacant chair was still between the two old people. Piombo cast many glances on this chair; it called up many recollections, for it was his daughter's. His wife watched him silently and stealthily; his expression was sometimes so melancholy, at times so threatening, that it was impossible to divine his feelings.

Was Bartholoméo succumbing under the powerful recollections which this vacant chair conjured up? Was he shocked to note that, since his daughter's departure, it had for the first time been occupied? Had the hour of forgiveness, that hour so ardently longed for, until now so vainly expected, arrived at last? Such thoughts flitted through Elisa Piombo's mind. Suddenly the old man heaved a deep sigh; his wife looked at him, and perceiving his dejected expression, she ventured for the second time in the course of three years to speak to him of his daughter.

"Perhaps Ginevra suffers from the cold," she said gently. Piombo shivered. "Perhaps she is hungry," she continued; "she has a little son and cannot nurse him," added the mother in despairing accents.

"Let her come home! let her come home!" exclaimed Piombo. "Oh, my beloved child, you have vanquished me!"

The baroness rose as if to summon her daughter. At that moment the door was hastily opened, and their daughter's husband suddenly appeared before them.

"*Ginevra is dead.* Here is her last gift to her parents," he said, placing her silken tresses on the table.

The old people shuddered as if a thunderbolt had fallen at their feet. When they looked up they no longer beheld Luigi, who had fallen heavily upon the floor.

"He saves me a shot," said Bartholoméo, with forced and unnatural calmness, as he gazed sternly upon the prostrate and lifeless form of the last of the Portas.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE special interest attaching to Imperial affairs gives them on this occasion the precedence over those of our own country.

Mr. Disraeli has again performed with his usual dexterity and success the manœuvre of defeating a Government by a temporary coalition with a malcontent section of its supporters. In 1846 he overthrew the Free Trade Government of Sir Robert Peel by a junction with Whigs and Radicals against the Irish Coercion Bill. In 1851, though he did not actually join Mr. Locke King and the Radicals in voting against the moderate Liberal Government of Lord John Russell, for the extension of the county franchise, to which the Conservatives would hardly have consented, he contrived, by withdrawing his followers from the House at the critical moment, that Mr. Locke King's motion should be carried against the Government, which was thereby compelled to resign. In 1852 he coalesced with Lord Palmerston, then excluded from office and malcontent, against Lord John Russell's Militia Bill, and again threw out the Government. In 1855 he overturned the Government of Lord Aberdeen by supporting the vote of censure moved by Mr. Roebuck, at that time an extreme Radical. In 1857 he defeated Lord Palmerston by uniting with the Manchester party in support of Mr. Cobden's resolutions condemnatory of the China war. In 1858 he turned out the same minister by coalescing with the Radicals, led by Mr. Milner Gibson, against the Conspiracy Bill. In 1866 he turned out the Russell-Gladstone ministry by coalescing with Mr. Lowe and the Adullamites against the extension of the franchise proposed by Lord Russell. At one period he was evidently anxious to combine with the extreme Papal party in the House, nicknamed "The Pope's Brass Band," against the Italian policy of a Liberal administration; but the strong Protestant wing of his party declined to follow his lead. The strategical character of the operation in 1846 and in 1858 was particularly marked by the fact that the Conservatives had voted at a previous stage for the measure, against which they were induced to turn when it became apparent that by so doing they might snatch a victory from the Government.

The result of this strategy, in 1846, to its author personally, was all that he could desire, since it completed the rupture between the Free Trade and Protectionist sections of the Conservative party, and gave him the leadership of the Protectionist section, which he could not otherwise have obtained. To the party it was not so advantageous, for in place of the firm hold of power which the Conservatives had previously enjoyed, it led to their exclusion from office, with brief and disastrous intermissions, for twenty-seven years. In 1851, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli failed to form a Government, and the Whigs returned to office. In 1852 a Conservative Government was formed, with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons; but it endured only just long enough to strike the Protectionist flag, and fell upon its first budget. In 1855 nothing resulted but a confused crisis, after which, Lord Derby finding himself too weak to take office, Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister in place of Lord Aberdeen. In 1857 Lord Palmerston, by an appeal to the country, scattered to the winds the "fortuitous concourse of atoms" by which he had been defeated in the House of Commons. The operation of 1858 gave the Conservatives another brief and, as Lord

Derby himself complained, humiliating lease of office, held by sufferance, with a minority in the House of Commons. That of 1866 led to the passing of a far more sweeping Reform Bill under circumstances very damaging to the character of the Conservative party, and to the immediate return of Gladstone to power with a majority of a hundred.

On the present occasion the opportunity for the manœuvre was afforded by the mutiny of the section of extreme Radicals who delight to style themselves the Irreconcileables (a name not indicative of practical wisdom in politics) against the Irish University Bill, which in their opinion gave too much to the Catholics. But to the extreme Radicals were added the extreme Catholics, who under the direction of their hierarchy, opposed the bill as giving them too little. The absence of Lord Derby and other leading Conservatives seems to indicate that the operation was a stroke of strategy resolved on only when it became apparent that the divisions among the Ministerialists had delivered them into their enemy's hand. The result was momentarily brilliant, but ultimately disastrous to the strategist, for it has given the Gladstone Government, before disunited and tottering, a new lease of power, with a title confirmed by the unconditional refusal of his opponent to take office—which Mr. Gladstone had the firmness and generalship to extort—instead of allowing matters to be patched up by a vote of confidence as some of his supporters proposed.

We confess that this result surprises us, for the current, before changeful, seemed of late to have set steadily in favour of the Conservatives, and we should have thought that, with a moderate measure of confidence in themselves and their principles, they might have ventured to take office and try the chances of a dissolution, as the Queen was apparently anxious they should do. We cannot doubt that they would have wrested from the Liberals many county seats and some for the great cities. If they are waiting for the European movement to stop and Liberalism to cease to exist before they undertake the government, they are like the rustic in Horace, waiting for the river to cease flowing that he might pass over dryshod. It is not the movement but the reaction that, if you wait long enough, will stop. The reasons put into Mr. Disraeli's mouth by the telegram are absurd. He is made to say that he and his party could not take office because they were unprepared with a policy, as though he had not been formally propounding their policy in his speeches and manifestoes, and as though opposition to the policy of the Government were not a policy in itself. No doubt, when he sent out his whip on the Irish University Bill, he meant to take office, not to go through the damaging process of declaring himself too weak to take it. The unwillingness must have been elsewhere. Lord Salisbury, who refused, on grounds of political consistency, to take part in the Reform Bill operations of 1866-67, and seceded from the Derby Government on that account, is probably still unwilling to act with those from whose policy he then dissented. Independently of the quarrel on that particular question he is a representative of the old Cavalier or religious school of Tories, which entirely differs in tone and principle from the school of the present Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. It is probable, however, that there was generally, among the rank and file of the Conservatives, a reluctance to repeat the experience of 1868, when, having been induced to vote with many groans for household suffrage by the assurance that the "residuum" was Conservative and that the elections would give them a majority, they found themselves in a minority of a hundred, and reaped the first fruits of the brilliant generalship of their leader in Irish Disestablishment and the Irish Land Act. Mr. Disraeli's description of the Liberal Ministers as a range of extinct volcanoes was only too graphic for his purpose. The Conservative country gen-

tleman, personally undesirous of office, and only anxious for the security of his paternal acres and the social position of his order, is well content in these troublesome times that the volcanoes should be extinct, and has no special desire, by flinging the Liberals into opposition, to bring on another series of eruptions, especially as he finds that it is a part of the process that he shall become a portion of a rival crater himself. Perhaps the revolution in Spain, and the apparent consolidation of the Republic in France, have increased his unwillingness to play a hazardous game at the present moment.

The case of Mr. Gladstone resembles that of his former leader and master in finance, Sir Robert Peel. Both sprang from the commercial class. Both, on entering public life, enlisted in the ranks of the aristocratic party, and were accepted by it as leaders with the reluctance and reserve with which an aristocracy always accepts leaders born outside of the privileged circle. In the hearts and policy of both popular sympathies at last prevailed. Each thereupon became the special object of aristocratic wrath, which did not pursue "the apostate cotton-spinner" in former days more fiercely than it has of late pursued the "People's William." All who have attended the debates of the English House of Commons know that the attitude of the younger members of the aristocracy especially towards Mr. Gladstone, is one not merely of political antagonism but of personal antipathy, and that they delight not only in opposing but in harassing and insulting him. The fashionable world is his bitter enemy, and its special organs, such as the *Court Journal*, overflow with virulent vituperation of him. Every great London drawingroom is a focus, every great London lady is a missionary of Anti-Gladstonian sentiment; and England is a country in which social influences play a very important part in politics. The Court is also understood to be opposed to Gladstone and strongly in favour of Disraeli: upon that subject the telegraphic accounts, whether formally accurate or not, are no doubt substantially correct.

It is true that Gladstone is, and that Peel was before him, a firm supporter of the House of Lords as a part of the Constitution, though Peel showed his personal feelings by the clause in his will enjoining his son not to accept a peerage. Gladstone is even accused of carrying his regard for rank to the verge of subserviency. But this has not availed in either case to mitigate aristocratic aversion to an essentially popular policy. Class instinct is infallible. Sir Robert Peel no doubt gave vent to sentiments which he had long harboured in secret, when he concluded his last speech as a minister with the memorable words: "It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good will when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice." The aristocracy never forgave that speech, and from its own point of view the aristocracy was in the right. Mr. Gladstone's "flesh and blood" argument in favour of enfranchising the working classes excited almost equal bitterness of feeling.

Mr. Gladstone chances to be an object of personal antipathy, not only to the aristocracy, but to another important class which has but lately came into existence. We mean the sceptical epicureans (we know no more accurate designation) who are now at least as numerous among the political conservatives as among the radicals, and who have great intellectual influence, numbering among their organs the brilliant and cynical *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, in a less pronounced form, the *Saturday Review*. This party occupies a position, in the present Conservative reaction, somewhat analogous to that occupied by the Hobbists under the Restor-

ation. Its main political aim is the protection of wealth, and its political ideal is a government of force unflinchingly applied to that end. It is closely connected with the philosophy of the ultra-scientific school. Christian philanthropy and Christian ideas of human brotherhood are the objects of its hatred and derision. Its organs are always denouncing Mr. Gladstone as "ecclesiastical," that is, in plain English, as Christian, and as inclined to import Christian ideas of society and Christian sympathies into national legislation. It is evident that a change must have come over the political and social position of Christianity of late years if it can again be dreaded by any party as a revolutionary force. Curiously enough, Mr. Gladstone's disestablishment policy is just as odious to many sceptics and epicureans as his theories on the subject of the suffrage; for the refined scepticism of the present day, like that of the philosophers and politicians of the Roman Empire, supports Church establishments as buttresses of social order and as antidotes to more active superstition. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone is regarded, on account of his religious character, with a certain amount of sympathy, by a section of the Conservatives, and though a strong Churchman, receives, generally speaking, the vigorous support of the great body of Nonconformists.

The policy of Gladstone, like that of Peel, has borne the deep impress of its author's origin. From special regard for the interests of industry and commerce, it has been economical and pacific. The strong point has always been finance, which in Mr. Gladstone's case is the more remarkable, because he is a man of marked literary tastes and imaginative temperament. The extreme love of peace which was displayed by Mr. Gladstone in the treaty of Washington, was perhaps equally displayed in the Ashburton treaty by Sir Robert Peel. We should however greatly err in supposing that a pacific policy is exclusively characteristic of any individual minister, or of ministers of any particular class. It is the necessity of a nation with an immensely extended and highly sensitive commerce, the destruction of which would bring not merely financial ruin but social revolution; with possessions open to attack in every quarter of the world, with a great name to support, but with an army almost insignicant in size compared with those of her great continental rivals; with a navy still superior but no longer supreme, and with her resources crippled by a heavy burden of debt. The exposed situation of Canada presses on the minds of all English statesmen alike. Had Mr. Gladstone insisted on the Fenian claim he would have been met, among other evidences of our improvident condonation of the wrong, with the compliment paid by the Conservative leader to the American Government for its behaviour on the occasion. The course of British diplomacy is shaped mainly by the Minister for foreign affairs, and Lord Granville is, and has shewn himself in the late controversy with Russia, a man of spirit and resolution, though he is sensible of the exigencies of the situation, and knows that Bismarck and Gortchakoff are not to be deceived by brag.

Superior to Peel as an orator, in the true sense of the term, Mr. Gladstone is far inferior to him as a manager of the House of Commons. In fact he hardly knows what management means. His only conception of Parliamentary leadership is framing great measures, and expounding them in great speeches. Feeling his way with his supporters or the House, beforehand, is a process uncongenial to him. He speaks too much himself, and takes too much of the work on his own shoulders. Peel knew better how to make use of other men. Nor has Gladstone ever gathered round himself such a staff of able lieutenants as followed the lead of Peel. He has not had the same opportunities of choice as Peel had, for the House

of Commons, now completely monopolized by the rich, is almost destitute of rising talent, as the late Speaker was often heard to complain. But whatever his opportunities might have been, there are defects in his practical character which would have led partly to the same results. He is not wanting in geniality or personal attractiveness: but he has not learnt or seen the necessity of learning the art of attaching other men to him as a leader, and making them feel, as Pitt and Peel did, that if they will follow his fortunes they will share his success. The incapacity of some of his lieutenants, and the unpopularity of others, have mainly led to the decline of his power. Parliamentary followers have been estranged by coldness or insolence, while departmental errors have forfeited the confidence of the nation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer combines in the highest degree unpopularity with ill-success. His financial miscarriages, damaging as they are, do the Government less harm than his insufferable arrogance. He is the man who, having been entrusted by Lord Palmerston with the conduct of a measure for the abolition of some passing tolls to which there was no serious opposition, contrived to make such a speech that, when he sat down, Lord Palmerston found it necessary to withdraw the bill. In the power of repulsion he is without a peer, and the mischief which he does in this way is poorly compensated by the frequent pungency and occasional eloquence of his speeches. In truth he ought never to have been taken into the Government. In the Parliamentary Reform struggle of 1866 he not only opposed his friends, which a man of honour may find himself compelled to do, but he conspired against them, which a man of honour never does; and after this, even if he had been ten times more powerful than he really is, it would have been better to fall by his enmity than to be degraded by his alliance. Mr. Ayrton ably seconds Mr. Lowe in making enemies for the Administration, and Mr. Forster, while he has shewn ability and address in carrying measures through Parliament, and while he is justly called "the first Yorkshireman on any stage, Parliamentary or other," has given great offence by an appearance of self-seeking and of want of regard for his obligations to old friends.

The Government has been shaken by another circumstance, for which neither its chief nor any of its members are responsible. The progress of the Labour movement, and especially the strikes affecting the supply of the prime necessaries of life, have alarmed not only the employers and the wealthy class, but society at large, and given a powerful impulse to the Conservative reaction, which, by a law of English nature, seems to follow every great movement in advance. Apart from the material inconvenience, a general impression of impending social revolution is produced, and this industrial disturbance is naturally connected with the political liberalism of the Government and the working class sympathies of its chief; though as a matter of fact, the strikes took place equally, or even to a still greater extent, under the Tory Governments of former days, and such industrial populations as the colliers are almost entirely devoid of political sentiment, and fight for an increase of wages alone. The admission of the working classes to political rights has indeed, in all countries, had the effect of diminishing rather than increasing the violence and the dangerous character of the Labour movement.

In judging any British statesman we must assume the principle of party government. But even regarded from a national point of view, Mr. Gladstone's work, as a legislator, claims a high place. To him, conjointly with Peel, is due the great reform of the English fiscal system, and all the increase of prosperity to which that reform has led. Hated as these two men have been by the aristocracy, that body owes its secu-

rity, perhaps in no small measure, to the contentment which their policy has produced. In addition to this Mr. Gladstone has placed on the statute book a vast mass of practical legislation, from the reform of the English Universities to the Post Office Savings Bank Act, much of it implying immense mastery of details and prodigious labour. The Reform of the English Universities was planned and carried by him with very little assistance from his colleagues, when he was performing the almost crushing departmental duties of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. His recent Irish legislation is of a more party character, but it cannot be denied that in framing such measures as those for the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the reform of the Irish Land Law, and in carrying them through Parliament without material alteration, he gave proof of great legislative and debating power. The effect of his policy as an attempt to tranquillize Ireland can hardly be estimated at present; after such a storm the waves will for some time run high; but there can be no question that the material prosperity of the country is decidedly, we may say rapidly, on the increase. The English Education Act was an attempt to solve the most difficult and acrimonious of all public questions, amidst a chaos of conflicting opinions, in a country the different sections of which belong, in fact, to very different stages of social progress, and without religious equality, which is probably an indispensable condition of a system of common schools. To all appearances it has not been successful. But the nation demanded the experiment, and it is not easy to say in what other form it could have been made. The attempt to make the Ultramontane Catholic lie down by the side of the Orangeman, and the Rationalist in a common University is, we suspect, equally hopeless: but in this case again it was necessary to make the experiment, and the hostility of both the extreme parties is a proof that the plan was at least framed in a spirit of impartiality and justice. The Conservatives have, in effect, admitted that they see no other practicable course.

Though Mr. Gladstone's hold on power must be firmer now than it was before the crisis, it is not likely that his tenure will be long. His countenance has long told of the overwhelming burden of work which he bears, and which is aggravated, no doubt, by the almost frenzied hatred of which he must daily feel himself to be the object in the society by which he is immediately surrounded. Nor is he a man to cling to office. The most vehement Conservative will admit that he has sought power only for public ends; the bitterest epicurean will admit, though perhaps with a sneer, that he has at least the unselfishness of the Christian. His indifference to place, in fact, evidently helped to carry him triumphantly through the crisis. He has literary tastes, strong domestic affections, warm friends, and everything that can render repose, in the evening of his days, welcome and happy, including the recollection of a life of memorable work. He was probably as sincere as any ambitious man can be in replying, to those who wished him a long tenure of power, that what he regarded with pleasure was not so much the number as the fewness of the contentious years that remained. It is not likely that he will continue minister beyond the now dwindling life of the present Parliament. What will follow him is a problem which these late events have rendered it more difficult than ever for those at a distance to solve. But the chief factors in the problem are, on one side the increasing Conservatism of the wealthy classes, and of employers of labour of all kinds; on the other side the progress of a great European revolution.

The British House of Commons has had, upon the motion of Mr. Macfie, what Sir C. Adderley calls its "annual sentimental debate" on the Colonies. No leading states-

man spoke on either side; an under-secretary and an ex-under-secretary being the most important personages who took part in the debate. The current of discussion was languid, sleepy, divided itself into a number of unconnected rivulets, and at last lost itself in a bog. We may safely assume that the House was, as usual when no party or personal subject is before it, thin and inattentive. Nevertheless there was a tangible result. It was made perfectly clear that Imperial Confederation has no support worth mentioning in any quarter, and that no English statesman of either party regards it as a practical question. Cold water is an inadequate image for the reception with which the Under-Secretary for the Colonies greeted Mr. Macfie's proposal of a Ministry divided into two parts, one to take charge of domestic, the other of Imperial affairs. The impossibility of grafting such an institution on British Parliamentary government Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen did not even condescend to point out. He flatly declared that "on the great questions, such as peace or war, the English people would never allow the control to go out of the hands of their own representatives." That is the whole case put into a single sentence. Sir C. Adderley, the Conservative ex-Under-Secretary, said that "it would be difficult, in his opinion, to conceive anything more chimerical than the council suggested by the hon. member who had brought this subject forward, a council which was to have control over all affairs relating not only to our Colonies, but also to India, which was to decide upon such matters as peace or war, to supersede the authority of that House altogether, and to determine all commercial questions. Such a proposal was about as chimerical as a proposal for the restoration of the Heptarchy." It appears that even of the Colonial Society only fourteen members responded to an appeal, addressed to them by Mr. Macfie, to consider the proposal of federation, and even of those fourteen not one was in its favour, while the utterances of the colonial press and private letters received from the Colonies, were withheld by the Under-Secretary out of regard for the feelings of Mr. Macfie. Imperial Confederation, therefore, may be regarded as dead and buried, whatever else the future may have in store.

Sir R. Torrens made in the course of the debate a practical remark of importance with reference to the consequences of the Geneva Arbitration as affecting the necessity of a military force in the Colonies. It has been settled that coal shall be contraband of war, and that if a belligerent is allowed by a neutral to coal, the neutral shall be responsible for all damage thereafter inflicted by the vessel. How, asks Sir R. Torrens, are we to protect the great coaling station which practically commands the Southern Ocean, from being forcibly used by belligerents, and ourselves from being held liable for the consequences. The question, we suspect, is only one of many which may arise out of the responsibility of England for the neutrality of her dependencies in the event of any maritime war.

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen again disclaimed, and we have no doubt with perfect truth, the design of severing the tie between England and the Colonies which is persistently imputed to the Liberal Government by certain journals in this country professedly Liberal, but which are manifestly glad to find a pretext for indulging their real sympathy with the opposite party. *Laissez faire* is the Colonial policy of every English statesman, whether Liberal or Conservative. Not one of them dreams of touching a question which would entangle him in boundless difficulties without winning him a single vote. They have enough to do as it is to keep their seats on the treasury benches, and to get through a mass of work almost too great for human strength, and increasing in bulk every day with the expanding interests of the country. Mr. Disraeli talks, in opposition, of

making conventions with the Colonies for the maintenance of joint armaments, and of reviving the exclusive privileges of British subjects in respect to Colonial lands; but nobody imagines that in office he would take a step in any such direction. What Mr. Gladstone's secret thoughts may be we have no means of divining; but of this we are very sure, that he has no more the will or the power to plunge himself and his colleagues into the Colonial question than he has to get them to accompany him in a leap from the top of the Monument. So far as that goes we may all sleep in peace. The heresy of the British writer on Canada, who to the horror of our ever-wakeful advocates, has just been informing his countrymen that a toboggan is to a sleigh what a horse is to a pony, is a matter of more pressing concern. No one thinks of meddling with us: our destiny is absolutely in our own hands.

A still more significant debate has since taken place upon a motion for the reduction of Colonial expenditure, brought forward by Lord Eustace Cecil, a Conservative, and a brother of Lord Salisbury. Lord Eustace was backed by the Conservative ex-Under Secretary, Sir Charles Adderley, who strongly urged that the Colonies should be made to pay their own expenses, emphatically approved the conduct of the present Secretary for War in withdrawing the troops, and hoped that the policy would be extended to the naval as well as to the military forces. The task of defending the Colonies against the charge of being a burden to the mother country was left to Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mr. Gladstone, the latter of whom gave utterance to Imperialist sentiments strong enough for any rational being, though in harmony with the Liberal principles of self-government and self-reliance. Mr. Disraeli was silent. Once more, the good will of all British statesmen towards the Colonies is the same, while all equally feel and will be compelled in their policy to show that they feel, the burdens and perils of the Empire.

The faction fight has commenced at Ottawa with "first blood" for the Government. So far the fortunes of the fray have corresponded to the expectation which we expressed that the Government would open with a majority of from fifteen to twenty, which would increase as the session went on.

The election returns have furnished the battle-ground for the first trial of strength, and the conduct of the combatants on this subject, so vital to constitutional government, reminds us of the order of the day frankly issued by Walpole at the beginning of a session, when divisions ran close, that "no quarter must be given in election petitions." The Prime Minister deprecated the reference of questions requiring judicial integrity for decision to a partisan assembly, rightly judging that party is dishonesty and iniquity, but apparently unconscious of the sentence which he was passing on the political system of which he is the head. Nor are committees much more trustworthy than the whole House. The Grenville Act put an end to indecency but not to injustice.

In the Peterborough case deference is due to the opinion of Mr. R. A. Harrison, on which the returning officer professed to act. Otherwise we should have said without hesitation that the return of the candidate who had the minority of votes was, upon the face of it, a constitutional wrong requiring prompt redress at the hands of Parliament, not as a judicial tribunal but as the guardian of public right, a function which it is not at liberty to abdicate on any pretence whatever. Certain we are that no such discretionary power of reversing the vote of a constituency ought to be left in the hands of any returning officer for the future. It is not denied that in the Peterborough case the returning officer was a partisan of the candidate in whose favour he made the return; the legal opinion on which he professed to act, though highly respectable in itself, was tendered from a partisan quarter; and by no stretch of charity can we persuade ourselves that

the whole of the Ministerial majority in Parliament who trooped after their leader to support the return of a Ministerialist were judicially convinced of the propriety of that return.

In the absence of dividing principles and of the great questions to which dividing principles give birth, the game is entirely personal, and consists mainly in attempts to pick off "independents" and draw waverers over the line. To this state of things is due a scandal respecting which, though it greatly occupies the public mind, we do not propose to say much now, because, in spite of present appearances, we cannot abandon the belief that it will become the subject of investigation before a tribunal the sentence of which it is not our duty to anticipate.

A member of Parliament has been directly, repeatedly and circumstantially charged with the forgery, for electioneering purposes, of two letters, one of which is an unctuous puff of his own benevolence and zeal for religion, such as a very high-minded man would recoil from circulating, while the forgery of it would imply an extraordinary degree of effrontery and baseness. To such a charge, especially in the case of one who has the character of Parliament and his constituency in his keeping as well as his own, there can be but one answer—an action for libel—which would enable him, if innocent, to confront and confound his accuser in a court of justice.

The explanation given by the accused member in his place in Parliament, and in a supplementary statement not remarkable for clearness, seems to be that though the letters were fabricated, he had good reason (as it certainly appears that in the more important case he had), for believing that they were such as would be written by the persons whose signatures he affixed. This takes the transaction out of the pale of actual criminality, but hardly brings it within the pale of honour.

Side issues have been raised as to the character of the witnesses; but the public will not suffer its attention to be thus diverted from the main question. The witnesses, whatever may be alleged against them, were the associates of the person accused, and were employed by him in furnishing testimony to his character. This, however, is a matter for the consideration of a court of justice.

The motives of the Opposition journal again, in holding back the charge till the member had declared for the Government, and then producing it, are palpable enough; but justice is not to be defeated by want of purity in the motives of informers. We must add that the conduct of a candidate for a seat in Parliament, who during his canvass professes independence of party, or even readiness to vote with the Opposition, but upon being elected, throws off the mask and avows himself an unswerving supporter of the Government, does not incline us to turn a deaf ear to any other accusation that may be brought against him. No Act of Parliament can naturalize such practices in any British community which has not degenerated from its ancestral stock, and become unworthy of its name. We accept with pleasure tributes paid by intelligent observers to the merits of our institutions. But the first of British institutions, and the foundation of all the rest, is honour.

While the value of the authority is in doubt, it would be premature to discuss the statement, which has been hailed with so much exultation, that the wealthy classes of New York are unanimous in their dislike of American and their preference for British institutions. That the statement cannot be true without qualification is certain, unless a great many of the persons in question are in the habit of lying, both publicly and privately, to an extent which renders their approbation of comparatively little value.

There are here and there in the United States people who have preserved, and perhaps have inherited from Colonial times, a strong attachment to the mother country, and a sincere preference for that form of

free government of which England is the type. They are less likely to be found in the great commercial cities than in old country towns, inhabiting paternal houses, and living a rather secluded life. No Englishman can meet one of them without interest or without emotion. But these genuine Abdiels of old British connection have nothing in common with the disaffected parvenus of New York. Shoddy and Petroleum are not constitutionalist but imperialist. What they want is not a better ordered liberty, but the suppression of liberty in the interest of wealth, which they pardonably assume to be identical with merit, and to have a claim to a monopoly of political power as well as to the universal homage of mankind. Above all, they want a court for the display of their sycophancy and diamonds, like that of the French Empire, at which they figured in a style which filled every sensible Frenchman and Frenchwoman with disgust, and which, as soon as France recovered liberty of speech, evoked the vengeance of the satiric muse. Not the monarchy of Victoria but the Empire of the Bonapartes, is their ideal; and when a newspaper was published in the United States to flatter their secret aspirations, it bore as its cognizance not the crown of England, but the Imperial crown of France. Political sympathy cannot be sought or welcomed from such a quarter by the colonists of Chatham and the heirs of the great Charter. It is a rather ominous fact that when our Legislature, paying a homage to wealth which it would not have paid to heroism, naturalized by a special Act a wealthy New Yorker, in order to qualify him for a seat in our Parliament, the first vote which he gave was adverse to the electoral rights of the Canadian people.

It is our firm belief that Canada has a political mission of her own upon this continent; and that under wise and patriotic guidance she may work out a polity free from the special vices pertaining to that of the United States. She has the experience of the United States themselves, and of other elective governments to guide her, whereas the framers of the American Constitution worked without any such guidance; and she is free from the revolutionary bias by which they were led astray. She may not only develop a better Government than the American for herself, but hereafter present a model for American imitation. All this she may do if she can only keep herself in the hands of honest men, and out of the hands of scoundrels. But it would be a grave mistake on our part to take up a position of antagonism to the institutions of our neighbours, with whom, after all, we have in common the great principle of freedom, and to proclaim ourselves the allies and abettors of a disaffected party in the States. By so doing we should not only deprive ourselves of the chance of beneficially influencing American opinion, but we might even furnish a ground for hostility to our independence which does not at present exist.

In the absence of questions of principle it is not easy to divine on what issue the main battle between the parties at Ottawa will be fought; but it seems not improbable that the Opposition may commit a strategical error analogous to that which it committed last session, and with a similar result. The power by which the party is marshalled and wielded is itself animated by feelings towards the First Minister personally, too warm for cool generalship as well as for breadth of political view. The personal connection of the Premier with the Washington Treaty was obviously the impelling motive for making that Treaty the main object of attack last session, and the same thing appears likely to happen with regard to the Pacific Railway Charter, respecting the history of which facts particularly damaging to the reputation of the same unloved individual are supposed to have come to light. But in this case as in the

former, and for the same reason, the Government, whatever may happen to it in debate, will probably hold its ground on a division. The Washington Treaty was more or less disliked by a large section of our people; but the thing had been done; it could not be undone; and nobody was seriously in favour of a diplomatic rupture with the home government. So it is in the present case. Many people regard the compact with British Columbia as improvident. Many people have misgivings as to the issue of the enterprise and its effect upon the application of our resources and the prosperity of the country. Many people would have preferred the company formed by Mr. Macpherson to that formed by Sir Hugh Allan. But again, the thing is done, and done, so far as we can see, in perfect accordance with the Act of the last Parliament, and without the introduction into the Charter of anything to which serious exception can be taken. It must be owned that the history of the negotiations between the Government and the Companies does not read like a chapter in the Bible; but a resolution embodying that impression could hardly raise an issue on which the Government would fall. If indeed it could be proved in Parliament, as well as asserted in party journals, that the Prime Minister had received money from American speculators to be spent in his elections, there would be a battle-ground with a vengeance; but, to say nothing about character, who imagines that he has been such a fool?

The Opposition gained so much in the elections, and has approached so closely in numbers to the Government, that if it were coming up with the wind of a great principle or a great national movement in its sails, we should expect to see it wafted to success. But the fact is that it has been laboriously tugged by local and personal agencies, little connected with any principle or movement, to the mouth of the harbour, and has not wind or steam to carry it in. It is perfectly true that the Ministerial party is at least equally destitute of any bond higher than a personal connection, and that if the Minister could once be beaten, his combination, like that of the late Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, would, in all probability, be utterly broken up, and he would be left with a mere handful of adherents. But how to beat him is the problem which we hardly expect to see solved by his opponents this session. If they succeed at all, it must be by operating on individual members by means of the occult arts of politics; and that is a science for which he has a great natural aptitude, improved by a luminous experience. There will no doubt be plenty of "steel soirees," as the elegant voluptuaries of New York call them, and many oratorical treats of a high order; but we expect that the prorogation will find the Government unchanged. Whether anything will have been done for the country in the way of useful legislation, no true statesman would think it worth while to inquire.

The Prime Minister of Ontario was floating pleasantly on the summer sea of his political teapot, when a squall came on which nearly overturned his ship. The Orange Lodge incorporation question seems to have taken him by surprise. With a Roman Catholic in his Cabinet, and a Roman Catholic contingent, enlisted by a recruiting process of the most laborious description among his followers, he had nothing for it strategically but to make the question an open one, and allow his Cabinet and his party to divide themselves between the two formidable interests, which it was alike impossible to reconcile and calamitous to offend. Even had he been under no such pressure we should, from our own point of view, have applauded a Minister who seemed disposed to confine his responsibility to administrative questions, and to leave legislative questions not affecting the administration to the free decision

of the House. Probably the Premier has undergone tribulation in this matter, and not he alone. On the sheets of the Grit journal you could almost see the shadow of the pistols held to each side of the writer's head.

The question is, in truth, one of great difficulty, apart from the professional exigencies of politicians. Shall the State, the impartial parent of all citizens, incorporate a party association? It is hardly an answer to say that incorporation confers no additional strength. It does confer additional strength, and it is solicited for that purpose. On the other hand, to determine whether any given association is of a party character it would seem necessary to look into its statutes. If we were to take cognizance of unavowed and informal tendencies, many societies might be excluded from a privilege to which they are now admitted. The Christian Brothers, for instance, the Act for whose incorporation has just passed, though by their statutes a purely religious fraternity, would probably take as a body a decided line, at the bidding of the Catholic Hierarchy, on any political question supposed to affect the interests of the Church.

The object of the Loyal Orange Association of British North America is declared by its statutes to be "to support, as far its members have the power, the principles and practice of the Christian religion, to maintain the laws and Constitution of the Country, afford assistance to the distressed members of the Order, and otherwise to promote such laudable and benevolent purposes as may tend to the due ordering of religion and Christian charity, and the supremacy of law, order and constitutional freedom." There is obviously nothing here to which exception can be taken unless on the ground (which we own we ourselves think strong) that exclusive associations are *primâ facie* inconsistent with the equal duty which as men and Christians we owe to all our fellow-men, and to all our fellow-Christians, subject to the natural bonds of family and country. It is further stated that the members associate in honour of King William III. Prince of Orange; that they propose to emulate his virtues "by maintaining religion without persecution or trenching on the rights of any." "Disclaiming," proceeds the declaration, "an intolerant spirit, the Society demands as an indispensable qualification without which the greatest and the wealthiest may seek admission in vain, that the candidate shall be deemed incapable of persecuting or injuring any one on account of his religious opinions; the duty of every Orangeman being to aid and defend all loyal subjects, of every religious persuasion, in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights." Thus far all is still unobjectionable so far as the letter of the declaration is concerned, though aided by the light of history we may read between the lines that only a staunch Protestant can be confidently regarded as a loyal subject. The list of "qualifications essential for a member" is merely a catalogue of moral and Christian virtues. But the "Obligation of an Orangeman," or to speak more plainly the Orange Oath, brings us to more debateable matter. The form of the oath is as follows:

"I, A. B., do solemnly and voluntarily swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and to Her lawful heirs and successors, in the Sovereignty of Great Britain and Ireland, and of these Provinces dependent on and belonging to the said Kingdom, so long as she or they shall maintain the Protestant Religion and the Laws of this country; that I will, to the utmost of my power, defend her against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts which I shall know to be against her or any of them; that I will steadily maintain the connection between the Colonies of British America and the mother country, and be ever ready to resist all attempts to weaken British influence or dismember the British Empire; that I will be true and faithful to every brother Orangeman in all just actions, neither wronging him nor knowing him to be wronged or injured, with-

out giving him due notice thereof and preventing it if in my power. I swear that I will ever hold in reverence the name of our Glorious Deliverer, King William the Third Prince of Orange; in grateful remembrance of whom I solemnly promise (if in my power) to celebrate his victory over James at the Boyne, in Ireland, by assembling with my brethren in their Lodge Room, on the 12th day of July in every year; I swear that I am not nor ever will be a Roman Catholic or Papist, nor will I marry a Roman Catholic or Papist, nor educate my children, nor suffer them to be educated in the Roman Catholic faith; nor am I now, or ever will be a member of any society or body of men that are enemies to Her Majesty and our Glorious Constitution; that I never was to my knowledge or belief rejected in or expelled from any Orange Lodge. I further declare that I will do my utmost to support and maintain the Loyal Orange Institution; obey all regular summonses, and pay all just dues (if in my power) and observe and obey the Constitution and Laws of the same; and lastly, I swear that I will always conceal, and never in any way whatsoever disclose or reveal, the whole or part of any of the signs, words or tokens that are now about to be privately communicated to me, unless I shall be authorized so to do by the proper authorities of the Orange Institution of which I am now about to become a member. So help me God and keep me steadfast in this my Orangeman's obligation."

In the first place, we must say that it appears to us very doubtful whether any private association should be allowed to bind its members by oath at all. It is enough for a private association to make its rules, impose them as a condition of membership, and expel members refusing to conform to them. The power of superseding the freedom of the individual's judgment by the obligation of an oath ought to be assumed at all events only by those whose authority is superior to the judgment of the individual. The administration of oaths by private persons or societies savours, if not of conspiracy, at least of an attempt to impose fetters on reason and conscience, by which, on grounds of public policy as well as of morality, the actions of citizens ought to be freely regulated in all cases not determined by the State. In the second place, there is a special objection to promissory oaths on subjects which are matters of opinion, and on which the mind of the person taking the oath, however settled at the time, may possibly undergo a change. Had pledges and professions equivalent to an oath been always regarded as binding, Luther must have remained an Augustinian monk, and Protestantism itself could never have come into existence. In the third place, reading the oath by the light of history, and especially by the light of the portion of history comprising the proceedings of the Orange Lodges in the British Islands during the conflict respecting Catholic Emancipation, exception might be taken to the clause limiting the Orangeman's allegiance by the condition that the Sovereign shall maintain the Protestant religion; especially as in Canada the Protestant religion is not maintained by the Sovereign, while the Catholic religion is in a certain sense maintained in the Province of Quebec, where it still has much of the character of an establishment. In the fourth place, it may be said that the Battle of the Boyne, which the Orangeman is bound to celebrate, is a party anniversary, provocative of ill-feeling among citizens of different religions, and therefore anti-national. In the fifth place, exception may be taken to the obligation not to marry a Roman Catholic, as contrary to the public policy of a commonwealth, in which religious equality is established, and which seeks to promote perfect union and harmony among its citizens of all denominations. Lastly, exception may be taken in some quarters to private signs, words and tokens, as constituting a secret society.

To all of these objections, however, answers more or less satisfactory may be given. To the first it may be replied that the administration of oaths is already permitted in the case of other private societies, and notably in the case of the Freemasons. To the

second objection it may be replied that the inexpediency of promissory oaths respecting matters of opinion, if evident, is not established as a principle of morality or of public policy. To the third objection it may be replied that the limitation is in conformity with the spirit at least of the Act of Settlement and of the Coronation oath. To the fourth objection it may be replied that the anniversary of the Boyne is not partisan but national, and that William's victory over James was till quite recently celebrated by a special service of the national Church. To the fifth objection it may be replied that the Roman Catholic Church is allowed the privileges of incorporation, notwithstanding that it reprobates mixed marriages. To the last objection it may be replied that the Orange Association, though in a certain sense secret, is not so in a sense which is practically objectionable, since, in the language of its statutes, "the rules of the society are open not only to members of the Institution, but to the whole community; there is no reserve except the signs and symbols whereby Orangemen know each other; and these mysteries are essential to the proper qualification of the Brotherhood, the recognition of the members, and the prevention of intrusion and imposture from strangers and enemies."

On the whole, if the statutes are to be the criterion, we lean to the conviction that the course taken by Mr. Mowat personally was right, and that there were not sufficient grounds for refusing the incorporation. At the same time there was abundant room for honest difference of opinion, and our cordial respect is due to those Protestant members of the Government and of the House generally, who, believing the incorporation of a partisan society to be contrary to the duty of the State, braved the resentment of a powerful interest rather than sacrifice their conviction. The Orangemen would be unfaithful to the principle of liberty, which they are sworn to uphold, and guilty of the persecution from which they are sworn to abstain, if they visited with political vengeance a conscientious opposition to their demand. Next to corruption, the political vice which most besets us on this continent is cowardice, and the manly avowal of conviction, whether in friend or foe, will be honoured and prized by all who are really loyal to the country.

Lord Palmerston said, with reference to Orangeism, that secret and exclusive societies belonged to the age of barbarism when protection was not afforded by the law. His remark is in the main true, and it was the weakness of the law that in the Middle Ages justified the existence of a multitude of such societies, from petty local guilds and brotherhoods up to the great national Vigilance Committees, called in Germany the Wehmgericht, and in Spain the Santa Hermandad. It is the tendency of advancing civilization and of growing morality to merge these narrow combinations in the great community of the nation, or the still greater community of mankind. Unfortunately, however, the Orange Association is not without an excuse for its existence. If Roman Catholicism were merely the religion of Fenelon and St. Vincent de Paul, if it presented itself merely as the faith of the good village curé, of the missionary, of the sister of charity, Orangeism would be only an obsolete relic of the unhappy conflicts and evil passions of the past, and would be discountenanced by all good citizens and by all good men. But Roman Catholicism, whatever it may be in individuals, is in the aggregate not merely a religion but a political organization, as aggressive as it is powerful, and wielded by its ecclesiastical chiefs with all the unity and not a little of the mystery of a secret association. Its means and instruments vary according to the differences in the political and social systems on which it operates. In despotic countries, it acts through despots and their favourites; in free countries, such as Belgium, England, Ireland, the United

States and Canada, through the ballot. In Spain, its ally is Isabella; in France, Eugenie; in New York, Tammany; in Canada, whichever party will bid highest for its support. But its end everywhere and in all times is the same—the extinction of liberty. So Rome declares in her Encyclicals; and in token of her unchanged character and inflexible resolution, she canonizes Peter Arbues one of the most murderous of the Spanish Inquisitors. War is waged against the very principle of nationality; the duty of the citizen is superseded by the allegiance of the churchman; and Lord Denbigh avows that he is "an Englishman if you please, but above all things a Catholic." Everywhere the hand of Rome is felt; France is instigated to make war on Germany; a Carlist insurrection is stirred up in Spain; the Italian government is harrassed by disturbances among the superstitious peasantry of Southern Italy; Bishops combine with Pretenders to overthrow the national government of France; and an English government is overturned by the denunciations of the hierarchy of Ireland. In Belgium and in New York, priestly influence is extended to the judiciary, and in these cases it can hardly be said that full protection is afforded by the law.

In the United States the case for Orangeism is stronger than in Canada. It there offers the only practical rallying point for the depressed and insulted nationality of Englishmen, who, while by their industry and energy they contribute their full share to the prosperity of the country, and while they are not the least orderly or respectable of its citizens, are doomed, by their want of union, to be insulted and trampled on by every demagogue who is angling for the Fenian vote. If the English Protestants in the United States wish to command any measure of the respect which is paid to the Irish and Germans, they must, like the Irish and Germans, hold together; and no available organization has half the force of Orangeism; which, moreover, commands the secret sympathy of a good many Americans, who hate while they fear the tyranny of the ultramontane priesthood and its subservient legions.

The tendency of the Ontario Session generally has been to improve the position of the Government in the eyes of those who are sceptical as to the conflict of principle, unconcerned in the scramble for place, and desirous only of honest and capable administration. The great measure of the Session, the Municipal Loan and Surplus Fund, opened a large field for criticism, independently of the inevitable party denunciation, by its attempts to discriminate between the cases of the several indebted municipalities, all of which, we may be sure, spent the money with the same paramount regard for what they believed to be their own local interests. But no criticism to which it has been subjected has removed from impartial minds the impression that in its essential features it is well conceived, sound and equitable. Its author's mind has certainly not lost anything in legislative breadth and justice by his temporary relegation from politics to the bench, undesirable as we must always hold the promotion of a judge to political office in itself to be. Perhaps the direct advantages of the measure are even of less importance than its indirect effect in relieving us of the stain and the demoralizing consequences of repudiation. The timber policy of the Government has been somewhat sweeping and suggests the reflection that the necessity for Parliamentary control appears somewhat differently when viewed from the Opposition and when viewed from the Government benches. It is impossible that a large sale of public property with a full treasury and a tight money market can be a good fiscal operation. But the Province does not want to make money, and for the one essential purpose, that of encouraging the settler, the policy of the Government has received the general approval of the most independent members of the House

and those best qualified to judge. Next to a deficit, the worst thing is a surplus; the Government has made some progress towards relieving us of one evil, it must take care that it does not put us on the road to the other. There has been a tolerable show of general legislation of a practical kind, including some in the special interest of the working class. More might have been done but for the waste of time in personal altercations, which has been utterly disgraceful. We are sorry to say that it would be difficult for the Parliament of Ontario to be in tone and manners much lower than it has been during this session.

We should hail, as a national event more important than the result of any of our political struggles, a favourable change in the disastrous fortunes of the Grand Trunk Railway, the state of which has been not only a commercial evil of the first magnitude but the worst possible advertisement for the country. Since the communicated article with which this number opens was put to press, a scheme has been proposed, in London, to tide over the latest crisis in the affairs of the Company. Mr. Alexander McEwan, its author, attempted some years ago, with the aid of his friends, to obtain control of a majority of the stock; but after running up the price to nearly double the figure at which they found it, and losing an immense sum of money, they failed in their object. The same gentleman, at another time, ventured and lost a sum which could not have been much if at all short of half a million of dollars in petroleum oil lands, mainly suppositions, in Canada. But these failures have not destroyed his credit and influence with men who exercise great authority on the Stock Exchange. Mr. McEwan's latest proposal is to issue £10,000,000 of new ordinary Grand Trunk stock at twenty per cent., the produce of which would be £2,000,000 in cash. The creation of this stock would transfer the controlling authority of the company to new hands; for the new proprietors, being able to outvote the old, would obtain that authority in the management of the company which Mr. McEwan and his friends once before sought in vain to secure. The change would be equivalent to the sale of the road for one purpose but not for another: it would create a new depository of power, but it would not hand over the property at its present market value. The whole scheme is based on the assumption that, with some reduction of interest—the second preferences to 5 per cent., the the third to 4½, and the fourth to four, till the ordinary stock gets a three per cent. dividend—the company can carry the whole weight of the present capital, with two millions superadded, and prosper. The grounds on which this very hopeful estimate is based are: increased carrying capacity, stated at twenty per cent., to be derived from the substitution of steel for iron rails, which can be rapidly effected by means of the new capital; the reduction of the gauge to 4 feet 8½ inches, by which large supplies of rolling stock on connecting American lines would be made available; and more economical management.

If new capital is to be raised, without reducing the old to the present value of the property that represents it, there can be no more unobjectionable mode of doing so than by the issue of ordinary stock which does not displace existing preferences. There would be an advantage in a rapid change from iron to steel rails, and from the present to the narrow gauge; for the increased power of earning would be obtained in a few months instead of years. Mr. McEwan's estimate of net profits, after the change, is, like the character of his mind, extremely hopeful. For 1873, he sets down £75,000, for 1874, £150,000; for 1875, £250,000. The success of the entire scheme depends upon the correctness of this estimate. It may be regarded as certain that a gain could be made in the several directions indicated:

increased earning power, additional rolling stock without the cost of purchase, and economy of management. In this latter particular, the new proprietors would be at full liberty to take their own course ; and in this respect the change may be as great as if a formal sale of the property had taken place. But let us not be understood to stake anything on the accuracy of an estimate which promises so wonderful a transformation, after all the world knows of Grand Trunk speculations and experience.

A meeting of proprietors is said to have adopted Mr. McEwan's scheme, with some minor changes which in no way affect its chief features. If the full measure of success promised for it by its author be realized, sceptics will be obliged to believe that the days of financial miracles are not over.

SELECTIONS.

AN AUSTRIAN ROMANCE.

(From Julian Charles Young's Diary.)

SHORTLY after the battle of Waterloo, when the Continent was thrown open to the English traveller, Mr. B——d started on a two years' tour. Well born and well connected, he carried with him letters of introduction to all the courts of Europe. When sated with the dissipation of Paris, and with all he cared to see in the way of art at Berlin, Dresden and Prague, he proceeded on his route to Vienna. On leaving his letters at the door of Count and Countess G——,* he was at once invited to take up his quarters at their house during his stay.

The Austrian court at that time was inflexible in its rule of aristocratic exclusiveness. No one was admissible into its *penetralia* who could not show at least sixteen quarterings on his armorial shield. This condition Mr. B—— was in a position to fulfil ; so that, under the auspices of his noble entertainers, he soon found himself mixing familiarly with the *crême de la crême* of Viennese society.

Conspicuous among the most fashionable was a certain Count Albert A——, who, though he had seen some forty summers, by the beauty of his person, the grace of his manners, and the diversity of his accomplishments, eclipsed all competitors. Nature and fortune seemed to have combined to shower on him their choicest gifts ; for, in addition to his physical attributes, his descent was of the noblest, and his possessions vast : he spoke four or five languages with ease, and was regarded by the fair sex as such a Crichton that no party was considered well constituted unless he were present.

One morning, after the most brilliant ball of the season, as Mr. B——, at breakfast with his host and hostess, was talking of it, he expressed much surprise at the absence, on the previous night, of the indispensable Count. Countess G—— allowed his remark to drop without comment, and, by her manner, seemed to evade the subject. A few days after, however, when she and my friend were together and alone, she referred to what he had said, and told him that she had not liked dwelling on the subject in the presence of her husband, inasmuch as it was distasteful to him. 'You expressed,' she said 'surprise at the absence of Count Albert A—— from the L—— ball. It is true that he was not there when we arrived, for, if you remember,

* The initials used in the story are feigned.

we went unusually late; but he had been there —and had left before our arrival, against his own will, and under mysterious circumstances. It appeared he had been dancing with more than his usual spirit, and was leaning against the wall of the room, while his partner recovered her breath, during a pause in the waltz; when, happening to turn his head in the direction of a group of persons standing in the gangway, he noticed a tall man, in a long military cloak, beckoning to him, with an air of authority he was not accustomed to. Nevertheless, having handed his partner to her seat at the end of the dance, he obeyed the summons. As soon as he had reached the stairhead, two policemen, at a signal from the man in the cloak, seized him by each arm, dragged him down the steps, thrust him into a chaise with four horses, took their places by his side, put fetters on his wrists, and, without assigning any reason for his arrest, told him that his future residence would be the fortress of Spielberg, along whose gloomy corridors the same feet were never known to retrace their steps.

'You will naturally be curious to learn what possible justification there could be for the adoption of measures so severe against such a man. The public at large will, possibly, never know. But you shall, on one condition, viz., that you never divulge what I shall tell you until I am dead. The strange facts which I have been told by my husband he could never have known had he not been appointed by the Emperor a member of the Aulic council, against whose jurisdiction, you are aware, universal as it is throughout the Austrian dominions, there is no appeal.'

My friend having promised to preserve the secret inviolate as long as she lived, the Countess thus continued her narrative:

'To understand my tale you must transport yourself back in imagination some five-and-thirty years.

'In Upper Styria, of which Judenburg is the capital, there is a very large but sparsely peopled district, which, at the period I allude to, was in the exclusive possession of three landowners. Part of the region was mountainous; the mountains containing in their bowels mines of silver, lead, copper and iron. Part consisted of valleys, richly cultivated, yielding abundant crops of grain, and possessing a fine breed of large cattle. The other part was wild moorland, frequented by the chamois, and varied in its features by dark pine-forests and lakes alive with fish and wild fowl of all kinds.

'Baron P——, a benevolent old bachelor, was the owner of the largest of these three properties. His estate was bounded on one side by Madam D——'s and on the other by Gräfin E——'s. Both of these ladies were widows; both were nearly the same age; each had an only child. Madame D——'s was a boy, two years older than Gräfin E——'s little girl.

'Similarity of circumstances, proximity, sequestration from the world, community of sorrow, knitted these ladies together by strong ties of sympathy and friendship, and while the gentleness of their neighbour, the old baron, endeared him to them both, respect for his judgment caused them to refer to him for advice on all matters of importance.

'The constant interchange of kindly offices among the three families helped to cement their intimacy so closely, that they were hardly ever separate. They alternated at each other's houses visits of many months' duration.

'In the meantime the boy and girl grew up together as brother and sister. They read together, they romped together, they rode together, they fished on the lake together. On meeting at morn, and on parting at night, they embraced each other with as much unrestricted freedom as if they were the children of the same parents.

'In this innocent and unalloyed confidence did the families continue, until the girl was nearly seventeen, when the old baron formally proposed for her to her mother, in some such words as these:—

'"With your sanction, dear friend, I shal offer to your girl my hand, my heart, and my fortune. I am emboldened to do so, first, because, in consequence of the seclusion in which she has been reared, I know her affections to be disengaged; secondly, because, though not so vain as to fancy that, at my years, I could hope to inspire her with a romantic attachment, I yet believe she loves me better than any one in the world, except yourself. If you, then, will ratify our union, I will trust to you to explain to her that matrimony, in her case, will entail no abridgement of her liberty. In all the pleasures and pur-

suits natural to her age, she will still have her friend Albert for her companion; and it will be an unspeakable satisfaction to me, as long as I live, to reflect that when I quit this scene our two estates will centre in the person of one who loves the poor equally on both, and whom the peasantry of each adore."

'*Mariages de convenance* were so common at that time throughout Germany and Hungary, that the disparity of age between the contracting parties was considered in no degree to lessen the advantages of the alliance in the estimation of the tenantry.

'All the preliminary arrangements, as to settlements, &c., &c., having been quickly disposed of, the marriage was duly solemnized, though with little display or pomp; and the three families, who might be said to enjoy all things in common, dwelt for many months under the Baron's roof in tranquil and uninterrupted harmony; when an incident occurred which threatened to jeopardize its perpetuity.

'About three or four miles from the baronial residence there was a small town, consisting of some four thousand inhabitants, in which there was an opera-house—an institution almost essential to the happiness of a people so nationally musical as the Germans. Of course the scenery, dresses, and decorations were not very imposing, and the corps itself was but second rate; yet, occasionally, some of the more celebrated metropolitan singers would take the little town in their provincial tour, and attract crowded audiences to hear them. Ernestine and Albert were equally devoted to music, and generally attended the opera three nights a week; their mothers keeping company with the Baron at home, until he retired to his study, his meerschaum, and his bed. After two years of wedded life, the Baroness, without having any assignable grounds of complaint against her husband, fancied that she perceived a slight diminution of tenderness in his manner towards her. The more narrowly she watched his demeanour, the more strongly persuaded she became that she had, somehow or other, given him umbrage. She told him frankly of her fears. He begged her to dispel them, as they were groundless. After some time, however, when she returned to the charge, and urged him to tell her if she had, in any way, fallen short of her duty as a wife, he was obliged to confess that, much as he liked her to amuse herself, and grateful as he felt to Albert for escorting her to entertainments for which he had nó longer any relish himself, he yet thought she had evinced some little want of consideration for the order and regularity and comfort of his establishment in staying out so late at night. "Surely, my darling," said he, "it is not important for you, who are such an *habituée* of the opera, always to stay till the very end of the entertainment. It is usually morning before the coachman has groomed and fed and bedded his horses. The whole household is on the alert when it ought to be at rest. Some of my old servants, who have been used to my early hours, have complained to me of the change in the family habits; and, as for myself, although we occupy separate apartments, I never can close an eye till I know you have returned home in safety. I daresay, therefore, I may have unconsciously betrayed some dissatisfaction. I am glad, at all events, dear, we have had this candid explanation, for I know you will now take pleasure in conforming to my wishes for the future."

'Instead of gracefully acceding to her husband's hint, she bantered him on his old-fashioned punctilios: asked him if he could be cruel enough to wish her to quit the opera, and disturb the house by doing so, before the piece were concluded.' Much more she said in the same vein, showing plainly that she thought him a purist and his objections frivolous and overstrained: and proceeded with the petulence of a spoiled child to say, that "it was evident he cared more for his servants' comfort than for her gratification." With self-enforced calmness he interrupted her with these words: "Ernestine, I have religiously observed the promise I made your mother before our marriage. I have allowed you uncontrolled latitude of action. You do what you like; you go where you like; you spend what you like. Your every whim it has been my study to gratify. I am, therefore—I own—disappointed to see how little you care to humour *my* harmless prejudices. Until this moment you have never heard an angry expression pass my lips. But for once—and, I trust, for once only—I change my tone. As I see how lightly my wishes weigh with you, and how entirely engrossed you are with your own, I give you a warning." He

then turned towards her a face livid with anger, and said, in a tone the more alarming from its unwonted asperity,—"Go, madam; go every night of your life, if it please you, to the opera. Leave every night of your life, if it please you your old husband to the care of others and to the solace of his books and his meerschaum. But, remember, if henceforward under any circumstances you present yourself at the park gates after midnight, they will be closed on you for ever."

'The young wife, who, in spite of a little giddiness, was an amiable and affectionate creature, and fondly attached to her husband, was appalled by his ferocity. Overwhelmed with self-reproach, she flung herself at his feet, professed the profoundest contrition for her selfishness, and the utmost readiness to submit to any abasement rather than forfeit his affection. As he felt her salt tears drop on his hands, and witnessed her humility and penitence, the angry cloud on his brow cleared off; the thunder which had gathered over his spirit rolled by; the sunshine of his better nature again broke forth; and once more she was basking in the smile of reconciliation.

'For a long time she adhered rigidly to her promise. On a particular night, however, a new opera was to be represented for the first time by a brilliant company from Vienna. Albert and Ernestine had their coffee, and went earlier than usual, that they might no miss a single bar of the overture. At the end of the second act, the Baroness complained to her companion that the interest of the piece dragged heavily. "It hangs fire sadly," she said, "I wonder how long the act has lasted. Just look at your watch and see; I am sure it has been unusually long."

'Albert looked, and found it to be close on ten o'clock. At the instant he returned his watch to his pocket, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. Smiting his forehead impatiently, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! your asking me the hour has reminded me of what I had forgotten, viz., my appointment with Herr S——, the avocat. I told you of it a week ago."

'"Oh, never mind," she replied, "write him an apology to-morrow." "To-morrow," said he, "will be too late. The farm I wanted for our old friend H—— will be given away by to-morrow, unless I negotiate for it to-night. Besides, my lawyer is such a touchy old fellow, that if I break faith with him now, I shall find it no easy matter to appease him afterwards. You won't mind my leaving you for half-an-hour, will you? I shall not be longer." "Certainly not," she replied, "if your engagement be as important as you say it is. No one will interfere with me. Everyone knows me well. And, if I had any cause for fear, I have only to lock the door of my box while you are away." He left her precipitately, promising to return as quickly as he could.

'In the meantime the opera proceeded; and the Baroness became so absorbed in the interest of the plot, and so enchanted with the singing of the prima donna, that she forgot the flight of time, until, on the falling of the curtain, Albert re-entered the box, and expressed his regret at his detention, telling her it was ten minutes to twelve o'clock. On hearing this, Ernestine evinced the most poignant distress, rushed to her carriage, told the coachman to gallop his horses the whole way home; and, as she took her seat by Albert's side, burst into a flood of tears, declaring that she was irretrievably ruined; and that he, who knew but one side of her husband's character, could form no conception of the violence of his temper, or the obstinacy of his resolution, when once it was really roused, and she was sure she should find him inexorable. In vain he tried to reassure her—in vain he told her that, in proportion as anger was vehement was it apt to be short-lived—that the storm once over, it would be succeeded by a great calm—and that all would be well again—she refused to be comforted.

'On arriving at the park lodge, the keeper, who was in the habit, when he heard the roll of the carriage-wheels on the road, of springing forward to open the gates, was nowhere to be seen. Not till after many angry words from Albert did the old man present himself. And when he did, he respectfully but firmly declined to open the gates, saying, in justification for doing so, that more than twelve months ago his master had told him never to open them to any one after twelve o'clock, on pain of instant dismissal. "It goes to my heart, my lady, to refuse you," he said, "for you have always been kind to me: but I must think of my wife and children; and what would become of us if we were turned off without a shirt to our backs, or

a roof over our heads." "If you will only open the gates," she replied, "I will take all the blame; and if my intercession with your master fail, you know I am myself quite able to save you from want, and save you I will."

'On the strength of this assurance, though with fear and trembling, he admitted the carriage. The instant the Baroness had entered the house she repaired to her husband's chamber, resolved to throw herself unreservedly on his mercy, and assure him that it was from no spirit of wilful disobedience, but from an unavoidable accident, which she could not have foreseen, that she had transgressed. She tapped diffidently at his door. Obtaining no answer, she concluded that he was either asleep or in no mood to be disturbed, and that it would be more prudent to postpone her interview till the morning. Early next day, accordingly, she repaired to his door, rapping two or three times, but with no better success. "Ah!" she thought to herself, "I daresay he has been chafing all night with anger against me; and has, may be, only just dropped asleep, after a weary vigil. It will be impolitic to try and rouse him now." About ten o'clock she once more ventured to his door, and loudly and beseechingly entreated him to let her in. No notice being taken of her appeal, she went for Albert, who first shouted lustily, and then shook the door impatiently. Still no answer. Becoming, both of them seriously alarmed, they had his door broken open: and, on rushing to his bed, found stretched upon it, and weltering in his blood, the ghastly corpse of the old man. While the young widow rent the air with her shrieks, and her own and Albert's mother were running to see what was the matter, Albert himself had hastened to the stables, saddled a horse with his own hands, and scoured the country far and wide, in hope of falling on the track of the murderer. For three days he was absent, never relaxing in his exertions, until, baffled and disheartened by failure, he returned to the inmates of the castle, at last, to give vent to the sorrow he had managed in the excitement of action to repress. The country, of course, was rife with ingenious but erroneous conjectures as to the motive of the murder; for no money was missing, and no provocation could have been given to anybody by one leading a life so benevolent, peaceful, and retiring as the Baron's. The perpetrator of the deed was never guessed. The only man who ever approached him except his servants, who had lived with him for years, was the young Count Albert: but he was known to have idolized him from his childhood, and to have been treated by him like a father.

'In the course of time curiosity and indignation died out. The country folk subsided into their ordinary habits, firmly convinced that a special revelation from heaven alone could unravel the mystery of the murder. After a while the family lawyer was sent for, and the will read. It was found that everything the good old man had died possessed of was bequeathed absolutely to his widow.

'The administration of such extensive estates made it more than ever important that the now wealthy Baroness should have a man of probity and capacity at her elbow. Albert's presence was therefore more than ever essential to her: and, at the pressing solicitation of Ernestine, he and his mother consented to break up their own establishment, leave their house and estate in charge of a trusty steward, and take up their quarters with their widowed friend.

'The recollection of her husband's boundless confidence in her, implied by the terms of his will, and the tender thoughtfulness for her welfare which he had ever shown her during her life, filled his childish widow with self-reproach. The only compensation she could make his memory would be by carrying out to the letter every project she had ever known him contemplate for the good of his tenantry. Dedication to the call of duty, with a high sense of her responsibilities, gradually restored her to herself, and reconciled her to her lot. When the days of her mourning were ended, and she had consented to discard her weeds, one of her favourite occupations was to visit every corner of the property, and devise with Albert new plans for the greater comfort and well-being of the labouring poor.

'In one of these joint expeditions, Ernestine observed that Albert seemed out of spirits—that he was apt to be absent and silent, and hang his head pensively, as if oppressed by bitter fancies. She rallied him on the subject, and asked him what ailed him. "Any one who was a stranger to you would suppose you were in love, to see you thus." "And what if I

were," was his rejoinder, "would you not pity me? Were I to turn the tables and ask you, Ernestine, if *you* were in love, you would answer, No. But if I asked you if you loved me, you would answer promptly, Yes, as a sister loves a brother. What will you, then, think of me when I tell you I do not return that love? I say, not *that* love. The love that I have garnered in my heart of hearts for you has never been the love of friendship, or of blood: but the love of passion, maddening, bewildering, intoxicating passion! You have never been to me a sister, but my light, my joy, my life since I could lisp your name. For your dear sake it has been that I have despised the glitter of court life. For your sake I have relinquished the dreams of fond ambition. For your sake I have refused to enter the army, a profession which I love. Hitherto I have counted all these sacrifices as dross, because I have never been away from your side. Hitherto my existence has been a joyous one for I have breathed your atmosphere. It rests with you whether henceforth it shall not be a bitter and a blighted one. Unless you give me the right to claim you as my own, we must soon be severed. I have demolished my household gods for you, and at your request. I have no sooner done so than I find a censorious world —not our little world but the great one of the metropolis—condemning us for an intimacy which at one time my youth, and subsequently the presence of your husband, fully explained and excused.

'"You are shocked, I see, at the substance and the abruptness of my disclosure. Alas! of my love you would have heard long, long ago, had I conceived it possible your mother would have consented to your contracting a marriage while you were so young. When first I was told of your betrothal, I felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen on me. I was speechless, paralyzed with grief. Anger I could not feel; for my bitterest rival was my truest benefactor. But enough of this. The dear old man is removed. Oh, let me supply his vacant place. Though you may think, at present, that the affection you feel for me is not the affection a wife should feel for her husband—yet is it, let me ask, less warm than that you felt for him you scrupled not to marry? Are not our years more suited to each other? Are not our tastes more congenial? Have we not more pursuits in common?—Stay! stay! I conjure you! Before you answer, and seal my fate and your own, let me tell you my sole alternative, in the event of a refusal. If you will not be mine, I leave this spot for ever, never to see your face again. Are you prepared to lose the companionship and sympathy of the friend of your childhood—the depositary of the secrets of your womanhood? I wait your answer."

'His importunity, and the dawning sense of her equivocal position in the eyes of the world, prevailed at last over her natural repugnance to wed with one whom she had always treated with the familiarity of a near relation. In a word, his skilful wooing won her, and they married. What the course of their conjugal life was, whether smooth or ruffled, my informant did not tell me. But certain it was, that after the Baroness had borne him three children, he was as *recherché* in the gay circles of Vienna as ever, while she was never seen.

'And now, to return to the eventful evening of Albert's capture.

'The very day before it happened, an audience of the Emperor had been solicited by one who begged permission to withhold his name until he had stated the object for which he asked the interview. This unusual request being granted, a man of wan, anxious, almost cadaverous aspect, flung himself at the feet of his sovereign; and, in much agitation, asked his Majesty if he remembered a notorious murder which had taken place some years before—the murder of old Baron ——.

'"Full well," said the Emperor, "who can forget it? Have you anything to tell which will lead to the detection of its wretched author?"

'"I have, Sire; I know the man, and so does your Majesty. I have come to denounce him."

'"*I* know a murderer? Have a care, man. Who is it?"

'"Albert, Count A——, whom, if I mistake not, your Majesty has honoured with your confidence and favour."

'"Villain! You calumniate an honourable man. You mention the most deservedly popular of our nobility. You will have cause to rue your temerity unless you substantiate your charge. What, tell me, is the evidence you offer?"

"The evidence, Sire, of my own senses. May it please your Imperial Majesty, it is not under the spur of malignity, but under the sting of remorse; it is in dread of a higher tribunal than yours, Sire, that I beg you to be my priest as well as my king: and to receive the confession of a wretch who has just been told by three medical men that his hours are numbered. Their verdict has, I own, taken me by surprise, though I knew a malignant malady to be preying on my vitals. I fear death: but that which comes after death I fear still more. The sins of my past life, within the last few minutes, have come before me in all their aggravation. I can make no atonement for them myself. But I will try to do justice to an injured woman, and bring down condign punishment on the wicked man who has wronged her. I charge, then, Count Albert A—— with having murdered his best friend; not from mercenary or vindictive motives, but from an impatience to sweep from out of his path the great impediment in the way of his union with one he loved too madly. Alas! while I denounce him, what can I say for myself? I was base enough to accept a bribe to assume the priestly garb and office, and thus desecrate the Sacrament of Marriage by performing a sham ceremony. His motive for this crime I never have been able to fathom: for, assuredly, he loved sincerely. Possibly he had some one in his eye whom he wished, eventually, to marry. But that is mere conjecture, after all."

'The counterfeit priest was allowed to go to his own quarters. A guard was set over him; and within a few hours he died, swearing to the guilt of Count Albert A——.

'The unhappy man was hardly dead before Ernestine requested audience of the Emperor, conjured him to see her righted, and told him that she had been apprised of her husband's treachery by his own lips. He listened to her prayer, and promised that she should be married legally, and her children be legitimatized. It was shortly after this interview with the Emperor that her husband was taken from the ball-room on the occasion referred to, and transferred to his cell in Spielberg. The next night was enacted a scene alike dramatic and affecting. As the castle bell tolled twelve, in a dismal corridor beneath the Danube, midway between the outer and inner entrance to the prisoner's cell, a temporary altar was erected, covered with black cloth. Across the centre was a grille. At the head stood a priest; and while from the outer entrance there appeared the injured Ernestine, with head averted and faltering step, from the opposite end came Albert, also with averted head, but with resolute tread and unblushing front, escorted by halberdiers, and lighted by torch-bearers. As they reached the altar, on either side the grille, the ceremony commenced: their hands, thrust through the interposing grille, were joined together; the ring was given again, for the second time, and each returned from whence they came, without exchanging look or word.'

MARINE OF TORONTO HARBOUR—1799–1816.

(From Rev. Dr. Scadding's forthcoming "TORONTO OF OLD.")

UNDER date of York, Saturday, Sep. 14th, 1799, we have mention made in the *Gazette* of a new vessel. "The *Toronto Yacht*, Capt. Baker," the *Gazette* announces, "will in the course of a few days be ready to make her first trip. She is, "the *Gazette* says," one of the handsomest vessels of her size that ever swam upon the Ontario; and if we are permitted to judge from her appearance, and to do her justice, we must say she bids fair to be one of the swiftest sailing vessels. She is admirably calculated for the reception of passengers, and can with propriety boast of the most experienced officers and men. Her master-builder" it is subjoined, "was a Mr. Dennis, an American, on whom she reflects great honour." This was Mr. Joseph Dennis; and the place where the vessel was built was a little way up

the Humber. (The name Dennis is carelessly given in the *Gazette* as Denison.)

The effects of rough weather on the Lake at the close of 1799, as detailed by the Niagara *Constellation* of the 7th of December, will not be out of place. "On Thursday last" the *Constellation* says "a boat arrived here from Schenectady, which place she left on the 22nd ult. She passed the *York* sticking on a rock off the Devil's Nose : no prospect of getting her off. A small deck-boat also, she reports, lately sprung a leak twelve miles distant from Oswego. The people on board, many of whom were passengers, were taken off by a vessel passing, when she instantly sank : cargo is all lost." The narrative then proceeds to say, "A vessel supposed to be the *Genesee* schooner, has been two days endeavouring to come in. It is a singular misfortune" the *Constellation* says 'that this vessel, which sailed more than a month ago from Oswego, laden for this place, has been several times in sight, and driven back by heavy gales."

In the same number of the *Constellation* (Dec. 7th, 1799,) we have "the well-known schooner *Peggy*" spoken of. A moiety of her is offered for sale. Richard Beasley of Barton, executor, and Margaret Berry of York, executrix, to the estate of Thomas Berry, merchant, late of York, deceased, advertise for sale. "One moiety of the well-known schooner *Peggy :* any recommendation of her sailing or accommodation" they say "will be unnecessary : with these particulars the public are well acquainted, and the purchaser will, no doubt, satisfy himself with personal inspection. For terms of sale apply to the executor and executrix."

In the *Constellation* of the following week is the mysterious paragraph : "If Jonathan A. Pell will return and pay Captain Selleck for the freight of the salt which he took from on board the *Duchess of York* without leave, it will be thankfully received and no questions asked."

The disastrous effects of the gales are referred to again in the *Gazette* of Dec. 21st, 1799. "We hear from very good authority," the *Gazette* says, "that the schooner *York*, Captain Murray, has foundered, and is cast upon the American shore about fifty miles from Niagara, where the captain and men are encamped. Mr. Forsyth, one of the passengers, hired a boat to carry them to Kingston. Fears are entertained for the fate of the *Terrahoga*," (a government vessel so named.)

On the 15th of May, 1800, Governor Hunter arrives again in York Harbour. The *Gazette* of Saturday the 17th, 1800, announces that "on Thursday evening last, (May 15th), his Excellency Peter Hunter, Esq., Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief of this Province, arrived in our harbour on board the *Toronto ;* and on Friday morning about 9 o'clock landed at the garrison, where he is at present to side." On May 16th in the following year Governor Hunter arrives again in the *Toronto*, from Quebec. "Arrived this morning Saturday, May 16th, 1801," says the *Gazette*, "on board the *Toronto*, Captain Earl, his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, his Aide-de-Camp and Secretary, from Quebec. We hear" continues the *Gazette* "that his Excellency has ordered the Parliament to meet on the 28th instant for the actual despatch of business."

In the *Gazette* of Aug. 29th, in this year, (1801), we have the appointment of Mr. Allan to the collectorship for the harbour of York. Thus runs the announcement : "To the public. His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint the subscriber Collector of Duties at this Port, for the Home District : as likewise Inspector of Pot and Pearl Ashes and Flour. Notice is hereby given that the Custom House for entry will be held at my store-house at the water's edge, and that I will attend accordingly, agreeably to the Act. W. Allan, York, 25th Aug. 1801."

In this year, it is noted in the Niagara *Herald* (Nov. 18th 1801), the people of Niagara saw for the first time flying from Fort George the British Flag, as blazoned after the recent union of Great Britain and Ireland. "On Tuesday the 17th instant, at 12 o'clock," the *Herald* says, "we were most agreeably entertained with a display from Fort George, for the first time, of the flag of the United Kingdom. The wind being in a favourable point, it unfurled to the greatest advantage to a view from the town. Its size, we apprehend, will subject it to injury in the high winds that prevail here.' It was possibly the Royal Standard.

In the following year, 1802, Governor Hunter arrives at York on the 14th of May, and again in the *Toronto*. "It is with infinite plea-

sure" (such is the warm language of the *Gazette* of May 15th, 1802), "we announce the arrival of his Excellency Peter Hunter, Esq. Lieutenant Governor of this Province, and suite, in a very short passage from Quebec. His Excellency arrived in the harbour late yesterday evening (May 14), on board the *Toronto*, and landed at the Garrison at 9 'oclock: We understand he left Quebec the 27th ult." The officer in command at York on the occasion of Governor Hunter's visit in 1802 was Capt. Æneas Macdonell. We have before us a note from him, dated York Garrison, May 15th, to Lieut. Chiniquy at Fort George, in which he speaks of this visit. "General Hunter appeared off this harbour" he says, "at 4 o'clock yesterday, with a Jack at his main-top-mast head. A guard of two sergeants, two corporals, and thirty men," Capt. Macdonell continues, "was soon ready to receive him, which I had the honour to command; but I had not the pleasure to salute him, as he could not land before 9 o'clock last night." (At the close of his note, Capt. Macdonell begs Mr. Chiniquy to send him over from Niagara some butter,—such a luxury being, as we must suppose, difficult to be procured at York. "If you will be good enough to take the trouble," Capt. Macdonell says, "to procure me a few pounds of butter and send it over, I will willingly take the same trouble for you when in my power.")

In the *Gazette* of the preceding April a boat is advertised as about to make trips between York and the Head of the Lake. This is the advertisement: "The subscriber will run a boat from York to the Head of the Lake once a week. The first departure will be from York the 31st instant (on Wednesday), and from the Head of the Lake on Saturday, every week. Any commands left with Messrs. Miles and Playter, and Mr. Beaman at York, and at the Government House, Mr. Bates; and Richard Beasly, Esq. at the Head of the Lake, will be attended to with confidence and despatch. Levi Willard, York, 30th March, 1802."

So early as Jan. 18, in this year (1802), the following notice appeared in the Niagara *Herald:*—"The sloop *Mary Ann* will sail from this town (Niagara) on first favourable day."—In August of this year a young Scotchman falls from this sloop and is drowned. The Niagara *Herald* of Aug, 21, 1802, notes the incident:—"On Monday last, James McQueen, a native of Scotland, aged about 20, fell from the *Mary Ann* and was drowned. The vessel being under sail, with wind and current in her favour, could not put about in the very short time he remained above water."—In 1802, "Skinner's Sloop" was plying occasionally between York and Niagara. We have a letter before us from Capt. Æneas Macdonell to Ensign Chiniquy, dated York Garrison, 28th March, 1802, acknowledging a budget of news received by "Skinner's Sloop."

In 1803, on the 13th of May, the arrival at York of a government vessel named the *Duke of Kent*, with troops, is anounced in the *Gazette*. "This morning arrived at the Garrison the *Duke of Kent* from Kingston, having on board a detachment of His Majesty's 49th regiment, which is to do duty here in place of the 41st regiment, ordered to Lower Canada." This same vessel arrives again in the harbour on the 27th of the following July. She now has on board "The Right Reverend Jacob, Lord Bishop of Quebec:"—"On Thursday the 27th," says the *Gazette* of the 29th of July, 1803, "arrived here (York), the *Duke of Kent*, having on board the Right Reverend Jacob, Lord Bishop of Quebec. We understand," the *Gazette* adds, "his Lordship intended first to visit Detroit, but owing to contrary winds, was necessitated to postpone his journey. His Lordship will leave town for Niagara shortly after the Confirmation, which will immediately take place."

We hear of casualties on the Lake towards the close of the year. We read in the *Gazette* of Nov. 16, that "it is currently reported, and we are sorry to add with every appearance of foundation, that the sloop *Lady Washington*, commanded by Capt. Murray, was lately lost in a gale of wind near Oswego, on her passage to Niagara. Pieces of the wreck, and her boat, by which she was recognized, together with several other articles, are said to have been picked up. It is yet uncertain," the *Gazette* says, "whether the crew and passengers are saved; among the latter were Messrs. Dunn and Boyd, of Niagara."—Again: the *Gazette* of Dec. 10, 1803, reports that "a gentleman from Oswego, by the name of Mr. Dunlop, was on Wednesday last accidentally knocked from on board a vessel near the Highlands by the gibbing of the boom, and unfortunately drowned"

The disappointment occasioned to merchants sometimes by the uncertainty of communication between York and the outer world in the stormy season, may be conceived of from a postscript to an advertisement of Mr. Quetton St. George's in the *Gazette* of Dec. 10, 1803. It says: "Mr. St. George is very sorry on account of his customers, that he has not received his East India Goods and Groceries: he is sure they are at Oswego; and should they not arrive this season, they may be looked for early in the spring." It was tantalizing to suppose they were so near to York as Oswego, and yet could not be had until the spring.

The principal incident connected with the marine of the harbour of York in 1804 was the loss of the *Speedy*. We give the contemporary account of the disaster from the *Gazette* of Saturday, Nov. 3, 1804.

"The following," the *Gazette* says, "is as accurate an account of the loss of the schooner *Speedy*, in His Majesty's service on Lake Ontario, as we have been able to collect. The *Speedy*, Captain Paxton, left this port (York) on Sunday evening, the 7th of October last, with a moderate breeze from the north-west, for Presqu'isle, and was descried off that island on the Monday following before dark, where preparations were made for the reception of the passengers, but the wind coming round from the north-east, blew with such violence as to render it impossible for her to enter the harbour; and very shortly after she disappeared. A large fire was then kindled on shore as a guide to the vessel during the night; but she has not since been seen or heard of; and it is with the most painful sensations we have to say, we fear is totally lost. Inquiry, we understand, has been made at almost every port of the Lake, but without effect; and no intelligence respecting the fate of this unfortunate vessel could be obtained. It is, therefore, generally concluded that she has either upset or foundered. It is also reported by respectable authority that several articles, such as the compass-box, hen-coop and mast, known to have belonged to this vessel, have been picked up on the opposite side of the Lake.—The passengers on board the ill-fated *Speedy*, as near as we can recollect," the narrative goes on to say, "were Mr. Justice Cochrane; Robert J. D. Gray, Esq., Solicitor-General, and Member of the House of Assembly; Angus Macdonell, Esq., Advocate, Member of the House of Assembly; Mr. Jacob Herchmer, Merchant; Mr. John Stegman, Surveyor; Mr. George Cowan, Indian Interpreter; James Ruggles, Esq.,; Mr. Anderson, Student in the Law; Mr. John Fisk, High Constable, all of this place. The above named gentlemen were proceeding to the District of Newcastle, in order to hold the Circuit, and for the trial of an Indian (also on board the *Speedy*) indicted for the murder of John Sharp, late of the Queen's Rangers. It is also reported, but we cannot vouch for its authenticity, that exclusive of the above passengers, there were on board two other persons, one in the service of Mr. Justice Cochrane, and the other in that of the Solicitor-General; as also two children of parents whose indigent circumstances necessitated them to travel by land. The crew of the *Speedy*, it is said, consisted of five seamen (three of whom have left large families) exclusive of Captain Paxton, who also had a very large family. The total number of souls on board the *Speedy* is computed to be about twenty. A more distressing and melancholy event has not occurred to this place for many years; nor does it often happen that such a number of persons of respectability are collected in the same vessel. Not less than nine widows, and we know not how many children, have to lament the loss of their husbands and fathers, who, alas, have, perhaps in the course of a few minutes, met with a watery grave. It is somewhat remarkable," the *Gazette* then observes, "that this is the third or fourth accident of a similar nature within these few years, the cause of which appears worthy the attention and investigation of persons conversant in the art of ship-building."

Two of the disasters to vessels probably alluded to by the *Gazette* were noted above. In 1802 the *Lady Washington*, Captain Murray, foundered in the Lake, leaving scarcely a trace. And three years previously, the *York*, in command of the same Captain Murray, was lost at the point known as the Devil's Nose, not far from the entrance to the River Genesee. And again, some years earlier, in 1780, before the organization of the Province of Upper Canada, the *Ontario*, Capt. Andrews, carrying twenty-two guns, went down with all on board, while conveying troops, a detac-

ment of the King's Own, under Col. Burton, from Niagara to Oswego. One hundred and seventy-two persons perished on this occasion, Capt. Andrews was, at the time, First Commissioner of the Dock Yard at Kingston, and Commodore of the small flotilla maintained on the Lake, chiefly for transport service.

As to the apparent fragility of the government vessels, on which the *Gazette* remarks, the use of timber insufficiently seasoned may have had something to do with it. The French Duke de Liancourt, in 1795, observed that all the vessels which he saw at Niagara were built of timber fresh cut down and not seasoned ; and that, for that reason, "they never lasted longer than six or eight years." To preserve them for even this length of time, he says, requires a thorough repair: they must be heaved down and caulked, which costs, at least, from one thousand to one thousand two hundred guineas. "The timbers of the *Mississaga*," he says, "which was built three years ago, are almost all rotten."

A particular account of the homicide for which the Indian prisoner, lost in the *Speedy*, was about to be tried, and of his arrest, is given in our section entitled "Some Memories of the Old Court House."

Of the perils encountered by early navigators of Lake Ontario we have an additional specimen furnished us by the *Gazette* of Sep. 8th, 1804. That paper reports as follows : "Capt. Moore's sloop, which sailed from Sackett's Harbour on the 14th July for Kingston with a load of pot and pearl ashes, struck on Long Point near Kingston in a gale of wind ; and having on board a number of passengers, men, women and children, he was under the necessity of throwing over forty-eight barrels of ashes in order to lighten the vessel." It is then briefly added : "She arrived at Kingston."

We hear of the *Toronto Yacht* in 1805, casually. A boat puts off from her to the rescue of some persons in danger of drowning, near the Garrison at York, in November of that year. "On Sunday last, the 10th," says the *Gazette* of Nov. 16th, 1805, "a boat from the River Credit for this place (York) containing four persons, and laden with salmon and country produce, overset near the Garrison, at the entrance of this harbour ; and notwithstanding the most prompt assistance rendered by a boat from the *Toronto Yacht*, we are sorry to add that one person was unfortunately drowned, and a considerable part of the cargo lost." At this date, the *Toronto Yacht* was under the command of Capt. Earl.

In December, 1805, a member of the Kendrick family of York was lost in a vessel wrecked on the New York side of the Lake. "We understand" says the *Gazette* of Feb. 15th, 1806, "that a boat, sometime in December last, going from Oswego to Sandy Creek was lost near the mouth of Salmon river, and four persons drowned. One of the bodies, and the articles contained in the boat, were driven ashore ; the remainder, it is supposed, were buried in the sand. The persons who perished were—John McBride (found), John Kendrick of this place (York), Alexander Miller and Jessamin Montgomery."—In November of this year (1805), Miss Sarah Kendrick was married. It will be observed that her taste, like that of her brothers, of whom more hereafter, lay in a nautical direction. "Married on Tuesday the 12th instant," by licence, records the *Gazette*, "Jesse Goodwin, mariner, to Miss Sarah Kendrick.' (This is the Goodwin from whom the small stream which ran into York Bay at its eastern extremity, used to be called Goodwin's Creek.)

In the *Gazette* of Oct. 11th, 1806, it is noted that Governor Gore crossed from York to Niagara in little more than four hours. The vessel is not named. Probably it was the *Toronto Yacht*.

In 1807, Governor Gore crossed from York to Niagara to hold a levee, on the King's birthday. The vessel that conveyed him again is not named. The following notice appears in the *Gazette* of May 16th, 1807 : "Government House, York, 16th May, 1807. The Lieut. Governor will hold a levee at the Commanding Officer's Quarters at Niagara, at 2 o'clock on Tuesday, the 4th of June. Wm. Halton, Secretary." Then follows a second notice : "Government House, York, 16th May, 1807. There will be a Ball and Supper at the Council House, Niagara, on his Majesty's Birthday, for such ladies and gentlemen as have been presented to the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gore. Wm. Halton, Secretary."

An accident to the *Toronto Yacht* is reported in the *Gazette* of Oct. 17th, 1807. That paper

says: "The *Toronto Yacht*, in attempting her passage across on Wednesday or Thursday last, met with an accident that obliged her to put back to Niagara, which port, we understand, she reached with difficulty."

The *Gazette* of Oct. 31st, 1807, speaks of the inconveniences to itself, arising from the irregularity in the communication between York and Niagara. "The communication with Niagara by water" it says, "from being irregular lately, has prevented us receiving our papers this week. The Indian Express" the *Gazette* then adds, "having commenced its regular weekly route, our publishing day will be changed to Wednesday. We have nothing of moment or interest. Should anything occur we will give an extra sheet." On the 18th of November the *Gazette* appears printed on blue paper, such as used to be seen on the outside of pamphlets and magazines. An apology is offered. "We have to apologize to our readers for the necessity of publishing this week on an inferior quality of paper, owing to the non-arrival of our expected supply." The same kind of paper is used in a succession of numbers. It is curious to observe that the effect of time has been to produce less disfigurement in the bright appearance of the pages and print of the blue numbers of the *Gazette*, than in the ordinary white paper numbers, which have now assumed a very coarse, dingy, inferior aspect.

In 1808 the important announcement is made in the *Gazette* of March 16th, that a Lighthouse is about to be immediately established on Gibraltar Point, at the entrance of York Harbour. "It is with pleasure we inform the public," the *Gazette* says, "that the dangers to vessels navigating Lake Ontario will in a great measure be avoided by the erection of a Lighthouse on Gibraltar Point, which is to be immediately completed, in compliance with an Address of the House of Assembly to the Lieutenant Governor."

We have understood that a lighthouse was begun at the point of York peninsula before the close of the last century; that the *Mohawk* was employed in bringing over stone for the purpose, from Queenston; and that Mr. John Thomson, still living in 1873, was engaged in the actual erection of the building. It was perhaps then begun. In 1803 an Act was passed by the Provincial Legislature for the establishment of lighthouses, "on the south western-most point of a certain island called Isle Forrest, situated about three leagues from the town of Kingston, in the Midland District; another upon Mississaga point at the entrance of the Niagara river, near to the town of Niagara; and the other upon Gibraltar point." It was probably not practicable to carry the Act fully into effect before 1806. According to the Act a fund for the erection and maintenance of such lighthouses was to be formed by levying three pence per ton on every vessel, boat, raft, or other craft of ten tons burthen and upwards, doubling the point named, inward bound. That lighthouse duty should be levied at ports where there was no lighthouse, became a grievance; and in 1818 it was enacted that "no vessel, boat, raft or other craft of the burthen of ten tons and upwards shall be liable to pay any Lighthouse Duty at any port where there shall be no lighthouse erected, any Law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

Mr. Cartwright, (Judge Cartwright) built in 1808 two vessels on Mississaga Point at the mouth of the Cataraqui, one for himself, the *Elizabeth*; the other for the North-West Company, the *Governor Simcoe*. The North-West Company had previously a vessel on the lake called the *Simcoe;* which was now worn out.

In June, 1808, Governor Gore departs from York for a tour in the western part of the Province. The *Gazette* seems mildly to rebuke him for having swerved from his first design in regard to this tour. He had intended to proceed *via* Lake Huron; that is, by the Yonge Street route; but he had finally preferred to go *via* Lake Ontario. "His Excellency the Lieut. Governor left this place, York," the *Gazette* announces, "on the 15th instant, on a visit to Sandwich, etc. We are sorry" the editor then ventures to observe, "that he did not, as he originally destined, proceed by Lake Huron, according to his amiable intention and view of promoting the first interests of this Province."

In the *Gazette* of Oct. 22nd, in this year, we hear once more of the *Toronto Yacht*.—Governor Gore has returned to York in safety, and has left again for Niagara in the *Toronto*. "On the 17th instant" the above-named *Gazette* reports, "His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Major Halton sailed for Niagara in the *Toronto Yacht*. It was His Excellency's

intention to have gone there on Monday last." The *Gazette* says; "he embarked for the purpose and received an honorary salute from the Garrison. Excessive gales and a succession of violent headwinds delayed his proceeding until Thursday morning." (He returned in the *Toronto* on Tuesday the 6th of November.)

On the 14th of December in this year, the editor of the *Gazette* again announces a change in the day of publication, in consequence of the suspension of water communication between York and Niagara. "The suspension of our water communication with Niagara at the present season obliges us to alter the day of publication, which will now be on Wednesday. John Cameron."

A postal notice issued in the *Gazette* of Jan. 4th, in the following year, 1809, is interesting now. It reads thus: "For General Information. The winter mail will be despatched from Quebec for Upper Canada on the following days: Monday 2nd Jan., 1809, do., 6th Feb: do. 6th March: do. 3rd April. Each mail may be looked for here (York) from 16 to 18 days after the above periods. The Carrier from Kingston (the Indian Express probably of which we have heard already) is to go on to Niagara without making any stay (unless found necessary) at this place; so that all persons will have time to prepare their letters by the time he returns from Kingston again. W. Allan, Deputy P. M., York, 2nd Jan. 1809." The mail between Montreal and Kingston was carried on the back of one Anderson. Between these two places the postage was ninepence.

Between 1809 and 1812 we do not light upon many notices of vessels frequenting York Harbour. In 1810, a schooner called the *Lady Gore*, or the *Bella Gore*, commanded by Captain Sanders and plying to Kingston, was a well known vessel. (It may be noted that in 1811 Governor Gore left York for England, on leave of absence, and was away during the four eventful years that followed.) In 1812, and previously, a sloop commanded by Captain Conn was running between York and Niagara. From some peculiarity in her contour, she was popularly spoken of as "Captain Conn's Coffin?" Another sloop, commanded by Captain Grace was plying between York, Niagara and Kingston about the same time.

The Government vessels with whose names we have become familiar were now either unseaworthy or wrecked. The *Mohawk*, the *Onondaga*, the *Caldwell*, the *Sophia*, the *Buffalo*, are no longer heard of as passing in and out of the harbour of York. It had been the fate of the *Toronto Yacht*, while under the command of Capt. Fish, to run on the sands at Gibraltar Point through a mistake as to the position of the light. Her skeleton was long a conspicuous object, visited by ramblers on the Island. This incident occurred just before the outbreak of the war.

Most of the vessels which had been engaged in the ordinary traffic of the Lake were, during the war, employed by the government in the transport service. Captain Murney's vessel, the *Prince Edward*, built, as we have already heard, wholly of red cedar, and still in good order in 1812, was thus employed.

In the fleet on Lake Ontario in 1812-14 new names prevail. Not one of the old titles is repeated. Some changes made in the nomenclature of vessels during the contest have created confusion in regard to particular ships. In several instances which we shall specify immediately, in the following list, two names indicate the same vessel at different periods of the war. The *Prince Regent*, the commodore's ship, (Capt. Earl), the *Princess Charlotte* the *Montreal*, the *Wolfe*, the *Sir Sidney Smith*, the *Niagara*, the *Royal George*, the *Melville*, the *Star*, the *Moira*, the *Cherwell*, the *Gloucester* (Capt. Gouvereau), the *Magnet*, the *Netley*, the *St. Lawrence*; and the gunboats *Cleopatra*, *Lais*, *Ninon*, *Nelly*, *Regent*, *Thunderer*, *Wellington*, *Retaliation*, *Black Snake*, *Prescott*, *Dreadnought*. In this list, the *Wolfe* and the *Montreal* are the same vessels; as also are the *Royal George* and the *Niagara*; the *Melville* and the *Star*; the *Prince Regent* and the *Netley*; the *Moira* and the *Cherwell*; the *Montreal* and the *Wolfe*; the *Magnet* and the *Sir Sidney Smith*.

The *Moira* was lying off the Garrison at York when the *Simcoe* transport came in sight filled with prisoners taken on Queenston Heights, and bringing the first intelligence of the death of General Brock. We have heard the Rev. Dr. Richardson of Toronto, who at the time was Sailing Master of the *Moira*, under Captain Sampson, describe the scene.—The ap-

proaching schooner was recognized at a distance as the *Simcoe*: it was a vessel owned and commanded, at the moment, by Dr. Richardson's father, Captain James Richardson. Mr. Richardson accordingly speedily put off in a boat from the *Moira*, to learn the news. He was first startled at the crowded appearance of the *Simcoe's* deck, and at the unwonted guise of his father, who came to the gangway conspicuously girt with a sword. 'A great battle had been fought' he was told, 'on Queenston Heights. The enemy had been beaten. The *Simcoe* was full of prisoners of war, to be transferred instanter to the *Moira* for conveyance to Kingston. General Brock was killed!'—Elated with the first portion of the news, Dr. Richardson spoke of the thrill of dismay which followed the closing announcement as something indescribable and never to be forgotten.

Among the prisoners on board the *Simcoe* was Winfield Scott, an artillery officer, afterwards the distinguished General Scott. He was not taken to Kingston, but, with others, released on parole.

The year following (1813), York Harbour was visited by the United States fleet, consisting of sixteen vessels. The result other pages will tell. It has been again and again implied in these papers. The government vessel named the *Prince Regent*, narrowly escaped capture. She had left the port only a few days before the arrival of the enemy. The frames of two ships on the stocks were destroyed, but not by the Americans. At the command of General Sheaffe they were fired by the royal troops when beginning the retreat in the direction of Kingston. A schooner, the *Governor Hunter*, belonging to Joseph Kendrick, was caught in the harbour and destroyed; but as we have understood, the American commander paid a sum of money to the owner by way of compensation.—At the taking of York, Captain Sanders, whom we have seen in command of the *Bella Gore*, was killed. He was put in charge of the dockyardmen who were organized as a part of the small force to be opposed to the invaders.

We can imagine a confused state of things at York in 1813. Nevertheless the law asserts its supremacy. The magistrates in sessions fine a pilot £2 15s. for refusing to fulfil his engagement with Mr. McIntosh. "On the 19th October, 1813, a complaint was made by Angus McIntosh, Esq., late of Sandwich, now of York, merchant, against Jonathan Jordan, formerly of the city of Montreal, a steersman in one of Angus McIntosh's boats, for refusing to proceed with the said boat, and thereby endangering the safety of the said boat. He is fined £2 15s. currency, to be deducted from wages due by Angus McIntosh."

It was in May the following year (1814), that Mr. Richardson, while Acting Master on board the *Montreal* (previously the *Wolfe*), lost his left arm in Sir James Yeo's expedition against Oswego.—The place was carried by storm. After describing the mode of attack and the gallantry of the men, Sir James Yeo in his official despatch thus speaks in particular of the *Montreal*. "Captain Popham of the *Montreal*" he says, "anchored his ship in a most gallant style; sustaining the whole fire until we gained the shore. She was set on fire three times by red hot shot, and much cut up in her hull, masts and rigging. Captain Popham," he then proceeds to say, "received a severe wound in his right hand; and speaks in high terms of Mr. Richardson, the Master, who from a severe wound in the left arm, was obliged to undergo amputation at the shoulder joint."

The grievous mutilation thus suffered did not cause Mr. Richardson to retire from active service. Immediately on his recovery he was, at his own desire, appointed to a post of professional duty in the fleet. In October, when the great hundred-gun-ship, the *St. Lawrence*, was launched at Kingston, he was made by Sir James Yeo Sailing Master of that vessel, his familiarity with the coasts of the Lake rendering his services in that capacity of great value.

In the record of disbursements made by the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada in 1815, we have the sum of One Hundred Pounds allotted on the 22nd of April to "Mr. James Richardson, of the Midland District," with the following note appended: "This gentleman was first in the Provincial Navy, and behaved well: he then became Principal Pilot of the Royal Fleet, and by his modesty and uncommon good conduct, gained the esteem of all the officers of the Navy. He lost his arm at the taking of Oswego, and as he was not a commissioned officer, there was no allowance

for his wounds. The Society, informed of this and in consideration of his services, requested his acceptance of £100."

By a curious transition, instances of which are now and then afforded in the history of individuals in every profession, Mr. Richardson became in after years an eminent minister in the Methodist Society; and at the age of 82 was known and honoured far and wide throughout Upper Canada as the indefatigable bishop or chief superintendent of that section of the Methodist body which is distinguished by the prefix Episcopal.

In 1814 it would appear that Commodore Chauncey and his fleet were no longer dominating the north shore. The *Netley*, formerly the *Prince Regent*, is mentioned as being again in the harbour of York. On the 24th of July she took over Lieut. General and President Drummond, when on his way to support General Riall at Lundy's Lane. "I embarked" General Drummond says in his despatch to Sir George Prevost describing the engagement at Lundy's Lane; "I embarked on board his Majesty's schooner *Netley*, at York, on Sunday evening the 24th instant (July), and reached Niagara at daybreak the following morning.' He then pushed on from Niagara to Lundy's Lane with 800 rank and file, and was the undoubted means of preventing a hard-contested fight from ending in a defeat.

On the 24th of December in this year the Treaty of Ghent was signed, by which, to adopt its own language, "a firm and universal peace was re-established between his Britannic Majesty and the United States, and between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns and people of every degree, without exception of persons or places."

After the close of the war with the United States, the era of steam-navigation on Lake Ontario opens. The first steamer, the *Frontenac*, was launched at Ernesttown on the Bay of Quinté in 1816. Her trips began in 1817.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

In a recently published work on the "History of Science and Scientific Men," M. Alphonse de Candolle, one of the veteran botanists of Europe, and a firm believer in the truth of the Darwinian theory, has given utterance to some singular speculations as to the probable future of the human race. Looking forward but a few hundred years, he sees the probable extinction of all the less dominant races of men, and he thinks that the world will be divided amongst the white races, the negroes, and the Chinese, each of which will have respectively occupied those portions of the earth which are best suited for their peculiar characters. Looking forward, however, much further in the future, perhaps fifty or a hundred thousand years, he draws a by no means very encouraging picture of what will then probably be the state of things. By that time all the available supplies of coals and metals will have been used up; and even if man should discover some new source of heat, and should be able to extract the metals which are dispersed in small quantities through the soil, still metals of all kinds will have become much scarcer and dearer than they are at present. He thinks that railroads, steamships, and all the appliances of modern civilization which depend upon an abundant supply of cheap metals, will then have become things of the past, and he predicts the most favourable lot for agricultural populations living in warm climates. As a result of this, he believes that the polar and temperate regions of the globe will ultimately become more or less completely depopulated, and that the centres of population will be transferred to the regions lying between the tropics. Seizing, again, upon the undoubted fact that the forces of nature are combined together in a gradual but never-ceasing effort to lower the level of the dry land, and

to bury it beneath the ocean, he argues that the land will ultimately become much less varied than it is now, and that it will ultimately come to consist of a few flat and arid plains, together with volcanic islands and coral-reefs. Even then, however, he thinks that human life may not only persist, but may be successfully carried on. In fact the men of that far-off period will in some respects be more advantageously placed than the men of the present day; since "they will enjoy the happiness which results from a peaceable existence, for, without metals or combustibles, it will be difficult to form fleets to rule the seas, or great armies to ravage the land." It is needless to say that the above views are purely speculative, and that it would not be difficult to point to many known counteracting forces, which M. de Candolle has overlooked in framing his theory.

It is a matter of interest to note the manner in which the Darwinian theory of the descent of man is received amongst the theologians of various schools. Some recent remarks by Henry Ward Beecher would appear to show that the mind of the celebrated preacher is sufficiently elastic to enable him to readily swallow the new hypothesis, whilst he knows so little of the subject that he evidently does not perceive how his most cherished beliefs might be thus endangered. "It is of little consequence to me," he remarks, "where I came from: it is a great deal of consequence to me to know where I am going. There are a great many men at the present day investigating the road which has brought man up to his present state, and I confess to a curiosity about the matter, and I do not say that these researches may not be of benefit. I regard the labours of Mr. Darwin with profound interest, believing that the world will in time accord him a great deal of credit. Although I am not prepared to accept all his speculations, I thank him for all his deductions of fact. I do not participate a particle with those who dread the idea of man's having sprung from some lower form of existence; all that I ask is that you show me how I got clear of the monkeys, and then I am quite satisfied to have had one as an ancestor fifty centuries ago. Only make the difference great enough, and I am content. I had just as lieve spring from a monkey as from some men I know around here. I look upon the Patagonians or the miserable crawling Esquimaux, and I don't see much to choose between them and any latent animalhood. I had no early associations a great while ago. I have not the least recollection of what happened a million years ago. All my life is looking forward. I want to know where I am going—I don't care where I came from."

The well known painter, author, and traveller, Mr. George Catlin, has just died, at the age of seventy-seven. Mr. Catlin was a most active explorer, and travelled most extensively throughout both North and South America. He is best known by his first and most valuable work, the "Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians, written during Eight Years of Travel and Adventure ture among the wildest and most remarkable Tribes now existing." This was illustrated by numerous steel engravings, and has passed through many editions. Little less valuable than this well known work is his gallery of paintings, which are of great importance as ethnological representations of many vanished or fast vanishing tribes. These paintings are now stored away in the Smithsonian Institution, pending their final disposal, and it is to be hoped that some measures may be taken to have them permanently preserved and studied.

An instrument has been invented in Germany for testing colour-blindness, a matter of some importance when it is considered to what an extent coloured lights or flags are used as caution or danger signals in railway travelling and in navigation. It consists of a rotating apparatus, which moves a disc the centre of which is in the form of a circle, one half black and the other half white. Outside of this is a ring of violet and green. When rapidly rotated, the centre appears to be gray, that is black and white mixed. To a person who is blind to green colours, the middle line will appear gray, whilst those who do not see red will find the outer ring gray, and the inner ring will be seen gray by those who are colour-blind to violet.

A company has been recently incorporated in Glasgow, Scotland, for the manufacture of asbestos into steam-packing, for which pur-

pose it has been found to exceed in durability and general usefulness every other material hitherto employed. This use of asbestos has been for some time known and put into practice in the United States. The Scotch Company, however, do not intend to stop at this comparatively limited application of this hitherto useless substance to the arts; as they allege that it is perfectly practicable to manufacture asbestos boats, tubes, boxes, waggon bodies, and even railway carriages.

According to *Nature*, the cuttlefish or *octopus* which was one of the great attractions of the Brighton Aquarium, has met with a sad fate. "Finding himself uncomfortable in a tank where he had been newly placed by the curator, he came out, in an unguarded moment, from the house of living oysters which he had collected as a shelter around him. In this tank were several large specimens of spotted dog-fish. One of these fish, with the true acuteness of a sea-dog, immediately pounced upon the unsuspecting *octopus* and swallowed him. *Apropos* of the preceding, Mr. J. G. George, of Nassau, Bahamas, describes in the *American Naturalist* for December, a gigantic *octopus*, measuring ten feet long, with arms five feet in length. The monster was found dead upon the beach, and its weight was estimated at between two and three hundred pounds.

One of the scientific curiosities observed in the recently concluded Hassler Expedition was the giant seaweed, the *Macrocystis pyrifera*, which grows off the coast of Patagonia in vast beds, springing out of from six to twenty fathoms of water. The stems of this seaweed are often from five hundred to a thousand feet in length, and they are thus the most gigantic of all existing plants. Patches of this sea-weed were passed in the open sea, with large sea-lions lying on its surface; and it is not at all impossible that some of the stories of the great sea-serpent may have been founded upon the floating stems of this plant.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has an article entitled "A British Province in India," the subject of which is Anglo-Indian administration, with special reference to Orissa, the scene of the terrible famine of 1865–66. The article is appreciative, and, like some other recent articles from French pens, indicates an increase of candour on the part of French publicists in writing of British affairs. It admits the liberal spirit of British administration, but dwells on the gravity of the burden which England has laid on herself in undertaking to provide all the means of civilization, moral and material, for the Hindoos. "It will be seen," says the writer in conclusion, "from the foregoing account how great are the difficulties which the English Government has to encounter in India, and into what expenses it is drawn in maintaining its dominion. It is commonly said that if the Anglo-Saxon race is more adapted for colonization than other races, it is because it displaces the natives and substitutes itself in their room. We have seen that, far from displacing and exterminating the Hindoos, England endeavours on the contrary to preserve to them their independence, and that she exercises her authority as much as possible through the instrumentality of native chiefs. We have seen also, that the system of abstention which she wished to practise at first has its limits, that every day new interests arise which oblige her to interfere more and more directly. There is the public health to be protected, there are communications to be opened, inundations to be prevented, famines to be averted, schools to be erected for the diffusion of knowledge among the people, personal security to be provided for by means of an organized police; in a word England has successively to establish all the branches of the public service which civilized nations require. England has conquered India by force, her honour demands that in the present day she shall rescue her conquest from the scourges which imperil its existence. We are reminded of

the saying of Wellington—"it would be criminal to govern India ill, but it is ruinous to govern her well."

The *Revue* has also an article by *Paul Janet* on "The Physiology of the Present Day," dealing with the question between the ultra-scientific view of the universe and that which acknowledges design. "It is not for philosophy to dispute the methods and principles of science, and moreover it is perfectly true that the object of science is to discover in the complex facts of nature the simple facts of which they are composed. In every point of view then, it is right to encourage science in seeking for the simple elements of the organized machine. But if science is entitled, and perhaps bound, to exclude all enquiry which has not for its object secondary and immediate causes, does it follow that philosophy and the human mind in general ought to be confined to those causes, and to forbid themselves any reflexion on the spectacle which we have under our eyes, and on the mind which has presided over the composition of organized beings, supposing such mind to have really presided? It is easy to prove that such an inquiry is by no means excluded by the preceding considerations. We have in fact only to suppose that the organization is, as we believe it to be, a work prepared by art, and in which the means have been arranged with a view to the ends. On this hypothesis it would still be true to say that it was the part of science to penetrate beneath the forms and uses of the organs, to discover the elements of which they are composed, and determine their nature, whether by their anatomical arrangement or by their chemical composition; and it will always be the duty of the man of science to show what are the properties inherent in these elements. The inquiry into ends by no means excludes that of properties, it even supposes it; no more does the inquiry into the mechanical appropriation of organs exclude the study of their connexions. Supposing there is, as we believe, mind in nature (conscious or unconscious, inanimate or transcendental, matters not for our present purpose), this mind could manifest itself only by natural means, linked together according to relations of space and time; and the only object of science would be to show the collocation and succession of these natural means according to the laws of co-existence and succession. Experiment aided by calculation can do nothing more; everything beyond ceases to be positive science and becomes philosophy, thought, reflection—totally different things. No doubt philosophic thought is always mingling more or less with science, especially in regard to the order of organized beings; but science rightly endeavours to get free from it, in order to reduce the problem to relations capable of being determined by experience. It does not follow from this that thought is bound to abstain from searching after the meaning of the complex objects presented to our view, nor, if it finds anything in them analogous to itself, is it obliged to abstain from recognizing and proclaiming the analogy, because science, with legitimate severity and rigour, refuses to lend itself to such considerations." It seems to us that in this passage scientific men may find a statement of the relations between science and philosophy, and of the limits of each, framed by one who thoroughly enters into the scientific view.

The *Edinburgh* pronounces Mr. Froude's "English in Ireland" the most eloquent book that has ever appeared on any portion of Irish history, but objects to the leading principle of the work.

"The dominant principle that Mr. Froude carries into the consideration of our relations with Ireland for the last seven centuries, is what is known as the Imperial idea—that is, that a strong, bold, courageous race has a sort of natural right to invade the territory of weak, semi-civilized, distracted races, and undertake the task of governing them in the best way possible, without any consideration for their rights or feelings. The conception is akin to the passion of the hour for men of blood and iron. We are taught that vigour and fortitude are to compensate always and in all circumstances for rapacity and faithlessness; that force of character must cover a multitude of sins; that the feeble are as bad as the false; and our admiration is claimed for the deeds of an Attila or a Tamerlane rather than for those of a Wilberforce or a Howard. This is the familiar philosophy of Mr. Carlyle, who glorifies force and justifies all its crimes. Mr. Froude is evidently one of his most ardent disciples, though we should be sorry to trace in his writings the deterioration of tone and sentiment so painfully obvious in the later writings of his master; the savage intolerance that has displaced the grim and not unkindly humour, and the cheerless uniformity of harshness and contempt that has established itself in the place of the old sympathies that relieved his sternest moods of indignation. We are hardly misrepresenting the relationship that exists between Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, for it is not many years since the former likened Ireland to a rat, and England to an elephant whose business 'it was to squelch the rat on occasion.' In his life of Frederic Wilhelm he tells us that just as, when a man has filled the measure of his crimes, we 'hang him and finish him to general satisfaction,' so a nation like Poland, fallen into the depths of decay, must be disposed of by some similar process. The misfortune is, however, that though you can finish a man on the gallows, it is impossible to finish a nation in the same way. We shall presently trace the fruits of this teaching in the work of Mr. Froude. If we are to accept the historic guidance of either, we must submit to have evil turned into good at the bidding of genius, and the verdicts of history wantonly reversed, while the faculty of discerning the true from the false will be everywhere sensibly weakened. The doctrine of force is profoundly immoral, and opposed to every principle of English freedom, and to every generous impulse of sympathy with the oppressed."

The *Edinburgh* fancies that Mr. Froude's lectures have made a profound impression upon American society. But so far as we can judge, either from the utterances of the American press or from private accounts, the impression made has been that the defence of England rests upon the immoral and inhuman ground reprobated in the passage we have just quoted, and which is as repulsive to right minded Americans as it is to the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*.

A strange controversy has been going on about a proposal emanating from the Positivists, or at least taken up by writers in their organs, under the title of *Euthanasia*. This proposal, though startling enough, is not justly described as a general legalization of suicide. It is a proposal to make death easy by legalizing the abridgement of the last agony, under medical advice, in cases where cure is hopeless. Among the cases specified are those of cancer, a creeping paralysis, and that of "a mortally wounded soldier who wishes to die, but whose wounds are laboriously tended, so that by an ingenious cruelty he is kept suffering against nature and against his own will." The practice is to be surrounded by all imaginable precautions besides requiring the consent of the patient, which we suspect, even where life had become most painful, would seldom be obtained. It is urged that the relief to the relatives would be as great as the relief to the dying man. To the argument that such shortening of life would be a contravention of the ordinance of Providence, the advocates of the plan reply that all remedial measures are attempts to amend nature, and in that sense contraventions of Providential law, though in a larger sense they are fulfilments of it, inasmuch as Providence has created in us the desire of improvement, and placed the means within our reach. To the argument upon the sacredness of human life, it is answered that "it may well be doubted if life have any sacredness about it, apart from the use to be made of it by its possessor." A critic in the *Spectator* remarks that *Euthanasia*, instead of being an advance in civiliz ation, is a return to the practice of savage tribes, which put to death the aged and infirm. The appearance of the proposal in a first-class English magazine is, at all events, a proof of the rapid march of the intellectual revolution.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE REFORMATION. By George P. Fisher, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College.

Dr. Fisher gives us, in the compass of a moderate octavo volume, a survey of the Reformation with its causes and its consequences, intellectual, social and political, as well as religious, down to the present day. The narrative is necessarily very succinct, and the work will be of more use in binding together and methodizing the knowledge of those who have studied the details of the history, than in informing those who have not. But in its way it is a very valuable book, and we have read it with much pleasure and instruction.

Dr. Fisher takes, as it seems to us, the right view of the Reformation generally. He regards it not as an isolated event, but still as a great crisis; not as exclusively religious in its character, but still as distinctively religious. "Political agencies were rather an efficient auxiliary than a direct and principal cause." Dr. Fisher also seems to us to hit the right medium between extreme theories, in estimating the part played by Luther and other individual Reformers. "The Protestant movement is often looked upon as hardly less preternatural and astonishing than would be the rising of the sun at midnight. But the more it is examined the less does it wear this marvellous aspect. In truth never was a historical crisis more elaborately prepared, and this through a train of causes which reach back into the remote past. Nor is it the fact that such events are wholly out of the reach of human foresight; they cast their shadows before; they are the objects of presentiment more or less distinct, sometimes of definite prediction. But in avoiding an extreme we are not to fall into the opposite. We must take into account the personal qualities and the plastic agency of individuals not less than the operation of general causes. Especially if a revolution in long established opinions and habits of feeling is to take place, there must be individuals to rally upon; men of power, who are able to create and sustain in others a new moral life which they have first realized in themselves."

In a chapter exhibiting extensive reading and great power of condensing its results, Dr. Fisher traces the sources and the precursors of the Reformation in the Middle Ages. It is needless to say that he looks for them not, as it was once the fashion to do, only in heretical sects such as the Albigenses and the Waldenses, but in movements, schools of thought and antagonisms existing within the Papal church itself —in the growth of lay feeling, in the rise of national

spirit, in the consolidation of powerful monarchies, in the Mystics, such as Thomas à Kempis, in the Nominalists, in the Humanists, in the reforming movement within the Church produced by the moral and administrative vices of the Papacy, and which led to the reforming Councils of Pisa, Constance and Basel.

"Among the salient features characteristic of the Middle Ages were the subordination of civil to ecclesiastical society, of the state to the vast theocratical community having its centre at Rome; the government of the church by the clergy; the union of peoples under a common ecclesiastical law and a uniform Latin ritual; an intellectual activity shaped by the clergy and subservient to the prevailing religious and ecclesiastical system.

"Among the symptons of the rise of a new order of things were:—

"1. The laical spirit, becoming alive to the rights and interests of civil society; developing in the towns a body of citizens bold to confront clerical authority, and with their practical understanding sharpened and invigorated by diversified industry and by commerce; a laical spirit which manifested itself also in the lower classes in satires aimed at the vices of the clergy; which likewise gave rise to a more intense feeling of patriotism, a new sense of the national bond, a new vigour in national charities.

"2. A conscious or unconscious religious opposition to the established system; an opposition which appeared in sects like the Waldenses, who brought forward the Bible as a means of correcting the teaching, rebuking the officers, or reforming the organization of the Church; or in Mystics who regarded religion as an inward life, an immediate relation of the individual to God, and preached fervently to the people in their own tongue.

"3. A literary and scientific movement, following and displacing the method of culture that was peculiar to the medieval age; a movement which enlarged the area and multiplied the subjects of thought and investigation; which drew inspiration and nutriment from the masterpieces of ancient wisdom, eloquence and art."

We miss an adequate estimate of the direct influence exercised by the revived study and the translation of the Bible, though there is a notice of the point in connection with the revival of learning. But for this Dr. Fisher in some measure makes amends in the sequel.

The general account of this great and complex movement under its several leaders, Luther, Calvin, Zwingle and Knox, and in all the different nations of Europe, is clear, comprehensive, and we should say correct and fair, both as regards the different sects of Reformers, and as between the Reformers generally and the Catholics. Perhaps the estimate of Calvin may be regarded as rather high, and it may be thought that too little is said of the effect which the more repulsive features of Calvinism have had in producing a reaction against Protestantism and Christianity in general. Of course Dr. Fisher does not neglect the counter-reformation in the Roman Catholic Church and its great organs, the Council of Trent and the Jesuits. He terminates his history of the Reformation proper with the Peace of Westphalia, which finally settled the bounds of the two religions in Germany. But in his concluding chapter he gives us the sequel, embracing all the subsequent religious movements of Europe in their connection with the Reformation, and including the Rationalism of the present day. The work forms as a whole a comprehensive manual of the religious history of Europe grouped about the Reformation as a centre, and regarded from the Reformation point of view.

In stating the case between Protestantism and its antagonists, Dr. Fisher is called upon to notice the assertion that Protestantism as well as Roman Catholicism was guilty of persecution. He candidly admits the fact that Protestants did persecute Roman Catholics, and that not only on political but on religious grounds. But he truly says that these instances of religious intolerance which stain the annals of Protestantism are, by the concession of its adversaries, incongruous with its principles, and with its true spirit. "What is the charge commonly made against Protestants? That while claiming liberty for themselves and a right of private judgment, they have at times proved themselves ready to deny these privileges to Catholics and to one another. In a word they are charged with inconsistency, with infidelity to their own theory. The charge is equivalent to the admission that the genius of Protestantism is adverse to intolerance, and demands liberty of conscience. If this be true, then we should expect that the force of logic, and the moral spirit inherent in the Protestant system, would eventually work out their legitimate results. This we find to be the fact. Among Protestant nations there has been a growing sense of obligation to respect conscience, and to abstain from the use of coercion in matters of religious faith. How does an enlightened Protestant look upon the records of religious intolerance in the past, among professed disciples of the Reformation? He does not justify acts of this nature, he reprobates or deplores them. He acknowledges that they were wrong; that deeds of this kind, if done now, would deserve abhorrence, and that the guilt of those who were concerned in them is only mitigated by their comparative ignorance. The prevalent feeling among Protestants at the present day indicates the true genius and the ultimate operation of the system. Protestants abjure the principles on which the codes of intolerance were framed. How is it with their opponents? It is true that thousands of Roman Catholics would declare themselves opposed to these measures which the Protestant condemns. Their humane feelings would be shocked at a proposition

to revive the dungeon and the fagot as instruments for crushing dogmatic error or an obnoxious ritual. But the authorities of the Church of Rome do not profess any compunction for the employment of their instruments of compulsion in past ages, nor do they repudiate the principles from which persecution arose, and on which it was justified. So far from this, one of the pestilent errors of the age, which is thought worthy of special denunciation from the chair of St. Peter, is the doctrine of liberty of conscience. The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the fires of Smithfield will cease to be justly chargeable upon the Church of Rome when this church authoritatively disavows and condemns the principles of coercing the conscience, and of inflicting penalties on what are judged to be religious error, which was at the bottom of these and of a long catalogue of like cruelties."

Dr. Fisher's style is clear and good. But he occasionally uses words which are not English, such as "errorist," "indirection," "irenical," "tenuous." For the last some authority may be found, but its form is barbarous. We have also noticed a curious slip of the pen on p. 166, where Edward VI. is spoken of as the successor of Mary.

The appendix contains a chronological table and a list of works on the Reformation, both useful.

LECTURES ON LIGHT, DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1872-'73. By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

There must be very many who would have spent both time and money for the purpose of hearing Professor Tyndall lecture, but who were unable to gratify their wish. Many as were his hearers, they constitute but a fraction of those who would gladly have listened to his utterances, had it been possible to do so. The publishers of this little work deserve, therefore, and doubtless will receive, the thanks of a very wide and appreciative public, for having placed within their reach the words of this brilliant investigator and eloquent speaker. One finds some difficulty in believing it, but we have Prof. Tyndall's own voucher for the assertion that, on quitting England, these lectures were wholly unwritten, that they were begun, continued, and ended in New York, during his brief visit there, and whilst overwhelmed with his own work and with American hospitality. Such, nevertheless, is the fact, and it must be conceded that the man who could write such a series of lectures in such a short space of time, and amid the thousandfold distractions of the life he was leading, must be endowed with no common clearness of intellect and with an industry that is something marvellous.

The ground covered in the six lectures which compose this volume is very extensive, and almost all the leading phenomena connected with light are discussed at greater or less length. Written, as they are, by the hand of a master, and treating of what has been the study of his life, it would be impertinent to attempt any criticism of these lectures. We will, therefore, only say that they are written in the clear and lucid style for which Tyndall is famous, that they are illustrated by engravings where these are necessary, and that they constitute as a whole an admirable introduction to the study of the phenomena and laws of light.

The lectures which form the body of the work are followed by a short appendix, containing a speech made by Prof. Tyndall at a banquet given in his honour at Delmonico's, in returning thanks for the toast of the evening. In this speech we are brought face to face with the lecturer as a man; and, however widely one may differ from him in theoretical opinions, one cannot help feeling that he is a man not only of high and cultivated intellect, but of high soul and noble aims. Those who wish to know Professor Tyndall as he is, and to know how he has come to be what he is, will read his speech with care, and will find in it much of abiding interest and worthy of permanent recollection. Two facts only we may note here. One of these is that Tyndall, like so many Englishmen who spend a mere passing visit in the United States, and who go there with strong claims upon public courtesy and hospitality, has returned to England with a strong belief that underneath the political differences which separate America and England is a deep and broad current of genuine brotherly feeling and friendship. This may be so—it certainly ought to be so—but we doubt if any Englishman who has ever lived in the United States as more than a bird-of-passage, and who has lived there as a humble and obscure individual, has ever been able to satisfy himself that the Americans, as a nation, possess this friendly feeling towards England. Few, indeed, but arrive at the melancholy conviction that this feeling is wanting or even reversed in the minds of the majority of the people.

LITERARY NOTES.

An American edition, authorized and illustrated, of the "Lectures on Light," delivered recently in the United States by Prof. Tyndall, has been published. The profits above expenses, amounting to $13,000, accruing from the delivery of these lectures, were generously conveyed in trust by the lecturer to aid students who may devote themselves to original research on this side the Atlantic.

A reprint has been issued in Boston of Mr. W. R. Greg's "Enigmas of Life," which has run through three editions in England since its recent publication there.

Mr. Bayard Taylor has written a new and lengthy poem, entitled "Laso: a Pastoral of Norway." The story is told with great felicity of narration.

A curious and amusing book of 'Old Tales and Superstitions interpreted by Comparative Mythology,' under the title of "Myths and Myth-makers," is just published.

The first volume—from the Roman Invasion to the accession of Henry VII.—of "A History of Crime and of its Relations to Civilized Life in England," is announced.

It is announced that Mr. Richard Cobden's Letters are to be published shortly by the Cobden Club. They will be edited by W. Henry Richard, M.P.

The collection of articles mainly contributed last year to "The Leisure Hour," by Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, have been issued in book form, under the title of "The Story of the Earth and Man."

The Rev. Prof. Stanley Leathes, the Holsean Lecturer for 1873, has just issued a work on "The Structure of the Old Testament." The author is well known as a writer and as the Professor of Hebrew at King's College.

A further batch of recent novels is announced:—"Pascarel," by Ouida; "London's Heart," by B. L. Farjeon; "A Fair Saxon," by Justin McCarthy; "Ready Money Mortboy," by the author of "My Little Girl;" "Home, sweet Home!" by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; "Milly Darrell," by Miss Braddon; "Little Kate Kirby," by F. W. Robinson; "In the Days of my Youth," by Miss Edwards; and a new work of fiction, by the joint-writers, MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, entitled "The Brothers Rautzaw: a story of the Vosges."

A new book, the "Memoir of a Brother," by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," has just appeared.

A volume of "Essays on Political Economy, Theoretical and Applied," is announced from the pen of Prof. J. E. Cairnes, of University College, London.

A second edition of "The Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin" is now ready. Few books are more worthy of being read by Canadian legislators than this. It will be found a mine of political wisdom and true statesmanship.

The excellent series of sketches of prominent English statesmen which lately appeared in the *Daily News*, are now published in book form, under the title of "Political Portraits." Mr. F. Hill is said to have written them.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have just issued an authorized Canadian reprint of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Lectures on the Study of History," delivered while the author was Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

As a book of peculiar interest to the religious public, we draw attention to "Our Work in Palestine," being an account of the different expeditions sent out to the Holy Land by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund since 1865. A Canadian edition has been issued by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. Toronto.

A new edition, largely re-written, of Mr. Hare's valuable work on "Representative Government" is just ready. The work now bears the title of "The Election of Representatives," and is brought up to the recent changes in the English law, on voting by ballot, &c.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin announce the issue of the initial number of a new work illustrative and explanatory of the various books of the Bible. The publication will be under the editorship of the Rev. Prof. Plumptre, assisted by many eminent scholars and divines.

Messrs. Longmans announce the following scientific works among others for the coming season:—"The Star Depths; or, Other Suns than Ours: a Treatise on Stars, Star-Systems, and Star-Cloudlets," by Richard A. Proctor, B.A.; a new edition of the "Elementary Treatise on the Wave Theory of Light," by Humphrey Lloyd, D.D., D.C.L., Provost of T. C. D.; and "Principles of Animal Mechanics," by the Rev. Samuel Haughton, F.R.S., Fellow of T. C. D. The observations and calculations contained in this last book have occupied the author's leisure hours during ten years.

A literary curiosity, "The Poems of Mary, Queen of Scots," is in preparation.

An exhibition of pictures illustrating the siege of Paris will shortly be opened in Versailles.

Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. announce "The English Catalogue of Books published during 1863 to 1871." This volume, occupying over 450 pages, shows the titles of 32,000 new books and new editions issued during nine years.

The same firm announces as ready Captain Butler's new work, "The Great Lone Land; being an account of the Red River Expedition of 1869--70, and subsequent travels and adventures in the Manitoba country.

The Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum intends to issue a catalogue of the oldest manuscripts in the national collection, with autotype fac-similes of the choicest early illuminations and texts. The copies are said to be wonderfully successful, and give the effect of the involved Anglo-Saxon patterns and colours with great softness and delicacy, while the often faded texts are even clearer in the autotypes than in the originals.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 3.] MAY, 1873. [No. 5.

OUR NEW PROVINCES.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY LIEUT.-COL. COFFIN.

MR. LANGEVIN'S Report, as Minister of Public Works, is an exception to the general wearisomeness of blue books. Divested of its externals it rises, as read, in the opinion of the reader. As being the result of five weeks of laborious and well directed enquiry, it is most creditable—terse, yet not dry; compendious, replete, suggestive. It comes too, most opportunely, when the popular mind in Canada craves for information on the subject of British Columbia, and it comes *ex cathedrâ*. We know that, if we can rely upon anything, we can rely upon this, for the writer has achieved a reputation for truthfulness and discrimination, and from the position he occupies is, therefore, doubly trustworthy.

The mission of the Minister of Public Works for the Dominion to British Columbia embraced not only an examination into the state and condition of the public works under the control of his Department, but enquiries, even still more important at this particular time, in relation to the projected Pacific Railway, and the final settlement of its western terminus. Of all questions destined to govern the future of this great Dominion, this last is the most pregnant and the most critical, and it is clear that this great question has been with Mr. Langevin a paramount object. Like the celebrated White Horse in a battlepiece by Wouvermans, view the picture in whatever light you may, above the smoke of the conflict, and amidst the crowd of accessories, that White Horse is ever the most prominent and the most attractive feature.

We shall have occasion, by and by, to revert to this leading feature in Mr. Langevin's picture, but among the accessories we may note, first, the agreeable climate of Vancouver Island, which resembles that of England without its humidity; where the summer is dry and warm, the autumn bright and balmy, the winter and spring open, though wet; where, in seasons exceptionally severe, ice forms to the thickness of a penny piece, but where, in compensation, gooseberry buds

open in February, early plants burgeon in March, and strawberries bloom in the middle of April. The littoral, both of the Island and of the mainland—British Columbia proper—partakes of these characteristics, but the interior of both is mountainous and highly picturesque, intersected by valleys, deep and fertile, by elevated and extensive plateaux, where in winter the snow does not impede travelling, and the pasture is such —a species known as bunch grass—that animals thrive well at all seasons.

Cattle—horses, beeves, sheep and swine, multiply and fatten, winter and summer, on these nutritious grasses; oxen were seen, six years old, and in good case, which during their bovine existence, had been housed by the vault of Heaven alone; while the farmer who provides against accident by a month's winter forage in advance, is regarded as a precautionary paragon.

These conditions of climate operate exuberantly on a soil whereon flourishes, in great abundance, the Douglas pine, rising often to 150 and 175 feet, without knot or branch; and turns out logs which would make the mouth of an Ottawa lumberman water—say 80 feet long by 6 in diameter—and yet, by the side of this sylvan giant, and other noble forest trees, common to Canada, do not disdain to grow cabbages, carrots, turnips and potatoes, equal to any in the Dominion; and even at a level of 2,700 feet above the sea, on the plateaux before adverted to, were seen fields of wheat, oats and barley, which, aided by an ingenious system of artificial irrigation, presented the finest possible appearance, proclaiming, as it is prettily put, "in their mute language, that those who believed that Columbia was a land of mountains, unfit for cultivation and destined to prove a source of expense to Confederation, had made a great mistake."

Of the flora and the fauna of British Columbia our Minister of Public Works says little. Being the head and the representative of the working-men—the class and the order of the day—he may, and he probably does hold, as a practical man, that *pommes de terres* and cauliflowers are enough of flower and fruit for a reasonable emigrant population; but an appendix tells us, extracted from a pamphlet by Dr. Charles Forbes, surgeon, R. N., that, in the end of March, buttercups were in flower, strawberries in bloom in the middle of April, with lilies, heartsease, jonquils, campaniola and lupins; apple trees in blossom, and roses in bloom by the middle of May. Of the fauna we are informed, in an appendix ascribed to J. D. Pemberton, that game of all sorts abounds. Larger species, the buffalo, is distant and but rarely seen; of bears, the brown and the grizzly, the less seen the better. The elk and the smaller deer tribes are wastefully slaughtered; in their season wild fowl swarm, ducks and geese, grouse, snipe and wild pigeons are ready to the hand of those who have the time and the taste to shoot them.

But the hidden riches of this picturesque country far exceed those which meet the eye. In the bowels of the earth, in the waters under the earth, on the rocky shores of the inland seas, in the beds of rivers, nature has been prodigal of gifts. Gold and silver, copper and coal, crop out, geologically, all over the country. Near the town of Hope, on the Frazer River, Mr. Langevin saw specimens of silver of such richness as to justify the construction of extensive works, including a road from Hope to the mine itself, and there is every reason to believe that the silver region extends through the range of mountains in which this mine is situated. Of the copper little is said, but Governor Douglas, in a report communicated to the Colonial Office, dated August 27, 1852, stated that he had "procured a rich specimen of copper ore found in a distant part of Vancouver Island," and manifestations of the existence of this metal have reproduced themselves since; but when gold

can be had for the trouble of picking it up, but little of research will be vouchsafed to the inferior metals. The auriferous regions extend over the whole Province, from the United States frontier to the 53rd degree of north latitude. For a width of from one to two hundred miles gold is found, but specially in the beds of the great rivers, the Frazer and the Thomson, the Peace and the Ominica, and in the rivers and creeks flowing into them. The *detritus*, borne down by freshets, had created banks and bars, which on the subsidence of the water were found to abound with gold. The precious metal was literally to be had for the "picking of it up." The wonder was how it should have remained so long undiscovered, for the Indian, now as keen and as greedy as the white man in his quest for gold, must for ages have passed it by unnoticed. Cornwallis, a miner and geologist who published in 1858, and who accompanied the first rush to the diggings in 1856–7, relates how men, though surfeited with gold, still craved for more, wearied and wasteful, and yet not satisfied; how, in the space of three hours, on a mud-bank in the Frazer, with a geological shovel, (we presume very much of a trowel,) he collected to the value of fifteen dollars worth of gold dust, (p. 189); how men who were realizing from three to five ounces, or from forty-eight to eighty dollars per man, working for six hours, abandoned the substance before them for the shadow in the distance (p. 198); raging to reach the fountain of supply, the mine and the matrix remains undiscovered even now. On, on, on, *excelsior* was the universal cry, and the results were marvellous. It is stated, in a pamphlet published with the sanction of the Government, in 1864, that in 1860 "the most important creek in Cariboo was Antler, which yielded, at one time, at the lowest $10,000 a day. On one claim $1,000 were taken out of the sluice boxes as the result of a day's work. But Williams' creek eclipsed this—Steel's claim gave in one day 409 oz.; the total obtained on its area of 80 by 25 feet being $105,000. In 1861 the only mining was surface digging; but in 1862 the mining assumed a new character, and shaft sinking, drifting and tunnelling, were vigorously prosecuted, a system of mining which can be carried on throughout the year."

Happily for the country, the days of surface diggings, of washings and scrapings, of easy gains and wicked waste, have passed away, and have been succeeded by systematic mining and the employment of capital, scientific skill, and steady labour. Mr. Langevin speaks cheeringly of the prospects of mines at the extremity of the Cariboo road: "At a depth of from 100 to 150 feet under ground, and with shafts communicating with galleries, each more than 200 feet long, is the 'Lane & Kurtz' mine,' owned by an American company with a capital of $500,000, which, though stopped for a time by subterranean inundation, is expected yet to reward great sacrifices by a rich harvest of gold." The Columbian Blue Book for 1870 gives the yield of gold for the year from the mines of Cariboo, Silionet, Columbia, Gale and Lytton, at $1,333,745, without counting the quantity of gold carried out of the country in private hands.

The golden shower which immortalized Danæ gave, at first, but a doubtful reputation to British Columbia. In either case less of greed, and far less of guilt, might have accomplished better things. For a mining population will, of itself, never make a country; the gold which is not squandered in waste and wassail, is carried out of it. We find by authentic returns, that from 1862 to Sept. 1871, gold to the extent of $16,650,036 has been shipped from British Columbia by banks, registered and known, to which amount should be added at least $5,000,000 carried out of the country by miners themselves. This outflow might be arrested, and utilized *in transitu*, as suggested by Mr. Langevin, by the re-establish-

ment of a mint, the machinery for which, originally imported by the Government of Columbia, is carefully preserved. The constructors of our Canadian Pacific Railway will, no doubt, direct it in the direction of our eastern enterprizes, manufactures and products. At the same time we should bear in mind that the gold crop, if it causes no cultivation, has left behind it grand improvements. We must not forget that it has created roads in British Columbia, opening up the mining districts and developing resources generally, which would be an honour to the engineering skill of any age or country. Commander Mayne, R. N., who wrote in 1859, and who saw these roads "before they were made," describes graphically (p. 107) the inaccessibility of the mountain ranges, forcing the explorer upon trails or tracks found on the accidental ledges of precipices, hundreds of feet above the raging waters of the Frazer and the Thomson rivers. Quoting from the Journal of the Bishop of Columbia, he speaks of the ascent of the Frazer river as "impassable, much of it, for horses and mules, and even for man not without danger. At a height of 2,500 or 3,000 feet our pathway lay along the edge of a perpendicular fall. Sometimes, in the descent, the path was *nil*, the projections for the foot not an inch; it seemed like the crawling of a fly upon the face of a wall." Time and experience having proved these to be the only practicable lines of route, roads have been constructed through these cañons or ravines, along the faces of precipices, following tracks and trails indicated by the hand of Nature; impending here over gorges hundreds of feet deep, and yet from foam and spray invisible; here hollowed out into the rock itself, there built up upon huge balks and cribs of timber, and hanging, like swallows' nests, over the mad waters below. These roads, 18 feet wide, and substantial, by easy grades penetrate into the interior of the country, and each is an abiding record to the honour of the daring, persevering and scientific men —the *vrais hommes de genie*—who planned and executed them.

But the great promise of the future of British Columbia lies deep seated in its coal measures. Coal has been found, of excellent quality, to lie on Vancouver's Island and on the main. In 1859 coal was obtained outcropping in Coal Harbour of Burrard's Inlet, and was critically used on board of H. M. ship *Plumper*, with most favourable results. Coal abounds all over the north end of Vancover Island. It has been found of good quality a little way to the northward of Fort Rupert. But the present chief source of supply, the most practical and the most convenient, is Nanaimo. This place is 75 miles north of the capital, Victoria, on the Gulf of Georgia. The harbour is good, and there is no difficulty in making it. The coal is found handy to the ships' side. It is highly bituminous and well suited to the manufacture of gas. For economic purposes it is most valuable, resembling in quality the varieties of coal produced in the central coal fields of England, and it has been remarked at Nanaimo that the deeper the workings have been carried the better the quality becomes. For domestic consumption and for use in factories, it is thought to be equal to that brought from the Welsh mines. It is considered to be better steam coal than that of Newcastle. The English ships of war stationed at Esquimault are all supplied with it. It can be laid down alongside the ship at from $5 to $6 per ton. It is sold at San Francisco at from $12 to $15 per ton, where English coal costs from $20 to $35. On 21st March, 1872, John Trutch, C. E., reported by Sanford Fleming, Engineer in Chief, states, "that at Nicolas Lake there has also been discovered a seam of coal, of superior quality, and six feet in thickness." Between Lake St. Anne and Jasper House Frank Moberly, C. E., and his subordinates confirm former discoveries of "extensive coal seams on the Pembina river, which

seams were on fire in several places," but this last is on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. Enough, however, has been said to show that the supply is unbounded, and the future commercial demand more boundless still.

Anthracite coal has been found in the interior of Columbia, on the River Nicolas, 160 miles from the sea, of a very superior quality to that produced on the coast, although this mineral exists on Queen Charlotte's Island in vast quantities, and is considered to be equal, for smelting purposes, to the Pennsylvanian anthracite; but the price should be reduced below $10 per ton at the mouth of the pit, to make it marketable. This commodity has already attracted the attention of capitalists. Mr. Langevin speaks of one company which had expended $80,000, which, from distance of markets, cost of labour and a depleted purse, had been compelled to abandon both mines and capital. These enterprising individuals have probably been ahead of the times, but the day cannot now be far distant when this traffic must revive, and the real difficulty will be to supply the wants of the immense and increasing steam-fleets, military and commercial, which frequent the coasts of Eastern Asia, and throng the Pacific seaboard from Cape Flattery to Cape Horn. There can be no doubt but that the heavy import duty imposed by the American tariff on Canadian coal prejudices grievously the trade between British Columbia and its nearest market, San Francisco. Though we are satisfied that the American consumer is the greater sufferer, though he pays us our price for our commodity, and thus, "to gain his private ends," taxes himself to boot; still, it is beyond question that, were the duty removed, we should sell two tons where we now sell one, and it is only to be the more deplored that the Canadian House of Commons, in the session of 1870, should by precipitate action, and showing its hand too soon, have played the game of foreign manipulators, and by emasculating the Washington Treaty, have deprived the Dominion of "free coal," which had been freely tendered by the American High Commissioner as a pendant to "free fish." So soon as we flung away our market the Americans shut up theirs. They sell us plentifully and we buy cheaply at one point what they refuse to receive, except at great cost, at another. Pennsylvania fattens while California starves—but, while Californians are mulcted on one side of the continent, and Nova Scotians "grin and bear it" on the other, Ontario glows in the light of cheap fuel, and has effectually "taken the shine" out of the "black diamonds" of the Vancouver coal fields.

But the real treasury of British Columbia is in the ocean—the untold and immeasurable wealth of its fisheries. The waters of the Gulf of Georgia are alive with fish, proper for the food of man, while the Northern Pacific abounds in the *cetaceæ* and other deep sea species known to commerce. The whale, the "right whale" of Scoresby, the whale of train-oil and whalebone, the porpoise and the dog-fish, all oil-producing, have given birth to enterprizes which, though still in their infancy, present an infancy full of promise. In 1871 three whaling expeditions were in successful operation. The most prominent was the "British Columbia Whaling Company." They had already secured 20,000 gallons of oil and expected 10,000 more. The value of this oil is 37 cts. per gallon. In England it is worth £35 per ton of 252 gals., or about 2s. 9d. per gallon. Dog-fish oil, worth 55 cents the gallon in California, is produced in large and increasing quantities; it is stated that the catch exceeds, in importance, that of the whale. In 1870, 50,000 gallons were rendered, and at that time this branch of commerce was steadily improving. These oils, under the operation of the Treaty of Washington, will find at San Francisco not only a ready market but an increased demand. The price may or may not increase, but the

demand will be doubled. The consumer will take two gallons where he formerly took one, while the producer, the fisherman, at a very slight increase of cost and trouble, will prepare for market double the quantity, with assured sales.

The Gulf of Georgia swarms with salmon, cod, (the true cod,) herring and houlican, each in its season, with halibut, sturgeon, smelt, haddock and sardines. The salmon begin to enter the river in March, species after species following each other in regular succession. The spring or silver salmon is the first and the most valuable arrival. They vary from 4 to 25 lbs. in weight, and have been known to reach 75 lbs. These fish, instinct-driven, force their way in myriads up the Frazer river and its tributaries to the distance of a thousand miles from the sea, and at times, exhausted by their labour, are stranded in such numbers as to heap the shores with their remains and poison the air with their exhalations. Commander Mayne, (p. 183,) relating his experience at Fort Rupert on the N.W. coast of Vancouver Island, remarks: "Some idea of the prodigality of the Hudson Bay Company under the old *regime*, may be gathered from the fact told me by one of their officers, that before he took charge of the post, 3,000 salmon were used annually as manure for the garden. The fish can be bought for a leaf of tobacco each, and as 40 of these leaves compose a pound of that herb, a fair margin of profit is left. Including the packing, they might be cured at a cost of from $1.50 to $2 per barrel. The price obtained at the Sandwich Islands, where the company at one time carried on some little trading of this sort, averaged $14 per barrel. I should add that 2,000 barrels might be obtained annually at Fort Rupert, and as much more at almost every inlet in the Island."

Then we have the houlican, the Indian name given to a small fish, about the size of a sprat, which produces oil of superior quality and delicate flavour, to which is ascribed all the sanative virtues of cod-liver oil, free from its nauseousness. So oily is its nature that, when dried, the fish may be lighted and will burn like a candle. Our great navigator, Cook, who, by the way, while giving a name to Cape Flattery ignored the existence of the Straits of Fuca, eat houlican at Nootka Sound. He calls them "sardines," and lauds highly the quality both of the fish and of the oil. The houlican swarm in millions. By means of a rude apparatus the full of a canoe may be taken in two hours. If these fish are sardines (the flavour is pronounced to be delicious), and can, like others of their class, be preserved in tins, we have here a most lucrative article of commerce.

Among the fish which recommend themselves especially to the table, we have the cod, the true cod of Newfoundland, and the herring, which, salted or smoked, bear transportation, and we have, without stint and beyond computation, the haddock of the coasts of Nova Scotia and Maine. We remember well when our friend McEwan, of Montreal, followed by McGibbon—canny and enterprising Scotchmen both—first introduced the smoked "Finnan Haddie" to the taste of the epicures of Canada. First a few fish, brought fresh into Montreal, were there deftly salted and smoked, and transmuted into the delicate luxury which now abounds on appreciative breakfast tables. Soon an establishment was created at Portland, and car-load upon car-load, flying to their destination, and scenting the air as they flew, inspired the American sense with a new sensation. The demand for Finnan Haddie became a craze; the appetite, growing as it fed, spread over the whole of this part of the continent, and the supply of this toothsome delicacy now hardly meets the demand. It is a delicacy which will hardly bear transportation in southern latitudes, but manufactured in the temperate climate of the Gulf of Georgia, will find its way in the best order to the markets of California, and

to those of the fish-consuming populations of the Pacific coast.

Providence has been bountiful to the hardy Norsemen in either hemisphere. The riches of the sea redress the rigour of clime. The hardy fisherman of Newfoundland, contending with the tempest and a winter of intense severity, supplies the Catholic markets of France and Spain, Portugal and the Brazils; the West Indies share in the dispensation; but the produce of the Grand Bank will not stand a voyage round Cape Horn. It must be salted until it loses all savour or it perishes. Within the Tropics, the fish, particoloured and picturesque in aspect, will not bear curing, and would hardly be worth it if it did. The Southern Pacific, therefore, looks to its Northern waters and to Vancouver Island for the same stores and supplies which the Atlantic and Mediterranean derive from Newfoundland. Both islands, so diverse in climate, lie in the same latitude. The Line 49° bisects each. Both islands,—the one the glory and the other the hope of this Dominion,—command and minister to one great need of the Catholic world; and beyond all peradventure the fisheries of British Columbia, rightly cultivated, will create a market, unrivalled, producing more of wealth than the gold mines of Ominica and Cariboo, and a wealth still more inappreciable in a vigorous growth of stalwart native seamen.

Looking at the subject in this point of view, we cannot refrain from again calling attention to the immense advantages which the Treaty of Washington has secured to the inhabitants of British Columbia. They are masters of the situation. They possess waters teeming with an untold wealth of fish, and by that treaty they possess them exclusively. They enjoy the privilege of "free fish" and "free oil," and enjoy them without foreign interference. Their own shores abound with the finest timber for ship building, and the decreased cost of materials for equipment will soon realize to them another of the benefits flowing from Confederation. The Canadian tariff has already superseded a fiscal system unavoidably burdensome from local exigences and an isolated state; and among the blessings of reduced taxation will be found the comparative cheapness with which they can build, rig, man, equip and work their fishing craft. This combination of advantages places them beyond competition. If they grasp the opportunity now and at once, they will hold it for ever.

We have thus far touched but superficially on the great staple of the country, the great staple indeed of this continent, which, disappearing rapidly elsewhere, abounds throughout British Columbia. It is stated that the supply of timber from British Columbia has been barely tapped, hardly enough to make any impression upon these vast forests. The white pine and the yellow pine, and that most valuable species of all, the Douglas pine, are universally found on the sea coast and up to the Cascade range of mountains. Cedar and hemlock attain an enormous growth; oak, pine, poplar and maple are chiefly used for fuel. The river and the inlets of the sea coast afford unbounded water power and immense facilities for the development of a trade which must command the markets both of the Pacific sea coast and of the Eastern Ocean. Unfortunately "free lumber" has been condemned to the "limbo" of "free salt and free coal," but, however shorn of its fair proportions, what the Washington Treaty failed to give British Columbia does not want. It is a well known fact that the timber grown north of the River Columbia, although of more moderate calibre than that found south of the Line 49°, is more serviceable, and therefore more marketable, being superior in strength and flexibility, in freedom from knots, in texture of fibre and consequent durability. The demand for the article, though weighted with duties, will override such obstructions. Necessity knows no law, not even that of the Customs. If the

American consumer must have the best lumber, if the article is indispensable, he will get it, regardless of expense, whether it assume the shape of prime cost, or of duty, or of both. So long as British Columbia possesses exclusively the superior article, it will command the market, leaving the consumer to settle the question of duties, and all other "indirect claims," with his own government. It would be difficult to follow Mr. Langevin through the diversity of subjects which crowd a report at once exhaustive and instructive, but the number and the character of the population, and the social *status* of British Columbia, demand observation. The exotic population of British Columbia, the whites and the Chinese, increased by a long-drawn process of immigration, does not exceed 15,000. It must be kept in mind that this country, the existence of which was doubted by Cook in 1778, which was only explored superficially by Vancouver in 1792, was practically unknown to civilization until 1857, and then became first known to the crews of a small British exploring squadron. The previous knowledge of the Hudson's Bay Company was limited to the quantity and quality of its peltries, and their policy ignored all further knowledge. The country was, in fact, from remoteness, inaccessible, while other countries, nearer and as attractive, were, moreover, easier of access. It could only be reached by a voyage round Cape Horn, or by a journey of 7,000 miles across the Atlantic, the Plains, and the Rocky Mountains. The cost of the voyage was £70, first-class, £30 the second, and was exceeded by the cost of the journey, *plus* peril and fatigue. It was altogether beyond the reach of females and families. In 1857, contemporaneous with the surveys, came the rush for gold. This discovery brought down an avalanche, which on its subsidence left a rough *moraine*; but amid the wreck remained a very large amount of building material. The work of reconstruction dates from the advent of Confederation. In the interval the country has become known and is appreciated, and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway will find it populous and make it wealthy. Among the relics of the wreck were left men of education and ability, of settled habits and social standing in the land from whence they came. They have given an impulse to intellectual progress, and united with the families of officials in civil life, and of officers of the British army and navy, constituting a society which embellishes and refines, and which, for elegance and geniality, is unsurpassed in any part of this Dominion. We have had, recently, in Ottawa, in the Grand Columbian Ball, an entertainment second to none ever seen in the metropolis—an evidence of the princely spirit which presides among those who represent the social element of British Columbia.

But the scarcity of labour is a great drawback to the enjoyments of society and the wants of life. So long as the white man can get $5 a day, and the Chinaman and Indian $3 50, at the gold mines, they can hardly be expected to delve for coal, or dig in gardens, at a lower figure. Seeing, too, that the female population is, in number, less than one half of the male, it will easily be understood that the ministering angel is angelic in its dispensations. They are few and far between. Female "help" is almost unattainable, and the simple-minded man who soars above sentiment, whose tastes take a practical turn, would starve were it not for the intervention of the opportune Chinaman.

Of this class of the population Mr. Langevin speaks very favourably. The Chinese are pronounced to be thrifty, clean, docile and industrious, not popular with the whites, because they work cheaper, and are a living antidote to "strikes;" saving of what they make and careful of what they spend, but still consumers. They travel "first class" on steamers and stages, take their meals with others and pay for them, cook well, and make

good domestic servants. We trust that under British rule they will increase and multiply and replenish the land, to the discomfiture of a generation of cooks who spoil our victuals, and of laundresses who destroy our clothes. Let the Chinaman feel that he is safe and respected; that upon British soil he becomes a British subject, with the rights, privileges and aspirations of a British subject, and we shall secure a valuable class of settlers, an invaluable aid in the construction of our great public works, and at some future day, possibly, a successor not unworthy of Mr. Pope in the Bureau of Agriculture.

The Indian problem admits of a solution more honourable to humanity in British Columbia than has been achieved in other parts of this continent. The Indian population does not exceed 35,000 souls, decreasing annually from causes almost beyond human control or cure, but not from want of food. In the Plains, the progress of civilization is fatal alike to the Indian and to the buffalo; the destruction of the one entails the destruction of the other, but the tribes which inhabit British Columbia, both the coast tribes and the tribes of the interior, are, to a great extent, supported on fish, and the supply is inexhaustible. They are all imbued with a profound respect for the British name and character. They are not averse to labour. With a strong passion for acquiring property they combine a mania for squandering it; a love of wealth and generosity of disposition, however morbid, are ductile elements of character. They form communities, and live in permanent dwellings, crowded and filthy, and rife with disease, and yet they give ear to the voice of reason and religion, and have greatly amended their ways under the teaching of missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant. The Catholic establishments "though small and restricted as to means, have been productive of very satisfactory results." They are conducted on the principle of "schools industrial and agricultural; where ten children are lodged, boarded and clothed, where they acquire regular habits of order and discipline, and a taste and liking for work, receiving elementary instruction at the same time." Their exertions among adults have also been eminently successful, but the system above devised is the true groundwork of permanent improvement.

The Protestant missionary, Duncan of Met-lah-kat-lah, is a name which would do honour to any country. What St. Francois Xavier was to the Japanese, what Las Cases was to the Caribs, what Howard was to the prisoner and captive, and Nightingale to the sick and wounded, such has Duncan been to the outcast Indian of the Gulf of Georgia. Chief Justice Begbie says that he is a "man of rare gifts." Among them he professes a profound pity for those who have no one else to help them, an entire devotion to their cause, with a self-denial and disinterestedness beyond praise. It is well known that, although urged to take holy orders, with the assurance of attaining the highest dignity in the Church of British Columbia, he has declined to assume responsibilities, or aspire to distinction which might impair his usefulness as a missionary. He came to the country in 1857, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, and we find that in July last he was appealed to by the British Naval authorities at the mouth of the Skeena, to stand between the red man and the white, even as the angel stood between the dying and the dead, staying the pestilence. In despite of ill health, in defiance of discouragement, he has unflaggingly worked on, in the endeavour to humanize and Christianize a race not unworthy of his noble efforts. Thus speaks Chief Justice Begbie of these tribes, a witness beyond peradventure: "The Indian admires and desires to acquire our stores of knowledge and our means of wealth. He appreciates our comforts, of clothes and food, and dwellings. But his inborn capacity for enduring hardship, the very qualities which render him useful as a hunter and a pioneer, make him tire of steady industry and

less influenced by the results. Accordingly, after years of cultivation, he constantly relapses, for a time at least, into the painted savage, and goes hunting, and fishing, or starving, for relaxation."

The Indian of the interior is not the nomadic horseman of the plains, whose vagrant habits and plundering propensities, like those of the Arab, are probably ineradicable. The tribes of the North have something of the Yorkshireman about them. They have an eye to the main chance, are good judges of horseflesh, breed horses for sale, obtain employment in "packing" or forwarding goods and merchandize, and as "common carriers" are perfectly trustworthy. Speaking of them individually, Walter Moberley, an assistant to Sanford Fleming, Esq., Engineer in Chief Canada Pacific Railway, writing from Victoria, March, 1872, reports, that in pushing his way at an anxious time in winter, "I did not take any of my party, with the exception of the above Indians, as I did not want to endanger them when the snow fell. The Indian, when properly handled, and made to feel that confidence and trust are reposed in him, will work in all kinds of weather, and should supplies fall short, on little or no food, without a murmur." Commander Mayne (p. 205) relates an anecdote of these Indians, which recalls the self-denial of the Sepoys who fought with Clive at the siege of Arcot: "When we ran short of flour, they would not eat any of the dampers, saying that I needed them, and that they could live quite as well on berries."

Traits of character such as these win the heart. They attract the interest and command the respect and sympathy of all Christian men. These Indian tribes lean with implicit faith on the honour, truthfulness and superior knowledge of "King George's men." In their simple way they plead for protection and guidance. May the people of our great Dominion discharge this most sacred duty constantly and well. Provide tenderly for the guardianship and management of these children of the wilderness. Look upon them as wards in the Chancery of Heaven, as the greatest national trust that could be confided to the hands of men. Watch over them, instruct them, and guide them, improve and elevate them in the scale of humanity, and be assured that, as you do your duty by these helpless ones, so will God toward you.

But to enjoy as well as to admire, we must find a way. To work out the great future of British Columbia, material as well as moral, to apply its wealth, to develop its resources, we must surmount inaccessibility and remove distance. We must conquer time and space, and this has been the great object of Mr. Langevin's mission, this the "White Horse" in his pen and ink picture, in the manner of Wouvermans.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company had become a "fixed fact" in public opinion and in law, long before Mr. Langevin illustrated the subject by his experiences, but the terminus of the road, on the Pacific coast, second only to the construction of the road itself, had not yet been decided upon. It is impossible to over estimate the importance of this decision, and a recent event, the award of the Emperor of Germany on the San Juan arbitration, has added to its cogency. Upon this point—the dominating idea of the whole report—Mr. Langevin has evidently bestowed grave thought, and expresses himself with becoming caution. He deals with the subject generally, both in a military and commercial aspect. He discusses the passes through the Rocky Mountains; he details, with great fairness, the claims of the different harbours of our West to outvie the olden glories of Alexandria and Venice in the East. But while he wrote time stalked on, the inexorable logic of events had seized the subject with an iron grasp, and compressed it to a point. The Tête Jaune pass, the lowest in elevation, and the easiest of passage in the Rocky Mountains, admits

of no rivalry; commanding the situation, it crowned itself. On the other hand the San Juan award excludes all alternatives. In the selection of a terminus it leaves no choice. It overrides the merits of Burrard's Inlet, and of New Westminster, potent as they are. The decision of the Emperor of Germany has, in fact, forced upon Canada a supreme and costly effort. The Dominion declines to exist by sufferance, and all for the glorious privilege of being independent—independent, at least, of the United States—will carry its rail across the Gulf of Georgia, and reach its great Pacific terminus "dry shod" in Vancouver Island. It will compel Canada to force an iron way across the rocky islets, which, at a more northerly point, form stepping stones between the continent and Vancouver Island. At Seymour's Narrows, at the widest span, the distance exceeds, but by little, the width of the Menai straits at the site of the Britannia Bridge, and a submerged rock, very similarly situated, is already placed by nature to do the office of the Britannia rock. Once on the island, the railway route is easy, passing through the great coal field of Nanaimo by the way to Victoria and Esquimalt, the capital and the Portsmouth, combined, of Vancouver Island.

But, about halfway down the coast, through a gap in the mountain range which divides the island lengthwise, a branch line of fourteen miles in length would lead to the head of the Alberni canal, a fissure in the rocky coast twenty-five miles in length, averaging half a mile in width, with a depth of water of fifty fathoms. This canal disembogues into Barclay Sound, the noblest estuary and safest roadstead on the Pacific Ocean. Here, at the head of the Alberni canal, is a basin, the site of the future Liverpool of British North America. The distance from Japan, China, or the Asiatic coast generally, to Liverpool in England, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, *from this point*, would be from 1,000 to 1,100 miles less than by any other existing railway, or any railway that can be made to exist.

Finally, we thank Mr. Langevin very heartily for his excellent report, faulty alone in externals. Had it been even *relié en rouge* it would have circulated better. He has brought out, in strong relief, the wealth and resources of British Columbia. He holds up to light that gem of the Pacific, Vancouver Island—a diamond, uncut but of the first water, and destined to be the brightest jewel in the diadem of this Dominion. He has disabused and reassured public opinion in relation to the value and importance of this noble Province, and we cannot do better than confirm the impression he has made, by reproducing, in conclusion, the language employed by the great American Secretary of State, William H. Seward, some four years since, on the subject of our great Western Territories and their communications.

"The route through British America is in some respects preferable to that through our own territory. By the former, the distance from Europe to Asia is some thousand miles shorter than by the latter. Passing close to Lake Superior, traversing the watershed which divides the streams flowing towards the Arctic Sea from those which have their exit southward, and crossing the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of over 3,000 feet less than at the south pass, the road could here be constructed with comparative cheapness, and would open up a region abounding in valuable timber and other natural products, and admirably suited to the growth of grain and grazing. Having its Atlantic seaboard at Halifax, and its Pacific seaport near Vancouver Island, it would undoubtedly draw to it the commerce of Europe, Asia, and the United States. Thus British America, from a mere colonial dependency, would assume a controlling rank in the

world. To her other nations would be tributary; and in vain would the United States attempt to be her rival; for she could never dispute with her the possession of the Asiatic commerce, nor the power which that commerce confers."

MANITOBA.

BY PROFESSOR BRYCE.

(*Presbyterian College, Winnipeg.*)

THAT some more ample and inviting field for the overflowing population of our more thickly settled parts has been for some time necessary, the efforts made to open up the district in the barren Laurentian region on the northern fringe of Ontario and Quebec, the fact that large numbers of Canadians have settled in the Western States —as many, it is said, as 50,000 in the one State of Minnesota—and the long struggle to dispossess the Hudson's Bay Company of what was, after all, a *terra incognita*, and not certainly known to be a habitable region, abundantly show.

It was long argued by those who, perhaps more from anxiety for political ascendency than for national unity, advocated the acquisition of the North West, that lines of latitude are far from correctly indicating the climate of any country; that the reports of the rigour of the climate, and the visitation of the country by various scourges, proceeded from interested parties, either actual employees of the great Fur trading monopoly or the recipients of favours from the Company; that, so far as information went, the scientific explorations of Professor Hind and others, and the reports of trans-continental travellers, were altogether in favour of the country. These advocates were reminded that such travellers were usually young noblemen, who only looked at the country as sportsmen, not as experts; that even the flying visit of a scientific man may fail to discover the real difficulties of living; and that it would have been impossible, on the principle that 'murder will out,' to have got for so long such an unanimous verdict against the country unless it deserved it. Yet all can remember how the national heart, that had been throbbing since the scattered provinces were confederated, began to beat stronger when it was first announced that, for better or for worse, the Northwest was ours. As a resident of the Province for now nearly a year and a half, confessing my strong Canadian predisposition to see the best side of things, I propose to notice some of the controverted points, and to show the advantages this great region offers for extensive settlement. Plunging *in medias res*, one of the first things demanding attention is the climate. Climate depends on so many elements that it is not surprising it should have been most keenly debated. It is not wonderful when one meets a Hudson's Bay Company man from the district surrounding York Factory, and hears of the thermometer standing for three weeks at —54° Fah.; or another from the Mackenzie River region, from forts within the Arctic circle, where there is a constant temperature for months of from —30° Fah. to —70° Fah.; or another from Norway House, speaking playfully of making balls in a mould from solid quicksilver; that it should be disputed whether such a region can be inhabited by men who, in the streets of Toronto or Montreal, are distracted by —25°. And even in regard to Manitoba, on examining a table such as the following, the resident of the Eastern Provinces is at once disposed to

decide unfavourably for a country having such extreme cold:

WINNIPEG OBSERVATORY—J. STEWART, OBSERVER.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURE.

1st Week of December.		3rd Week of December.	
1871.	1372.	1871.	1872.
—18°	— 4°	—13°	—37·5
—13°	4·3°	—16°	—35°
—18°	0°	—20°	—35°
—24°	1·2°	—30°	—41°
—25°	4°	—35°	—25°
— 6°	10·3°	—28°	—32°
—11°	—12°	—30°	—35°

But in speaking of such observations it must be borne in mind that the territory from which these data are taken is one of immense extent, and that the extremes between Fort Oucan on the Mackenzie and York Factory, on the one hand, and Winnipeg on the other, are greater than between Winnipeg and Toronto, and very much greater than between Winnipeg and Montreal. It is well to bear in mind that the table before us represents probably the lowest temperature in which extensive settlement will take place; for Missionaries from the Wesleyan Indian Station, 800 miles west of Fort Garry, from the Presbyterian Mission 400 miles west, and the Hudson's Bay Company employees from Forts Edmonton and Carlton, all report the climate milder as we go west, notwithstanding the northward inclination of the route leading to the Saskatchewan. Excepting, then, all but the statistics of the Dominion Government observer for Manitoba, given in this table, it is necessary to observe that these temperatures are perfectly exceptional. They are the coldest weeks of the respective years in which they occur, and the last of the weeks given above is the coldest for several years. Their average cold is very much greater than the average of their respective months, as will be seen from the following table:

MINIMUM AVERAGES OF MONTHS AND WEEKS COMPARED.

1st Week of December.		Month of December.	
1871 : —16·5°		—16·2°	: 1871
1872 : + ·5°			
3rd Week of December.			
1871 : —24·5°		—18·6°	: 1872
1872 : —34°			

Taking these weeks, and even the months, it is true that great extremes are represented; but it is to be remembered that these are *minima*. Such extremes, when they occur, are almost without exception found only at an early hour of the morning. On the 21st December, 1872 (the first in the table), while —37·5° was the minimum, the mercury reached —8°, an elevation in a few hours of nearly 30°; and on the 24th, when the minimum reached was —41° (the lowest temperature for several years), the maximum was —20°, an increase of 21 degrees of heat. It will be seen from these observations that while a very great degree of cold is sometimes reached, it is quite exceptional. Some conception of the general state of temperature may be got from the following table:

AVERAGE MAXIMA AND MINIMA FOR SIX MONTHS, 1871-2.

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.
Max.	47°	18·5°	·5°	7·5°	10·5°	17°
Min.	29·5°	5°	- 16·2°	—9°	—7·5°	—6°

From this it will be seen how wrong would be the conclusion, drawn from the publication in the newspapers of only the extraordinary degrees of cold, that the usual temperature is too low for a high degree of comfort or civilization.

But taking into account the actual cold, another and very striking fact must be borne in mind—the universal testimony of those who have endured the rigour of a Montreal or Toronto and a Manitoba winter, that the same degree of cold does not produce at all the same effect on the body

in the two places. Persons accustomed to estimating the cold in Ontario frequently endure in Manitoba great degrees of cold, such as —30° and —35°, without a suspicion that the thermometer registers such a degree at the time. It is a frequent thing on a beautiful sunny day to have face and throat exposed, and no discomfort felt at —10° and —15°; the feeling, many declare, corresponding to what it would have been at 10° or 15° above zero in the Eastern Provinces. It may be difficult to speak with certainty as to the cause of this, but it will not be unprofitable to examine the meteorological data.

First of all we find, on comparing the relative humidity of the air in Toronto and Winnipeg, that while the air contains quite as much moisture in the autumn months of the year in Winnipeg as in Toronto, during the winter the humidity is considerably less.

HUMIDITY FOR THREE MONTHS OF 1871.

	October	November.	December.
Winnipeg.	81	83	73
Toronto.	72	76	80

NOTE.—The unfortunate rebellion of 1869 and 1870 compels us to be satisfied with scanty data, as the records of the observer, Mr. Stewart, were among the booty captured by President Riel, and have not been restored.

If the humidity is less in Winnipeg in winter, and the air drier, it seems plain that the cold will be less felt. The damp surface of the body is a better conductor, and so produces a greater evaporation and greater sense of cold, as may be seen by the increased sense of cold if we encounter the frosty air with damp hands or face; so that in the less humid climate of Manitoba the cold will not be felt so much as the same degree would be in a damper climate, like that of Ontario.

Again, the fact that the air is very exhilarating, both in summer and winter, is noticed by all; thus the vital functions are quickened and the animal heat increased in the body to resist cold. That this is so is not surprising when we find the barometer reading much lower in Winnipeg than in Toronto, indicating a lighter air.

BAROMETER AVERAGES—THREE MONTHS OF 1871.

	October.	November.	December.
Winnipeg.	29·075	29·275	29·188
Toronto.	29·632	29 639	29·573

This relation is preserved during the whole year, the barometer exhibiting from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch difference between Winnipeg and Toronto. Winnipeg has thus, say $\frac{1}{10}$ less pressure on the body than Toronto. The lighter air stimulates the functions, respiration is quickened, the blood circulates more rapidly, and so the animal heat is greater; and the power of resisting cold being increased, the rigour of winter is not felt to the same extent.

Another striking feature is that a large amount of electricity is contained in the air. A woollen cloth, shaken in the morning of one of the bright cold days, crackles, and is full of electricity.* This suggests the pressure of ozone, of which so little is known, and the consequent invigoration of the vital functions.

These, it will be observed, are mere hypotheses, to explain a fact generally observed and constantly asserted by most intelligent and trustworthy men. The presence of so small an amount of humidity in winter would enable us to divine the amount of

* A Professor in Manitoba College informs the writer that he experienced a most peculiar sensation, accompanied by a flash, on touching with his finger a stove-pipe on a very cold and dry morning. Since beginning to write this article the writer saw a woollen scarf, with the strands of the fringe at the end of it, when brought in from the cold, standing out repelled from each other, as may be seen in the hair of electric toys when charged with electricity.

snowfall in the Province. While the rainfall in summer is large, and, judging from some reports of the Smithsonian Institute from Red River, seems at times (if the returns are correct), to have been enormous—the snowfall is small. The observations have not been taken accurately long enough to give us much information; but one thing seems abundantly proved, that the snow in the Red River and Saskatchewan valleys is much less than in the northern part of the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. In the northern part of Minnesota the crest of the watershed, known popularly as "the Height of Land," occurs, and the snows on the southern slope are twice or thrice the depth of those on the north. The popular estimate of annual snowfall in Manitoba is from one foot to a foot and-a-half; and the fall of the past two winters has certainly not exceeded this.

With a climate then, severe, but bracing and exhilarating in the extreme; with clear, brilliant weather for weeks together; with a degree of cold excessive at a few short periods during the winter, but even then much more bearable than the thermometric observations would lead one from a moister climate to expect; with the fact that business of all kinds usually transacted in Ontario and Quebec in winter goes on uninterruptedly in the new Province; there seems no reason, in so far as climate is concerned, why there should not be a numerous population supported in comfort, and possessing all the necessaries and luxuries enjoyed by inhabitants of the northern temperate zone.

It is our next duty to notice a few facts in connection with the soil and the physical features of the Province. While the regions lying between the older parts of Canada and the young Province are, for hundreds of miles, bold and rugged Laurentian rocks; on the west side of this, a short distance to the east of the Province, Silurian beds make their appearance, and exposures of the same are found on the ridges east and west of Red River, and on the river itself. The "drift" above these is a soft alluvium, of a very dark colour, excessively tenacious when wet, but drying with surprising rapidity, and then crumbling easily away.

This extends for a considerable distance west, but changes somewhat in the Portage La Prairie region, sixty miles west from Fort Garry. The drift is interstratified with beds of white marly clay, popularly known as "white mud." The black alluvium is the soil generally found in the Province, though gravel ridges, rock exposures and the like, diversify it. In some parts the soil seems alkaline, a species of *soda incrustation* forming copiously on the surface, and giving the character known to the older inhabitants as "*salty*" to the land. The surface, except where interrupted by gravel ridges, rocky deposits, or water-courses, is a prairie—a level expanse uninterrupted for miles by a tree, or even in some cases a bush—with not more than a few inches fall in any direction. The prairie, to one who has never before seen it, is a surprising sight; ten, twenty, or thirty miles lie spread out in unbroken monotony; the sky in the distance reminds one of the sea. The prairie is thickly covered with herbage, grasses, coarse herbs, and a great variety of brilliantly flowering annuals and perennials. The strength and fertility of the soil may be estimated by the luxuriance of this growth. On the tracts alluded to above as alkaline, a thin, wiry, unhealthy vegetation appears. In a country where land is so abundant this soil is, of course, esteemed by the agriculturist as worthless. As indicating salt in the soil it shows the likelihood of the future production of this valuable substance in large quantities, as is already done for the use of the natives on Lake Manitoba, fifty miles northwest of Fort Garry.

Intersecting the whole region fit for settlement are sluggish, shallow prairie rivers, cutting their way, with as many windings as the old Meander, through muddy banks. These river banks are covered with belts of timber,

the poplar, oak and elm abounding, while the rising ground, ridges, &c., are wooded with considerable forests of the same varieties of trees. At intervals, lower spots occur in the prairie, which in wet seasons are filled with water, and in which thin belts of trees usually spring up; these receive the name "Bluffs" or "Islets de Bois."

The woodlands along the river and on the ridges, in the older parts of the Province, are, as might be expected, well nigh denuded, although the Dominion Commissioner of Crown Lands last year declared that, taking the whole Province together as reported by the surveyors, there is more woodland than prairie in it. Both the south-eastern and south-western portions of the Province seem to consist largely of forest, an elevated plateau, known as "Pembina Mountain," occupying the south-west.

It is a matter of prime importance, in a country so far north, to have a good supply of fuel. The past has been without any efforts to retain the growth of young wood, or to extend it by "planting." Every year great numbers of young sprouts are produced from the seed distributed by the amentaceous poplar, and these, being fast growers, would soon become useful did not the destructive prairie fires sweep over at intervals and destroy them.

There seems to be no reason, if settlers were more numerous and careful, why these young forests should not be largely increased. The good results that have been gained in Britain, in Pomerania, by Bremontier in France, and on the prairies of Illinois, might be obtained in Manitoba by "planting;" for such trees as the maple, oak and the like, will grow well; and on some of the oldest farms along Red River, almost as noble elms are found as ever adorned a Canadian forest.

Connected with the soil, and intimately bound up with the prosperity of the country, is the "supply of water." Along the streams and rivers the inhabitants make use of the running water. This did reasonably well when the population was sparse, when no great public works or manufactories were in operation to pour their refuse into the rivers, and when, especially, no town existed to poison with its filth the already muddy and unwholesome water. The future must see a change. Either reservoirs and filters must be used, or a supply of water procured elsewhere. Along the ridges wells have been dug, and a plentiful supply of excellent water has been secured; in many cases serviceable wells have been obtained in the open prairie. In the older settlements, and especially in the basin of the Red River, it remains to be seen whether good wells can be got free of the alkaline water that in some cases is found. In all the new settlements, except one, a bountiful supply of pure water has been obtained, and in this a government artesian well is the proposed expedient. In a country with soil so easily obtainable, with a considerable amount of fuel, and an abundant supply of good water, it is difficult to see what more, for an agricultural community, could be desired, provided the soil be fertile. As to this it must be remembered that the central part of the country has been under cultivation for above fifty years, and while some wrong conclusions as to its agricultural capabilities and its climate have been arrived at from the partial experiments of the old settlers, yet many important facts may be gathered from their lengthened experience, extending from 1812 to the present time. As a proof of the great grazing capabilities of the north-western prairie, it may be stated that herds of horses frequent the plains, often remaining out a great part of the winter, exposed to the fiercest weather unharmed. That the whole food of the cattle during summer is obtained in the same manner, and the supply cut and housed for as many as forty and sixty cattle by one farmer from the grasses indigenous to the country, shows the excellent character and great abundance of the natural pasturage.

In Canadian eyes the great recommendation of any soil is its capability to produce marketable grains, and certainly no part of the zone of northern cereals yet found on the continent seems to have such wonderful productiveness as this wide Northwest. J. W. Taylor, Esq., United States Consul at Fort Garry, who has for many years made the Northwest a study, has obtained samples and statistics of the cereal yield, and published in his reports information sufficient to convince the most sceptical. An instance is given by the Consul, of a Canadian, personally known to the writer, who produced, on one of the oldest farms in the Province, from eleven acres, the great yield of 420 bushels of wheat. The question as to whether the country would bring winter wheat to maturity had been decidedly settled in the negative by old inhabitants of the country. During the past year it has been quite as certainly decided by numbers of both old and new settlers that winter wheat can be cultivated with certainty and profit. An old settler produced, by garden culture, fall wheat at the rate of seventy-two bushels to the acre. This experiment was abundantly verified by several other practical and reliable farmers. By similar culture the Hon. James McKay produced the enormous yield of 134 bushels per acre of oats. These experiments are given both as proof of the capabilities of the country, and of the advantage of careful culture. The ordinary table vegetables are surprising in their growth, and reach a prodigious size; the writer has seen nothing in his previous experience equalling the vegetable productions of the Province; and the late Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Mr. Archibald, after testing the matter fully in his own garden, gave the same as his experience. It would be burdensome to give, in a general article like this, further statistics of the agricultural productions, for these are very correctly and fully given in the public prints of the Province.

It remains merely to notice the provincial ingress and egress, and the prospects of the Province in trade and commerce. At present the great drawback of the country is the expensive journey to reach it. The great granite barrier that divides the Province from Ontario becomes more serious the more it is examined.

The writer had an opportunity of inspecting a number of the diagrams of the trial lines of the Pacific Railroad survey; these are certainly somewhat discouraging; a saw-edge would represent the appearance of the profile exceedingly well. Probably no route that is practicable has yet been discovered; yet when so great a national necessity demands it, the age that constructed a Mont Cenis and a Hoosac tunnel, can hardly fail. The undertaking will, however, tax all the engineering skill at our disposal. To a nation impatient for development, with the imprisoned inhabitants of Manitoba also calling for means of egress, it is not strange that temporary expedients are adopted to satisfy the clamour for cheaper and speedier transit. There are two means at hand of remedying the defect temporarily; the one to connect with the American system of railways; the other to connect with the line of Canadian steamers on Lake Superior, available only in summer. These two projects, which seem to be feasible, will prove, if carried out, as is expected, a great boon to the Province, and greatly facilitate passenger and freight traffic. They will be of great value in case the Province receive its quota, as expected, of Scottish, German, Russian and Ontario immigrants. The completion of these railway lines will make it possible to import food at rates lower than at present; inasmuch as, even with the imperfect means of transport, agricultural products can be brought three hundred miles and sold at lower rates than they are at present produced in the country. It is to be presumed that the inhabitants, some ten or fifteen thousand in number, will be incited to greater

efforts to produce supplies than ever. The new state of affairs, so different from the time when the Hudson Bay Company afforded the only market, taking as a maximum the small quantity of eight bushels from each farmer, will, no doubt, inspire the more energetic of the old settlers to do something for the public good, while at the same time benefiting themselves. The hope as well of the old settlers and of the country generally, is in a large immigration, which the wide prairies invite. The Indians, Hudson Bay Company posts, and the bands of explorers will make a market for food in the interior. The distance from Winnipeg to Liverpool, by the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway, will be about the same as that from St. Louis to Liverpool. The great grain producing region of the Northwest, with its golden harvests, will be not only an attractive land for the surplus population of Europe, but will, through its great resources, mineral and agricultural, support a people who, with the bracing air of their northern climate, may be a great, hardy and heroic northern nation.

SONNET.

(*From Miscellaneous Poems of* JAMES R. LOWELL.)

THROUGH suffering and sorrow thou hast passed
To show us what a woman true may be :
They have not taken sympathy from thee,
Nor made thee any other than thou wast,
Save as some tree which, in a sudden blast,
Sheddeth those blossoms, that are weakly grown,
Upon the air, but keepeth every one
Whose strength gives warrant of good fruit at last :
So thou hast shed some blooms of gaiety,
But never one of steadfast cheerfulness ;
Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes to see
How many simple ways there are to bless.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By Louisa Murray, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER V.

LOVE IN AN IRISH GLEN.

CROSSING the stile, Maurice turned to the right, and followed the windings of the narrow little road or lane. From the tangled and briery banks at either side tall trees stretched their drooping branches till they met overhead, making a soft green twilight underneath on the brightest day. In little rifts and hollows among their roots, purple foxgloves—the fairy folks' love—bloomed, and mysterious fernseeds ripened, on the plumy fronds, now yellowing with the gold of early autumn. The sudden whistle of a blackbird, the clear, thrilling note of a thrush, or the soft cooing of a wood-pigeon, were the only sounds that broke the silent solitude. At every step the road seemed to grow wilder, and more remote from the haunts of men, till at one of its many turns it suddenly emerged into open space and sunlight. Here the narrow channel of a river, coming down with swift rapid current from the hills, was broken, and the stream spread over the road, forming a broad but shallow ford. At the narrowest part a wooden plank, thrown from one clump of old ash-trees to a similar clump at the other side, and a row of stepping-stones, gave a choice of way to foot passengers.

Having crossed the road, the river found its proper channel again, and, a few yards farther on, flowed past the crumbling walls of an old mill, whose big wheel it had once turned. This mill had been struck and shattered by lightning, and the miller, accepting the omen as an evil one, had abandoned it. No one had been found sufficiently courageous to take his place, so another mill had been erected lower down the stream, and the old one suffered to fall into ruins. Its mouldering walls, over which ivy was spreading its dark, rich verdure—its big, black, rotting wheel, half covered with green moss and slimy ooze, lying motionless amidst the swift current of the river—an image of death and decay where life and motion ought to have been, had an almost pathetic aspect, and might have afforded theme to a poet of Wordsworth's school. But Maurice Byrne knew nothing of Wordsworth, and was quite as insensible to any sentiment lurking in the ruined mill as Peter Bell to the poetry of the primrose. To him it was Murphy's old mill and it was nothing more. He thought as little of death or change, of blighted hopes or ruined prospects, as if such things had never been known on earth. He thought only of the beauty and goodness of little Dorinn, and the perfect happiness that would be his when she was his wife.

Springing over the stepping-stones, he kept along the bank of the river for a little way, and then turned into a footpath which led up a steep bank, and across a piece of stony, uncultivated ground, to the hills. Thickets of furze, briars and brambles, were scattered here and there, with patches of scanty herbage between, on which a few hardy sheep were picking up a spare living, every now and then leaving bits of their torn fleeces on the thorny bushes among which they fed. The "blackberry season" had just begun, and seeing some early ones that looked very large and ripe, Maurice took off his straw hat, lined it with leaves, and

gathered all he could find. Then he hastened on, even faster than before, as if to make up for lost time, crossed one ridge of rocks, ascended another, and saw in the hollow beneath the cabin of little Dorinn.

A tiny hut, with brown earthen walls; a roof thatched with heather; nothing like a window or chimney visible till you were close beside it; and looking very much like a hillock risen out of the soil. A little stack of turf was at one end, and some straw beehives at the other. Very proud of her bees was little Dorinn, and not without reason. One day a stray swarm, no one ever knew from whence, settled on an old thorn tree close to her cabin, and there little Dorinn found them. Covering them with a white cloth, she walked three miles to a village, where an old man made beehives for sale, bought one, and before night had her prize safely housed. Since then they had prospered and multiplied beyond all other bees that ever were known, and had proved a perfect mine of wealth to their young mistress. Other people had bees that fed on heath blossoms and thyme as well as little Dorinn, but no one's honey was so sweet and pure as hers, or brought so high a price, and no one had so little trouble in managing these capricious and fanciful little creatures as she had. When they were going to swarm, she had only to lay an empty hive, rubbed with sweet herbs and honey, close by, and the swarm, instead of wandering away, dutifully entered their new dwelling, and set to work on the instant. Nor did she ever take the lives of her faithful and industrious little servants. The old man from whom she bought her hives, and who knew the ways of bees, he said, just as well as if they had been his own children, had taught her how to drive them into a new hive when she wanted to take the honey, and she had never yet failed in doing so successfully.

As Maurice came up to the cabin, he saw that little Dorinn was sitting on a bench under the shade of a magnificent mountain-ash, now covered with clusters of brilliant crimson berries, watching her bees coming home to the hives and settling for the night, and knitting busily at the same time. The lonely little glen, a mere cleft among the hills, with its tiny, tinkling, sparkling stream, falling from rock to rock, and running through yellow broom and purple heath to join the river in the vale below; the cabin rising among the great tufts of heather as if it had grown there; the pretty straw beehives ranged on a rocky ledge near; the great mountains glowing like huge amethysts in the rosy evening light; the rich masses of crimson colour made by the clustering berries of the mountain-ash, and the lovely young girl beside it, who alone broke the perfect solitude of the spot, made an exquisite picture; and as little Dorinn formed its centre and soul, Maurice keenly felt its charm. Her bright brown hair was parted on her forehead, drawn loosely back, and twisted in a shining coil behind; her dress was the cheapest cotton gown, a dark "tinker's blue," with tiny white spots; her feet were bare, for she only wore shoes and stockings on Sundays. She had no ornament but her artless beauty and simple grace, but as Maurice looked at her it seemed to him she would do honour to a palace, if he could have given her one, instead of the lowly farmhouse into which he was going to take her. Murmuring the words of a favourite song:

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you!

he contrived, by taking a circuitous path, to get close to her before she was aware of his approach; and he had almost touched her when his shadow, as he bent forward, caught her eye. Then she started up, her bright blush, her joyous smile, her happy eyes, assuring him of a welcome as sweet as that

of which he had been singing. Giving her the blackberries he had brought her, he made her sit down again on the bench, and, though there was very little room to spare, managed to seat himself beside her.

"Now, give me your knitting," he said, "and eat your blackberries. I hate you to be knitting when I'm talking to you, for you will always keep looking at your needles and not at me."

"Well, don't pull the needles out, as you do whenever you get hold of them," said little Dorinn, laughing, as she suffered him to take the knitting out of her hands.

"There then," he said, rolling ball and knitting together into what he called "a wisp," and throwing it behind him among the heather, "it's out of my reach; and now, tell me, wasn't I a good boy to bring you these nice blackberries?"

"Yes, indeed, you were. But where did you find them? I didn't think there was any ripe yet."

"No more there is, except on the top of Carrig mountain."

"Now, don't be romancing. There's no blackberries on the top of Carrig; and if there was, you couldn't get at them."

"And is that what you're going to tell me, after all my trouble! A great climb I had, any way, and I might have broke my neck. I wonder I didn't. But you'll give me a kiss to reward me, like a good girl, won't you?" said Maurice, in his most coaxing tone.

"It wouldn't be right to reward you for telling such a story," said little Dorinn, with mock gravity.

"I never saw such a girl! You haven't a bit of belief in you. You'll be doubting the Catechism next. May be you'll tell me it wasn't the briars scratched all my hands this way. They're smarting like anything, and I'm sure they're full of thorns. Won't you get a pin and take them out for me?"

"Now, Maurice, I'm notgoing to be taken in by your tricks this time. Didn't you keep me idle for an hour and more the other day, looking for thistle thorns in your fingers, when you knew well enough there wasn't one in your whole hand!"

"Oh, well, I'm not cheating now. Just look, and you'll see."

So little Dorinn suffered herself to be persuaded, and softly touching the strong hands held out to her with her pretty brown fingers, looked first at one and then at the other.

"There isn't a single scratch," she said at last.

"Oh, but there's thorns—deep down where you can't see them. If you'll only try, you'll find them."

"Maurice, you're the biggest rogue in all Ireland, and if I served you right, I'd stick the pin into you."

"You're a hard hearted little thing," said Maurice, "and very ungrateful, too, not to give me one kiss for all those blackberries. Will you give it to me now?"

"Wait till I try if they taste as good as they look," said little Dorinn.

"Here's a beauty," said Maurice, picking out the largest and ripest; "Open your mouth, and let me put it in. Now, ain't they as good as they look?" he asked, when he had dropped one into the sweet, smiling mouth.

"I've hardly got the taste yet; give me some more," said little Dorinn.

"Who's cheating now?" exclaimed Maurice. But, apparently, he found it very pleasant to feed his pet bird, as he had called her, in this fashion, for he went on giving her berry after berry, watching her, as she took them daintily and demurely, with boyish delight; and occasionally adding zest to his enjoyment by touching her lips with one, and then suddenly snatching it away and putting it into his own mouth.

"Maurice," said little Dorinn, "will you take me up Carrig some day to get more blackberries?"

"Yes my pet, I'll take you there, or anywhere else you like, on our wedding day," said Maurice.

"It'll be a long time till then," said little Dorinn, growing suddenly grave.

"No, it won't. It'll be a very short time. I saw a wise bird, up there, and he told me that before the green leaves were all off the trees, I'd have little Dorinn for my own darling wife."

"I'm afraid he wasn't a wise bird at all," said little Dorinn. "I'm afraid he was a very foolish one, and you were very foolish if you believed him."

"Why shouldn't I believe him, when I know he spoke the truth?" said Maurice. "I'm not so disbelieving as you are! But there's some one else coming to-morrow to tell you the same story, may be you'll believe her, though you won't me."

"Now, Maurice, what is it you mean?" said little Dorinn, turning away from the bright light in Maurice's eyes, which seemed to dazzle her.

"Don't turn away your face, darling; look at me, and listen to me. I'm going to be very serious. There's some one coming to see you to-morrow that's very sorry she ever was cross and unkind to you. Some one that thinks nearly as much of you as I do myself, though she's been so bad to you lately—"

"Oh, Maurice," cried little Dorinn, her eyes filling with tears of joy, "is it your mother?"

"Yes, my own darling, it is, and I know you'll forgive her, and be good and sweet to her when she comes, for her heart was with you all the time, only she had some foolish notions about my marrying a rich wife, and buying back some of the lands that used to belong to the Byrnes."

"I always forgave her, Maurice. How could I be angry with her for thinking that a poor girl like me wasn't fit to be your wife? Wouldn't every one else say the same? And maybe it's true," said little Dorinn, her tender eyes growing wistful and sad.

"That's the one thing in the world that I'll never allow you to say to me," said Maurice, putting his arm round her with proud, protecting fondness; "even if you weren't the handsomest and best girl in all the world, as I think you are, you're the one I love, and for that reason the only one that will ever be my wife. My mother knows that, too, and she's well satisfied now that it is so; and to-morrow she's coming to tell you so, and to ask you to name the day we'll be married. And what day will it be, darling?" whispered Maurice.

"I'm sure it's very good of her," said little Dorinn, "and I'm glad and proud that she's willing to have me for her daughter. As for you, if you could see my heart, Maurice, you'd be well satisfied with me; you'd never call me proud and cold, and say I didn't care for you, again. But there's my poor old grandfather. It's only natural that every one except his own child should think him a burden, and I can't bear to let him be that, even to you."

"But when we're married he'll be my grandfather, too," said Maurice.

"Now, Maurice, don't laugh, and don't be trying to persuade me. You know I'm right."

"I know you're quite wrong. Do you think I've so mean an opinion of myself as to believe I could ever feel *your* grandfather a burden? I wonder at you, Dory Laverty, so I do! I'm afraid you think my love's but a weak kind of love, if you're afraid to trust it that far."

"I think your love's like yourself, the best in the whole world," said little Dorinn. "But there's your mother. She's a kind heart, I know, and she'd do a deal to please you, but after a while she might think him a trouble and get angry, and that would vex you; and I couldn't bear to see you vexed, Maurice."

"Please God you'll live to see me vexed many a time," said Maurice comically, "though I'll take my oath never with you. But you needn't fear my mother. You won't be a week in the house till you'll

have her doing just what you like, and nothing else. Don't I know your winning ways? Come now, my pet, be as sweet as you look, and tell me I may speak to Father Cassidy as soon as I can get the house ready."

"Now, Maurice, don't ask me;—not till I've seen your mother, at any rate. Then, maybe, if she's as anxious for it as you are—"

"I won't promise you she's *that*," said Maurice energetically; "for I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, longing for the hour when I may call you all my own!"

"You don't look so very bad, for all that," said little Dorinn, looking up half shyly, half roguishly, at the handsome, happy face of her lover. "But, anyway, you must be a good boy, and not say another word to me about it until after to-morrow."

"Well, I won't—not this minute," said Maurice. "But where's that kiss you've been owing me so long."

The pure, loving eyes that had been raised to meet his looked down, but the beautiful, blushing face was not turned away, and, bending fondly over her, Maurice kissed the sweet innocent lips.

At that moment, a voice with a cheery ring and a sly humour in its tones, though somewhat cracked and shrill with age, called out:

> "When furze is out of blossom
> Kissing's out of fashion!"

There's plenty of the blossoms about here, any way."

The lovers started up, surprised and confused, but the next moment they were ready to laugh with the intruder, whom they knew well, and who was always a privileged person. "Never mind, childher, never mind!" he said, chuckling to himself, "sure it's only ould Matty."

CHAPTER VI.

"MATTY THE MOUSE."

"OULD Matty," as he called himself, was a little dried-up, wizened old man, with a small wrinkled face, little deep-set eyes, almost hidden by their ragged, grizzled lashes, a button-like nose, a little grinning mouth, and the smallest possible chin, all surmounted by a bald pent-house of a forehead, not in the least shaded by his scanty old rabbit-skin cap. He wore a long frieze coat, garnished with innumerable pockets, an old-fashioned red waistcoat, with flaps coming halfway down his thighs, a pair of old leather hunting breeches, leather gaiters with hay ropes twisted round them to keep them dry when he crossed the bogs, and stout, iron-heeled brogues. A leather budget hung at his back, and mysterious contrivances in wood and wire, which the initiated knew to be traps for all sorts of vermin, were suspended from his waist. In his hand he carried a blackthorn cudgel, the head of which was neatly carved into a grotesque libel of the human face—"the very *moral* of himself," he always complacently asserted.

This odd looking little man's name was Matthew Flyn, but he was known through all the province of Leinster by the nickname of "Matty the Mouse." Strangely enough, in one of the wanderings to which he had always been prone, he had managed to win one of the tallest and finest girls in Kildare for his wife, and when he brought her home, much merriment among his acquaintances was caused by the curiously contrasted couple. At first everyone pitied Matty for having gone so far from home to get a wife so well able to tie him to her apron-string, or carry him about, if she liked, as Glumdalclich carried Gulliver. But Matty had known very well what he was about when he married his handsome Biddy. She was an easy-tempered, good-natured woman, slow in speech, quiet, and

indolent. Some people might have called her stupid, but Matty liked to have all the wit and most of the talk to himself; others might have accused her of laziness, but this only gave greater scope to Matty's activity. Biddy was well pleased to sit in her chair and look on, while her husband got the meals ready, or tidied the house, which it was his great delight to do; never calling him "cotquean,"—as the Nurse called old Capulet,—or any Hibernian equivalent, when he took the broom or the frying-pan out of her hands, as a more vivacious and energetic woman might have been inclined to do, but surrendering those symbols of household authority without murmur or protest, and subsiding good-humouredly into placid repose. In truth, she thought Matty a perfect and universal genius, and he thought her the best woman in the world, so they were a happy pair; and when poor Biddy died somewhat suddenly—of too much fat and too much idleness—her neighbours said Matty's grief was deep and lasting. He gave her what he called "an elegant wake and a beautiful burying," sold his snug cabin and little bit of land, and became thenceforth a vagrant and a wanderer.

But by no means a beggar. He had innumerable ways of earning his living. He knew a great many petty handicrafts; could do a little tinkering and a little cobbling; stick broken delf and clamp wooden ware; make flies that the shyest salmon or trout would rise to; crop the ears and tails of terrier dogs after the most approved fashion, and train them to hunt rats and badgers. He knew how to manage ferrets to perfection, and could catch rabbits as dexterously as Puss in Boots. Besides all these odds and ends of knowledge, he was skilful in the diseases of dogs, horses and cattle; could compound cures for ague, rheumatism and other common ailments; and was supposed to be "good at doctoring both man and beast." But his most remarkable gift, and the one to which he owed his nickname of "Matty the Mouse," has yet to be described. He knew how to play tunes on the comical phiz which ornamented his stick, as wonderful as those of the famous pipes of Hamelin, tunes which drew all the mice and rats within hearing from their hiding-holes, made them climb up his legs, up the sleeves of his coat, even into his pockets, like Count Fosco's pets, and then, going a few yards away from the house or barn out of which he had charmed them, with the fascinated creatures following, and clinging round and about him, he would suddenly cease playing; the mice and rats would disappear as quickly as Cinderella's enchanted horses and servants when the fated hour came, and never again return to the haunts from which his magic music had lured them. Of all these talents and acquirements, Matty made shrewd and discreet use, and contrived, through one or another of them, to find a ready welcome in the servants' hall at the "big house," the farmer's kitchen and the labourer's cabin; and his cheery, contented temper, and unfailing good nature, made him a prime favourite with rich and poor, young and old.

"Never mind me, childher," he said again, as little Dorinn picked up her knitting, and began plying her needles, while Maurice threw the blackberry leaves out of his hat, and put it on his head with well-assumed indifference. "Never mind me; nobody ever minds ould Matty. And how's all up at Roebawn, Mr. Maurice? It's a beautiful evening, God bless it, and I'm thinking the farmers will have a fine time to get out the potatoes. And how's the ould mistress? Not that she's ould, either, but then she's not as young as I remember her. If I was you, Mr. Maurice, I'd be bringing her home a young daughter to help her to keep the house."

"Well, Matty, will you speak a good word for me to some nice girls?"

"Musha, now, listen to him!" said old Matty. "A clean, straight, handsome boy like you, good at both work and divarsion,

don't want an ould man like me to speak for him."

"I wish the girl I like best saw me with your eyes, Matty," said Maurice, laughing.

"Oh, faix, she's good eyes of her own. She wouldn't want to change them for mine. But you needn't be blushing, Dorinn avourneen; sure I've said no harm, and I've named no names. But, troth, it becomes you. No rose in the garden ever had such a bloom. You're the flower of this countryside any way!"

"Matty, I think the last time you were on your travels, you went to Blarney and kissed the stone!" said little Dorinn.

"No, indeed, honey, I never travelled so far as Blarney; but you see I'm old, and may say what I like, and no one's ever offended. When I see a handsome face I can't help praising it, and I'm sure the sight of yours is as good as a cordial to me any day. Every word I've said is as true as the Prayer Book, and I know Mr. Maurice will never deny it."

"Indeed I never will, Matty," said Maurice, with a merry laugh.

"I'll go bail you won't, and I'll wish you no worse wish than that you may live to be as ould as I am, and have her face still beside you, and think it the finest sight under the sun then, as you do now!"

"Thank you, Matty," said Maurice, "you couldn't give me a wish that would please me better."

Little Dorinn said nothing, but she looked up at the lonely old man with kind, pitying eyes, which he understood very well.

"God bless you, child!" he said; "but you needn't be sorry for me. It's true I have no wife or child, and I'm nothing but a wanderer in my ould age, but I've lots of friends—lots of friends. All the neighbours are good to me, and all the little children are fond of ould Matty; and when they see him coming, they all run to hear him play his queer tunes on his stick. So God's will be done! There's one in Heaven waiting for me, and it won't be long till I join her. Though, indeed, there's many would miss ould Matty if he was gone. There's more than you think depends on me for advice in their troubles, or medicines to ease their pains. And that reminds me, Dory dear, that I came up here this evening to ask you for some of your fine quicken-berries. There's none in these parts to compare with them in size or in colour. And indeed the tree's just as pretty as a picture; it's a'most a sin to be wanting to rob it."

"Now, Matty, how can you say that when you know it's to make medicines you want them. I'm proud to think they'll be put to such good use instead of withering away on the tree."

"Well, in troth, they're good for all sorts of ailments," said Matty. "They're good as drinks, decoctions is the learned name, and good as embrocations and liniments. Sure I've a book that tells all about them, and about the virtues of all the herbs of the field, and all the trees in the wood, and about the secrets of all the minerals and metals, and about crystals and eagle stones; and there's a dictionary at the end of it tells the meaning of all the hard words. A wonderful book it is, sure enough. A fairy-woman gave it to me for saving her cat from a pack of wild boys that were going to throw it into the Liffey, to see whether it would sink or swim."

Pulling out of his pocket a square little volume, bound in vellum, and very much blackened with smoke and dirt, he handed it to Maurice. The title-page was gone, but the book was evidently very old. There was an introduction, in which the writer professed to have collected, and then first given to the world, the choicest and rarest recipes of the most famous Arabic and Jewish doctors; in which might be found infallible cures for all the ills that flesh of man or beast is heir to. It was written partly in quaint English, partly in monkish Latin, and interspersed with many curious astrological signs, cabal-

istic symbols, and other mysterious characters and ciphers. There was a glossary at the end; and the whole book was so much worn and soiled by rude fingers that in many places it was almost illegible.

"It's as full of wisdom as an egg is full of meat, as the ould saying is,—if a body could only understand it," said Matty, as Maurice turned over the leaves and little Dorinn looked at them over his shoulder. "Many a fine cure I've got out of that same book, though them long *s's* are very puzzling, let alone the learned words, and the quare marks and signs, that ignorant people wanted to persuade me was black magic; and for that reason I don't let many of them ever see it."

"Well, they *are* queer, anyhow," said little Dorinn, looking with some little awe at the mysterious characters; "if they're not magic, what are they?"

"They're mostly languages," said Matty; "*dead* languages. Old Dr. Wingfield, Mr. Frank's father, told me so. Some of them are Greek letters, and some of them Hebrew, and some of them have a quare long name that I always forget till I call to mind the little words that will make it up when I put them together—four little words; high-row-lif—and six with the *s* left out; and now I have it—highrowlifix; that's the name, and a very quare name it is. The doctor said it was the way they used to write in Egypt. And faix, when I heard him say that, I didn't like it, for I've been told the Egyptians were powerful magicians and a wicked people entirely; and sure we all know it was for their wickedness they were once all drownded in the Red Sea. So what do you think I did? I took the book to Father Cassidy, and asked him to sign it with the Cross and sprinkle it with holy water, and say the Glory over it. For you know, childher," said Matty solemnly, "if there was any witchcraft or deviltry in it, when it felt the holy water and heard the holy words, it would have flew right out of the window, just as if it had been blown up by gunpowder, and gone off to its *own place* and to them that wrote it."

"Do you believe that now, Matty?" asked Maurice somewhat sceptically, while little Dorinn looked up with "wonder-waiting eyes."

"Yes, faix, do I!" said Matty stoutly. Sure there's lots of witchcraft in the Bible, and wicked spirits, and magicians; I believe in them all, sure enough. But then I'm not one of those fools that sees witchcraft and magic in learning or in skill. Now, would you think it? I've heard some people say it was by magic I played the quare tunes I can play on my stick."

"Well, so it is," said Maurice, "the magic of genius!"

"True for you," said the old man, laughing with great delight—"it is just that; it's my genius, and nothing else—the magic of genius. That's a fine saying, Mr. Maurice; you must have got it out of a book!"

"I dare say I did," said Maurice, laughing. "But there's only two kinds of magic I believe in, and that's one of them; the other is ——" he stopped and looked at little Dorinn, who was that moment innocently looking up at him—"the other," he said, "comes out of the eyes that we love!"

"Oh never fear but you believe in *that* magic!" said old Matty "you needn't tell us that!"

"But what did Father Cassidy say, Matty?" asked little Dorinn.

"Oh, he said it was a good book, with not a bit of harm in it, but he said as I wished it, he'd no objection to sign it with the Cross and sprinkle it with holy water; and he did so, and not a bit of it ever stirred or changed a letter, and so I knew after seeing *that* with my own eyes, there could be nothing in it that wasn't fit for a Christian. And many a Christian it has done good to since I got it, not to speak of poor dumb brutes; and though every minute I have to spare I'm conning it over, I never look into

it that I don't find something 'good and new."

"It seems to have been well read," said Maurice.

"Faix you may say that. Many a one has got learning out of it since it was printed, but sure all the good is in it yet. Dr. Wingfield, and he's a knowledgable man, told me that if I liked he could get me a mint of money for it from a Society in Dublin that makes it its business to hunt up ould, ancient things—the Antiquarian Society they call it; I suppose because it's always searching for quare things. And there's nothing the society values more than quare ould books, as I understand. But indeed, ould things are always the best; ould songs, and ould stories, and ould people, too? Isn't that true, honey?" he asked turning to little Dorinn.

"Yes, of course, Matty, if they're like you," said little Dorinn, with a merry laugh.

"There, now," said the old man, grinning and winking at Maurice, "didn't I know she'd say so? I'll engage you thought she'd say the young ones was best. But the conceit of boys is wonderful!"

"Is there anything about bees in your book, Matty?" asked little Dorinn.

"No, avourneen, there is not, but there's something about honey, and about wax too. I'll show it all to you some day when I've got time. But, sure, you don't want any one to teach you about the bees. It's my belief it's the creatures themselves have taught you all their secrets. Quare creatures they are, too; full of whims, and fancies, and notions, just like human beings. All the care and kindness and sweet flowers on earth won't make them contented in some places, and in others, that maybe you wouldn't think half as good for them, you may set down the hives just where you choose, and they'll settle there, and thrive, and never ask to leave it. And it's the same with people as with places; there's some they won't let come within sight of the hive without stinging them, and others again may move them about, and handle them any way they like, and never get a touch—just like little Dorinn. It's my belief them bees are as fond of her as if she was their queen."

"Well, indeed, I think they do know me," said little Dorinn, "I never got a sting in my life."

"That's what I say," said Matty, "and a mighty good sign it is, I can tell you, Mr. Maurice; none better, for the bees are a wise generation, and they never like any one only quiet good-natured people; noisy, fussy, ill-tempered people bees can never abide. And now I'll step in to see your grandfather. But first give me the book, Mr. Maurice; I'll let you look at it again any day you like, but I never part with it out of my sight."

"You won't sell it to the Antiquarian Society, then," said Maurice, returning the book, which Matty carefully deposited in one of his safest pockets.

"No, Mr. Maurice, not for its weight in pure gold. My poor Biddy thought a power of that book, and a deal of pleasure it used to give her to hear me read the hard words out of it—just for the sake of the sound of them; and when she was going to leave me, (the Heavens be her bed!) she made me promise never to part with it. And no more I won't—not for the Bank of Dublin and all that is in it, if I had the offer of it. For Biddy was a rock of sense, so she was, though very few knew it except myself. But I wonder what it is keeps me here all the night blathering to you two childher, like an ould fool that I am, and you wanting to get rid of me all the time!"

"Oh, no we are not, Matty," said little Dorinn, "we are going into the cabin with you, for grandfather will be wanting to see Maurice too."

She led the way as she spoke, and Maurice, though he would have much preferred remaining outside, if he could have kept little Dorinn with him, followed her into the cabin.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED."

On first coming into the cabin, out of the free open space and golden sunshine, it looked as dark as a hermit's cell, and almost as small, but when the eye grew accustomed to the change, it could be seen that it was clean and tidy, and more comfortable than an outsider would have believed possible. By good management it held a little dresser, with a few household articles neatly arranged on the shelves and in the recess beneath; a little table, two or three stools, a chest for clothes, a settle-bed in which little Dorinn slept, (a bed by night, a seat by day), and her grandfather's bedstead—a rough wooden frame with a chaff bed, and a wadded and quilted coverlet, the work of little Dorinn. A fire of turf was burning on the hearth, for at no season is a fire out of place in an Irish cabin, and it is always kept up, as long as a few "sods" of turf, or a "brasna" of sticks, can be had. Old Paddy was sitting in a low rush-bottomed chair near the hearth, peeling a bundle of green rushes to be dipped in grease by little Dorinn and used as candles. A stream of light from the setting sun came through the open door, and fell full on the old man's picturesque head and face; his snow-white fringe of hair, bright, dark eyes, and large finely formed features, once full of fire and energy, but now refined by suffering, and made beautiful by an expression of quiet submission and cheerful patience, often to be found in an Irish peasant, when his afflictions come, as he believes, directly from the hand of God.

"God save all here!" said Matty, (a formula never omitted by the Irish peasantry on entering a house, even if it should appear empty, lest fairies, or "something better, or worse," should be lurking there, invisible to mortal eyes). "How do you find yourself, Paddy aroon?"

"Well, I'm doing bravely, Matty, thanks be to God. This dry weather is wondherful good for the bones, and I'm able to use my hands finely, as you see. Sure, didn't I make a lot of heath brooms last week."

"You were always fond of work, Paddy, and a fine hand at it, too."

"Well, indeed, so the neighbours used to say. But it's little I can do now, only an odd job like this, or a few brooms, as I told you, by way of amusement, and thankful I am when I can do that same. But who's that yonder at the door? Isn't that Maurice Byrne?"

"Yes, Paddy, it is me. I'm glad to see you looking so well."

"Isn't he?" said little Dorinn, "and as handsome as the picture of St. Joseph himself."

"For shame, child," said Paddy, "to be wheedling your old grandfather that way. But sit down, boys, sit down. Maurice has had his supper, I know, but maybe Matty hasn't. She'll give you a bit of oaten-cake and a drink of milk, Matty."

"Yes, and it's good cake, too, Matty," said little Dorinn, going to the dresser to get some.

"Sure, I know it's good when it was you made it, my colleen dhas!" (pretty girl) said Matty, "but I'll not take any of it this time, thanking you all the same, for I had my supper at Tim Ryan's down at the bridge."

"Well, sit down, any way, and tell us the news. I suppose you were at the fair of Kilcool."

Matty sat down, taking off his leather budget, and the belt to which his traps were suspended, and placed them, with his stick, on the floor. "Yes, I was at the fair of Kilcool," he said, "and a finer lot of sheep I never saw, and by the same token there was a colley dog there that bate everything ever I saw for 'cuteness. There isn't a word his masther says that he doesn't understand as sensible as a Christian, and he'd pick one of his own flock of sheep out of a thousand, that you'd think as like it as two peas. But

sure all dogs are 'cute. Look at that little terrier there, how he's listening to me; he knows I'm talking of his kind as well as you do. Come here, Trim. Isn't it Trim you call him? Trim enough he looks, too. Sure it was I trimmed him; and though I say it that shouldn't say it, there's never a man in all Ireland knows how to crop a dog better. Did you ever see a nicer dog, Paddy, or one with better points? Look at the little black muzzle of him! And look at his little black nose. He's true-bred, anyway!"

Still fingering the dog's ears, he suddenly looked up at Paddy. "Musha, Paddy, how old were you in the risin' of '98?"

"Well, I was only a slip of a boy," said Paddy, "just thirteen, as I've been told."

"You remember them times, I suppose."

"Troth, do I; better than what happened yesterday. Bad times they were, when hanging, and shooting, and flogging went on night and day, and the soldiers went round with pitch-caps and triangles, cropping your hair, and your ears too, and torturing you with pickets, and God knows what! I don't deny that in the end the boys used the pikes where they oughtn't, but they were only following the example set them, and true it is, they never came up to it. They'd have fought like good Christians if they hadn't been goaded into wickedness by them devils of Ancient Britons and Fencibles. And the yeomen were nearly as bad. Sure a bit of green ribbon in your hat, or a green sprig in your button-hole, would condemn you on the spot, and never a question asked. You know the old song:

"I met with Bonaparte, and he took me by the hand,
Saying, How is old Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's a poor distracted country as ever you have seen,
For they're hanging men and women for the Wearing of the Green!"

"And so they did!"

"But they couldn't put it down for all that!" said Maurice, with a sudden fierceness that made little Dorinn's heart jump. "It's only the other day that a brave bold song was made, "The Green above the Red."

"Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died,
And Wolfe Tone sank serene,
Because they could not bear to leave
The Red above the Green!"

"Oh! but Lord Edward was the handsome fellow!" said Paddy; "as brave as a lion, and as gentle as any lamb, with an eye and a step like a hero; and a hero he was, if ever there was one. Did I ever tell you about him and his green handkerchief."

"No, what was it?" said Maurice.

"Well, he and a friend of his, a true patriot like himself, O'Connor by name, were at the races at the Curragh, and Lord Edward had a green handkerchief tied about his neck. There was a lot of impident dragoon officers there, too, and when Lord Edward and his friend were going home, a dozen of the officers rode after them till they came to a lonely part of the road, and no one was near to back Lord Edward (for he would have had lots of backers on the Curragh); then they galloped in front to stop the way, and the one that took it upon him to be spokesman ordered Lord Edward to take off that rebel rag he had about his neck. 'Gentlemen,' said Lord Edward, sitting straight on his horse, and looking the officers full in the face, while his eyes flashed fire, 'here I am; let any man among you that objects to it come and take it!'"

"More power to him!" said old Matty.

"And what did they do then?" asked Maurice, whose eyes were flashing.

"Not one of them was man enough to take *his dare*. They just parleyed with his friend for a minute, and then rode off and left them there. Oh, his was the brave spirit, and the last words he ever said in this world were—'Come on! Come on!' No doubt he thought he was leading his men in the very front of

the battle! But that wasn't to be his fate. Traitors betrayed him, and he died in prison, like a wounded eagle that had chafed himself to death."

"Paddy," said Maurice, "do you remember my father's cousin that was hanged in Wicklow?"

"Is it Billy Byrne, of Ballymanus? Well I remember him. He was the pride of Wicklow. He and Hackett, and Holt, and some of the Wicklow and Wexford men, held out in the mountains for months. There was a queer song about Holt:

"Did you see Holt and his men
With the gun they called tatter-the-army."

They got the better of the king's soldiers more than once, or twice either, but at last they were dispersed, and Billy Byrne was taken and lodged in Wicklow jail. I saw him going to be hanged. They marched him down the street from the jail to Gallows Hill, where the gallows was then, with a guard of soldiers at each side of him. A fine handsome young man he was, and dressed that day in breeches and silk stockings, with ruffles on his shirt, and his hair curled; and he walked as firmly down the street, and stepped as straight and true, as if he was going to a wedding and not to his own hanging. But hanged he was, and the women looked out of the windows to see him pass, with the tears flowing down their faces, and much afraid of the soldiers as they were, many a one among them took flowers and kissed them, and threw them down upon him. He was the darling of the country, and a valiant soldier as I've heard tell of."

"Well, he died for his country!" said Maurice, much excited. "They gave him a dog's death, but he made it the death of a hero."

"Yes, he did that. But, oh! them was awful times! Every man the informers pointed their fingers at was shot down by the military; every man that was tried in the courts, that were well called the courts of death, was condemned and executed; not even Curran—John Philpott Curran—could save them. By all account he was a splendid speaker, and he fought for the lives of the poor boys in the docks like a hero, and risked his own life every day that he did it. But it was all in vain. Judges and juries thirsted for their blood, and they were all doomed. But all the time they were murdering those they could catch, those that were still free were singing—

Up with the Green, boys! up with the Green!
Shout it back to the Sassenach, we'll never sell the Green!

There was O'Dwyer. He and a lot of the boys were hid in the mountains round about Glenmalure and Lugalaa for five years. There was no roads into them places then, only the wild passes, where no troops could go, and Lord Carhampton himself couldn't hunt them out. And that puts me in mind of another song was made in them days:

Up the dreary mountain and down the foggy glyn,
It's there we'll make a begging bag of Lord Carhampton's skin!
For we are the boys that dare ye,
That dare ye, that dare ye!
We are the boys that dare ye,
For we're all United Men!

There was lots of fine rebel songs made in those days. Curran himself made a fine song called 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

"There was no Fenians in those days, was there?" asked Matty.

"No, not that ever I heard of," said Paddy, "and for my part, I don't know the meaning of the word."

"It was the name the picked troops of the Irish kings in old times were called by," said Maurice, "men that would die but never yield, and among whom there never was known coward or traitor."

"Is that it?" said old Matty. "And I suppose them that call themselves Fenians now-a-days are just like the United Irishmen in 'Ninety-eight, and want the same things."

"Yes," said Maurice, "they want Ireland for the Irish—that's all."

"Oh, but, faix, that's a great deal," said Paddy. "There's a power of English in the country that would fight hard before they gave up what they have got; to say nothing of England herself."

"Well," said Maurice, "I suppose the Fenians won't be such fools as to go to war till they're strong enough."

"Oh, Maurice!" exclaimed little Dorinn, "don't talk that way. God forbid there should be any war!"

"Nonsense, child," said Paddy, "we're only just talking by way of divarsion. Maurice knows well enough that day's a long way off, if it ever comes."

"Well, I don't know," said Matty, dubiously. "Do you think there's many of them, Mr. Maurice."

"I never heard of any just about here," said Maurice, "but I believe they're strong in Munster, and in other parts too."

"But how do you know all this, Maurice?" asked little Dorinn uneasily. Maurice was sitting on the end of the table, and little Dorinn leaning against the dresser close beside him. Looking down at her, and catching her anxious glance, the dark look that had gathered on his face cleared away, and laying his hand on her shoulder tenderly, he said, "Just from the newspapers—no other way in the world."

"I was afraid may be you were a Fenian," she said timidly.

"Not a bit of it!" said Maurice with his gay laugh. "I'm too fond of myself—and of somebody else that's better worth being fond of—unless I saw a better chance for them than I do now."

"Well, now, look here," said Matty, "sure we're all friends here, and so I'll just tell you what happened to me at the fair of Kilcool. I was standing among a ring of tents, a little way out of a crowd, where blind Billy Carroll was playing the pipes. Some were dancing jigs, and more were round a schemer that was cheating them out of their money with his pea and his thimbles, when a young man, very well dressed, and well-looking, too, and with a dandy stick in his hand, came beside me. 'Good day to you, neighbour,' said he, in a friendly way. 'The same to your honour,' said I; for you see I thought maybe he was one of them Trinity College chaps come down from Dublin to see the fun, and maybe play a game at thimble-rig, as all them boys are mad after it. 'Are you a tinker?' says he 'if it is no offence to ask, or a cobbler?' 'No,' said I, 'I'm not much of any trade, but I do a bit in the mending line.' 'You look like a traveller,' said he. 'True enough,' said I, 'I'm seldom off my feet.' 'And you're a good Irishman, I'll be bound,' said he. 'Troth am I, every inch of me,' said I, 'though the inches aint many.' Then said he, 'Size is nothing; it's the spirit that tells, and a heart that loves ould Ireland; and I'm sure you've got that,' said he. Well, you'd think there was no harm in that; but somehow or other I began to misdoubt him, and to guess that he was after something more than mere divarsion; though what it was, of course, I could not tell. 'Well, sir,' said I, 'What if I have?' 'Because, if you have,' said he, 'you could do her and her friends a piece of service very easy.' 'I'd like to know what it was before I'd undertake to do it,' said I. For, troth, I was a little afraid of him, having kept clear of Whiteboys and Ribbonmen all my life. 'What I'm asking won't do harm to you nor any one else,' said he, 'it's just to take these songs and ballads and histories,' says he, taking a parcel out of his pocket, 'and disperse them about as you travel.' 'And what are they about?' says I, not putting out my hand to take them, for I was suspicious of what was in them. 'They're about the glories of old Ireland in ancient times,' says he, 'and the glories of young Ireland in the good time that's coming. They're the finest reading ever you saw in your life,' said he, 'and every true son of Ireland ought to have them by heart.' And with

that he slipped the parcel into my hand, and before I could say aye or no, he pushed back among the crowd and out at the back of the tents and was gone. And now here's the books just as he gave them to me."

Opening his wallet, Matty took out a parcel wrapped in a piece of canvas, and tied round with a green string, and untying it, spread out its contents on the table—broad sheet ballads, pamphlets, and coloured engravings.

"Musha, what are they?" said Paddy.

"Mr. Maurice will tell us," said Matty.

"Well, I'll do my best," said Maurice, "if little Dorinn will help me," and drawing her close to the table that she and he might look at them together, he examined them one by one, while Matty afterwards passed them on to old Paddy.

Maurice read aloud—'The Life and Exploits of the great Hugh O'Neill, whom England called the Monstrous Traitor, because he wanted to keep his own.' 'Owen Roe's victory at Beinnburb, and the life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell.' "They lived in the old days," said Maurice. 'The life of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, of Glenmalure, called the Firebrand of the Mountains, who died as he had lived, a Hero and a Free Man!' "He lived in the old times, too."

"Yes, but he was an ancestor of yours," said Paddy. "The Byrnes were a race of heroes, no doubt; and you've a good right to be proud of them."

"Oh, it's my mother that's proud of them, not me," said Maurice, though he had flushed a little as he read the name. 'The life of Theobald Wolfe Tone' came next.

"I remember him," said Matty. "It was him brought the French to Killala Bay; as the song says:

> "The French are in the bay,
> They'll be here without delay,
> And the Orange will decay
> Says the Shan Van Vocht."

But they did nothing after all, and he was taken hiding in the glens in Lough Swilly, and, sooner than be hanged, he put an end to his life in prison."

"God pity us, that was a great sin," said Dorinn.

"Sure enough it was!" said Paddy. "But he had a brave heart and a high spirit, like all the bold leaders of 'Ninety-eight."

"But now here's something!" said Matty. "Look at this elegant picture of a lady on a rock above the sea, holding a harp in her hand, with a green flag over her head, and her black hair falling loose to the breeze; that's no other than the Ros gal dubh—the fair black-haired Rose of Erin."

"So it is," said Maurice," "and that's the flag of the Irish Republic over her head; there's the Sunburst on the flag. And here's poetry:

> "When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
> God blessed the green island, and said it was good;
> The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
> In the ring of the ocean the most precious stone;
> In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blessed:
> With back towards Britain, her face to the west,
> She stands like a fortress upon her steep shore,
> And strikes her high harp amid ocean's deep roar!"

"Haven't they made her young and beautiful," said little Dorinn.

"Certainly," said Paddy, "so they ought. She's the Shan Van Vocht (the poor old woman, or prophetess), but she's the Ros gal dubh, too, and will be for ever."

"Aye, aye," said Matty, "she's young blood in her veins yet. But what's this now? What bird do you call this? Is it the eagle?"

He held out a brilliant picture of a phœnix rising out of a pile of ashes, with the motto "Resurgam."

"That's the phœnix," said Maurice; "that's the young bird rising out of the ashes of the old one."

"There's something about the phaynix in my ould book," said Matty. "There's great vartue in a phaynix; it's a bird that never dies. But what does this picture mean, I wonder?"

"That's a design for Emmett's tomb," said Maurice, taking it from him, and reading aloud: "One of the first acts of the Irish Republic will be to build a noble tomb for Ireland's martyr, Robert Smith Emmett, who requested with his dying breath that no stone should be raised to his memory till Ireland was free. You remember Emmett, Paddy, don't you?" asked Maurice.

"Aye, that I do, Maurice. They took him in Scalp Mountain, and hanged him in Dublin. It was said he might have escaped to France, only he wouldn't go till he had seen a young lady he was in love with. She was a daughter of Curran, the great lawyer. They took her over the sea to foreign parts and married her to some one else, but she never held up her head, and died of a broken heart. And it's no wonder. He was a man worth dying for. There was a song made about her, I've heard."

"May God rest their souls!" said little Dorinn; and a sudden thrill of terror crossed her mind, as she thought what would become of her if Maurice joined the Fenians and were hanged.

"Amen!" said Maurice gently, and as he pressed his hand closer on little Dorinn's shoulder, her terror seemed to pass away.

"Here's something else," continued Maurice, taking up a broad sheet.

"In the name of the Fenian Brotherhood!
Now's the Day and now's the Hour!
Rise, Irishmen, and shake off the chains that bind you.
Show yourselves men and the tyrants will flee before and behind you.
Fight for the dear green land till every inch is free,
We'll have Ireland for the Irish and the Saxons may have the sea!
Hurrah! for the Irish Republic and Erin go Bragh!"

"That's treason, said Matty, "nothing less."

"Well, what then," said Maurice, "if the thought's in, sure it must come out. And here's "The Green above the Red." There's brave words in that song."

Brave, wild words, as Maurice said, though not very wise ones; the boldest of all stirring songs with which Thomas Osborne Davis, who died little more than a boy, full of passionate genius, of ardent enthusiasm, of pure, if misdirected patriotism, sought to kindle his own spirit in the breasts of his countrymen!

"Read it, Maurice," said Paddy.

And Maurice read

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

Full often when our fathers saw the Red above the Green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike and skene,
And over many a noble plain and many a field of dead,
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean,
And yet, by Heaven, they'd sooner raise their victims from the dead,
Than force our hearts to leave the Green and cotton to the Red.

It was for this that Owen fought, and Sarsfield nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red,
And 'twas for this Lord Edward died and Wolfe Tone sank serene—
Because they could not bear to see the Red above the Green.

And 'tis for this we'll think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,
And freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to shed,
Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the Red!

"That's a mighty fine song entirely," said Paddy.

"Faix, I'd be took up by the police if it was found with me," said Matty, "or them other songs and pictures either."

"Give them to me, Matty," said Maurice. "I'll buy them from you."

"No don't, Matty; don't sell them to him," said little Dorinn.

"Why not?" said Maurice; "I'd like to read them all."

"I don't think it would be good for you to read them," said little Dorinn, "and if they're dangerous for Matty to have, they'd be worse for you."

"You're right, avourneen," said old Paddy, "so they would. The English are far too strong with their ships, and their soldiers, and their cannon, for poor little Ireland. Didn't they beat Bonaparte himself. I've seen risings enough in my time, and warn't they all put down? and many a fine young head laid low along with them. There was the rising of 'Ninety-eight; and every one thought the French were coming to help us then, but when they did come and took Killala, sure they couldn't keep it; and it all ended in blood and misery. And then came poor Emmett's rising, and *that* was put down in a night. And Smith O'Brien's —sure didn't he make a hare of himself, and of them that were with him. And if we were to rise now it would be just the same thing over again. It was only by keeping the boys quiet, and managing them as he did, that Dan O'Connell ever got us emancipation.

"I dare say you're right enough," said Maurice, "but I like to hear you tell of the brave fellows that shed their blood for their country as if it had been water. I've always liked to hear about them, and read about them, since I can remember."

"Well, there wouldn't be any harm in that if there were no Fenians," said little Dorinn; "but if I was you, Matty, I'd burn them books and pictures—every one of them."

"Well, no, honey," said Matty, gathering them up and tying them again in a parcel, "I don't think I could do that. They're very fine writing and reading, to say nothing of the pictures, and I feel as if it would be a sin to destroy them. But I promise you I'll hide them away in a safe place that no one knows but myself; and I'll take care," he added with a laugh, "that Maurice doesn't find them. And now it's time for me to be going, for I have to get as far as Rathneed to-night; so I'll say good evening to you, Paddy. I'm mighty glad to see you looking so well and in such fine spirits." "Thank you, honey," he said to little Dorinn, as she helped him to put on his traps and shoulder his budget—"may be you won't think it too much trouble to pull them quicken-berries for me now."

"Not a bit of trouble, Matty," said little Dorinn.

"I'll go and help you," said Maurice; but he lingered a little behind the others to delight old Paddy by telling him that his mother had given her full consent to his marriage with little Dorinn. "And now," he said, turning his bright laughing eyes on Paddy, as he stood in the doorway, "it will go hard with me if she's not my wife before the new moon's an old one!"

(To be continued.)

RENUNCIATION.

BY ALICE HORTON.

HE passed me in the race !
He was the bolder man,
And his the victory
Before the race began.

He knew not how to fail,
He fell before no foe !
More than he sought he won,—
God has made some men so !

No knight loved dames so well,
No dame loved falser knight ;
I won less love, and so
I held not love so light.

It pained me when I shrank,
When doubting held me mute—
To see his face look up,
So fair and resolute.

The hours that I delayed,
The chance I set aside,
Rose from their graves one day
To blame me that they died.

Thou hadst determined, Friend,
Whilst I was wavering,
Thou wouldst have sipped the sweet—
I only feared the sting.

The hours that I delayed,
Would have seen thee full blessed,
The flower I dreamed about,
O Friend, thou hadst possessed !

And yet, however fair
Thy promise seems to shine,
I'd change my autumn day
For no such spring as thine.

To me the bliss of years
Was slight compared with this—
The pressure of one hand,
The rapture of one kiss.

I could surrender fame,
Too happy still to bear
The thorny crown that love
And honour bade me wear.

What though life smile on thee !
My faithful heart holds fast
Its richer meed of toil—
Its consecrated past.

Sail thou on wider seas,
Be thine the large increase ;
I seek in quiet ports
The holy gift of peace !

OTTAWA.

A WIREPULLER OF KINGS.*

SOME of our readers will remember that there was at one time a great panic in England about the unconstitutional influence of Prince Albert, and that connected with Prince Albert's name, in the invectives of a part of the press, was that of the intimate friend, constant guest and trusted adviser of the Royal Family, Baron Stockmar. The suspicion was justified by the fact in both cases; but in the case of Baron Stockmar as well as in that of Prince Albert, the influence appears to have been exercised for good. Lord Aberdeen, who always spoke his mind with the sincerity and simplicity of a perfectly honest man, said of Stockmar: "I have known men as clever, as discreet, as good, and with as much judgment; but I never knew any one who united all these qualities as he did." Melbourne was jealous of his reputed influence, but testified to his sense and worth. Palmerston disliked, we may say hated him, but he declared him the only disinterested man of the kind he had ever known.

Stockmar was a man of good family, who originally pursued the profession of medicine, and having attracted the notice of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, the husband of Princess Charlotte, and afterwards King of the Belgians, was appointed physician in ordinary to that Prince upon his marriage. When, in course of time, he exchanged the functions of physician in ordinary for those of wirepuller in ordinary, he found that the time passed in medical study had not been thrown away. He said himself, "It was a clever stroke to have originally studied medicine; without the knowledge thus acquired, without the psychological and physiological experiences thus obtained, my *savoir faire* would often have gone a begging." It seems also that he practised politics on medical principles, penetrating a political situation, or detecting a political disease, by the help of single expressions or acts, after the manner of medical diagnosis, and in his curative treatment endeavouring to remove as far as possible every pathological impediment, so that the healing moral nature might be set free, and social and human laws resume their restorative power. He might have graduated as a politician in a worse school.

He was not able to cure himself of dyspepsia and affections of the eye, which clung to him through life, the dyspepsia producing fluctuation of spirits, and occasional hypochondria, which, it might have been thought, would seriously interfere with his success as a court favourite. "At one time he astonished the observer by his sanguine, bubbling, provoking, unreserved, quick, fiery or humourous, cheerful, even unrestrainedly gay manner, winning him by his hearty open advances where he felt himself attracted and encouraged to confidence: at other times he was all seriousness, placidity, self-possession, cool circumspection, methodical consideration, prudence, criticism, even irony and scepticism." Such is not the portrait which imagination paints of the demeanour of a court favourite. But Stockmar had one invaluable qualification for the part—he had conscientiously made up his mind that it is a man's duty in life to be bored.

The favour of a Prince of Saxe Coburg would not in itself have been fortune. The late Duke of Cambridge, as everybody who has ever had the honour of being within earshot of him knew, was in the habit of think-

* Memoirs of Baron Stockmar. By his son, Baron E. Von Stockmar. Translated from the German by G. A. M. Edited by F. Max Müller. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green and Co. Boston and New York: Lee and Shepard.

ing aloud. It was said that at the marriage of a German prince with an English princess, at which the Duke was present, when the bridegroom pronounced the words: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a voice from the circle responded, "The boots you stand in are not paid for." But as it was sung of the aggrandizement of Austria in former days—

"Let others war, do thou, blest Austria, wed,"

so the house of Saxe Coburg may be said in later days to have been aggrandized by weddings. The marriage of his patron with the presumptive heiress to the Crown of England was the beginning of Stockmar's subterranean greatness.

The Princess Charlotte expressed herself to Stockmar with regard to the character of her revered parents in the following "pithy" manner:—"My mother was bad, but she could not have become as bad as she was if my father had not been infinitely worse." The Regent was anxious to have the Princess married for two reasons, in the opinion of the judicious author of this memoir—because he wanted to be rid of his daughter, and because when she was married she would form less of a link between him and his wife. Accordingly, when she was eighteen hints were given her through the court physician, Sir Henry Halford (such is the course of royal love), that if she would have the kindness to fix her affections on the hereditary Prince of Orange, (afterwards King William II. of the Netherlands,) whom she had never seen, it would be exceedingly convenient. The Prince came over to England, and, by the help of a "certain amount of artful precipitation on the part of the father," the pair became formally engaged. The Princess said at first that she did not think her betrothed "by any means so disagreeable as she had expected." In time, however, this ardour of affection abated. The Prince was a baddish subject, and he had a free-and-easy manner, and wanted tact and refinement. He returned to London from some races seated on the outside of a coach, and in a highly excited state. Worst of all, he lodged at his tailor's. The engagement was ultimately broken off by a difficulty with regard to the future residence of the couple, which would evidently have become more complicated and serious if the Queen of the Netherlands had ever inherited the Crown of England. The Princess was passionately opposed to leaving her country. The Regent and his ministers tried to keep the poor girl in the dark, and get her into a position from which there would be no retreat. But she had a temper and a will of her own; and her recalcitration was assisted by the Parliamentary Opposition, who saw in the marriage a move of Tory policy, and by her mother, who saw in it something agreeable to her husband. Any one who wishes to see how diplomatic lovers quarrel will find instruction in these pages.

The place left vacant by the rejected William was taken by Prince Leopold, with whom Stockmar came to England. In Stockmar's Diary of May 5, 1806, is the entry:—"I saw the sun (that of royalty we presume, not the much calumniated sun of Britain) for the first time at Oatlands. Baron Hardenbroek, the Prince's equerry, was going into the breakfast-room. I followed him, when he suddenly signed to me with his hand to stay behind; but she had already seen me and I her. '*Aha, docteur*,' she said, '*entrez*.' She was handsomer than I had expected, with most peculiar manners, her hands generally folded behind her, her body always pushed forward, never standing quiet, from time to time stamping her foot, laughing a great deal and talking still more. I was examined from head to foot, without, however, losing my countenance. My first impression was not favourable. In the evening she pleased me more. Her dress was simple and in good taste." The Princess took to the doctor, and, of course, he took to her. A subsequent entry in his Diary

is :—"The Princess is in good humour, and then she pleases easily. I thought her dress particularly becoming; dark roses in her hair, a short light blue dress without sleeves, with a low round collar, a white puffed-out Russian chemisette, the sleeves of lace. I have never seen her in any dress which was not both simple and in good taste." She seems to have improved under the influence of her husband, whom his physician calls "a manly prince and a princely man." In her manners there was some room for improvement, if we may judge from her treatment of Duke Prosper of Aremburg, who was one of the guests at a great dinner recorded in the Diary :—"Prosper is a hideous little mannikin, dressed entirely in black, with a large star. The Prince presented him to the Princess, who was at the moment talking to the Minister Castlereagh. She returned the duke's two profound continental bows by a slight nod of the head, without looking at him or saying a word to him. At table Prosper sat between Lady Castlereagh and the Princess, who never spoke one word to him, and brought her elbow so close to him that he could not move. He sat looking straight before him with some, though not very marked, embarrassment. He exchanged now and then a few words in French with the massive and mighty Lady Castlereagh, by whose side he looked no larger than a child. When he left, the Princess dismissed him in the same manner in which she had welcomed him, and broke into a loud laugh before he was fairly out of the room."

Stockmar's position in the little court was not very flattering or agreeable. The members of the household hardly regarded the poor German physician as their equal; and if one or two of the men were pleasant, the lady who constituted their only lawful female society, Mrs. Campbell, Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess, was, in her ordinary moods, decidedly the reverse. Stockmar, however, in drawing a piquant portrait of her, has recorded the extenuating circumstance that she had once been pretty, that she had had bitter experiences with men, and that in an illness during a seven months' sea-voyage, she had been kept alive only on brandy and water. Col. Addenbrooke, the equerry to the Princess, is painted in more favourable colours, his only weak point being "a weak stomach, into which he carefully crams a mass of the most incongruous things, and then complains the next day of fearful headache." What a power of evil is a man who keeps a diary!

Greater personages than Mrs. Campbell and Colonel Addenbrooke passed under the quick eye of the humble medical attendant, and were photographed without being aware of it.

"*The Queen Mother* (Charlotte, wife of George III.) 'Small and crooked, with a true mulatto face.'

"*The Regent.* 'Very stout, though of a fine figure; distinguished manners; does not talk half as much as his brothers; speaks tolerably good French. He ate and drank a good deal at dinner. His brown scratch wig not particularly becoming.'

"*The Duke of York*, the eldest of the Regent's brothers. 'Tall, with immense *embonpoint*, and not proportionately strong legs; he holds himself in such a way that one is always afraid he will tumble over backwards; very bald, and not a very intelligent face: one can see that eating, drinking, and sensual pleasure, are everything to him. Spoke a good deal of French, with a bad accent.'

"*Duchess of York*, daughter of Frederick William II. of Prussia. 'A little animated woman, talks immensely, and laughs still more. No beauty, mouth and teeth bad. She disfigures herself still more by distorting her mouth and blinking her eyes. In spite of the Duke's various infidelities, their matrimonial relations are good. She is quite aware of her husband's embarrassed circumstances, and is his prime minister and truest friend; so that nothing is done without her help. As soon as she entered the room, she looked round for the Banker Greenwood, who immediately came up to her with the confidentially familiar manner which the wealthy

go-between assumes towards grand people in embarrassed circumstances. At dinner the Duchess related how her royal father had forced her as a girl to learn to shoot, as he had observed she had a great aversion to it. At a grand *chasse* she had always fired with closed eyes, because she could not bear to see the sufferings of the wounded animals. When the huntsman told her that in this way she ran the risk of causing the game more suffering through her uncertain aim, she went to the King and asked if he would excuse her from all sport in future if she shot a stag dead. The King promised to grant her request if she could kill two deer, one after the other, without missing; which she did.'

"*Duke of Clarence* (afterwards King William IV.). 'The smallest and least good-looking of the brothers, decidedly like his mother; as talkative as the rest.

"*Duke of Kent* (father of Queen Victoria). 'A large, powerful man; like the King, and as bald as any one can be. The quietest of all the Dukes I have seen; talks slowly and deliberately; is kind and courteous.'

"*Duke of Cumberland* (afterwards King Ernest Augustus of Hanover). 'A tall, powerful man, with a hideous face; can't see two inches before him; one eye turned quite out of its place.'

"*Duke of Cambridge* (the youngest son of George III.). 'A good-looking man, with a blonde wig; is partly like his father, partly like his mother. Speaks French and German very well, but like English, with such rapidity, that he carries off the palm in the family art.'

"*Duke of Gloucester*. 'Prominent, meaningless eyes; without being actually ugly, a very unpleasant face, with an animal expression; large and stout, but with weak, helpless legs. He wears a neckcloth thicker than his head.'

"*Wellington*. 'Middle height, neither stout nor thin; erect figure, not stiff, not very lively, though more so than I expected, and yet in every movement repose. Black hair, simply cut, strongly mixed with grey: not a very high forehead, immense hawk's nose, tightly compressed lips, strong massive under jaw. After he had spoken for some time in the anteroom with the Royal Family, he came straight to the two French singers, with whom he talked in a very friendly manner, and then going round the circle, shook hands with all his acquaintance. He was dressed entirely in black, with the Star of the Order of the Garter and the Maria Theresa Cross. He spoke to all the officers present in an open, friendly way, though but briefly. At table he sat next the Princess. He ate and drank moderately, and laughed at times most heartily, and whispered many things to the Princess' ear, which made her blush and laugh.'

"*Lord Anglesea* (the general). 'Who lost a leg at Waterloo; a tall, well-made man; wild, martial face, high forehead, with a large hawk's nose, which makes a small deep angle where it joins the forehead. A great deal of ease in his manners. Lauderdale* told us later that it was he who brought Lady Anglesea the intelligence that her husband had lost a leg at Waterloo. Contrary to his wishes, she had been informed of his arrival, and, before he could say a word, she, guessing that he brought her news of her husband, screamed out, "He is dead!" and fell into hysterics. But when he said, "Not in the least; here is a letter from him," she was so wonderfully relieved that she bore the truth with great composure. He also related that, not long before the campaign, Anglesea was having his portrait taken, and the picture was entirely finished except one leg. Anglesea sent for the painter and said to him, "You had better finish the leg now. I might not bring it back with me." He lost that very leg.

"*The Minister, Lord Castlereagh*. 'Of middle height; a very striking and at the same time handsome face; his manners are very pleasant and gentle, yet perfectly natural. One misses in him a certain culture which one expects in a statesman of his eminence. He speaks French badly, in fact execrably, and not very choice English.† The Princess rallied him on the part he played in the House of Commons as a bad speaker, as against the brilliant orators of the Opposition, which he acknowledged

* Lord Lauderdale, d. 1839; the friend of Fox; since 1807, under the Tories, an active member of the Opposition.

† Lord Byron, in the introduction to the sixth to the eighth cantos of 'Don Juan' says, 'It is the first time since the Normans that England has been insulted by a minister (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.'

merrily, and with a hearty laugh. I am sure there is a great deal of thoughtless indifference in him, and that this has sometimes been reckoned to him as statesmanship of a high order."

In proof of Castlereagh's bad French we are told in a note that, having to propose the health of the ladies at a great dinner, he did it in the words—'Le bel sexe partoutte dans le monde.'

Though looked down upon at the second table, Stockmar had thoroughly established himself in the confidence and affection of the Prince and Princess. He had become the Prince's Secretary, and in Leopold's own words, 'the most valued physician of his soul and body'—wirepuller in fact to the destined wirepuller of Royalty in general.

Perhaps his gratification at having attained this position may have lent a roseate tint to his view of the felicity of the Royal couple, which he paints in rapturous terms, saying that nothing was so great as their love—except the British National Debt. There is however no reason to doubt that the union of Leopold and Charlotte was one of the happy exceptions to the general character of Royal marriages. Its tragic end plunged a nation into mourning. Stockmar, with a prudence on which perhaps he reflects with a little too much satisfaction, refused to have anything to do with the treatment of the Princess from the commencement of her pregnancy. He thought he detected mistakes on the part of the English physicians, arising from the custom then prevalent in England of lowering the strength of the expectant mother by bleeding, aperients, and low diet, a regimen which was carried on for months. The Princess in fact was safely delivered of a dead son after a fifty hours' labour, and afterwards succumbed to weakness. It fell to Stockmar's lot to break the news to the Prince, who was overwhelmed with sorrow. At the moment of his desolation Leopold exacted from Stockmar a promise that he would never leave him. Stockmar gave the promise, indulging at the same time his sceptical vein by expressing in a letter to his sister his doubt whether the Prince would remain of the same mind. This scepticism however did not interfere with his devotion. "My health is tolerable, for though I am uncommonly shaken, and shall be yet more so by the sorrow of the Prince, still I feel strong enough, even stronger than I used to be. I only leave the Prince when obliged by pressing business. I dine alone with him and sleep in his room. Directly he wakes in the night I get up and sit talking by his bedside till he falls asleep again. I feel increasingly that unlooked for trials are my portion in life, and that there will be many more of them before life is over. I seem to be here more to care for others than for myself, and I am well content with this destiny."

Sir Richard Croft, the accoucheur of the Princess, overwhelmed by the calamity committed suicide. "Poor Croft," exclaims the cool and benevolent Stockmar, "does not the whole thing look like some malicious temptation, which might have overcome even some one stronger than you. The first link in the chain of your misery was nothing but an especially honourable and desirable event in the course of your profession. You made a mistake in your mode of treatment; still, individual mistakes are here so easy. Thoughtlessness, and excessive reliance on your own experience, prevented you from weighing deeply the course to be followed by you. When the catastrophe had happened, doubts of course arose in your mind as to whether you ought not to have acted differently, and these doubts, coupled with the impossibility of proving your innocence to the public, even though you are blameless, became torture to you. Peace to thy ashes! on which no guilt rests save that thou wert not exceptionally wise or exceptionally strong."

Leopold was inclined to go home, but remained in England by the advice of Stockmar, who perceived that in the first place there would be something odious in the

Prince's spending his English allowance of £50,000 a year on the Continent, and in the second place, that a good position in England would be his best vantage ground in case of any new opening presenting itself elsewhere.

About this time another birth took place in the Royal Family under happier auspices. The Duke of Kent was married to the widowed Princess of Leiningen, a sister of Prince Leopold. The Duke was a Liberal in politics, on bad terms with his brothers, and in financial difficulties which prevented his living in England. Finding, however, that his Duchess was likely to present him with an heir who would also be the heir to the Crown, and being very anxious that the child should be born in England, he obtained the means of coming home through friends, after appealing to his brothers in vain. Shortly after his return "a pretty little Princess, plump as a partridge," was born. In the same year the Duke died. His widow, owing to his debts, was left in a very uncomfortable position. Her brother Leopold enabled her to return to Kensington, where she devoted herself to the education of her child—Queen Victoria.

The first opening which presented itself to Leopold was the Kingdom of Greece, which was offered him by "The Powers." After going pretty far he backed out, much to the disgust of "The Powers," who called him "Marquis Peu-à-peu (the nickname given him by George IV.) and said that "he had no colour," and that he wanted the English Regency. The fact seems to be that he and his Stockmar, on further consideration of the enterprise, did not like the look of it. Neither of them, especially Stockmar, desired a "crown of thorns," which their disinterested advisers would have had them take on heroic and ascetic principles. Leopold was rather attracted by the poetry of the thing: Stockmar was not. "For the poetry which Greece would have afforded, I am not inclined to give very much. Mortals see only the bad side of things they have, and the good side of the things they have not. That is the whole difference between Greece and Belgium, though I do not mean to deny that when the first King of Greece shall, after all manner of toils, have died, his life may not furnish the poet with excellent matter for an epic poem." The philosophic creed of Stockmar was that "the most valuable side of life consists in its negative conditions,"—in other words in freedom from annoyance, and in the absence of "crowns of thorns."

The candidature of Leopold for the Greek Throne coincided with the Wellington Administration, and the active part taken by Stockmar gave him special opportunities of studying the Duke's political character which he did with great attention. His estimate of the Duke is low.

"The way in which Wellington would preserve and husband the rewards of his own services and the gifts of fortune, I took as the measure of the higher capabilities of his mind. It required no long time, however, and no great exertion, to perceive that the natural sobriety of his temperament, founded upon an inborn want of sensibility, was unable to withstand the intoxicating influence of the flattery by which he was surrounded. The knowledge of himself became visibly more and more obscured. The restlessness of his activity, and his natural lust for power, became daily more ungovernable.

"Blinded by the language of his admirers, and too much elated to estimate correctly his own powers, he impatiently and of his own accord abandoned the proud position of the victorious general to exchange it for the most painful position which a human being can occupy—viz., the management of the affairs of a great nation with insufficient mental gifts and inadequate knowledge. He had hardly forced himself upon the nation as Prime Minister, intending to add the glory of a statesman to that of a warrior, when he succeeded, by his manner of conducting business, in shaking the confidence of the people. With laughable infatuation he seduously employed every opportunity of proving to the world the hopeless incapacity which made it impossible for him to seize the natural connection between cause and effect.

With a rare *naïveté* he confessed publicly and without hesitation the mistaken conclusions he had come to in the weightiest affairs of State; mistakes which the commonest understanding could have discovered, which filled the impartial with pitying astonishment, and caused terror and consternation even among the host of his flatterers and partisans. Yet, so great and so strong was the preconceived opinion of the people in his favour, that only the irresistible proofs furnished by the man's own actions could gradually shake this opinion. It required the full force and obstinacy of this strange self-deception in Wellington, it required the full measure of his activity and iron persistency, in order at last, by a perpetual reiteration of errors and mistakes, to create in the people the firm conviction that the Duke of Wellington was one of the least adroit and most mischievous Ministers that England ever had."

Stockmar formed a more favourable opinion afterwards, when the Duke had ceased to be a party leader, and become the Nestor of the State. But it must be allowed that Wellington's most intimate associates and warmest friends thought him a failure as a politician. To the last he seemed incapable of understanding the position of a constitutional minister, and talked of sacrificing his convictions in order to support the Government, as though he were not one of the Government that was to be supported. Nor did he ever appreciate the force of opinion or the nature of the great European movement with which he had to deal.

It seems clear from Stockmar's statement, that Wellington used his influence over Charles X. to get the Martignac Ministry, which was moderately liberal, turned out and Polignac made Minister. In this he doubly blundered. In the first place Polignac was not friendly but hostile to England, and at once began to intrigue against her; and in the second place Polignac was a fool, and by his rashness brought on the second French Revolution, which overthrew the ascendency of the Duke's policy in Europe, and had no small influence in overthrowing the ascendency of his party in England. It appears that the Duke was as much impressed with the "honesty" of Talleyrand, as he was with the "ability" of Polignac.

A certain transitional phase of the European Revolution excited a brisk demand for kings who would "reign without governing." Having backed out of Greece, Leopold got Belgium. And here we enter, in these Memoirs, on a series of chapters giving the history of the Belgian Question, with all its supplementary entanglements, as dry as sawdust, and scarcely readable, we should think, at the present day, even to diplomatists, much less to mortal men. Unfortunately the greater part of the two volumes is taken up with such dissertations on various European questions, while the personal touches, and details which Stockmar could have given us in abundance, are few and far between. We do not care much for his opinions on European questions even when the questions themselves are still alive and the sand-built structures of diplomacy have not been swept away by the tide of advancing revolutions. The sovereigns whose wirepuller he was were constitutional, and themselves exercised practically very little influence on the course of events.

In the Belgian question however, he seems to have really played an active part. We get from him a strong impression of the restless vanity and unscrupulous ambition of France. We learn also that Leopold practised very early in the day the policy which assured him a quiet reign—that of keeping his trunk packed, and letting the people understand that if they were tired of him he was ready to take the next train and leave them to enjoy the deluge.

Stockmar found employment specially suited to him in settling the question of Leopold's English annuity, which was given upon the Prince's election to the Crown of Belgium, but with certain reservations, upon which the Radicals made attacks, Sir Samuel Whalley, a mad doctor, leading the van. In the course of the struggle Stock-

mar received a characteristic letter from Palmerston.

"March 9, 1834.

"My dear Baron,—I have many apologies to make to you for not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of the papers you sent me last week, and for which I am much obliged to you. The case seems to me as clear as day, and without meaning to question the omnipotence of Parliament, which it is well known can do anything but turn men into women and women into men, I must and shall assert that the House of Commons have no more right to enquire into the details of those debts and engagements which the King of the Belgians considers himself bound to satisfy before he begins to make his payments into the Exchequer, than they have to ask Sir Samuel Whalley how he disposed of the fees which his mad patients used to pay him before he began to practise upon the foolish constituents who have sent him to Parliament. There can be no doubt whatever that we must positively resist any such enquiry, and I am very much mistaken in my estimate of the present House of Commons if a large majority do not concur in scouting so untenable a proposition.

"My dear Baron,
"Yours sincerely,
"PALMERSTON.

"The Baron de Stockmar."

That the House of Commons cannot turn women into men is a position not so unquestioned now as it was in Palmerston's day.

Stockmar now left England for a time, but he kept his eye on English affairs, to his continued interest in which we owe, it seems, the publication of a rather curious document, the existence of which in manuscript was, however, well known. It is a Memoir of King William IV., purporting to be drawn up by himself, and extending over the eventful years 1830-35. "King William's style," says the uncourtly biographer, "abounds to overflowing in what is called in England Parliamentary circumlocution, in which, instead of direct, simple expressions, bombastic paraphrases are always chosen, which become in the end intolerably prolix and dull, and are enough to drive a foreigner to despair." The style is indeed august; but the real penman was not the King, whose strong point was not grammatical composition, but some confidant, very likely Sir Herbert Taylor, who was employed by the King to negotiate with the "waverers" in the House of Lords, and get the Reform Bill passed without a swamping creation of peers. The Memoir contains nothing of the slightest historical importance. It is instructive only as showing how completely a constitutional king may be under the illusion of his office—how complacently he may fancy that he is himself guiding the State, when he is in fact merely signing what is put before him by his constitutional advisers, who are themselves the organs of Parliament. Old William, Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle, being rather weak in intellect, was called "Silly Billy." When King William IV. gave his assent to the Reform Bill, the Duke, who knew his own nickname, cried "Who's Silly Billy now?" It would have been more difficult from the Conservative point of view to answer that question if the King had possessed the liberty of action which in his Memoir he imagines himself to possess.

The year 1836 opened a new field to the active beneficence of Stockmar. "The approaching majority, and probably not distant accession to the throne, of Princess Victoria of England, engaged the vigilant and far sighted care of her uncle, King Leopold. At the same time he was already making preparations for the eventual execution of a plan, which had long formed the subject of the wishes of the Coburg family, viz., the marriage of the future Queen of England with his nephew, Prince Albert of Coburg." Stockmar was charged with the duty of standing by the Princess, as her confidential adviser, at the critical moment of her coming of age, and (possibly) her accession to the throne. In the meanwhile King Leopold consulted with him as to the manner in which Prince Albert should make acquaintance with his cousin, and how he

"should be prepared for his future vocation." This is pretty broad, and a little lets down the expressions of intense affection for the Queen and unbounded admiration of Prince Albert with which Stockmar overflows. However, a feeling may be genuine though its source is not divine.

Stockmar played his part adroitly. He came over to England, slipped into the place of private Secretary to the Queen, and for fifteen months "continued his noiseless, quiet activity, without any publicly defined position." The marriage was brought about, and resulted, as we all know, in perfect happiness till death entered the Royal home.

Stockmar was evidently very useful in guiding the Royal couple through the difficulties connected with the settlement of the Prince's income and his rank, and with the Regency Bill. His idea was that questions affecting the Royal family should be regarded as above party, and in this he apparently induced the leaders of both parties to acquiesce, though they could not perfectly control their followers. The strong leaning to the Whigs in which the young Queen had been improperly encouraged by her political mentor, Lord Melbourne, had strewn her path with thorns. The Tory party was bitterly hostile to the Court. If Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Odger wish to provide themselves with material for retorts to Tory denunciations of their disloyalty, they cannot do better than look up the speeches and writings of the Tory party during the years 1835–1841. What was called the Bedchamber Plot, in 1839, had rendered the relation between the Court and the Conservative leaders still more awkward, and Stockmar appears to have done a real service in smoothing the way for the formation of the Conservative Ministry in 1841.

Stockmar, looking at Peel from the Court point of view, was at first prejudiced against him, especially on account of his having, in deference probably to the feelings of his party against the Court, cut down the Prince Consort's allowance. All the more striking is the testimony which, after long acquaintance, the Baron bears to Peel's character and merits as a statesman.

"Peel's mind and character rested on moral foundations, which I have not seen once shaken, either in his private or his public life. From these foundations rose that never-failing spring of fairness, honesty, kindness, moderation, and regard for others, which Peel showed to all men, and under all circumstances. On these foundations grew that love of country which pervaded his whole being, which knew of but one object—the true welfare of England: of but one glory and one reward for each citizen, viz., to have contributed something towards that welfare. Such love of country admits of but one ambition, and hence the ambition of that man was as pure as his heart. To make every sacrifice for that ambition, which the fates of his country demand from everyone, he considered his most sacred duty, and he has made these sacrifices, however difficult they might have been to him. Wherein lay the real difficulty of those sacrifices will perhaps hereafter be explained by those who knew the secret of the political circumstances and the personal character of the men with whom he was brought in contact; and who would not think of weighing imponderable sacrifices on the balance of vulgar gain.

"The man whose feelings for his own country rested on so firm a foundation, could not be dishonest or unfair towards foreign countries. The same right understanding, fairness, and moderation, which he evinced in his treatment of internal affairs, guided Peel in his treatment of all foreign questions. The wish frequently expressed by him, to see the welfare of all nations improved, was thoroughly sincere. He knew France and Italy from his own observation, and he had studied the political history of the former with great industry. For Germany he had a good will, nay, a predilection, particularly for Prussia.

"In his private life, Peel was a real pattern. He was the most loving, faithful, conscientious husband, father, and brother, unchanging and indulgent to his friends, and always ready to help his fellow-citizens according to his power.

"Of the vulnerable parts of his character his enemies may have many things to tell. What had been observed by all who came into closer contact with him, could not escape my own observation. I mean his too great prudence, caution, and at times, extreme reserve, in important as well as in unimportant matters, which he showed, not only towards more distant, but even towards his nearer acquaintances. If he was but too often sparing of words, and timidly cautious in oral transactions, he was naturally still more so in his written communications. The fear never left him that he might have to hear an opinion once expressed, or a judgment once uttered by him, repeated by the wrong man, and in the wrong place, and misapplied. His friends were sometimes in despair over this peculiarity. To his opponents it supplied an apparent ground for suspicion and incrimination. It seemed but too likely that there was a doubtful motive for such reserve, or that it was intended to cover narrowness and weakness of thought and feeling, or want of enterprise and courage. To me also this peculiarity seemed often injurious to himself and to the matter in hand; and I could not help being sometimes put out by it, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that he could have got rid of it. But when one came to weigh the acts of the man against his manner, the disagreeable impression soon gave way. I quickly convinced myself, that this, to me, so objectionable trait was but an innate peculiarity; and that in a sphere of activity where thoughtless unreserve and *laisser aller* showed themselves in every possible form, Peel was not likely to find any incentive, or to form a resolution to overcome, in this point, his natural disposition.

"I have been told, or I have read it somewhere, that Peel was the most successful type of political mediocrity. In accepting this estimate of my departed friend as perfectly true, I ask Heaven to relieve all Ministers, within and without Europe, of their superiority, and to endow them with Peel's mediocrity: and I ask this for the welfare of all nations, and in the firm conviction that ninety-nine hundredths of the higher political affairs can be properly and successfully conducted by such Ministers only as possess Peel's mediocrity: though I am willing to admit that the remaining hundredth may, through the power and boldness of a true genius, be brought to a particularly happy, or, it may be, to a particularly unhappy issue."

Of the late Lord Derby on the other hand Stockmar speaks with the greatest contempt, calling him "a frivolous aristocrat, who delighted in making mischief." It does not appear whether the two men ever came into collision with each other, but if they did Lord Derby was likely enough to leave his sting.

Stockmar regularly spent a great part of each year with the English Royal Family. Apartments were appropriated to him in each of the Royal residences, and he lived with the Queen and Prince on the footing of an intimate, or rather of a member, and almost the father, of the family. Indeed, he used a familiarity beyond that of any friend or relative. Having an objection to taking leave, he was in the habit of disappearing without notice, and leaving his rooms vacant when the fancy took him. Then we are told, letters complaining of his faithlessness would follow him, and in course of time others urging his return. Etiquette, the highest of all laws, was dispensed with in his case. After dining with the Queen, when Her Majesty had risen from table, and after holding a circle had sat down again to tea, Stockmar would generally be seen walking straight through the drawing-room and returning to his apartment, there to study his own comfort. More than this. When Mordicai became the King's favourite, he was led forth on the royal steed, apparelled in the royal robe, and with the royal crown upon his head. A less demonstrative and picturesque, but not less signal or significant mark of Royal favour was bestowed on Stockmar. In his case tights were dispensed with, and he was allowed to wear trousers, which better suited his thin legs. We believe this exemption to be without parallel; though we have heard of a single dispensation being granted, after many searchings of heart, in a case where the invitation had been

sudden, and the mystic garment did not exist; and also of a more melancholy case, in which the garment was split in rushing down to dinner, and its wearer was compelled to appear in the forbidden trousers, and very late, without the possibility of explaining what had occurred.

Notwithstanding the enormous power indicated by his privileged nether limbs Stockmar remained disinterested. A rich Englishman, described as an author and member of Parliament, called upon him one day, and promised to give him £10,000 if he would further his petition to the Queen for a peerage. Stockmar replied, "I will now go into the next room, in order to give you time. If upon my return I still find you here, I shall have you turned out by the servants."

We are told that the Baron had little intercourse with any circles but those of the court—a circumstance which was not likely to diminish any bad impressions that might prevail with regard to his secret influence. Among his intimate friends in the household was his fellow-countryman Dr. Prätorius, "who ever zealously strengthened the Prince's inclinations in the sense which Stockmar desired, and always insisted upon the highest moral considerations." Nature, in the case of the doctor, had not been so lavish of personal beauty as of moral endowments. The Queen was once reading the Bible with her daughter, the little Princess Victoria. They came to the passage, "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him." "O Mamma," cried the Princess, "not Dr. Prätorius!"

Stockmar's administrative genius effected a reform in the Royal household, and as appears from his memorandum, not before there was occasion for it. "The housekeepers, pages, housemaids, &c., are under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain; all the footmen, livery-porters and under-butlers, by the strangest anomaly, under that of Master of the Horse, at whose office they are clothed and paid; and the rest of the servants, such as the clerk of the kitchen, the cooks, the porters, &c., are under the jurisdiction of the Lord Steward. Yet these ludicrous divisions extend not only to persons but likewise to things and actions. The Lord Steward, for example, finds the fuel and lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it. It was under this state of things that the writer of this paper, having been sent one day by Her present Majesty to Sir Frederick Watson, then the Master of the Household, to complain that the dining-room was always cold, was gravely answered. 'You see, properly speaking, it is not our fault; for the Lord Steward lays the fire only, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it.' In the same manner the Lord Chamberlain provides all the lamps, and the Lord Steward must clean, trim and light them. If a pane of glass or the door of a cupboard in the scullery requires mending, it cannot now be done without the following process:—A requisition is prepared and signed by the chief cook, it is then countersigned by the clerk of the kitchen, then it is taken to be signed by the Master of the Household, thence it is taken to the Lord Chamberlain's office, where it is authorized, and then laid before the Clerk of the Works under the office of Woods and Forests; and consequently many a window and cupboard have remained broken for months." Worse than this—"There is no one who attends to the comforts of the Queen's guests on their arrival at the Royal residence. When they arrive at present there is no one prepared to show them to or from their apartments; there is no gentleman in the palace who even knows where they are lodged, and there is not even a servant who can perform this duty, which is attached to the Lord Chamberlain's department. It frequently happens at Windsor that some of the visitors are at a loss to find the drawing-room, and, at night, if they happen to forget the right entrance from the corridor, they wander for an hour helpless

and unassisted. There is nobody to apply to in such a case, for it is not in the department of the Master of the Household, and the only remedy is to send a servant, if one can be found, to the porter's lodge, to ascertain the apartment in question." Peoplewere rather surprised when the boy Jones was discovered, at one o'clock in the morning, under the sofa in the room adjoining Her Majesty's bedroom. But it seems nobody was responsible—not the Lord Chamberlain, who was in Staffordshire, and in whose department the porters were not; not the Lord Steward, who was in London, and had nothing to do with the pages and attendants nearest to the royal person; nor the Master of the Household, who was only a subordinate officer in the Lord Steward's department. So the King of Spain, who was roasted to death because the right Lord-in-Waiting could not be found to take him from the fire, was not without a parallel in that which calls itself the most practical of nations. Stockmar reformed the system by simply inducing each of the three great officers, without nominally giving up his authority (which would have shaken the foundations of the Monarchy), to delegate so much of it as would enable the fire to be laid and lighted by the same power. We fancy, however, that even since the Stockmarian reconstruction, we have heard of guests finding themselves adrift in the corridors of Windsor. There used to be no bells to the rooms, it being assumed that in the abode of Royalty servants were always within call, a theory full of comfort to a nervous gentleman, who, on the approach of the royal dinner hour, might happen to find himself with somebody else's small clothes.

In 1854 came the outbreak of public feeling against Prince Albert and Stockmar, as his friend and adviser, to which we have referred at the beginning of this article. The Prince's lamented death caused such a reaction of feeling in his favour that it is difficult now to recall to recollection the degree of unpopularity under which he at one time laboured. Some of the causes of this unpopularity are correctly stated by the author of the present memoir. The Prince was a foreigner, his ways were not those of Englishmen; he did not dress like an Englishman, shake hands like an Englishman. He was suspected of "Germanizing" tendencies, very offensive to high churchmen, especially in philosophy and religion. He displeased the Conservatives by his Liberalism, the coarser Radicals by his pietism and culture. He displeased the fast set by his strict morality; they called him slow, because he did not bet, gamble, use bad language, keep an opera dancer. With more reason he displeased the army by meddling, under the name of a too courtly Commander-in-Chief, with professional matters which he could not understand. But there was a cause of his unpopularity scarcely appreciable by the German author of this memoir. He had, in fatal perfection, the condescending manner of a German Serenity. The English prefer a frank manner; they will bear a high manner in persons of sufficient rank; but a condescending manner they will not endure; nor will any man or woman but those of a small German Court. So it was, however, that the Prince, during his life, though respected by the people for his virtues, and by men of intellect for his culture, was detested and vilified by "Society," and especially by the great ladies who are at the head of it. The Conservatives, male and female, had a further grudge against him as a reputed friend of Peel, who was the object of their almost demoniac hatred.

The part of a Prince Consort is a very difficult one to play. In the case of Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, nature solved the difficulty by not encumbering his Royal Highness with any brains. But Prince Albert had brains, and it was morally impossible that he should not exercise a power unprovided for by the Constitution. He did so almost from the first,

with the full knowledge and approbation of the Ministers, who had no doubt the sense to see that what could not be avoided had better be recognized and kept under control. But in 1851 the Court quarreled with Palmerston, who was dismissed from office, very properly, for having, in direct violation of a recent order of the Queen, communicated to the French Ambassador his approval of the *coup d'état*, without the knowledge of Her Majesty or the Cabinet. In 1854 came the rupture with Russia, which led to the Crimean war. Palmerston, in secret correspondence with his friend the Emperor, was working for a war, with a separate French alliance. Prince Albert, in conjunction with Aberdeen, was trying to keep the Four Powers together, and by their combined action to avert a war. Palmerston and his partisans appealed through the press to the people, among whom the war feeling was growing strong, against the unconstitutional influence of the Prince Consort and his foreign advisers. Thereupon arose a storm of insane suspicion and fury which almost recalled the fever of the Popish Plot. Thousands of Londoners collected round the Tower to see the Prince's entry into the State Prison, and dispersed only upon being told that the Queen had said that if her husband was sent to prison she would go with him. Reports were circulated of a pamphlet drawn up under Palmerston's eye, and containing the most damning proofs of the Prince's guilt, the publication of which it was said the Prince had managed to prevent, but of which six copies were still in existence. The pamphlet was at last printed *in extenso* in the *Times*, and the bottled lightning proved to be ditchwater. Of course Stockmar, the "spy," "the agent of the present Leopold," did not escape, and though it was proved he had been at Coburg all the time, people persisted in believing he was concealed about the Court, coming out only at night. The outcry was led by the *Morning Post*, Palmerston's personal organ, and the *Morning Advertiser*, the bellicose and truly British journal of the Licensed Victuallers; but these were supported by the Conservative press, and by some Radical papers. A debate in Parliament broke the waterspout as quickly as it had been formed. The people had complained with transports of rage that the Prince Consort exercised an influence unrecognized by the Constitution in affairs of State. They were officially assured that he *did;* and they at once declared themselves perfectly satisfied.

Our readers would not thank us for taking them again through the question of the Spanish marriages, a transaction which Stockmar viewed in the only way in which the most criminal and the filthiest of intrigues could be viewed by an honest man and a gentleman; or through the question of German unity, on which his opinions have been at once ratified and deprived of their practical interest by events. The last part of his life he passed in Germany, managing German Royalties, especially the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia, for whom he had conceived a profound affection. His presence, we are told, was regarded by German statesmen and magnates as "uncanny," and Count K., on being told that it was Stockmar with whom an acquaintance had just crossed a bridge, asked the acquaintance why he had not pitched the Baron into the river. That Stockmar did not deserve such a fate, the testimony cited at the beginning of this paper is sufficient to prove. He was the unrecognized Minister of Constitutional Sovereigns who wanted, besides their regular Parliamentary advisers, a personal adviser to attend to the special interests of royalty. It was a part somewhat subterranean, rather equivocal, and not exactly such as a very proud man would choose. But Stockmar was called to it by circumstances; he was admirably adapted for it, and if it sometimes led him further than he was entitled or qualified to go, he played it on the whole very well.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

BY GERALD MASSEY.

SO often is the proud deed done
By men like this at Duty's call;
So many are the honours won
By them, we cannot wear them all!

They make the heroic commonplace,
And dying thus the natural way;
Yet is our world-wide English race
Ennobled by that death, To-day!

It brings the thoughts that fathom things
To anchor fast where billows roll;
It stirs us with a sense of wings
That strive to lift the earthiest soul.

Love was so new, and life so sweet,
But at the call he left the wine
And sprang full-statured to his feet,
Responsive to the touch divine.

"Nay, dear, I cannot see you die.
For me, I have my work to do
Up here. Down to the boat. Good-bye
God bless you! *I* shall see it through."

We read, until the vision dims
And drowns; but, ere the pang be past,
A tide of triumph overbrims,
And breaks with light from heaven at last.

Thro' all the blackness of that night
A glory streams from out the gloom;
His steadfast spirit holds the light
That shines till Night is overcome.

The sea will do its worst, and life
Be sobbed out in a bubbling breath;
But firmly in the coward strife
There stands a Man hath vanquisht Death!

A soul that conquers wind and wave,
And towers above a sinking deck;
A bridge across the gaping grave;
A rainbow rising o'er the wreck.

He savéd others; saved the name
Unsullied that he gave his wife:
And dying with so pure an aim,
He had no need to save his life.

Lord! how they shame the life we live,
These sailors of our sea-girt isle,
Who cheerily take what Thou mayst give,
And go down with a heavenward smile!

The men who sow their lives to yield
A glorious crop in lives to be;
Who turn to England's harvest field
The unfruitful furrows of the sea.

With such a breed of men so brave,
The Old Land has *not* had her day;
But long, her strength, with crested wave,
Shall ride the seas the proud old way.

"WHAT IS CULPABLE LUXURY?"

(A Reply to Mr. W. R. GREG, *by Mr.* GOLDWIN SMITH.)

A PHRASE in a lecture on 'The Labour Movement,' published in a former number of the *Canadian Monthly*, has been the inconsiderable cause of a considerable controversy in the English press, and notably of a paper by the eminent economist and moralist Mr. W. R. Greg, entitled "What is Culpable Luxury?" in the March number of the *Contemporary Review*.

The passage of the lecture in which the phrase occurred was: "Wealth, real wealth, has hardly as yet much reason to complain of any encroachment of the Labour Movement on its rights. When did it command such means and appliances of pleasure, such satisfaction for every appetite and every fancy, as it commands now? When did it rear such enchanted palaces of luxury as it is rearing in England at the present day? Well do I remember one of those palaces, the most conspicuous object for miles round. *Its lord was, I daresay, consuming the income of some six hundred of the poor labouring families round him.* The thought that you are spending on yourself annually the income of six hundred labouring families, seems to me about as much as a man with a heart and a brain can bear. Whatever the rich man desires, the finest house, the biggest diamond, the reigning beauty for his wife, social homage, public honour, political power, is ready at his command," &c., &c.

The words in italics have been separated from the context and taken as an attack on wealth. But the whole passage is a defence of labour against the charge of encroachment brought against it by wealth. I argue that, if the labouring man gets rather more than he did, the inequalities of fortune and the privileges of the rich are still great enough. In the next paragraph I say that "wealth well made and well spent is as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain side." An invidious turn has also been given to the expression "the income of six hundred labouring families," as though it meant that the wealthy idler is robbing six hundred labouring families of their income. It means no more than that the income which he is spending on himself is as large as six hundred of their incomes put together.

Mr. Greg begins with what he calls a "retort courteous." He says that 'if the man with £30,000 is doing this sad thing, so is the man with £3,000 or £300, and everyone who allows himself anything beyond the necessaries of life; nay, that the labouring man, when he lights his pipe or drinks his dram, is, as well as the rest, consuming the substance of one poorer than himself.' This argument appears to Mr. Greg irrefutable, and a retort to which there can be no rejoinder. I confess my difficulty is not so much in refuting it as in seeing any point in it at all. What parallel can there be between an enormous and a very moderate expenditure, or between prodigious luxury and ordinary comfort? If a man taxes me with having squandered fifty dollars on a repast, is it an irrefutable retort to tell him that he has spent fifty cents? The limited and rational expenditure of an industrious man produces no evils, economical, social or moral. I contend in the lecture that the unlimited and irrational expenditure of idle millionaires does; that it "wastes labour, breeds luxury, creates unhappiness by propagating factitious wants, too often engenders vice, and is injurious for the most part to real civilization." I have observed,

and I think with truth, that the most malignant feelings which enter into the present struggle between classes have been generated by the ostentation of idle wealth in contrast with surrounding poverty. It would of course be absurd to say this of a man living on a small income, in a modest house, and in a plain way.

If I had said that property, or all property beyond a mere sustenance, is theft, there would be force in Mr. Greg's retort; but as I have said, or implied, nothing more than that extravagant luxury is waste, and, contrasted with surrounding poverty, grates on the feelings, especially when those who waste are idle and those who want are the hardest working labourers in the world, I repeat that I can see no force in the retort at all.

Mr. Greg proceeds to analyse the expenditure of the millionaire, and to maintain that its several items are laudable.

First, he defends pleasure-grounds, gardens, shrubberies and deer-parks. But he defends them on the ground that they are good things for the community, and thereby admits my principle. It is only against wasteful self-indulgence that I have anything to say. "No doubt," says Mr. Greg, "if the land of a country is all occupied and cultivated, and if no more land is easily accessible, and if the produce of other lands is not procurable in return for manufactured articles of exchange, then a proprietor who shall employ a hundred acres in growing wine for his own drinking, which might or would otherwise be employed in growing wheat or other food for twenty poor families who can find no other field for their labour, may fairly be said to be consuming, spending on himself, the sustenance of those families. If, again, he, in the midst of a swarming population unable to find productive or remunerative occupation, insists upon keeping a considerable extent of ground in merely ornamental walks and gardens, and, therefore, useless as far as the support of human life is concerned, he may be held liable to the same imputation—even though the wages he pays to the gardeners in the one case, and the vine-dressers in the other, be pleaded in mitigation of the charge." Let the writer of this only allow, as he must, that the moral, social and political consequences of expenditure are to be taken into account as well as the economical consequences, and he will be entirely at one with the writer whom he supposes himself to be confuting. I have never said, or imagined, that "all land ought to be producing food." I hold that no land in England is better employed than that of the London parks and of the gardens of the Crystal Palace, though I could not speak so confidently with regard to a vast park from which all are excluded but its owner. Mr. Greg here again takes up what seems to me the strange position that to condemn excess is to condemn moderation. He says that whatever is said against the great parks and gardens of the most luxurious millionaire may equally be said against a tradesman's little flower-garden, or the plot of ornamental ground before the cottage windows of a peasant. I must again say that, so far from regarding this argument as irrefutable, I altogether fail to discover its cogency. The tradesman's little bit of green, the peasant's flower-bed, are real necessities of a human soul. Can the same thing be said of a pleasure-ground which consumes the labour of twenty men, and of which the object is not to refresh the weariness of labour but to distract the vacancy of idleness?

Mr. Greg specially undertakes the defence of deer-parks. But his ground is that the deer-forests which were denounced as unproductive have been proved to be the only mode of raising the condition and securing the well-being of the ill-fed population. If so, "humanitarians" are ready to hold up both hands in favour of deer-forests. Nay, we are ready to do the same if the pleasure yielded by the deer-forests bears any reason-

able proportion to the expense and the agricultural sacrifice, especially if the sportsman is a worker recruiting his exhausted brain, not a sybarite killing time.

From parks and pleasure-grounds Mr. Greg goes on to horses; and here it is the same thing over again. The apologist first sneers at those who object to the millionaire's stud, then lets in the interest of the community as a limiting principle, and ends by saying: "We may then allow frankly and without demur, that if he (the millionaire) maintains more horses than he needs or can use, his expenditure thereon is strictly pernicious and indefensible, precisely in the same way as it would be if he burnt so much hay and threw so many bushels of oats into the fire. He is destroying human food." Now Mr. Greg has only to determine whether a man who is keeping a score or more of carriage and saddle horses, is "using" them or not. If he is, "humanitarians" are perfectly satisfied.

Finally Mr. Greg comes to the case of large establishments of servants. And here, having set out with intentions most adverse to my theory, he "blesses it altogether."—"Perhaps," he says "of all the branches of a wealthy nobleman's expenditure, that which will be condemned with most unanimity, and defended with most difficulty, is the number of ostentatious and unnecessary servants it is customary to maintain. For this practice I have not a word to say. It is directly and indirectly bad. It is bad for all parties. Its reflex action on the masters themselvers is noxious; it is mischievous to the flunkies who are maintained in idleness, and in enervating and demoralizing luxury; it is pernicious to the community at large, and especially to the middle and upper middle classes, whose inevitable expenditure in procuring fit domestic service —already burdensomely great—is thereby oppressively enhanced, till it has become difficult not only to find good household servants at moderate wages, but to find servants who will work diligently and faithfully for any wages at all."

How will Mr. Greg keep up the palaces, parks, and studs, when he has taken away the retinues of servants? If he does not take care, he will find himself wielding the besom of sumptuary reform in the most sweeping manner before he is aware of it. But let me respectfully ask him, who can he suppose objects to any expenditure except on the ground that it is directly and indirectly bad; bad for all parties, noxious to the voluptuary himself, noxious to all about him, and noxious to the community? So long as a man does no harm to himself or to anyone else, I for one see no objection to his supping like a Roman Emperor, on pheasants' tongues, or making shirt-studs of Koh-i-noors.

"It is charity," says Mr. Greg, hurling at the system of great establishments his last and bitterest anathema—"It is charity, and charity of the bastard sort—charity disguised as ostentation. It feeds, clothes, and houses a number of people in strenuous and pretentious laziness. If almshouses are noxious and offensive to the economic mind, then, by a parity of reasoning, superfluous domestics are noxious also." And so it would seem, by parity of reasoning, or rather *a fortiori*, as being fed, clothed, and housed far more expensively, and in far more strenuous and pretentious laziness, are the superfluous masters of flunkeys. The flunkey does some work, at all events enough to prevent him from becoming a mere fattened animal. If he has to grease and powder his head, he does work, as it seems to me, for which he may fairly claim a high remuneration.

As I have said already, let Mr. Greg take in the moral, political, and social evils of luxury, as well as the material waste, and I flatter myself that there will be no rea difference between his general view of the responsibilities of wealth, and mine. He seems to be as convinced as I am that there

is no happiness in living in strenuous and pretentious laziness by the sweat of other men's brows.

Nor do I believe that even the particular phrase which has been deemed so fraught with treason to plutocracy would, if Mr. Greg examined it closely, seem to him so very objectionable. His own doctrine, it is true, sounds severely economical. He holds that "the natural man and the Christian" who should be moved by his natural folly and Christianity to forego a bottle of champagne in order to relieve a neighbour in want of actual food, would do a thing "distinctly criminal and pernicious." Still I presume he would allow theoretically, as I am very sure he would practically, a place to natural sympathy. He would not applaud a banquet given in the midst of a famine, although it might be clearly proved that the money spent by the banqueters was their own, that those who were perishing of famine had not been robbed of it, that their bellies were none the emptier because those of the banqueters were full, and that the cookery gave a stimulus to gastronomic art. He would not even think it wholly irrational that the gloom of the workhouse should cast a momentary shadow on the enjoyments of the palace. I should also expect him to understand the impression that a man of "brain," even one free from any excessive tenderness of "heart," would not like to see a vast apparatus of luxury, and a great train of flunkeys devoted to his own material enjoyment—that he would feel it as a slur on his good sense, as an impeachment of his mental resources, and of his command of nobler elements of happiness, and even as a degradation of his manhood. There was surely something respectable in the sentiment which made Mr. Brassey refuse, however much his riches might increase, to add to his establishment. There is surely something natural in the tendency, which we generally find coupled with greatness, to simplicity of life. A person whom I knew had dined with a millionaire *tête-à-tête*, with six flunkeys standing round the table. I suspect that Mr. Greg, in spite of his half-ascetic hatred of plush, would rather have been one of the six than one of the two.

While, however, I hope that my view of these matters coincides practically with that of Mr. Greg far more than he supposes, I must admit that there may be a certain difference of sentiment behind. Mr. Greg describes the impressions to which I have given currency as a confused compound of natural sympathy, vague Christianity, and dim economic science. Of the confusion, vagueness and dimness of our views, of course we cannot be expected to be conscious; but I own that I defer, in these matters, not only to natural feeling, but to the ethics of Christianity. I still adhere to the Christian code for want of a better, the Darwinian morality being avowedly that of gregarious animals, not of men, and the Utilitarian morality being, so far as I can see, no morality at all, in the ordinary sense of the term, making no appeal to our moral nature, our conscience, or whatever philosophers choose to call the deepest part of humanity. Of course, therefore, I accept as the fundamental principle of human relations, and of all science concerning them, the great Christian doctrine that "we are every one members one of another." As a consequence of this doctrine I hold that the wealth of mankind is morally a common store; that we are morally bound to increase it as much, and to waste it as little, as we can; that of the two it is happier to be underpaid than to be overpaid; and that we shall all find it so in the sum of things. There is nothing in such a view in the least degree subversive of the legal rights of property, which the founders of Christianity distinctly recognized in their teaching, and strengthened practically by raising the standard of integrity; nothing adverse to active industry or good business habits; nothing opposed to economic science as the study of the laws regulating the produc-

tion and distribution of wealth; nothing condemnatory of pleasure, provided it be pleasure which opens the heart, as I suppose was the case with the marriage feast at Cana, not the pleasure which closes the heart, as I fear was the case with the "refined luxury" of the Marquis of Steyne.

If this is superstition, all I can say is that I have read Strauss, Renan, Mr. Greg on the Creeds of Christendom, and all the eminent writers I could hear of on that side, and that I am not conscious of any bias to the side of orthodoxy; at least I have not given satisfaction to the orthodox classes.

Christianity, of course, in common with other systems, craves a reasonable construction. Plato cannot afford to have his apologues treated as histories. In "Joshua Davidson," a good man is made to turn away from Christianity because he finds that his faith will not literally remove a mountain and cast it into the sea. But he had omitted an indispensable preliminary. He ought first to have exactly compared the bulk of his faith with that of a grain of Palestinian mustard seed. Mr. Greg makes sport of the text "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none," which he says he heard in his youth, but without ever considering its present applicability. Yet in the next paragraph but one he gives it a precise and a very important application by pronouncing that a man is not at liberty to grow wine for himself on land which other people need for food. I fail to see how the principle involved in this passage, and others of a similar tendency which I have quoted from Mr. Greg's paper, differ from that involved in Gospel texts which, if I were to quote them, would grate strangely upon his ear. The texts comprise a moral sanction; but Mr. Greg must have some moral sanction when he forbids a man to do that which he is permitted to do by law. Christianity, whatever its source and authority, was addressed at first to childlike minds, and what its antagonists have to prove is not that its forms of expression or even of thought are adapted to such minds, but that its principles, when rationally applied to a more advanced state of society, are unsound. Rightly understood it does not seem to me to enjoin anything eccentric or spasmodic, to bid you enact primitive Orientalisms in the streets of London, thrust fraternity upon writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or behave generally as if the "Kingdom of God" were already come. It is enough if you help its coming according to the circumstances of your place in society and the age in which you live.

Of course, in subscribing to the Christian code of ethics, one lays oneself open to "retorts courteous" without limit. But so one does in subscribing to any code, or accepting any standard, whether moral or of any other kind.

I do not see on what principle Mr. Greg would justify, if he does justify, charitable benefactions of any kind. Did not Mr. Peabody give his glass of champagne to a man in need? He might have spent all his money on himself if he had been driven to building Chatsworths and hanging their walls with Raffaelles. How will he escape the reproach of having done what was criminal and pernicious? And what are we to say of the conduct of London plutocrats who abetted his proceedings by their applause though they abstained from following his example? Is there any apology for them at all but one essentially Christian? Not that Christianity makes any great fuss over munificence, or gives political economy reasonable ground for apprehension on that score. Plutocracy deifies Mr. Peabody; Christianity measures him and pronounces his millions worth less than the widow's mite.

In my lecture I have applied my principles, or tried to apply them, fairly to the mechanic as well as to the millionaire. I have deprecated, as immoral, a resort to strikes solely in the interest of the strikers, without regard to the general interests of industry

and of the community at large. What has Mr. Greg to say, from the moral point of view, to the gas stokers who leave London in the dark, or the colliers who, in struggling to raise their own wages, condemn the ironworkers to "clamm" for want of coal?

I would venture to suggest that Mr. Greg somewhat overrates in his paper the beneficence of luxury as an agent in the advancement of civilization. "Artificial wants," he says, "what may be termed extravagant wants, the wish to possess something beyond the bare necessaries of existence; the taste for superfluities and luxuries first, the desire for refinements and embellishments next; the craving for the higher enjoyments of intellect and art as the final stage—these are the sources and stimulants of advancing civilization. It is these desires, these needs, which raise mankind above mere animal existence, which, in time and gradually, transform the savage into the cultured citizen of intelligence and leisure. Ample food once obtained, he begins to long for better, more varied, more succulent food; the richer nutriment leads on to the well stored larder and the well filled cellar, and culminates in the French cook." The love of truth, the love of beauty, the effort to realize a high type of individual character, and a high social ideal, surely these are elements of progress distinct from gastronomy, and from that special chain of gradual improvement which culminates in the French cook. I doubt whether French cookery does always denote the acme of civilization. It seems to me that in the case of the typical London Alderman, it denotes something like the acme of barbarism; for the barbarism of the elaborate and expensive glutton surely exceeds that of the child of nature who gorges himself on the flesh which he has taken in hunting: not to mention that the child of nature costs humanity nothing, whereas the gourmand devours the labour of the French cook and probably that of a good many assistants and purveyors.

The greatest service is obviously rendered by any one who can improve human food. "The man is what he eats," is a truth only somewhat too broadly stated. But then the improvement must be one ultimately if not immediately accessible to mankind in general. That which requires a French cook is accessible only to a few.

Again, in setting forth the civilizing effects of expenditure, Mr. Greg, I think, rather leaves out of sight those of frugality. The Florentines, certainly the leaders of civilization in their day, were frugal in their personal habits, and by that frugality accumulated the public wealth which produced Florentine art, and sustained a national policy eminently generous and beneficent for its time.

Again, in estimating the general influence of great fortunes, Mr. Greg seems to take a rather sanguine view of the probable character and conduct of their possessors. He admits that a broad-acred peer or opulent commoner "may spend his £30,000 a-year in such a manner as to be a curse, a reproach, and an object of contempt to the community, demoralizing and disgusting all around him; doing no good to others, and bringing no real enjoyment to himself." But he appears to think that the normal case, and the one which should govern our general views and policy upon the subject, is that of a man "of refined taste and intellect expanded to the requirements of his position, managing his property with care and judgment, so as to set a feasible example to less wealthy neighbours; prompt to discern and to aid useful undertakings, to succour striving merit, unearned suffering, and overmatched energy." "Such a man," he says, in a concluding burst of eloquence, "if his establishment in horses and servants is not immoderate, although he surrounds himself with all that art can offer to render life beautiful and elegant; though he gathers

round him the best productions of the intellect of all countries and ages; though his gardens and his park are models of curiosity and beauty; though he lets his ancestral trees rot in their picturesque inutility instead of converting them into profitable timber, and disregards the fact that his park would be more productive if cut up into potato plots; though, in fine, he lives in the very height of elegant, refined and tasteful luxury — I should hesitate to denounce as consuming on himself the incomes of countless labouring families; and I should imagine that he might lead his life of temperate and thoughtful joy, quietly conscious that his liberal expenditure enabled scores of these families, as well as artists and others, to exist in comfort, and without either brain or heart giving way under the burdensome reflection."

It must be by a slip of the pen, such as naturally occurs amidst the glow of an enthusiastic description, that Mr. Greg speaks of people as enabling others to subsist by their expenditure. It is clear that people can furnish subsistence to themselves or others only by production. A rich idler may appear to give bread to an artist or an opera girl, but the bread really comes not from the idler, but from the workers who pay his rents: the idler is at most the channel of distribution. The munificence of monarchs, who generously lavish the money of the tax-payer, is a familiar case of the same fallacy. This is the illusion of the Irish peasant, whose respect for the spendthrift "gentleman" and contempt for the frugal "sneak" Mr. Greg honours with a place among the serious elements of an economical and social problem.

But not to dwell on what is so obvious, how many, let me ask, of the possessors of inherited wealth in England, or in any other country, fulfil or approach Mr. Greg's ideal? I confess that, as regards the mass of the English squires, the passage seems to me almost satire. Refined taste and expanded intellect, promptness to discern and aid striving merit and unearned suffering, life surrounded with all that art can do to render it beautiful and elegant, the best productions of intellect gathered from all intellects and ages—I do not deny that Mr. Greg has seen all this, but I can hardly believe that he has seen it often, and I suspect that there are probably people, not unfamiliar with the abodes of great landowners, who have never seen it at all. Not to speak of artists and art, what does landed wealth do for popular education? It appears from the Popular Education Report of 1861 (p. 77) that in a district taken as a fair specimen, the sum of £4,518, contributed by voluntary subscription towards the support of 168 schools, was derived from the following sources:

169 clergymen contributed	£1,782	or £10 10 0	each.
399 landowners "	2,127	" 5 6 0	"
217 occupiers "	200	" 18 6	"
102 householders "	181	" 1 15 6	"
141 other persons "	228		

The rental of the 399 landowners was estimated at £650,000 a year. Judging from the result of my own observations, I should not have been at all surprised if a further analysis of the return had shown that not only the contributions of the clergy but those of retired professional men and others with limited incomes were, in proportion, far greater than those of the leviathans of wealth.

To play the part of Mr. Greg's ideal millionaire, a man must have not only a large heart but a cultivated mind; and how often are educators successful in getting work out of boys or youths who know that they have not to make their own bread?

In my lecture I have drawn a strong distinction, though Mr. Greg has not observed it, between hereditary wealth and that which, however great, and even, compared with the wages of subordinate producers, excessive, is earned by industry. Wealth earned by industry is, for obvious reasons, generally

much more wisely and beneficially spent than hereditary wealth. The self-made millionaire must, at all events, have an active mind. The late Mr. Brassey was probably one man in a hundred even among self-made millionaires; among hereditary millionaires he would have been one in a thousand. Surely we always bestow especial praise on one who resists the evil influences of hereditary wealth, and surely our praise is deserved.

The good which private wealth has done in the way of patronizing literature and art is, I am convinced, greatly overrated. The beneficent patronage of Lorenzo di Medici is, like that of Louis XIV., a chronological and moral fallacy. What Lorenzo did was, in effect, to make literature and art servile, and in some cases to taint them with the propensities of a magnificent debauchee. It was not Lorenzo, nor any number of Lorenzos, that made Florence, with her intellect and beauty, but the public spirit, the love of the community, the intensity of civic life, in which the interest of Florentine history lies. The decree of the Commune for the building of the Cathedral directs the architect to make a design "of such noble and extreme magnificence that the industry and skill of men shall be able to invent nothing grander or more beautiful," since it had been decided in Council that no plan should be accepted "unless the conception was such as to render the work worthy of an ambition which had become very great, inasmuch as it resulted from the continued desires of a great number of citizens united in one sole will."

I believe, too, that the munificence of a community is generally wiser and better directed than that of private benefactors. Nothing can be more admirable than the munificence of rich men in the United States. But the drawback in the way of personal fancies and crotchets is so great that I sometimes doubt whether future generations will have reason to thank the present, especially as the reverence of the Americans for property is so intense that they would let a dead founder breed any pestilence rather than touch the letter of his will.

Politically, no one can have lived in the new world without knowing that a society in which wealth is distributed rests on an incomparably safer foundation than one in which it is concentrated in the hands of a few. Britsh plutocracy has its cannoneer; but if the cannoneer happens to take fancies into his head the "whiff of grapeshot" goes the wrong way.

Socially, I do not know whether Mr. Greg has been led to consider the extent to which artificial desires, expensive fashions, and conventional necessities created by wealth, interfere with freedom of intercourse and general happiness. The *Saturday Review* says:

"All classes of Her Majesty's respectable subjects are always doing their best to keep up appearances, and a very hard struggle many of us make of it. Thus a mansion in Belgrave Square ought to mean a corpulent hall-porter, a couple of gigantic footmen, a butler and an under-butler at the very least, if the owner professes to live up to his social dignities. If our house is in Baker or Wimpole street, we must certainly have a manservant in sombre raiment to open our door, with a hobbledehoy or a buttons to run his superior's messages. In the smart, although somewhat dismal, small squares in South Kensington and the Western suburbs, the parlourmaid must wear the freshest of ribbons and trimmest of bows, and be resplendent in starch and clean coloured muslins. So it goes on, as we run down the gamut of the social scale; our ostentatious expenditure must be in harmony throughout with the stuccoed façade behind which we live, or the staff of domestics we parade. We are aware, of course, as our incomes for the most part are limited, and as we are all of us upon our mettle in the battle of life, that we must pinch somewhere if appearances are to be kept up. We do what we can in secret towards balancing the budget. We retrench on our charities, save on our coals, screw on our cabs, drink the sourest of Bordeaux instead of more generous vintages, dispense

with the cream which makes tea palatable, and systematically sacrifice substantial comforts that we may swagger successfully in the face of a critical and carping society. But with the most of us, if our position is an anxious one, it is of our own making, and, if we dared to be eccentrically rational, it might be very tolerable."

Nor is this the worst. The worst is the exclusion from society of the people who do not choose to torture and degrade themselves in order to keep up appearances, and who are probably the best people of all. The interference of wealth and its exigencies with social enjoyment is, I suspect, a heavy set-off against squirearchical patronage of intellect and art.

Those who believe that the distribution of wealth is more favourable to happiness and more civilizing than its concentration, will of course vote against laws which tend to artificial concentration of wealth, such as those of primogeniture and entail. This they may do without advocating public plunder, though it suits plutocratic writers to confound the two. For my own part I do not feel bound to pay to British plutocracy a respect which British plutocracy does not pay to humanity. Some of its organs are beginning to preach doctrines revolting to a Christian, and to any man who has not banished from his heart the love of his kind; and we have seen it, when its class passions were excited, show a temper as cruel as that of any Maratist or Petroleuse. But so far from attacking the institution of property,* I have as great a respect for it as any millionaire can have, and as sincerely accept and uphold it as the condition of our civilization. There is nothing inconsistent with this in the belief that among the better part of the race property is being gradually modified by duty, or in the surmise that before humanity reaches its distant goal, property and duty will alike be merged in affection.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

* The *Saturday Review* some time ago charged me with proposing to confiscate the increase in the value of land. I never said anything of the kind, nor anything, I believe, that could easily be mistaken for it.

SPRING.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE jocund Spring, in garments green bedight,
Leads the glad chorus of the opening year:
Gay tulips her vaunt couriers appear
In vari-coloured tabards, heralds bright,
And wave their banners in our dazzled sight,
Blazoned with 'broidery of gold, while near
Rings the fair trumpet-flower its elf-horn clear.

The crocus pale, a sacred acolyte,
Swings its pure censer in the morning air,
And flings its perfumed incense far and wide;
While the fair lily, pure as any saint,
With the "rathe primrose," sweet and rare,
Trip lightly in the Spring's train side by side,
The beauteous queens of that procession quaint.

CURRENT EVENTS.

FURTHER details of the ministerial crisis in England seem to confirm the opinion which, in common probably with all who considered the circumstances attentively, we had formed. The real reason why the Conservative leader, after putting forth all his strength and exerting all his strategical skill to turn out the Government, refused himself to take office, appears to have been that there was disunion in his own party. Under the decent mask of a demonstration in favour of Lord Derby, a section large enough and sufficiently well supported by general feeling to command deference to its wishes, protested against the leadership of Mr. Disraeli. Lord Derby, like a man of honour, declined to supplant his chief, and the consequence was that a Conservative Government could not be formed, and Mr. Gladstone, after a prolonged resistance, in which personal weariness and annoyance probably mingled with a somewhat overstrained idea of the responsibilities of a victorious Opposition, consented to return to power.

The reasons formally assigned by Mr. Disraeli for refusing office were, as we said at the time, evidently hollow. To declare that the Conservative party is not prepared with a policy generally would be to declare that it ought not to oppose the policy of the Government, that as a party it ought not to exist. To say that it is not prepared with a policy on the current administrative questions of the day, such as the Alabama question (which however is settled,) and the Central Asian question (which is also settled) is to say what must be in some measure true of every Opposition coming over to the Treasury Benches and gathering the threads of government into its hands. Nor is there any weight in the suggestion that Mr. Disraeli could not properly dissolve the present Parliament because it was one of his own calling. It is the fact, and a strange fact, that the present Parliament, in which the Liberals have a majority of nearly a hundred, was called by the Conservative leader under a Reform Bill framed by himself, and, as he fancied, in the interest of his own party. It is also true that as a general rule a party leader is not permitted to appeal to the country by a dissolution against a Parliament of his own calling. But the rule is one rather for the Crown than for the Minister. The circumstances of the present case clearly warranted Her Majesty in offering Mr. Disraeli a dissolution, and there was nothing to prevent his acceptance of her offer. The Irish University question was not one on which he was likely himself to feel very strongly; judging from the absence of Lord Derby and other leading Conservatives, it was not one on which a great party struggle was expected; and when the Conservative leader in the Commons, descrying fatal division in the ministerial camp, swooped upon the disordered foe, and sent out a whip so strong that we are told a member was brought by special train from Paris, we may be sure that he intended to turn out the Government and take its place, not to go through the damaging process of declaring that he was unable to do so because he had no policy, and despaired of success in an appeal to the country. He judged, no doubt, that a dissolution would give him a sufficient accession of strength to carry on the Government. We suspect that he was right, and that the Conservatives have missed an opportunity which may not present itself again.

But the mutiny is perfectly intelligible, and would surprise no one who is aware of

the feeling with which Mr. Disraeli is really regarded, not by the mere readers of his speeches, but by those who sit round him and whose interests have been entrusted to his hands. If, in speaking of a crisis arising out of an Irish question, we may be allowed to indulge in a bull, the Conservative party does not want to commit suicide a second time. When its members swallowed their principles, and after throwing out Mr. Gladstone's limited extension of the franchise, voted for household suffrage with universal suffrage in its train, their scruples were overcome by a positive assurance that the votes of the uneducated *residuum*, to which a singular Conservative appeal was to be made, would give them a majority and confirm their tenure of power. The result was an overthrow such as no party had encountered since the election which followed the Reform Bill, and which immediately led to Church Disestablishment and Land Law Reform in Ireland, with an assured prospect of the ultimate application of the same principles to England. Mr. Disraeli is a debater and a tactician of a high order; a legislator or administrator he has never proved himself to be. He rose to the leadership of the Protectionists by his brilliant and cutting speeches against Sir Robert Peel. Having attained that position he developed a remarkable and almost unique capacity for Parliamentary tactics and for forming combinations against governments. But with the exception of the Reform Bill, which he borrowed from his opponents, and its supplementary enactments, he has never, in the whole course of his long public life, carried a practical measure of any importance. His first budget was the ruin of the Government; and the Abyssinian Expedition, the most important thing which he has had to administer, completely slipped through his hands, and instead of costing two millions, which he repeatedly assured Parliament was its limit, cost nine, though all went well and not a shot was fired. What he is to do then must be done, as in his last administration, by tactics, and of tactics his followers have begun to count the cost. They count it the more anxiously because the next things to be sacrificed will be Primogeniture and Entail. They prefer a man like Lord Derby, who might hold power quietly, and without being compelled to buy or outbid the Radicals, by social and personal position, united to legislative and administrative power. Such we believe is a pretty correct view of that part of the affair.

From a supposed physiognomical resemblance, a fanciful comparison has been drawn between Mr. Disraeli and the Prime Minister of the Dominion. Both are strategists. But the strategy of Sir John Macdonald has kept one of the weakest parties in the world in power for twenty years, and the strategy of Mr. Disraeli has kept one of the strongest parties in the world out of power for nearly thirty years.

Whatever may be said in conventional phrase about loss of prestige and captured flags, and whatever fanciful laws may be laid down as to the instability of governments restored to office after a resignation, there can be little doubt that the strength of the Gladstone Ministry will be increased, or as we should rather say, that its weakness will be diminished by what has occurred. Smothered disaffection among its supporters will have found a vent, personal grudges will have expended themselves; mutiny will have been brought face to face with a penal dissolution which it has every reason to dread. But above all, the unconditional refusal of the Opposition to take office, grounded partly on the despair of success in an appeal to the country, has declared the present Government to be the only one possible: and necessity, though it may be unwelcome, is always strong. Prestige is a luxury; Ministers as well as men may live without it. No one could be more devoid of prestige than Lord Liverpool, whose reign was interminable, nor does any halo surround the Gov-

ernment which in this Dominion has long managed to keep itself in existence, and appears likely to do so for an indefinite time to come. The divisions which have taken place since the crisis seem to show that the ministerial party has rallied; and the prosperous condition of the revenue, disclosed by the budget, will put the whole country in good humour with itself and with the Government. The price of coal is also falling; and though the Government has no more to do with its rise or fall than it has to do with the weather, this also will help to allay the popular discontent. The Irish University question remains unsolved and insoluble; but it is equally insoluble for both parties, since neither of them can adopt concurrent endowment, and the Irish Catholics will vote for nothing else.

It has been said that political foresight does not extend for more than a few years. But it is just those "few years" over which political foresight does not extend. It is possible to discern the general forces in action, and to predict from them the general tendency of events: it is not possible to predict, amidst the infinite complication of influences and the boundless multitude of contingencies, the particular occurrences of the immediate future. The Gladstone Ministry may fling itself out of window by some extraordinary act of folly, or be flung out of window by some inscrutable accident: but present appearances are in favour of its protracting a rather tame existence till the autumn of next year, when at latest, a dissolution must take place. By that time probably the question of the Land Law or that of the County Franchise, perhaps both of them, will have been raised, and will form the programme upon which the Liberal party, under Mr. Gladstone or some other leader, will go to the country.

The result will make no difference to the Colonies. Recent debates in the British Parliament have shewn plainly enough that whatever rhetorical fireworks Conservative leaders may throw upon the platform, they are not inclined to incur the responsibility of propounding in Parliament any reversal of the present Colonial policy, or of advocating any advance in the direction of Imperial Confederation. On the other hand the notion that Mr. Gladstone meditates further innovation, though cherished with peevish persistency, is totally baseless. He has selected as Governor-General of Canada a vehement upholder of the existing connexion. Nearly thirty years have now elapsed since he was himself Colonial Secretary, and it is not likely that his thoughts have ever been specially turned to the Colonies, occupied as he has constantly been with home questions of the first magnitude. To say that he cannot wish to add a Colonial struggle to his present difficulties is only to say that he is not insane. That he has been in favour of retrenchment may be assumed, and he is a declared friend of self-government. But in retrenchment we have acquiesced, while of self-government we are proud. He has allowed himself in his dealings with the United States to be daunted by the exposed situation of Canada; but so has every British Minister of whatever party: the Ashburton Treaty was the work of a Conservative government, of which the Colonial Secretary was the late Lord Derby. As a financier Mr. Gladstone has been uniformly successful, and all the members of the Empire feel in their degree the benefit of the prosperity which under his government has been fostered in its commercial centre. As a great commercial and industrial community, the leaders of which are men of Mr. Gladstone's class, and workers like him, we can hardly affect to share the prejudices of Lord Dundreary, or the resentments of the great ladies of May Fair.

The abandonment of the Fenian Claim was an act of weakness with which we shall never cease to reproach Mr. Gladstone's government. Unhappily we, as Canadians, are not in a position to hold very high lan-

guage on the subject. We have taken a money compensation without too curiously enquiring from what quarter it came, while no protest is entered by our Government or Legislature against the violation of our national rights, and our citizens, murdered by American filibusters, sleep in neglected graves. Of Scott's murder we have heard enough, because it afforded party capital: but the blood of those who were slain at Ridgeway was only Canadian blood.

There is one other matter in which the outlying parts of the Empire have a painful interest, and in regard to which Mr. Gladstone, if he has not been a sinner above all Imperial Ministers, seems to stand in need of special admonition—we mean the administration of the War Department. In all wars hitherto the enemy of Great Britain has been either entirely confined to his ports or prevented from coming out in force. But the conditions of naval warfare and the relative strength of the maritime powers are now greatly altered, and in any future war we must be prepared to see an enemy in force at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. This renders it of vital importance to the colonists that the War Department should be filled not with mere party leaders and debaters, or ordinary administrators, but with men really capable, on a sudden emergency, of wielding the armaments of the Empire. The system of party government no doubt requires in general that offices should be provided for the principal members of the party without much reference to their personal fitness. But in this case party ought to give way to the salvation of the Empire.

We in Canada again are unfortunately not without a special interest in the pacification of Ireland, and consequently in the particular question on which the British Ministry fell. That question, as we have said, is practically insoluble if both parties consider themselves bound to resist what is called Concurrent Endowment. But it is surely irrational to extend this principle from the endowment of Churches to the endowment of Universities. It is not the duty of the State, according to the view of its functions which is now rapidly gaining ground throughout Christendom, to provide religion, but it is the duty of the State to provide education; and this duty like other duties must be discharged, under the elective system, in a way acceptable, or not intolerably distasteful, to the mass of those who have votes, and by whom the government is virtually appointed. It is preposterous to expect a Parliamentary Minister to legislate in the matter of Irish University education without regard to the fact that three-fourths at least of the Irish people are Roman Catholics, and, as such have, or are compelled by their priesthood to exhibit, an insuperable antipathy to undenominational education and free knowledge. The question of principle as to the lawfulness of shewing any consideration for the principles of Roman Catholicism was settled when, by the Act of Emancipation, power to enforce such consideration was given to the Roman Catholics. The concession of political power carried all the rest. If there is to be University Education at all in Ireland, and if the Roman Catholics will not accept it in the undenominational form, to denominational Universities we must come: and the evils of denominational Universities, with free Universities alongside of them, and free booksellers' shops, are greatly exaggerated by the purists of the opposite system. The fanaticism of a certain section of the Radicals is almost as noxious and as baneful as the fanaticism of the priests. The State, wherever it gives money or confers power, is of course entitled to maintain a general control, and it may properly insist on testing the students in the Irish Universities, through State Examiners, in neutral subjects such as languages and mathematics. Every nation is also entitled and bound to exclude from all national institutions anti-national influences, such as that of the

Jesuits. The plan of Professor Fawcett, who in effect proposes to empower a delegation of Trinity College to make laws for the University education of a whole people, to the great mass of whom the College is absolutely alien and an object of positive mistrust and aversion, is a violation of principle more valuable than any involved in this particular question.

It may be noticed by the way that a practical lesson has been afforded to Protestant politicians who think to supplant their rivals by buying the Roman Catholic vote. The Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland were bound by the strongest tie of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone's government, which had given them religious equality; yet having got all they could from that quarter, they had no scruple in turning round at once and denouncing the confederate of yesterday. There is only one way in which you can purchase their faithful support, and that is by becoming their slave.

At Ottawa, little enough is done in the way of practical legislation for the country, but the struggle of parties is carried on vigorously, with a shrill accompaniment from the organs on both sides. The Government holds its own, and will, no doubt, continue to do so to the end of the Session; and, so far as we can at present see, for sessions yet to come. It is in possession; it commands all the influences which, in the absence of any question sufficient to stir national feeling, are generally all-powerful. The Opposition is without a principle, and the absence of a principle is not compensated by the presence of a leader capable of arousing national enthusiasm in his favour. Under these circumstances it matters little, except to the writers of editorials bound to explain defeats as accidents, whether the ministerial majority is large or small. The Government cannot be turned out. It is safer, probably, with a small majority than with a large one; because large majorities are never compact.

No doubt the Government will receive a blow if Sir Hugh Allan fails to float the Pacific stock. That he has failed is positively asserted on one side, and flatly denied on the other. We expect the truth from events. But it has always seemed to us probable that, even in the present abundance of money in England, English capitalists would shrink at once from an unsurveyed route.

We regard with mixed feelings the inquiry which has been instituted in consequence of the motion of Mr. Huntington, and for the gravity of which the character and position of the author of that motion are a sufficient guarantee. It is well that of the charges against personal integrity which have now become our ordinary weapons of debate, one at least should be brought to a definite issue before something like a judicial tribunal. It will help to restore the sense of responsibility both on the part of the accusers and on that of the accused. The old system of duelling, though most barbarous and detestable, was hardly worse than the total prostration of all regard for personal honour towards which we have been visibly tending. On the other hand, it is painful to all but the most violent partisans to think that we have come to such a pass that the chief of the nation can be gravely accused, and by a large portion of our people seriously suspected, of taking money from foreigners, and foreigners unfriendly to our sovereign and our nationality, for the purposes of political corruption. We doubt whether such a thing could occur in Mexico. There is surely some inconsistency on the part of those who exult in Mr. Huntington's motion, and at the same time denounce as treason any suggestion that our national position is not the soundest and the proudest in the world.

The Prime Minister erred, as we conceive, even strategically, in affecting to treat

Mr. Huntington's motion for inquiry as a motion of want of confidence, voting it down and then bringing it in himself. A *bona fide* motion for inquiry, as this unquestionably was, cannot be a motion of want of confidence, since a motion of want of confidence must be founded on facts proved or alleged to be proved, whereas a motion for inquiry distinctly implies that nothing has been proved. By the course which he took the Prime Minister made it easy for his opponents to assert, and difficult for his friends to deny, that he wanted to burke the inquiry, but found that his party was frightened, and would not stand by him in the attempt. He should have seconded Mr. Huntington's motion. That was the most politic as well as the most gallant course.

Much is said about the sectionalism of politics at Ottawa. It is the constant theme of mutual recriminations, the Ministerialists charging the Opposition with setting Ontario against her sisters, the Opposition retorting that the Ministers hold down Ontario by a combination of the smaller provinces. The charge in both cases is well founded, and yet neither side is much to be blamed. This state of things was the inevitable consequence of Confederation with party government, and the blame rests on those whose shortsightedness retained, and actually sanctioned, party government in framing the plan of Confederation. It ought to have been easily foreseen that when the first transports of fraternization were over, when the last toast had been drank to unity, and the last cheers had died away, the provincial interests and jealousies which had been with so much difficulty kept in abeyance for a moment, would to some extent reappear, and that they would furnish the materials out of which a party leader in the Confederate Parliament would construct a following, and supply the fulcrum of his sway over the Confederation. That he should pay his allies with Better Terms, and bribes of all kinds at the expense of the Confederation, was equally a matter of course. The only way of avoiding the danger was to make the Government thoroughly national, and to remove from the holders of power all temptation to purchase support for themselves at the expense of the general interest. And this is the only way of preventing further mischief from sectionalism now. If we adhere to the party system the struggle between Ontario and the smaller provinces will some day give a rude shock to the Confederation.

It has been alleged that, in the United States, Party has been a unifying agency, because the parties have extended through the whole Union. But what could be more sectional than the antagonism between the North and the South, of which the party struggle between Republicans and Democrats was the embodiment, and which ended in a sectional civil war? In the history of parties in the States sectionalism crops up everywhere. It was by holding the balance of parties that Pennsylvania was enabled so long to impose her sectional tariff upon the Union. Division will not produce unity, nor will faction foster patriotism, adorn them both with constitutional rhetoric as you may.

To vary the scene at Ottawa there has been a *fracas* with the press. The Opposition having attacked the Government for allowing public servants to write in party newspapers, the Ministerialists have retorted by carrying a resolution condemnatory of a newspaper article written by an Opposition member, and in which the motives of those who had voted with the Government against Mr. Huntington's motion were criticized with much copiousness of diction, and in a style thrilling with the anguish of suffering virtue. The reading of this detectable production by the Clerk, both in French and English, occupied a considerable portion of one of the sittings of the Great Council of the Nation. If the Clerk had been at liberty to comment, he might, at the conclusion of the reading, have

said: "Such, gentlemen, is the party press, the natural offspring and counterpart of the strife of factions here—a strife without a principle, without a national object, which necessarily degenerates more and more into ignoble personalities, drives from public life all who have a regard for their own character, and is likely, if it continues much longer, to consign a nation endowed with rare political qualities, capable of producing true statesmen and sustaining the highest institutions, to a domination of roguery and ruffianism." Let the writer of the obnoxious article be prosecuted, as the Minister of Justice seems to hold that he can be; his counsel will be a bungler if he cannot prove by reference to party writings and speeches, from those of the Prime Minister downwards, that his client, so far from being a conspicuous malefactor, is merely a typical man."

No individual politician, no particular set of politicians, is responsible for this state of things. It is not unlikely that the present Prime Minister may occupy an unenviable place in history as having tainted the political character of a young nation. But his policy, his strategy, his cynical tone, are the inevitable results of the party system in such a country as ours. The weapons with which he defends himself are the same as those with which he is assailed. He is personally above suspicion of corrupt gain, which is more than can be said of some of those who most bitterly denounce his corruption. There is no reason to doubt, on the contrary there is reason to believe, that he would willingly have his name associated with good measures and preserved in the grateful recollection of his country. But suppose he were to adopt the most patriotic and self-denying policy possible, what credit would he get for it? He would estrange his partisans and be as rancorously reviled as ever by his opponents. The less patriotic the policy of a leader of faction is, the safer is his government; and while we blame a man in such a position for the evil which he does, we must not forget to thank him for that which he leaves undone.

We have harped upon this string, and we mean to harp upon it. We know, as we have said before, that mere argument can do nothing against habit, interest and passion. The shock that overthrows a system so deeply rooted as that of party government will come from without. But in the meantime the public mind may be prepared.

The defeat of Mr. Macpherson's resolution by a large majority in the Senate, though hailed with exultation by ministerialists, leaves the matter exactly where it was before the public. Deserving as many of the Senators may be personally of respect, to regard that body as a branch of the legislature is absurd. Its voice is the voice of the Minister ventriloquizing through his nominees. That the powers of the Constitution should have imagined that it could be anything else—that they should have fancied that the mere use of the Sovereign's name in the process could have any real effect on the result—is a striking example of the influence which forms and phrases exercise on the imagination even of men of business. We have had reason, through the whole course of this affair, to wish that some of our best advisers in commercial matters were not consigned to an august limbo in which they can speak neither with the authority of representatives of the people nor with any authority of an independent kind. We must deprecate, too, the attempt to put down Mr. Macpherson on the ground of his alleged personal motives. If persons specially aggrieved were not to be allowed to speak, public wrongs would never be redressed. Given the Treaty with British Columbia and the Act of Parliament, we fail ourselves to see in what respect the Government has deserved censure; and as to the exclusion of American capital, or of the capital of Beelzebub, by any provision you can devise from any enterprise once on

the stock market, we hold it to be a delusion and a dream. But Mr. Macpherson's resolutions stand, we repeat, precisely where they were.

We feel pleasure in turning from these faction fights to something in which we can all agree. "It is difficult," said Sir Joshua Reynolds at the opening of the Royal Academy, "to give any other reason why an Empire like that of Britain should so long have wanted an ornament so suitable to its greatness than that slow progression of things which naturally makes elegance and refinement the last effort of opulence and power." If Canada has not opened a Royal Academy she has had an Exhibition of Paintings, and the public interest shown in it is a sufficient proof that the point in our "progression" has been reached at which, a large measure of opulence having been attained, the nation is ready for elegance and refinement. Among the paintings the best, as might have been expected, were some Canadian scenes, in which, with a good command of the power of artistic expression, the painter had embodied the genuine results of daily observation, and the true poetry of familiar feeling. One or two of the paintings of animals were not without a similar charm. The subjects were healthy and indicative of a sound moral taste. There were no sensualities and no horrors. The worst sin with which any exhibitor could possibly be charged was vulgarity. But we must not expect too much. Painting, of all the Arts, is the one which can least be called into existence by a fiat of the national will. Good schools, and above all daily study of the works of great masters, are essential to the formation of a great painter. "Study," says Reynolds, "the works of the great masters *for ever*. Study, as nearly as you can, in the order, in the manner, and on the principles on which they studied. Study Nature attentively, but always with those masters in your company; consider them as models which you are to emulate, and at the same time as rivals with whom you are to contend." The same authority holds that "the true and only method by which an artist makes himself master of his profession is imitation, of which his life ought to be one continued course." Raffaelle, as Reynolds remarks, began by imitating Perugino, under whom he studied; he then imitated Michael Angelo; he learnt colouring from the works of Leonardo da Vinci and Fra. Bartolomeo: he studied all the remains of antiquity within his reach, and procured drawings of those which he could not see. It is true that models are now in a certain sense multiplied and diffused, in a way in which they were not in Raffaelle's time, by engraving and chromo-lithography; but though a great privilege has thus been extended to the mass, to the student nothing can supply the place of the originals. A sculptor would be more assisted by casts than a painter by prints or chromos. What is called the genius of the painter in fact grows only on a prepared soil, and under conditions which have been slowly generated in the old world, and are incapable of immediate transportation to the new.

In painting we shall long have to look to the schools and galleries of Europe for the fruits of high art. In music the course is more open to us. The least material of the art partakes of the ubiquity of mind, and, if we cannot hope to produce great composers, we may aspire to the worthy performance and adequate appreciation of great compositions. Nothing prevents our cultivating a natural taste for music, which would not only be an immense accession to the national happiness, but an antidote to the special liabilities of our national character, correcting the hardness, the coarseness, the vulgarity of soul, as well as the misery consequent on a too eager and engrossing pursuit of gain. Many a German, in the narrowest circumstances, draws from music alone ten times as much genuine enjoyment as a go-ahead

American tastes in his whole course through a life of anxious and contentious rapacity to an early grave. A musical element effectively introduced into our national education might, in some degree, sweeten the whole current of existence, promote social intercourse without extravagance among the rich or drunkenness among the poor, soften the harshness of the industrial and commercial struggle for existence, and as Orpheus tamed lions and tigers, mitigate the ferocity even of politicians.

It is time to think of national taste, pleasure, and recreation generally. It is time to rescue our theatres from the carrion, mostly of New York origin, to which they are at present abandoned, and which turns what might be excellent schools of sentiment as well as places of healthy enjoyment, into organs, and most powerful organs, of national depravation. It is time to see that our cities are not left, as almost all the great cities in the States have been left, to grow into Babylons, without the reservation of proper parks and grounds for health, stillness, exercise and innocent recreation. Our land is our habitation, as well as the scene of our money-making; and if it is not a pleasant habitation, the only rational object of our money-making is lost.

The claims of taste unite with those of commerce in directing our attention to the minor and more mechanical, but by no means low, and very profitable, departments of art. In one of these, photography, Canada has already obtained conspicuous excellence. Among our French population there probably slumber capacities of elegant manufactures of all kinds, which are now wasted on farming after the fashion of the Breton peasantry in the age of Louis XIV. The French are also peculiarly amenable to the discipline of the factory. In erecting schools of practical science our Government should not neglect the interests of ornamental and textile art. After all, our climate is severe, and our French province, at all events, has a better chance, in the long run, of being the factory and the art-workshop than of being a granary of the continent.

When the bill providing for a change in the form of the periodical returns made by the banks becomes law, the public will be let into the secret of how much the bank discounts have been swelled by loans on the security of stocks. And the figures will afford no unfair measure of the amount of bank loans employed in stock-gambling. Within a few years there has come into vogue, in Canada, a pernicious system of stock-gambling, which deserves nothing but discouragement. The speculative spirit is not new; though it has taken a new, and perhaps more dangerous form. The speculation in real estate, which culminated in 1856 and collapsed in the next year, had the effect of turning men's attention in other directions. Land that bears no crops, and contains no buildings, yields no revenue; while municipal taxes and the interest of the investment soon double the original cost. From the first settlement of the country land has been steadily rising in value; though that value has not always kept pace with the artificial price to which the arts of speculators have sometimes brought it up. The utter break-down of the real estate speculations of 1854–6 brought this commodity into temporary disrepute. When some years of prudence had restored the shattered fortunes of the more adventurous class of the population, men who had for some years been timidly brooding over their gains began to launch out in new directions. Accumulations of floating capital lay in every direction to tempt speculation. The Building Societies were glad to forego their usual conditions of monthly payments, and make loans repayable in a lump sum, at the end of a stipulated time, receiving their interest meanwhile half-yearly, as in the case of individuals. Two or three years ago the difficulty was to get borrowers on any conditions.

With the banks, money was easy. The condition which this state of things attested was one of abnormal inactivity; and it was, of all others, the most favourable to a new era of speculation. The movement, as it is called, of real estate, was chiefly confined to an actual but increased demand, the few speculators merely serving as intermediate distributors of such specks of the earth as the men of this generation, happy in finding them free from preoccupants, required to turn to account. Stocks became favourite investments, chiefly because a regular income from them could be counted on with certainty. Under the influence of a rapidly increasing demand the price went up, till in many cases it became altogether abnormal. During the rise, holders suddenly found their wealth increased. If they had more stock, they would have a corresponding addition to their profits. Why then not create more? So they argued. Suddenly an increase of bank stock to the amount of ten millions is decided upon—in one case against the better judgment of one of our most successful bankers. Old stock is pawned to assist in the creation of new; old and new are pawned to raise money to enable the borrowers to speculate for a rise. Suddenly the inevitable result begins to declare itself. Margins begin to narrow as the hypothecated security tumbles down in price. The speculators for a rise are in a state of consternation, and their necessities compel them to pay from 10 to 20 per cent. for money. Some of the banks rather liked to make advances on stock: the transaction was so safe and pleasant. What could be more convenient than to lend at call, and obtain absolute security? When the margin between the amount loaned and the market price of the security was getting too narrow, payment could be demanded, or at the worst, the stock could be thrown on the market. This may do very well for fair weather finance; but in case of one of those periodical panics which occur at irregular intervals of years, the margins would disappear under the abasement of price, and the inevitable attempt to realize on the falling stocks would make them nearly unsaleable.

It is well that the public should know the extent to which bank loans have been made on the security of stocks. The necessity of making the disclosure every month or week may tend to check a practice of which the tendency is only evil. No bank is authorized to lend on the security of its own stock; but if different banks draw largely on the stock of one another, the object of the prohibition can hardly be attained. It may possibly appear that whatever stringency there is in money, is due, to no inconsiderable extent, to the amount of money absorbed by loans on stocks. From that stringency useful if unpleasant lessons have been learnt. The Government can close the gambling houses of Baden-Baden; but if the stock gamblers cannot be so dealt with, there are ways in which their machinations may be legitimately discouraged. The moral effect of risking money on games of hazard, whatever form they may take, is always and everywhere injurious.

The last wreath of the smoke in which the great moral and international fruits of the Treaty of Washington have been dispersed to the winds, is a work by Mr. Caleb Cushing, one of the counsel of the American Government at Geneva. Mr. Caleb Cushing will be remembered as the terrible enemy of Great Britain, whose thunderbolts in the Crampton case "rebounded from the throne of Queen Victoria," though without visibly disturbing the serenity or security of the occupant. He was also credited, and from a perusal of his present volume we should say not without reason, with a share in the composition of the American case, which he admits was "not so cold as the English case," and which the leading journal of Germany, though friendly to the United States and unfriendly to England, less coyly

characterized as unparalleled for coarseness and malignity.

The present object of Mr. Caleb Cushing's wrath is the British Arbitrator, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who has given publicity to his reasons for dissenting in some cases from the judgment of his colleagues. The discretion of the Lord Chief Justice in doing so has been questioned by Mr. Lowe and other English critics. But his defence is that though the particular case has been decided, and the decision must of course be frankly accepted by England as the losing party, the more important question remains, whether the principles embodied in the decision shall be accepted as rules of International Law, and recommended by Her Majesty for the adoption of other powers. It seems obvious that if the Lord Chief Justice is of opinion that the principles ought not to be accepted, and that their adoption would produce widespread injustice and mischief instead of preserving harmony among nations, he is at least as much bound to record his dissent, with the reasons for it, as a judge is to record his dissent from the ruling of his colleagues on the bench. This defence would of course not extend to any undue vehemence or want of gravity in the language of the statement. But Sir Alexander Cockburn has a very strong sense of justice, a sense of justice so strong that a doubt whether his client was in the right palpably affected his power as an advocate at the bar; and for this allowance is to be made if he expresses himself earnestly against what he believes to be wrong. That his language is not that of a perfect gentleman nobody has ventured to assert. We may add that, in criticizing the conduct of the British Arbitrator, and in the discussion generally, rhetoric, aided by bunting and gunpowder, has invested the Geneva Conference far too much with the attributes of a high court of justice. Mr. Caleb Cushing, for instance, in the work before us, exults in the idea that Great Britain was tried before the Geneva tribunal as a criminal, and joyfully represents the nation as cut to the heart on becoming suddenly conscious that it was being submitted to such a humiliation. The veracity of the boast is equal to its decency. Criminals do not usually appoint their own judges. The Geneva tribunal had no power to try anybody; it was not, in the proper sense of the term, a tribunal at all; it had no authority but that which was conferred upon it by the parties, and the authority which they conferred upon it was simply that of assisting them by friendly arbitration in the settlement of certain disputed questions. It had no more power of summoning anybody before it who did not choose to come, or enforcing its sentences on anybody who did not choose to accept them, than the attendant who swept its hall of conference. There has been much dispute, in canvassing the liberty assumed by Sir Alexander Cockburn of publishing his dissent, as to the character in which he appeared at Geneva. Was he a representative of Great Britain or a European judge? The answer is that he was neither the one nor the other, but the British member of a board of arbitration, charged with the settlement of a certain difference between Great Britain and the United States.

On Mr. Caleb Cushing's reply to the Lord Chief Justice we may bestow the same encomium which he bestows on the American case. It is not so cold as its English counterpart. As a fitting introduction to the discussion of a point of public law, Mr. Cushing has hunted up the whole history of his antagonist with the same deadly diligence with which an American politician on the stump hunts up the "record" of the other candidate, and interprets all its incidents with the same charity and fairness. It is a relief to find that the Lord Chief Justice of England has not committed forgery, robbed a bank, stolen money letters from the post office, or perpetrated any of those acts which form the more salient fea-

tures of a campaign biography in the speeches and editorials of the opposite party. He is, however, a very infamous, vile and despicable character, morally odious, and professionally beneath contempt. His family was one of some distinction, but there must have been something bad in the blood, since one of the race, during the last war between England and America, left unpleasant traces in the United States. It was no doubt this taint that shewed itself in the character of Sir Alexander, who, hopeless of attaining political distinction in an honourable way, became a parliamentary "Dalgetty," and hiring himself out as the mercenary defender of the worst of causes, received the Chief Justiceship of England as the wages of his venal tongue. In this ill-gained elevation he did not fail to give constant indications of the depravity of heart and mind which was destined ultimately to lead him to differ in opinion from Mr. Caleb Cushing. In particular he printed a corrected report of his charge to the Grand Jury in the Eyre case, from which a sagacious observer might have at once divined that he would one day print his reasons for holding that England was not liable to the payment of damages in the case of the Shenandoah. How curious is the uniformity with which a bad character betrays itself, how striking the consistency which runs through a career of crime! It is needless to say that, as a judge, Sir A. Cockburn displayed a total want of judicial intellect and temper. — "Confused thoughts," "equivocation in matters of law," "tendency to declamation," "vacillation," "unseemly wrath," "offensiveness of deportment," "partiality," "forgetfulness of his own official opinion,"— were his regular characteristics on the bench, as an equitable survey of his course as Chief Justice proves. We are shocked, but not surprised to find, that when he denied having given his assent to a judgment, as the judge who delivered it supposed he had, his colleagues "gave no support to his denial." If he wrote anything on law, it was of course a plagiarism, and of course a great American authority shewed that even as a plagiarism it was incorrect. We are thus fully prepared for his conduct at Geneva, where he "threw off the mask;" was guilty of "falsehood," "dishonourable imposition," and "smuggling;" shewed "neither the impartiality of a jurist nor the delicate honour of a gentleman;" "poured out the bile which had been accumulating on his stomach;" threw himself into "ecstacies of spiteful rage;" "demeaned himself so fantastically" that his country must have been ashamed of him; dealt with documents "disingenuously," and committed "judicial indecencies to parallel which it would he necessary to go back to the days of infamous judges like Jeffries or Scroggs;" not to mention his "prolixity," "looseness," "diffuseness," "unjudicial violence and extravagance,"— "want of logical continuity of thought,"— "self-contradiction," "irrelevancy," "mental eccentricity," and "incapacity of going through any process of reasoning without inconsistencies and self-contradictions at every step." In short "the air of impartiality and honour was not that which the British Arbitrator was habituated to breathe." Consistent in infamy to the last, at the conclusion of the Conference he took up his hat—we sincerely hope it was his own.

Everything that this modern Jeffries touches he taints. Everybody who is opposed to him or contrasted with him, acquires new lustre from the opposition or contrast. The Solicitor-Generalship and Attorney-Generalship, because he has held them, sink into "routine offices;" the policy of Lord Palmerston in the Greek question, because he supported it, becomes one of the blackest spots in history; Mr. Finlayson, for having written a diatribe against him, and against the most sacred of the chartered rights of Englishmen at the same time, is exalted into the position of a great

jurist; and even Lord Selbourne's merits are enhanced by the reflection that "nothing could deform him into a Cockburn."

To throw out in sinister relief the dark figure of the British Arbitrator, the other members of the Board are painted with a pencil dipped in the colours of the rainbow or the *New York Herald*. Count Sclopis is "a man of large stature and dignified presence; of the high breeding of rank, but without pretentiousness; cordial and kindly in social intercourse; the impersonation as it were of the intellect and the culture of continental Europe." But to form an adequate idea of his greatness you "must conceive and picture to your mind's eye the Alpine cradle of the adventurous and martial, but cultivated race of Italianized Savoisian princes, nobles and people—the fertile but ravaged valleys of the Rhone, the Arve, the Alberine, the Arc and the two Doras; the castellated heights of L'Ecluse, Montmelian and La Brunnetta; the vine-clad hillsides and the lofty *cols* diminuted by the giant peaks of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa; the sepulchral monuments of Haute Combe and of Brou, and the rich plains along the Italian foot of the Alps." It is a pity that Mr. Cushing did not think of mentioning the white mice. But if Count Sclopis embodies all this, Lord Burleigh's nod is nothing to him; he is a walking diorama. Mr. Stæmpfli is "a genuine representative of democratic institutions—sprung from the people—the son of his own works, clear-headed, strong-minded, firm-hearted—somewhat positive—not prone to talk except when talk was of the essence of things, and then briefly and to the point—in a word, of the very stuff out of which to make Presidents of Federal Republics." The village of Beatenburg, to which Mr. Stæmpfli retired to get up the case, is described in a beautiful passage—"In such a blessed retreat even law-books might lose their dulness, and diplomatic correspondence, depositions and legal pleadings be invested with the charmed reflection of the matchless scenery of lakes, fields, hamlets, cities, mountains, and rivers glittering in the sun, and resting in the horizon at the snow-crowned heights of the Jungfrau." "And so it seems to have been," continues Mr. Cushing, with graceful playfulness, "for good St. Beatus blessed the mountain labours of Mr. Stæmpfli." He did so with a vengeance. The Viscount of Itajuba, with all his belongings, is beplastered in the same tasteful style. "In comparing Mr. Stæmpfli, with his deep brown complexion, his piercing dark eyes, his jet black hair, his quick but suppressed manner, and the Viscount of Itajuba, with his fair complexion and his air of gentleness and affability, one having no previous knowledge of their respective origins would certainly attribute that of the former to tropical and passionate America, and that of the latter to temperate and calmblooded Europe." Of the United States Arbitrator, Mr. Adams, what language can convey an idea? Even Geneva, the scene of the conference, comes in for a puff, which makes us feel how hopelessly depraved the nature of the Lord Chief Justice must have been when he could behave as he did in such a spot. "It is a *city*, in respect of the commodities of life; it is a *country* in so far as regards the locality and the surrounding natural objects." The italics are Mr. Cushing's own, and they are intended, no doubt, to impress upon our minds the unique character of a city which has stores inside it, and country on the outside. Every face beams wisdom and goodness; every prospect pleases; only the British arbitrator is vile. Mr. Cushing has described the manners of the Chief Justice, which are as disgusting as his learning is shallow, and as his reasonings are weak. We are sorry that a delicacy, which we think overstrained, has precluded a description of the personal appearance of this bad man, in which nature has no doubt warned the beholder of the villainy that dwells within. Delicacy, however, has not prevented Mr.

Cushing from introducing an allusion to the family reasons which are supposed to have led to the refusal by Sir A. Cockburn of a well-earned peerage, from which we hope an English mechanic would have had the heart, if he had not the refinement, to abstain.

Mr. Cushing's wrath is the more notable, and we feel it the more, because everything which has happened, or which he has had the opportunity of observing, in the course of these proceedings, has been of a character to soothe and propitiate his patriot heart. Nothing, for example, can be more gratifying than the contrast presented to him between British and American institutions. "Government in England is at the mercy of every gust of popular passion, every storm of misdirected public opinion, every devious impulse of demagogic agitation—nothing correspondent to which exists in the United States." While Mr. Gladstone and the other Ministers were "tossed to and fro on the surging waves of public opinion," it was matter of the highest thankfulness and gratulation and public pride to Mr. Cushing, as an American, "to see the Government of the United States—President, Secretary of State, Cabinet, Congress—continue in the even tenor of their public duty, calm, unruffled, self-possessed as the stars in Heaven." Our inexperience of sidereal "Indirect Claims" obliges us to take the truth of the comparison on trust. The light of the American Counsel, however, which shines in these pages, is very like that of a star—clear and brilliant, but steady and serene.

Mr. Cushing corrects by the way some British errors respecting the United States. "It not uncommon in England to suppose and to say that *demagogy*, that is factious appeal to popular prejudice or passion, is a conspicuous feature of political action in the United States. It seems to be supposed also that demagogy here pleases itself, especially with accusations of Great Britain." "The absolute reverse of all this," says Mr. Cushing, "is the truth." It is a pity that he has forgotten to confirm his statement by reference to the unshaken dignity and rectitude with which, in defiance of Irish demagogues and their following, the Government of the United States kept the path of international duty in the matter of the Fenian Raids.

Mr. Cushing concludes, of course, with an apocalyptic vision of the Republic of the future, to which he adds an invitation to Canada, delicately worded, so as "not to shock respectable susceptibilities." After reading his work we feel inclined to anticipate the happy future and throw ourselves at once into his arms.

The Geneva rules, at least according to the Geneva interpretation of them, are about to pass into the limbo of Utopian regulations. They are the work of the professors of a speculative science spinning their tops in a vacuum, under the inspiration of "good St. Beatus." An attempt by a weak neutral to enforce them against a powerful belligerent would certainly be resisted by the belligerent, and then, as Mr. Stæmpfli has not a cosmopolitan police as well as cosmopolitan theories at his command, there would be two wars instead of one. The result of overstraining the obligations of neutrality would, in fact, instead of universal harmony, be universal war. When the jurists have ended their debate, we shall be left again, in our observance of neutrality, to the rules of natural equity and good neighbourhood. There can be no doubt that the principle of arbitration is of great value in many cases; though in what cases is a point which will be practically settled not by *a priori* definitions, but the general relations, strength and temper of the parties; just as in private life some quarrels admit of mediation and some do not. But no heavier blow could have been inflicted on the system than the occurrence at the very outset of a great arbitration case, in which the parties were England on one side and the power repre

sented by Mr. Caleb Cushing on the other.

The one consolation is that, when the fine has been paid, and the principles on which it is partly imposed have been repudiated, there is an end of this affair. The lesson taught is one which we hope, to use Mr. Cushing's polite phrase, has begun to "perforate the heads" of public men in England. History is full of proof, from the case of Judah and Ephraim downwards, that community of origin and language does not prevent one nation from being the bitter enemy of another, especially if the separation from the common stock has taken place in the way of hostile disruption. It is unfortunately a fact, patent to all who choose to see it, that as a nation, and with individual exceptions of which we have reason to feel proud, the people of the United States are, and by every possible index of national feeling show themselves to be, the bitter enemies of England. To propitiate them is impossible; and the way to prevent their hatred from assuming active and dangerous forms is to maintain strictly business relations with them, scrupulously to observe towards them every rule of courtesy as well as every obligation of justice, and never by ill-timed and unreciprocated advances to encourage their politicians in the belief that capital is to be made by invading our rights or trampling on our honour. Even with the utmost reserve and prudence on our parts, the future has difficulties and perils enough in store.

In the meantime we cannot help wishing for Mr. Caleb Cushing's production a wide circulation in Europe. European statesmen have had their differences and their rivalries with England; but they are men of sense and gentlemen. They cannot fail to draw their inferences, which will be the more salutary and practical because the American Government has of late shown a tendency to depart from the line traced for it by Washington, and to meddle in European affairs. General Grant, in his inaugural message, announced the immediate advent of universal republicanism, with America for a guiding star. This flourish drew a scream of rage and terror from the monarchical powers of Europe like that which, in "Old Mortality," arises from the inmates of the Lord Lieutenant's coach when they see Goose Gibbie rushing at them in full career. The Continental dynasties have not yet had occasion to study hyfalutin. A guiding star without a powerful fleet is more likely (if we may be pardoned the abuse of metaphor) to light members of Congress to their back pay than European nations to revolution. Nevertheless, it is not improbable that pleasant experiences may be in store for other powers besides that to which the ties of kindred have hitherto secured a monopoly of American affection.

Poor Dr. Tiffany has been roasted enough. Instead of basting him we will venture to suggest to an indignant public that if he spoke a word out of season, as he too manifestly did, he was at all events actuated by no unfriendly feelings towards Canada, and as far as we can see, by no unfriendly feelings towards England. His infelicitous oration was a rather instructive disclosure of the impressions prevalent among the people of the United States as to the inclinations of the people of this country. Americans who have never been among us are, generally speaking, firmly persuaded that we must wish to be annexed, and that we are prevented from carrying our wish into effect only by British bayonets. They start in incredulous astonishment when you tell them there are no British bayonets in the Dominion except the reduced garrison of Halifax, and that Canada is as free from parental despotism and as completely her own mistress as any young lady in the United States. The source of their error, besides the belief in the overpowering attraction of "The New Civilization" expressed with picturesque simplicity by Dr. Tiffany, are the recollections of the rebellion

of 1838, and the present relations between the population of French Canada and that of the adjoining States. Americans have never been able, or perhaps they have never been willing, rightly to understand the nature of the rebellion of 1838, which was in fact not so much an insurrection against the Government of the Mother Country as a civil war between the Family Compact and the popular party in Canada. The relations between the population of French Canada and that of the adjoining States furnish, unfortunately, a more substantial ground for belief in a tendency to annexation; for it seems clear that the French of the frontier are being Americanized by intermingling with their neighbours. On the other hand it is our strong conviction that the Americans would never think of laying violent hands upon Canadian independence. In spite of their Indirect Claims and their Caleb Cushings, we give them credit for a morality which would restrain them from the commission of so outrageous and barefaced an act of rapine as the piratical conquest of an unoffending nation. If they do not pay a very unswerving allegiance to any monitor in their own breasts, they are sensitive to the opinion of the world, which, they must know, would ring with indignation at such a crime perpetrated by republicans and professors of universal benevolence. It must be borne in mind that the Mexican war was the work of Southern rapacity, and that it was from New Orleans that Walker and his fillibusters went forth: the Northern people, though under the influence of their Anglophobia they can make themselves very disagreeable, are not regardless of moral considerations. But apart from morality, all sensible Americans—that is to say, the great majority of the nation—know very well that if they swallowed Canada against her will, she would infallibly be poison to them. A despotic government, like that of Austria before the recent revolutions, on annexing a province has only to take military possession, and send down a governor to assume the command and keep in check any local disaffection. But a republic which annexes must also incorporate; it must do so on pain of contravening its own fundamental principles, subverting the moral basis of its own institutions, and as it were committing suicide in the act of self-aggrandizement. When annexed we should have votes; and the Eagle must be endowed with a gizzard of a superior order if it could digest four millions of Canadians, invested with political power, and exercising it, as they infallibly would, against the government which had robbed them of their nationality. In a territorial and commercial point of view the Americans would probably be willing enough to let General Grant have his way with regard to St. Domingo; but they shrink from the political annexation of an alien and uncongenial race. Least of all would the Republican party which is now in power be inclined to annex a mass of population which would be likely to go almost as one man into the Democratic ranks, the British Canadians from a love of local independence which would attract them to the Democratic doctrine of State Right, the French Canadians from religious affinity to the Roman Catholics of the States, who all belong to the Democratic party. In our speculations on the probable conduct of the people of the United States, we are too apt to regard them as a united mass acting solely with a view to national aggrandizement, whereas, like all nations under party government, they are divided into two masses bitterly hostile to each other, and caring at least as much for victory in the party strife as for any object of national ambition. Hatred of Great Britain is strong enough to unite American parties: we doubt whether anything else is.

Our relations with our neighbours must always be so intimate, and their condition must affect us in so many ways, that a change in it for the better will always be good news to us. And there is reason to

believe that a change for the better is now taking place. "The New Civilization" is not so fatuously in love with itself that it cannot feel the presence of evils and struggle to amend them. In the late revisions of State Constitutions, especially in the States of New York and Illinois, a tendency has been shown on the part of the people to retrace their steps in a Conservative direction, to divest their representatives of powers which have been abused, and, above all, to restore the independence of the judiciary. In the State of New York, though the system of electing the judges has not been abandoned, the term of office has been lengthened, and the minority clause has been introduced into the election law. The adoption of the minority clause in this and other cases shows that the people are becoming sensible of the evils attending a tyranny of the majority. Possibly the example of Canada and England in retaining an independent judiciary may not have been without effect in helping the people of the United States to reascend the fatal slope, though we may be sure no reference was made to it by the prudent advocates of reform. The trial of the murderer Foster was marked, it is true, by a degrading exhibition of perverted sentiment; still the sentence of the law was carried into effect in spite of the great efforts made to prevent it, and we may hope that even in the City of New York respect for the sanctity of human life is beginning to revive, and that authority is taking courage to protect the peaceful citizen against the hitherto all-powerful ruffian. Tweed and his gang have, we fear, escaped punishment; only a Vigilance Committee could have given them their due, and if ever there was a case in which such wild justice was warrantable, it was theirs. But, at all events, Tammany has been overthrown, and the city government which has succeeded it, if still objectionable, and still tainted with the character of a ring, is, at all events, an improvement on the horde of banditti which it has displaced. A thorough reform cannot be effected at New York, or in any other city, without a complete change in the system of municipal government, which, in truth, is just as much needed on this side of the line as on the other. Slavery was very far from being the sole source of all the political evil in the United States,—but the Old Democratic party, of which the great slave-owners were the leaders, was the source of a very large portion of the evil. The Northern wing of that party comprehended in its rank and file the whole of the Irish mob of the cities and the rowdy class generally: and these allies, as the price of their support, were permitted by the Southern grandees to revel in public plunder and to commit with impunity every sort of crime. There can be no doubt that, since the overthrow of this organization, a more respectable element has been getting the upper hand, and making serious though fitful and often abortive attempts at reform. Corruption still reigns at Washington, as the disclosures of last session too clearly proved, and the clique which misrules and plunders the country under the name of General Grant, strengthened by its victory over the abortive mutiny of the Liberal Republicans under the preposterous leadership of Horace Greeley, defies or evades all measures of reform. The rules framed by the Civil Service Commission are set at nought, and its most important member has consequently resigned. Still there appears to be a genuine feeling of indignation among the people; and we shall not be surprised if, next fall, purity were to make some head against party at the polls. If the Democratic leaders could get rid of their Irish mob, and become the champions of local self-government and administrative reform, they might rally many good citizens to their standard.

In the West an important popular movement has commenced against another great evil, the tyranny of companies, or, as they are called in the States, corporations, especi-

ally the railways. With a government which represents not the nation but a faction, and which is consequently unable to grapple with any powerful interest, and in a loose and shifting society, the members of which generally speaking are sadly wanting in political courage and readiness to stand up against public wrong, these bodies, or rather the men who rule them, have acquired a power above all control, of which they make a most unscrupulous and oppressive use. Indeed their influence has become a political peril of the first magnitude. The farmers of Illinois have, however, risen in a body against railway tyranny in their State, and it is probable that they will not be put down.

Still, though the horizon generally appears to be brightening, in one quarter it is as dark as ever. The state of the South seems in no way to have improved. Carpetbagging misrule, supported by Washington bayonets, petty civil wars between rival gangs of political banditti, murderous affrays between whites and negroes, appear to be still the order of the day, and all sorts of peculation, corruption, and perversion of justice are no doubt going on beneath this agitated surface. It becomes a serious question what the influence of these miserable satrapies upon a free government may be. Already the President, while he is a constitutional ruler in one half of the Union, is a corruptionist despot in the other half. Perhaps history may have to record one more instance of signal and nicely adjusted retribution. The offences of the South having been atoned for by the conquest, the territorial ambition which mingled largely with the purer motives of the North may be punished in the results.

Accuracy has never been the forte of the countrymen of Gil Blas, and it is impossible to make out, amidst the conflicting accounts from Spain, whether the Carlists are gaining or losing ground. But there can be little doubt as to the ultimate issue. The Highlanders of Spain, even if they gain a Preston Pans, will have little more chance of seating their Prince Charlie on the throne of Madrid than their Scotch counterparts had of seating theirs on the throne of Westminster. The nation is too far advanced in Liberalism, both political and religious, to bend its neck again to the absolutist and ultramontane yoke, imposed by the least civilized portion of the people. The length and serious character of the struggle are in fact all in favour of the Republican Government, round which the nation must be compelled to rally against this formidable irruption of brigandage under the banner of Papal reaction. If it is true that Cabrera has been dug up and called to command Carlists, the presence of that bloodthirsty and fanatical chief will serve to make the Liberals and Constitutionalists of all shades feel more deeply the need of union for their common defence and for the salvation of the country.

The danger lies not so much in the temporary successes of the Carlists as in the existence among the Liberals of a multiplicity of factions, in their want of political experience, and in their revolutionary chimeras. Evidently many of them, like the enthusiasts of the first French Revolution, are victims of the illusion that political change will produce a sudden access of universal felicity, and are ready to pull down everything which stands between them and the gate of social bliss. A moderate Federal Republic, with strong local institutions based on the old provincial feeling, is probably the constitution which (all the dynasties having failed) would best suit the actual state of the people, and has fairest chances of holding its ground. But some of the Federalists carry the principle to such an insane excess that they want to put an end to the central government altogether and abolish the national capital. Federalism has also, in Spain as at Paris, become mixed

up with Communism, although the Federal Republic is really more conservative than the Unitarian, which lends itself to the despotism of a violent faction and was consequently the favourite of the Jacobins. Whoever is actually at the head of affairs will do well by getting over the provisional and "constituent" period as rapidly as possible, and giving the nation a government capable of maintaining order, and protecting life and property, before the civil tie is completely loosened and the habits of allegiance are entirely broken up.

The Spanish sky is not bright; but the Spaniards have great qualities, and those who compare what Spain was in 1773 with what she is in 1873 will not be without hope for her future.

SELECTIONS.

A MONOLOGUE ON MATRIMONY.*

"Oh! magic of love! unembellished by you,
Has the garden a blush, or the herbage a hue?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature, or art,
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?"—*Moore.*

ALTHOUGH Cupid cannot be said to be young, yet he seems to enjoy perpetual youth, for he is not in the least the worse for wear,—his locks are still golden, his cheeks glowing, and the bright kindling glance of his eye is as radiant as ever; while his votaries are even more numerous than they have been in any previous age of the world: we therefore venture to hope that our theme may not prove "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," at least to our fair friends. First let us premise that we do not intend to inflict on the reader a grave homily on this delicate subject, but rather a gossiping sketch of the felicities and infelicities of the estate matrimonial, and its counterpart—celibacy, with an accompaniment of illustrative facts and anecdotes. Marriage has been designated an episode in the life of man,—an epoch in that of woman; it is certainly a most important crisis in the history of both, for it generally causes a strange metamorphosis in habit and character.

"The happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chemic compounds are,
Each with his own existence parts,
To find a new one happier far."

The ancients exalted domestic affection into a household god, and one of the most beautiful antiques now preserved is a gem representing the draped figure of a woman worshipping this deity, as it kneels upon a pedestal. Croly wrote the following sweet lines upon it:

"Oh! love of loves! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he wants to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come
And on its altar closed—forever closed—thy plume!"

It has been said that while *Adam* was created *without* Paradise, *Eve* was created *within* the sacred enclosure, and that consequently the former always retains something of the original earthiness of his origin; while woman, "the precious porcelain of human clay," exhibits more of the refining process, both as to her physical and moral nature."

"If man is the head, woman is the crown. She was formed of a rib out of the side of

* From "Salad for the Solitary and the Social." New York: De Witt, C. Lent & Co., Publishers.

Adam, to be equal with him,—under the arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved."* The world has, in the main, indorsed the sentiment of this worthy divine.

Southey says, "Take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world, would be palsied.

> "This is the salt unto humanity,
> That keeps it sweet."

Its influence is sedative, sanative, and preservative—a drop of the true elixir, no mithridate so effectual against the infection of vice. Love, it has been said, invented the art of tracing likenesses, and thereby led the way to portrait painting; the cherished idol of our affection being ever imaged on the mental retina, or enshrined within the sacred recesses of the heart, as an idealization. Love, indeed, lends a precious seeing to the eye, and hearing to the ear: all sights and sounds are glorified by the light of its presence.

Home, the domain of the affections and the graces, is also the conservator of virtue. The amenities that adorn and beautify our earthly life spring up and flourish within that Eden enclosure—Home!

> "Here woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife,
> Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
> In the clear heaven of her delighted eye
> An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
> Around her knees domestic duties meet,
> And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."†

From the marriage relation spring those gentle charities and kindly offices of domestic affection which temper the austerities and selfish maxims of the world; while they serve also to help our faith in a future blissful estate of being, of which they are the type and harbinger. It is the sanctity of the domestic circle which links heart to heart in a hallowed compact, whence well up those genial affections of our better nature that fertilize the barren wastes of humanity and bless the world. If there be a spot on earth over which angels may be supposed fondly to linger, and scatter the sweet incense of heavenly blessing, it must be the sanctuary of a consecrated home. The surest safeguard against interruptions to domestic concord is the habit of wearing a smiling face; it will prove the panacea for every ill—the antidote for every sorrow; and who that has felt the luxury of thus conferring happiness, and chasing from the brow a shadow and the heart a grief, would grudge the effort for so rich a boon? There is a magnetic power in a spirit of cheerfulness and good temper. Its influence is as salutary and inspiring in the sphere of home, as sunbeams are to the flowers of the field. Among the most insidious foes to domestic happiness and moral health are the tyrannies of fashion, inconsiderate or unkind words, and the cruelties of scandal: all these are usually found to accompany weak heads, and perverted or petrified hearts. What spectacle can be imagined more touchingly beautiful or impressive than that which the marriage ceremonial presents? To witness the voluntary consecration of two intelligent beings on the altar of mutual faith and affection,—the union of their lives and fortunes in a solemn covenant which naught but death may dissolve, is indeed a scene of surpassing interest. That many instances of an infelicitous kind have occurred cannot be denied, but it is no less true that, in the great majority of cases, the marriage union has been productive of the happiest results; and were its claims always properly appreciated, such beneficent effects would ever follow in its train. True it is, as society is constituted, marriage becomes somewhat of a lottery—for its votaries are either the victims of Cupid or cupidity; in either case they are under the blinding influence of passion, and consequently but little subject to the control of reason."

An instance in which marriage was literally a lottery, was exemplified in a freak, said to have been enacted by a certain youthful swain in France, who, relying upon his personal attractions mainly, actually put himself up as the prize in a lottery of ten thousand tickets, at the value of two dollars each. This novel matrimonial expedient created a wondrous sensation among the belles of the French capital; and the result was, that all sorts of speculation went on among the fair, who eagerly bought up the tickets. A fair young damsel, who speculated merely for the frolic of the thing, became the holder of the prize ticket; the lucky youth tendered her the pecuniary proceeds of the lottery—$20,000; they became a case of "love

* Matthew Henry. † Cowper.

at first sight," and within the brief limits of the day Hymen settled their destiny.

The happy marriage, says Steele, is where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty.

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

Singular spectacles—rather we should say, pairs of spectacles—are occasionally to be seen in our popular promenades—ladies of towering altitude allied to dwarfish bipeds, who seem as though they were designed rather for the effect of contrast than equality; while again similar lofty specimens of the masculine sex are to be met with, peering into the upper air, dragging by their side like abbreviated instances of the feminine; seemingly to indicate that in resigning themselves to the stern alternative of espousing that (falsely so called) necessary evil, —a wife, they had sagaciously selected the least. Hood's inimitable pen portrays a calamitous case of the opposite kind, which the reader will possibly remember; yet we are tempted to introduce it here:

"Of wedded bliss bards sing amiss,
I cannot make a song of it;
For I am small, my wife is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

"When we debate it is my fate
To always have the wrong of it;
For I am small, and she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

"She gives to me the weakest tea,
And takes the whole souchong of it,—
For I am small and she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

"Against my life she'll take a knife
Or fork, and dart the prong of it!
For she is tall, and I am small,
And that's the short and long of it.

Necessarily there is no occasion for such marked dissimilarity of size in marriage; but there is no accounting for the eccentricities which sometimes control connubial destiny. Neither is there inferiority or superiority between the sexes; each forms the complement of the other. Man has strength, woman beauty; man is great in action, woman in suffering; man's dominion is in the world, woman's at home; man represents judgment, woman mercy.

Arthur Helps justly remarks, "Women are in many things our superiors, in many things our inferiors—our equals, never. I hold with Coleridge, that there are souls masculine and souls feminine. If they had been made exactly amenable to our ways of reasoning, they would have too little hold upon us. Whereas now, being really resolved to rule, as all we men are, at least in serious matters, we are obliged to guide and govern them—when we do guide and govern them—through their affections, so that we are obliged perpetually to pay court to them, which is a very beautiful arrangement."

So, after all, it is a very pleasant vassalage that is imposed upon us by matrimonial bonds. "Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an Irish peer remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a gentleman should look at the faults of a pretty woman is—with his eyes shut!"

Instances, not a few, of disastrous marriages might be quoted, but as their rehearsal would not excite any pleasurable sensations, we shall refrain from the unwelcome task; we may, however, refer to the case of an adroit spinster, who was *cute* enough to prevent such an apparent catastrophe. A young Scotchman having wooed a pretty buxom damsel, persuaded her to accompany him to a justice of the peace, for the purpose of having the nuptials celebrated. They stood very meekly under the operation, until the magistrate came to that clause which imposes the necessity of subjecting the lady to the rule of her husband. "Say no more about that, sir," interrupted the half-married claimant; "if this hand remains upon this body, I'll make her obey me." "Are we married yet?" eagerly ejaculated the exasperated maiden to the ratifier of covenants between man and woman. "No," responded the wondering justice. "Ah, very well; we will finish the rest another time," she continued, and in a moment more vanished, leaving the astonished

swain to console himself for the escape of the bird he thought he had so securely caught and caged.

As a counterpart to the foregoing we might cite the instance of a certain couple of rustics who presented themselves to the priest as candidates for the holy estate of matrimony. On the conclusion of the ceremony the redoubtable husband, who began to have sundry misgivings at what he had done, said, "Your reverence has tied the knot tightly, I fancy; but, under favour, may I ask if so be you could untie it again?" "Why, no," replied the dominie; "we never do that on this part of the consecrated ground." "Where then," eagerly inquired the disconsolate victim. "On *that*," was the response, pointing to the churchyard.

A curious legend is related of Eginhard, a secretary of Charlemagne, and a daughter of the emperor. The secretary fell desperately in love with the princess, who allowed his advances. One winter's night his visit was prolonged to a late hour, and in the meantime a deep fall of snow occurred. If he left, his footmarks would betray him, and yet to remain longer would expose him no less to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighbouring house, which, it is said, she did. It happened that from the window of his chamber the emperor witnessed this novel proceeding; and in the assembly of the lords on the following day, when Eginhard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who should compel a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders through frost and snow on a winter's night? They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers became alarmed, but the emperor, addressing Eginhard, said, "Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death—but I give thee two lives; take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God, and love one another."

Balzac, the French novelist, exhibits another example of eccentricity in matrimonial affairs. When Balzac was at the zenith of his fame, he was travelling in Switzerland, and had arrived at an inn just at the very moment the Prince and Princess Hanski were leaving it. Balzac was ushered into the room they had just vacated, and was leaning from the window to observe their departure, when his attention was arrested by a soft voice at his elbow, asking for a book which had been left behind upon the window seat. The lady was certainly fair, but appeared doubly so in the eyes of the poor author, when she intimated that the book she was in quest of was a pocket edition of his own works. She drew the volume from beneath his elbow, and flew downstairs obedient to the screaming summons of her husband, who was already seated in the carriage, railing in a loud voice against dilatory habits of women in general and his own spouse in particular; and the emblazoned vehicle drove off, leaving the novelist in a state of self-complacency the most enviable to be conceived. This was the only occasion upon which Balzac and the Princess Hanski had met, till his subsequent visit to Germany, when he presented himself—as her accepted husband. During these long intervening fifteen years, however, a literary correspondence was steadily kept up between the parties, till at length, instead of a letter containing literary strictures upon his writings, a missive of another kind, having a still more directly personal tendency, reached him from the fair hand of the princess. It contained the announcement of the demise of her husband, the prince, that he had bequeathed to her his domains and his great wealth—and consequently, that she felt bound to requite him in some measure for his liberality, and had determined upon giving him a successor—in the person of Balzac. It is needless to state that the delighted author waited not a second summons; they were forthwith united in wedlock at her chateau on the Rhine, and a succession of splendid fêtes celebrated the auspicious event.

The following romantic incident of real life has been also traced to Switzerland. Several years since an ill-assorted marriage held for a season in unwilling captivity a husband and wife, whose mutual distastes at length became so confirmed that they resolved upon a separation, and made an appointment with an attorney to meet and sign a deed to that effect. On their way thither they had to cross a lake, and as it happened they both embarked on the same boat. On their passage a storm arose, and the boat was upset. The husband, being a good swimmer, soon reached the shore in safety. On looking round to see the fate of his fellow-

passengers, he distinguished his wife, still struggling for her life, and in imminent danger. A feeling of his early affection returned to him, and plunging again into the water, he swam to her, and succeeded in rescuing her. When she recovered her senses, and learned to whom she owed her life, she threw herself into his arms, and he embraced her with equal cordiality; they then vowed to bury their differences in oblivion, and their after married life was no more darkened by the storm-clouds of strife, but brightened and glorified with the sunshine of love.

Those who wish to become acquainted with "the loves of the poets," we refer to Mrs. Jameson's pleasant book on that delicate subject. We may, however, glance at the eccentric conduct of Swift in his love matters. His first flame, whom he fantastically christened Varina, he deserted, after a seven years' courtship: the next he styled Stella, who, although beautiful in person, and accomplished, after a protracted intimacy he secretly married in a garden, although he never resided under the same roof with her, and never acknowledged the union till the day of his death. The third became a similar victim to his selfish hard-heartedness, which, it is said, caused her death. With all his wit and genius, such wanton brutality must ever reflect the deepest disgrace upon his character. The following case looks somewhat squally, and indeed possesses so much of the marvellous as to challenge belief. It is that of a gentleman who confesses he first saw his wife in a storm, took her to a ball in a storm, courted her in a storm, then married under the same boisterous circumstances, and lived with her during a like condition, but buried her in pleasant weather. The union of hearts and hands in holy wedlock has given birth to many luminous poetic effusions. The briefest exposition we remember to have seen is the following, which was doubtless intended merely as a love missive between two ardent souls, whose elective affinities—if spirits may commingle—resolved themselves into a perfect spiritual amalgam. Says our love-sick swain:

"My heart to you is given: oh, do give yours to me;
We'll lock them up together, and throw away the key."

We remember to have read somewhere an account of a most exemplary instance of conjugal fidelity and devotion, which, if true, is certainly without a parallel. A young nobleman of Genoa, named Marimi, who held large estates in Corsica, whither he used to repair every few years to regulate his affairs, had married a beautiful creature, named Monimia, an Italian. They lived for some years in undiminished felicity, till—alas for the mutations of time!—the devoted husband was compelled no longer to defer a visit to the land of his possessions. During his absence, the island being at the time in a state of insurrection, a report reached the ears of the anxious spouse that he had fallen a victim to the popular fury and revolt. About the same time, as he was passing along the harbour, he overheard some sailors, who had just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the republic. The name of his beloved wife was at length mentioned, when, all suspicion yielding to the painful conviction that it was indeed she of whom they spoke, he became so overpowered with grief that he swooned away. On his recovery he determined to lose no time in repairing to his home, in order to ascertain the certainty of the report. Strange as it may appear, simultaneously with this the equally distressed wife resolved upon a similar procedure. They both took ship—one for Corsica, the other for Genoa; a violent storm overtook both vessels, and each was shipwrecked upon a desolate island in the Mediterranean. Marimi's ship first made land, and the disconsolate widower, wishing to indulge his grief, wandered into the embowered recesses of a neighbouring wood. Soon afterwards the Genoese ship landed Monimia, with one of her maids; actuated by similar emotions, she bent her sorrowing steps to the same retreat. They each heard the other complaining of their bitter fate; when, moved by a mutual curiosity to see their companion in grief,—judge of their amazement and rapturous surprise, when they instantly recognized in each other the object of their ardent solicitude and affection. One long, straining and passionate embrace, and they immediately expired!

Like a suit at chancery, marriage is likely to last a lifetime; each is much easier to get into than get out of again. A writer in *Punch* had the audacity thus to estimate matrimony:

"Which is of greater value,—pr'ythee say,—
The bridegroom or the bride? must the truth be told?
Alas, it must; the bride is given away,—
The bridegroom, often, regularly *sold!*"

That is indeed a frail bond of affection which would seek to unite hearts and hands together by the blandishments of beauty merely, without the deep faith of the heart.

"'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."

This last named grace seems to have given place to the modern infallible specific—money; money, in the world's estimate, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

Some rhymester thus sums up the case in the court of Cupid:

"Fair woman was made to bewitch:
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing or curse,—
Fair woman was made to be—which?"

"A French woman will love her husband," it has been said, "if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks terrible vengeance upon those who are under her displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Russian woman, if he despises all westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and nobility; and an American woman, if he has—plenty of money!"

"Matches are made for many reasons,
For love, convenience, money, fun, and spite;
How many against common sense are treasons!
And few the happy pairs who match aright!
In the fair breast of some bewitching dame,
How many a youth will strive fond love to waken:
And when at length successful in his aim,
Be first *mis-led* and afterwards—*mis-taken!*"

In Southern Italy love making is, sometimes, carried on by a system of pantomimics, from opposing balconies. A code of significant attitudinizing signals is adopted between the parties; and although the method is mute, yet, as actions speak louder than words, this silent system seems to answer the purpose well enough for that meridian.

That brief episode of romance, courtship, is the spring-tide of life—the May of human existence; fond memory clings to it with cherished and lingering devotion; for, if at no other period, the heart then reveals its generous sympathies, and the habitual selfishness of our nature is forgotten. If the month posterior to the nuptial ceremony—the honeymoon—is so richly freighted with happiness, it is more than the great dramatist affirms of the period anterior to that event, when he insists "the course of true love never did run smooth."

Emerson has some poetic and forcible words upon this subject of love; he says, "Be our experience in particular what it may, no man ever forgets the visitations of that power upon his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art,—which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and night of varied enchantments,—when a single tone could thrill the heart, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory,—when we become all eye when one is present—all memory when one is gone."

Thackeray insists that "it is a good thing for a man to be in love,—it softens his asperities of character and quickens his sensibilities. It is like inoculation, a kind of disease, with a sanative effect resulting from it."

The true antidote or specific for love-sickness is unremitting industry; since it is when unoccupied that the poor victim is especially vulnerable. It is then that the arch cunning of Cupid usually takes effect, by bringing up the vision of the *inamorata* in all her bewitching splendour. Yes, it is the lustrous eye, the smiling lip, or the relievo bust, that does all the mischief. Potential as it is, yet is beauty—"the eye's idol"—often the most evanescent and frail of Heaven's endowments. Notwithstanding its frailty, however, the poet lavishes all his wealth of imagery and pomp of diction in the celebration of its praises.

Once, at Holland House, the conversation turned upon "first love." Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron,

"because it becomes all the less by *paring*." It was so in his case.

The Hibernian was in earnest, if not in haste, in his love suit for a beauty, when he told her he "could get no sleep o' nights for dhramin' ov her." One of the most concise courtships we have heard of, was the following: An eminent geologist, who was travelling several years ago in a stage-coach, happened to take a seat opposite to a lady. Of course glances were exchanged, for how could they help so doing? A code of eye-signals was next adopted, and soon afterwards eye-language was exchanged for verbal conversation. After a few interchanges about fossils and petrifactions, they began to talk about living objects and subjects, from generalities they descended to specialities and personalities. Said the gentleman, "I am still unmarried;" quoth the lady, "So am I." No. 1 then replied, "I have sometimes thought of marrying;" "So have I," responded No. 2. Then a pause ensued. "Suppose we were to marry one another," was then proposed by the man of fossils: "I would love and cherish;" "and I," said the fair one, "would honour and obey." Two days after, it is said, they did the deed.

Punch thus portrays the symptoms of a case of *heart-disease* or absent-mindedness superinduced thereby, the interlocutor being in evidence:

"Tell me, Edward, dost remember how at breakfast, often we
Put our bacon in the teapot while we took and fried our tea?
How we went to evening parties on gigantic brewers' drays,
How you wore your coats as trousers, in those happy, happy days?
How we used to pocket ices when a modest lunch we bought,
Quaff the foaming Abernethy, masticate the crusty port?
How we cleaned our boots with sherry, while we drank the blacking dry?
And how we quite forgot to pay for articles we used to buy?"

Yes, falling in love *is* a queer business; for instance, a student leaves college, covered with academic honours, and not a stir in his affections, excepting for his "kith and kin;" but a fair maiden passes him on his way, and straightway he loses his heart—the victim of a glance from a sunny face. A learned metaphysician, apparently lost to all external things by his abstract studies, walks out from his library, and his eye is suddenly arrested by the vision of a little satin shoe tripping most daintily along; and this grave epitome of severe learning becomes a ready captive to Cupid's snare! Take another instance: a redoubtable son of Mars, full panoplied for the fight, panting for victorious fame, enters a gay saloon in a foreign clime, where he meets a Spanish brunette, in her blaze of beauty; with a twirl of her fan she takes him captive. Who shall give to us a mathematical demonstration of the mystery?

Notwithstanding all that women have charged against us, men, under the counts of "woman's rights," and "woman's wrongs," are they not indispensable to our social happiness? Are they not the "queens of society," whose empire is the heart, and whose sceptre is love? Of all the tributes ever paid to woman's worth by pen of poet, and they have been neither few nor small, a single line of Scotia's bard is the most comprehensive:

"What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere not for the lasses, o?"

One of the old dramatists thus touches upon the seductive subject: "Sing of the nature of woman, and the song shall be surely full of variety,—old crotches and most sweet closes,—it shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly—one in all, and all in one!"*

But leaving woman as Adam found her, the predestined mistress of the affections, we will refer the reader to the old poet Gower's chivalric devotion to the maiden of his muse:

"What thing she bid me do, I do;
And where she bid me go, I go;
And when she likes to call, I come;
I serve, I bow, I looke, I loute,
Mine eye it followeth her about."

The human family is divided into two classes, the married and the single; the former have been often deemed legitimate objects for their raillery and jest by the advocates of celibacy; and it is but fair that the opposite party should

* Beaumont.

be permitted a share of the like pleasantry. As a specimen of the former, take the following lines of a most inveterate woman-hater—one of the early printers who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century. The extraordinary production in which this curious satire occurs is entitled "*The scole-howse, wherein every man may rede a goodlie prayer of the condycyons of women*," &c. This erudite scribe thus apostrophizes the sex :

> "Trewly some men there be
> That lyve always in great horroure,
> And sayth it goth by destynie,—
> To hang, or wed,—both hath one houre ;
> And whether it be ! I am well sure
> Hanging is better of the twaine,—
> Sooner done and shorter payne !"

It is admitted, on all hands, to be both a delicate and perilous thing to pry into a woman's age ; and the embarrassment becomes increased in the exact ratio of its advance, especially in the case of an unmarried lady. The precise epoch at which the epithet *old* may be admissible is no less involved in mystery. It is, therefore, highly expedient to avoid inquisitiveness upon the subject. Possibly the solution of the mystery of woman's age may be found in the fact that beauty does not always bloom ; and when her dimpled smiles and ruddy hues pass away, it is a vain endeavour to supply their lack by the aid of costly cosmetics and *bijouterie*.

Unmarried maidens ought, of course, to be styled the *matchless* among the fair, for in more senses than one, the definition is applicable to them. Are they not usually the ministering angels of the social circle ; and are they not the *sine qua non* in the chamber of sickness ? Some of the sweet sisterhood remain unintentionally among the unmarried, and these claim our respectful sympathy ; others there are, known by the epithet *coquette*, possessing more charms of person than graces of character ; these often fail of matrimonial alliance from presumption. When too late, these nymphs resort to every expedient to avert the unwelcome issue, but in vain ; "love's sweet vocabulary" has been exhausted, and the charms, divinations, and necromancy of Venus herself have been called into requisition, but, potent as they usually are, without the desired effect in their behalf. We have been accustomed to associate Cupid with simply his bow and quiver full of arrows ; but the queen of love, it seems, can invoke to her aid much more varied and irresistible artillery for capturing the citadel of the heart. To enumerate in full detail these appliances of woman's art would startle the credulity of the unsuspecting reader. Neither the "gentle moon," nor good old St. Valentine, the tutelar divinities of the tender passion, have, in their case, done their office ; who, therefore, can wonder, after such an expenditure of effort and exemplary enduring patience on their part, that our forlorn fair ones should become the victims of ennui,—or that their once jubilant and joyous features should become tinged with an expression of melancholy. We hear much of the merry old bachelor, that he is devoid of care, that he is everywhere the centre of a charmed circle, and that he is, in a word, a being envied by all, pitied by none. Even *Lord Bacon*, among others of the literary and learned, insists that mankind is indebted to the unmarried and the childless for its highest benefactions in the world of science and song. "They are," he adds, "the best of friends, the best masters, and the best servants." The verdict of society has, however, changed since the days of that sage philosopher.

Old bachelors have been styled "unproductive consumers ; scissors with but one blade ; bows without fiddles ; irregular noun-substantives, always in the singular number and objective case ; unruly scholars, who, when told to conjugate, always decline."

Some wag thus apostrophizes the old bachelor : "What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night, when the fierce winds blow, and when the earth is covered with snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread, he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, all encased in yarn hose, and buries his nose 'neath the chilly bedclothes ; lest his nose, and his toes, still encased in yarn hose, should chance to get froze. Then he puffs and he blows, and says that he knows no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes ; and with ahs ! and with ohs ! with his limbs to dispose, so that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze—to his slumbers, in silence, the bachelor goes !"

Apart from its endearing associations and

immunities, the marriage relation is constituted the great conservator of human existence; without it the world would soon become a waste, and the beneficent purposes of its great Author be frustrated. This sentiment we accordingly find to have obtained, as by instinct, in all ages. Fines were first levied on unmarried men in Rome, about the middle of the fourth century; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to insure obedience to connubial edicts, celibacy was visited by penal punishments.

Having indulged our laugh against the bachelor tribe, and the *matchless* spinster sisterhood, we have a few words to say about bewitching widows—perhaps the most difficult to define of all human enigmas. Widows, generally speaking, are especially dangerous to the peace of bachelors; having graduated in the school of domestic life, they have become proficients in "the art which conceals art," they have exchanged simplicity for sophistry and seductive contrivance. They do not often say—"no," to an "offer;" and if the party is timidly backward in coming forward, they have an enchanting habit of meeting him half way.

Old *Weller*, in the *Pickwick Papers*, warns his impressible son, *Sam*, against their wiles, and affirms, that "one *vidder* is equal to twenty-five single vomen!" Here is a life-like sketch of a first-class widow:

"She is modest, but not bashful, free and easy, but not bold—
Like an apple, ripe and mellow, not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive; now inviting, now too shy;
There is mischief in her dimple, there is danger in her eye!
She can tell the very moment when to sigh and when to smile;
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming, but a widow all the while.
Are you sad? how very serious will her handsome face become:
Are you angry? she is wretched, lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb:
Are you mirthful? how her laughter, silver-sounding, will ring out:
She can lure, and catch, and play you, as the angler does the trout!"

So long as fascinating women, be they widows or maidens, still remain amongst us, to light up life's pathway and to gladden our eyes, there is hope for bachelors, old or young. So that if even any crusty, rusty old blades, long "laid on the shelf," and deemed beyond all redemption, should thus become *owned* and polished, their dulness removed, their temper improved—and a new edge being put upon them, they may hereafter cut a better figure in the world, with more comfort to themselves and advantage to their neighbours. The most effectual way to curb a wild youngster is to *bridal* him; and the best way to keep a man in *countenance*, who is tired of inspecting his own disconsolate visage in the mirrors, is to turn his gaze towards some *smiling* vision of beauty, and then, if he may, secure it, as real estate or personal property.

Tom Moore once committed an act of petty larceny, by clipping a stray ringlet from the head of a young lady, who, on demanding restitution, received from the poet this witty reply:

"On one sole condition, love, I might be led,
With this beautiful ringlet to part,—
I would gladly relinquish the *lock* of your head,
Could I gain but the *key* to your heart!"

Few topics have been made so fruitful a theme of badinage and sarcasm by the wits as that of marriage. If the old bachelor is said to become *bearish* in his isolation, a man of the opposite class, during courtship, is thought to exhibit a strong resemblance to a goose; and when this incipient stage is exchanged for the estate matrimonial, he is honoured with the epithet *sheepish*. Some have indulged their vein of irony in verse, a curious specimen of which we subjoin; it evinces as much ingenuity as wit, for it admits of being read two ways, to convey a directly opposite sentiment. We transcribe it according to what we consider its true meaning; but in order to make it tell the reverse, it will be necessary to alternate the lines, reading the first and third, then the second and fourth:

"That man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by a wife;
Who's freed from matrimonial claims,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

"Adam could find no solid peace
Till he beheld a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate
Adam was in a happy state.

" In all the female race appears
Truth, darling of a heart sincere :
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride
In woman never did reside.

" What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold ?
The failings that in woman dwell
Are almost imperceptible.

" Confusion take the men, I say,
Who no regard to women pay,
Who make the women their delight
Keep always reason in their sight."

One of the most eminent of her sex, Mrs. Jameson, referring to the mission of woman, has said : " It is hers to keep alive all those purer, gentler, and more genial sympathies—those refinements in morals, in sentiments, in manners, without which men exposed to the rougher influences of every-day life and in the struggle with this selfish world, might degenerate (do degenerate, for the case is not hypothetical) into mere brutes." Such is the beautiful theory of woman's life-mission—preached to her by moralists, sung to her by poets—till it has become the world's creed and her own faith.

The marriage bond has been compared to the " Gordian knot," because it is an inextricable one—which none are supposed to be competent to unloose. In these modern days, however, too many, disregarding the sanctity of this union, wait not for death to dissolve it, but, like Alexander the Great, ruthlessly sunder at will the mystic cord.

The wedding-ring, symbolical of the perpetuity of the conjugal relation, has ever been the accepted accompaniment of marriage. Its being put on the fourth finger of the left hand has been continued, from long-established usage, because of the fanciful conceit that from this finger a nerve went direct to the heart.

" Little, simple, valued thing, made for little finger fair,
How much sorrow you may bring, when for lucre you ensnare !
Yet, if heart and hand unite, and if soul to soul be given,—
Then the solemn nuptial rite is a sweet foretaste of heaven ! "

Evil portents sometimes scare the happy pair, even after the Gordian knot has been tied. *We* are not, say you, fair maiden, superstitious on that subject : well, then, that being the case, we will tell you on which day to do the deed, if it has not been already enacted : we subjoin a little *advice gratis :*

Now list the oracle : " On Monday, for wealth ; Tuesday, for health ; Wednesday, the best day of all ; Thursday, for crosses ; Friday, for losses ; Saturday, no luck at all ! "

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

AN interesting correspondence has been going on in *Nature* with regard to the inheritance of instincts amongst animals. Mr. Huggins, the well-known astronomer, communicates a singular case in which an unnatural and clearly acquired instinct has been transmitted through several generations of a famous breed of dogs. His own dog, by name Kepler, is the son of the celebrated English mastiff, Turk, and Mr. Huggins obtained him when a pup of only six weeks of age. He was soon discovered to have the most extraordinary antipathy to butchers and to butchers' shops. Nothing would induce the dog to pass a butcher's shop, and this antipathy was both so unaccountable and so inconvenient, that Mr. Huggins was induced to investigate the matter carefully. It was then found that the same strange antipathy existed in Turk, in Turk's father, and in all Turk's sons ; so that there can be no question as to its being an inherited instinct. What may have been the origin of an instinct of such strength as this is proved to be by its constant transmission in

the male line, it is difficult to say. Perhaps some explanation may be found in a passage quoted by a correspondent from Boswell's Life of Johnson :—"The custom of eating dogs at Otaheite being mentioned, Goldsmith observed that this was also the case in China ; that a dog-butcher there is as common as any other butcher ; and that when he walks abroad, all the dogs fall on him. Johnson.—'That is not owing to his killing dogs, sir. I remember a butcher at Lichfield, whom a dog, that was in the house where I lived, always attacked. It is the smell of carnage which provokes this, let the animals he has killed be what they may.' Goldsmith.—'Yes ; there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are like to go mad.'" There can be little doubt as to the fact that many animals dislike the sight or odour of blood ; but the above explanation would hardly serve to account for any dog having a dislike to a butcher or to a butcher's shop. In fact, if this explanation were true, we should expect to find that no butcher could keep a dog or induce it to stay with him, whereas the reverse is notoriously the case. More probably, therefore, Mr. Darwin is correct in his suggestion that the dislike shown by Turk and his relations is to be placed in the category of those unaccountable likes and dislikes which dogs and other animals are apt to exhibit without any assignable cause.

The Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have just received a first instalment of the work of surveying and mapping the Holy Land. It consists of the first three sheets of an Ordnance map of the country, on the scale of one inch to a mile, based on an accurate trigonometrical survey, and including the district between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the country north of Jerusalem towards Nablous, and embracing an area of five hundred and sixty square miles. The survey has been already completed over an area of about one thousand square miles, and further sheets may be expected almost immediately.

The explosive compound known as "lithofracteur" consists of nitro-glycerine, containing the ingredients of gunpowder, namely, saltpetre, sulphur and carbon, mixed with sand. It thus differs from "dynamite," over which, however, it does not appear to have any special advantage. It is much safer than nitro-glycerine itself, since it will burn in an open fire without exploding, and it is also not exploded by mechanical violence, blows, or concussions, however violent. When fired with a Bickford fuse and detonator in thin zinc tubes, either against stockades, in mines, or under water, it explodes with an inconceivable violence. It is likely to take a prominent part in the warfare of the future, and it is at present employed in the Prussian service. It is likewise capable of many peaceful applications, one of the most striking of which is found in the recent proposal to employ it in cutting through sandbanks, and other obstructions to navigation. Thus it has been proposed to use it for cutting through a huge sandbank at Rotterdam, nearly a mile in width, by sinking tubing of that length charged with ten tons of the explosive.

The so-called "practical man," remarks Mr. Bramwell, the eminent engineer, is the bane of science, and "the perpetual bugbear in the way of improvements." The truly practical man, that is the man who knows the reason of that which he practises, and who possesses that necessary amount of theoretical and scientific knowledge which justifies him in pursuing any process he adopts, is a help, and not a hindrance, to the progress of science. "But the practical man, as commonly understood, means the man who knows the practice of his trade but knows nothing else concerning it ; the man whose wisdom consists in standing by, seeing but not investigating the new discoveries which are taking place around him, in decrying these discoveries, in applying to those who invent discoveries, even the very greatest, the name of schemers ; and then, when he finds that beyond all dispute some new matter is good and has come into general use, taking to it grumblingly, but still taking to it, because if he did not he could not compete with his co-manufacturers. The aim and object of such a man, indeed, is to ensure that he should never make a mistake by embarking his capital or his time in that which has not been proved by men of large intelligence and large hearts. It is such a practical man as this who delays all improvements."

It is probable that China will one day be one of the great coal-producing countries of the world. It is stated on competent authority that the known coal-fields of China cover an area of about four hundred thousand miles, whereas the coal-fields of Great Britain do not occupy more than the comparatively insignificant area of about twelve thousand square miles. Baron von Richtofen reported in 1871 respecting certain coal-bearing provinces, notably that of Shansi, containing some thirty thousand square miles of country in which the coal-measures come to the surface, with beds of coal varying from twelve to no less than thirty feet in thickness. The recent coal-famine in England has drawn forth the proposition that the English Government should make a formal demand for the opening of the coal-fields of China, and in event of refusal to comply with this demand should declare war against the Celestial Empire.

An important extension of the work of the United States Signal Office, so far as the system of weather telegraphy is concerned, is about to be put into operation. It is proposed to employ the country post-offices as intermediate agents for disseminating weather intelligence, for which purpose the territory east of the Mississippi has been divided into districts of about two hundred miles square, each having a point of distribution near its centre, to which the "probabilities" will be telegraphed from Washington, and from which two copies of the report are to be sent to all post-offices within the district which can be reached by mail as early as six o'clock in the evening. Country post-offices are notoriously the centres of information in rural districts, and in order to afford the farmers in the community, especially, an opportunity of profiting by this information, postmasters receiving this information are to place a copy as soon as possible in a conspicuous situation, where the public can see and read it.

A Berlin chemist has introduced a solution of gutta-percha in ether for the purpose of giving maps, pictures, globes, &c., a clear thin coating for protecting them against dust and dirt. Objects so covered can easily be cleaned by the application of a moistened rag. Drawings, executed with pencil, crayon, or charcoal, can easily be fixed permanently by the use of the same solution in a dilute form, the evaporation of the ether leaving a thin but sufficiently protective, and quite transparent film of gutta-percha on the surface of the paper.

The make of pig-iron in the Marquette district, to the south of Lake Superior, is given, in round numbers, as fifty-one thousand tons for 1871, as compared with forty-nine thousand tons in 1870, thirty-nine thousand tons in 1869, and thirty-eight thousand tons in 1868. The value of the iron ores and pig-iron from the same district, taken together, is stated at six millions of dollars for 1871, as compared with two millions and a half in 1866, four hundred thousand dollars in 1860, and only twenty-eight thousand dollars in 1856. From these figures some idea may be obtained as to the rate at which the iron industry in this district has progressed within the last quarter of a century. The entire production of rails in the United States during 1871 is estimated at about seven hundred and fifty thousand tons.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Courtenay Boyle writes in *Macmillan* on "Ball-giving and Ball-going," which is becoming the most interesting subject in London. Mr. Boyle gives us some rather curious glimpses into the habits of the great world. He ascribes special virtues to balls. "There must be more unbending in a ball than in any other party. It is impossible to go through the whole course of a ball without relaxing from that stiffness of manner which too often is assumed through the whole of less varied evenings. There are, moreover, so many ways in which people may enjoy themselves at a ball, and within certain

limits liberty as to coming and going is so wide, that a ball is always looked upon as the climax of hospitality. Drums and dinners play their part, but balls are, in theory at least, the great means of producing social happiness and amusement."

Some givers of balls are *nouveaux riches* who want to rise in society. "These persons have at first a hard task. The most lavish expenditure and the greatest possible taste will be all in vain, if 'people don't go.' The fatal criticism, 'No one was there,' is enough to nullify every effort, and make every expenditure resultless. It is, however, in modern times, rarely the case that no good friend, herself of established position, can be found able and willing to canvass for guests of the required calibre. The would-be hosts, therefore, are sure to find some means of making the excellence of their hospitality known, and have they only perseverance and lavishness, are sure ere long to find their rooms thronged with persons who, but a short time previous to their appearance, would not have dreamed of being present. The process is, of course, gradual, and cannot be carried out in one year or two. But so many instances are to be found of its ultimate success, that it cannot be denied to be extremely likely to have the desired effect." "Brilliant entertainments in London, at which gradually but surely the presence of all who can confer prestige is obtained, are followed by perpetual hospitality in the country; and it is hoped, often not without reason, that such an employment of wealth may be the means for making a permanent advance in the social scale, even if not for earning a way to the peerage."

There are many hosts known whose sole object is hospitality. Such hosts have many difficulties to contend with. The first is fixing a day. When the hostess has fixed her day, she is in danger of hearing that a bigger than she has selected the same day. Certain great houses have the privilege of throwing themselves open on the shortest possible warning. When it is announced on Monday that the owner of one of these is going to have "a small dance" on Wednesday, there is weeping and gnashing of teeth in the house of the hostess of Wednesday, who knows that many of her nicest people will be drawn away. A still greater difficulty lies in arranging the invitations. People have begun to regard the house of the giver of a ball as public property. There is little scruple in asking for invitations. Hosts are overrun with notes asking cards for cousins and friends, or for leave to bring so-and-so, who has such a pretty daughter. Hostesses themselves are to blame for giving friends the privilege of issuing invitations. When it is understood that Lady A. has entrusted a certain number of "cartes blanches" to Mrs. B., the great thing is to "get at" Mr. B.; and Lady A. herself is comparatively disregarded, and a notion springs up that an invitation can be somehow or other procured even for the house of an utter stranger. The name of those who ask for invitations is legion. They are to be found in every class, from the guests of Bryanston Square to those who pester the Lord Chamberlain with their obtrusive egotism on the eve of a Buckingham Palace ball. There is absolutely no limit to the boldness shown. Such a letter as the following is possible:

"Dear ——,—I hear you are going to have a dance on Thursday. That is the night in which I have my theatricals, but we need not clash, as the play will be all over at eleven, and I can then bring my people on.

Yours very truly,

———."

And this from one who was scarcely known to her correspondent, and who had not been asked to the dance.

Invitations are best managed when the mistress of the house does them herself, or there are young ladies to take them in hand. When this is not possible recourse is had to a formal list. But this leads to curious results. Cards are sent to people who have done with balls for ever, others are asked under names which have long ceased to be theirs, and some are invited who were decidedly not intended to be present but who happen to have similar names to those who were. The system, moreover, has the disadvantage of formality, and of preventing the feeling that the invitation springs directly from the friendship of the hostess. Mistakes, however, happen even when the invitations are managed by mamma and the girls. Rudolphina leaves all the S.'s under the sofa, and they are found there the next morning.

Then there is the difficulty about the size of the rooms. A ball which is too empty is a failure. A ball which is too crowded is not very nice. If you have two dances instead of one, people fancy they are asked to the wrong one. Nothing is more unpleasant than a ball which is too crowded. A "squash" without dancing is tolerable; but to attempt to dance in a place five feet by three is as inconvenient to the dancers as a perpetual squeeze is to chaperons. At least twenty per cent. more people than were at first asked are sure to appear, and the list should be calculated accordingly.

Sometimes a popular hostess determines to have "just a few people," and is rash enough to let the secret ooze out. She is at once placed in the dilemma of mortally offending several of her dearest acquaintances, who would resent being left out of anything select, and seeing her little party swell to abnormal dimensions.

The first requisite of a good ball is that the guests

should know and like each other. The second is good music. Proper ventilation, a good floor, a graceful arrangement of flowers, and a well managed supper, are minor but important considerations. For the supper nobody cares very much but a few *gourmets*, but everybody likes to have his moderate wants easily satisfied, and, above all, not to be poisoned with bad champagne. The effects of crowding and bad music are soon over: an injury to digestion not so soon.

Viewing balls from the point of view of those who go to them, they are given more for young women than young men. The difficulty of securing the attendance of men who will dance is in itself a sufficient proof of this.

And to a girl, a London season is, as has been said, much what going to school is to a boy. A girl is taught to fight her own battles, to develop her own idiosyncrasy, to rely on her own resources, by going out. Her rough edges—may the goddess of female perfection pardon the phrase!—are knocked off. The most remarkable difference in character may be observed between the *débutante* in her first season, and her who who has been out for two or three years. Shyness, diffidence, want of self-confidence have vanished; and in their place are tact and *savoir-faire*. Just as, however, in a boy, going to school will develop bad qualities as well as good, so in a girl a London season will bring into prominence many a fault which, were it not for repeated mixings with society, would perhaps lie hid. Conceitedness, rudeness, what is usually called "being fast," vanity—are all faults which are encouraged by ball-going. On the other hand, the mortifications which sensitive girls sometimes undergo in a London season are such as to act as a salutary training on certain minds, even though they blur the *couleur de rose* which may previously have seemed to shine o'er the world. Assuredly it is a time of no slight anxiety for a mother when she takes her daughter out for her first season.

Men being at a premium, the "gross result" has been brought about that at the starting of a girl's career it is more or less an honour for her to be asked to dance. The *débutante* must accept all partners who offer themselves, at the risk of being left blooming alone. She ought to be allowed to give some evasive answer, like "not at home." Sometimes young ladies have two cards—one for desirable partners to write their names upon, one to be shown when an undesirable gentleman claims his dance.

The conversation of a ball-room has perhaps met with more severe criticism than any means of interchanging ideas. If it is remembered that every ball-room conversation is limited, first by the necessity for dancing, and secondly by the necessity of "not staying too long away from mamma," it does not seem as if much ought to be expected. There is no time for depth of discussion during a "square," or between the intervals of a "round." "Sitting out," indeed, generally conduces to conversation, which sometimes is of an exceedingly interesting nature; but sitting out is generally the privilege of old friends, who need no stimulus to a quiet and agreeable talk. It must be in the nature of things extremely difficult to begin, carry on, and finish a conversation worth anything with about twelve different people in one night. As soon as you have got beyond the opening sentences it is time to leave off. The first orthodox questions, as to the opera, the weather, the park, the last "new thing," are like a prelude to a piece of music, or the first few moves in a game of chess. They are unavoidable, but useless. No one can plunge into conversation with a stranger, or the acquaintance of a week, at once. Just as good swordsmen spend some time in feeling their adversaries' strength, so even a good talker will find it necessary to test the powers of his companion. Were it not so, the most absurd results would take place, and you might find yourself plunging into a gossiping conversation with a bluestocking, or discussing Mill with her whose soul is in the valse. On the whole, it seems doubtful whether, except from its brevity, ball-room conversation is much worse than the conversation of other times. It lacks, indeed, time enough to become developed, and it is always being commenced *de novo;* but many clever things are said in a ball-room, and the foundation of many an important idea or phase of mind is laid during the music of a dance.

One of the witty journals of London lately carried on a discussion as to flirting. Flirting means so many different things to different people, that it would be difficult to obtain any general assent as to the light in which it ought to be held. If by flirting is meant—in the ball-room sense—making deliberate love where nothing more than passing amusement is intended, then most people would agree that flirting is most pernicious. The girl whose sole object is to get proposals which she rejects with scornful merriment and "tip-tilted nose," has much to answer for. The man whose eyes are continually saying that which he never brings his lips to say, has more. Both do harm which they cannot repair. Both inflict wounds which they cannot heal, but which are none the less deep because they do not bleed. Society is not so hollow that all in it is to be looked upon as false. Otherwise the honest man or woman would have no place there; and Heaven forbid that this should be the case. Deliberate falsehood therefore—and such flirting is nothing else—is powerful for ill. Far be the day when every girl has to look upon what is said to her at a ball-room as entirely fictitious and untrustworthy, or when a man may look and say things by which next morning he may utterly refuse to abide. If flirting, however, merely means chaff, good-humour, fun, and wit; the pleasure which two people who like one another's society take in being together; a chat over a past pleasant party, a scheme for a future one,—then none may wage successful war against it. Stupid among the stupids is the girl who never gets beyond cold commonplaces because she is afraid of having love made to her; and wearisome is he whose actions and words are regulated solely by the fear of being asked his intentions. In this respect, indeed, different men have different privileges. The *parti* of the season must be far more guarded than he whose "detrimentalism" has been known for years. The Foreign-office clerk, or the younger son in the Grenadiers, may

say and do much that the owner of acres or the eldest son may not. All this is pretty well understood; and considering the number of people who would be affected by them, mistakes as to this seldom occur.

Remarks follow on hours, dances (Mr. Boyle thinks it is time to invent a new dance), and various points of manners. Sage precepts are given as to the necessity of learning to dance and to "steer." On the whole, Mr. Boyle thinks that wonderful good humour is displayed in ball-rooms. Collisions are thought nothing of. Falls are rare, and generally are caused by the spurs of men in uniform. On one occasion at a full-dress ball a lady was seen at one side of the room with her dress caught in the spur of a man who was at the other side. Between the two was a large length of binding, on and over which dancers were in the greatest possible danger of tripping.

A word of sympathy is bestowed on chaperons. It is fortunate that there are men who will chat with them. An occasional bit of gossip must be an enjoyable variation of the endless duty of watching, watching, watching, half asleep, yet obliged to keep awake, through the endless succession of rounds and squares. It is wonderful that a Chaperons' Co-operative Society has not been got up to enable some few ladies of undoubted stability and wakefulness to do duty at a ball for the whole number.

With many people a ball is not considered perfect unless it finishes with a cotillon. There are men who devote themselves to cotillons, and hop about London with the sole object of learning new figures, or taking care that the old ones are properly performed. In some great houses the cotillon is the most important thing of the evening. The presents are provided with lavishness, and the figures are splendidly got up. But Mr. Boyle doubts whether the cotillon is really enjoyable. Its essence is rivalry. One is preferred, the other rejected. This may be very well among friends, but is questionable among strangers. More than one leader of a cotillon found this last year, and discovered that even men did not like to kneel at the feet of a strange young lady in the middle of the room and be scornfully rejected. The best people do not stay for cotillons in London, whatever they may do in a country house.

Mr. Boyle concludes with the following remarks:

"It has been said that going to balls exercises a considerable moral effect upon young girls. It does so to a certain extent also upon men, and perhaps even upon chaperons. In the little world of the ball-room many of those feelings, phases of character, and motives of action come into play which influence life in the graver world outside. The pride of the proud, the cynicism of the cynic, the kindliness of the warm-hearted, the softness of the gentle —all these are attributes which to no small extent affect the intercourse of people in a ball-room. Habits are formed, developed, or unlearned, which come not to an end when the time of ball-going is over. And the disposition which will be esteemed or loved in real life will be popular in society. As the man is most popular who thinks and gives no offence, whose good humour attributes the best motives to every action, who goes through the world happy himself and using his best endeavours to make other people the same; so the girl who is never offended, never rude, who laughs if she is "thrown over," and who does not think that her friends mean to be unkind to her, will find herself with most partners and with the greatest capacity of enjoying her ball-going as well as her after life."

Mr. Boyle's paper is full of instruction in their own pursuit to the ball-goers of the great world; for other readers it is not devoid of instruction of a different kind.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains a remarkable article by Mr. Freeman, the historian, on "Public Opinion and Private Morality." "Many things," says Mr. Freeman, "both great and small, forcibly bring before the mind the thought that there is a sense in which we, who live in the great kingdoms and commonwealths of modern Europe, are less patriotic than the citizens of ancient city communities. There are many points in which our political life is more healthy than theirs was; but it certainly seems that we have not as a rule, that living feeling of the State, as something ever present to our thoughts, as something demanding of us constant efforts and constant sacrifices, which the loyal citizens of an ancient or medieval commonwealth certainly had." In a large state, in one sense, be it of the size of Denmark or of the size of Russia, it is impossible that the existence of the state can be brought home to every man as something in which he is personally and daily concerned, in the same way in which it can in a state composed only of a single city. The average citizen cannot have the same constant personal knowledge of public affairs, the same personal share in them, which he may have in a city commonwealth. Be the constitution of the state never so free, the ordinary citizen hears more of a government which is set over him than of a commonwealth of which he forms a part. The natural, the unavoidable result, is a comparative deadness of public feeling. On a great emergency, a war for instance, when the being of the state and his personal duties towards it are strongly brought home to him, the citizen of a large state will be as ready for patriotic action as the citizen of a small state. But he needs to have the existence of the state, and his duties towards it, brought home to him in this special way. He is not like the citizen of the small commonwealth, brought face to face with them every moment of his life."

This intensity of patriotism has its evils, one of which is that faction runs higher, and treason is more rife in city communities than in nations; but its existence is historically certain. An old Roman held that all private feelings should be sacrificed to public duty of any kind. Æmilius Paulus celebrated his triumph though one of his sons was just dead and the other dying. But with us not only is a domestic affliction a good excuse for absence from public duty, but not to make the public give way to it would be thought a social indecency, even when the mourning is merely ceremonial. In the Crimean war officers came home "on urgent private business." A Greek or Roman general would have made short work of any officer who had talked to him of urgent private business as a reason for leaving the camp. In all reforms among us, "vested interests" are scrupulously respected at whatever sacrifice of public advantage, and indeed regarded as more sacred than the public institution. There is a want of reverence, too, in Mr. Freeman's opinion for the law as the law, which is shown in many trifling ways, such as the general habit of bribing railway porters, and disregarding the law against smoking in railway carriages. People, who in private transactions would be scrupulously moral, think nothing of smuggling and cheating the Post-office. Public crimes, particularly those on a large scale, such as public massacres and unjust wars, are viewed with far less abhorrence than private crimes. This Mr. Freeman thinks was shamefully manifest in the case of the late Emperor of the French. "The man who by perjury and massacre rose to power in the land, which, if not his own by birth, had at least made him her own by adoption—the man who employed the power thus gained by wrong to the further working of wrong in every form—the man who for nineteen years laboured for the corruption of his own people, and who filled two continents sometimes with his unprovoked wars, sometimes with his secret conspiracies—lived the object of far more admiration than abhorrence, and has gone to his grave with something like the honours of a benefactor of mankind." The feeling of the ancient commonwealth against the tyrant was stronger, because his tyranny was felt more personally by the citizens. Tyrannicide is now universally condemned, but the crime of Orsini was not nearly so great as that of Napoleon, though to the mass of men it seemed greater, because being on a small scale it was more like a private crime. The general sentiment respecting Governor Eyre is adduced as another instance of the same laxity of public morality. "The magistrate who receives a limited authority to act according to the laws of the commonwealth, and who uses that authority to break the laws of the commonwealth, is far more guilty than the private man who breaks those laws. People would easily see this if it were brought close home to them; they would not all like to be hanged by the arbitrary will of the mayor or sheriff of their own town or county. They might, perhaps, even think it a crime if Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli caused the chief men of the other side of politics to be hanged by a court-martial or shot down in the streets. But when the same kind of thing is done at a distance by a foreign President or a Colonial Governor, then it seems to be a praiseworthy example of energy. In the case of the *Alabama*, again, the nation, which was guiltless, is made to pay for what was in fact the crime of particular men, who fitted out a ship to prey on the commerce of a friendly nation." Mr. Freeman sums up by saying: "To make too little of the commonwealth—to set the interests of the particular member of the body before the interests of the whole body—to think lightly of crimes against the state as compared with crimes against a particular person—generally, to put what is private first and what is public second, is the temptation which besets our particular state of society and form of government." It does not at all follow that that state of society and that form of government are in themselves bad. It does not follow tha any other state, past or present, would be better. Every state of society and form of government has its own weak side, and there may be others, past or present, the weak side of which is weaker than the weak side of ours. I have already noticed some of the things in which we have the advantage over the state of things in most times and places. If we have fewer heroic patriots, we have fewer base traitors. If we are unduly tolerant to great and exceptional public crimes, yet there has been no time in which the ordinary public business of a state has been carried on with less of petty every day corruption. Our judges, our public men in general, stand above all suspicion of doing anything for unlawful gain. We are so used to this, we so naturally take it for granted, that we hardly understand how rare and great an advantage it is, how few times and places there have been which could say the same. But though we certainly have no reason to wish to exchange our actual state for that of any other time or place, we may still very usefully look about us to see what the faults of our existing state of things are, and whether other times or places may not sometimes give us hints for making things better. A state of things which should combine the patriotism of a small community with the peace and order of a large one is the ideal of human society. We may at least strive to get as near to it as the imperfection of all human things will let us.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, FROM AGRICOLA'S INVASION TO THE EXTINCTION OF THE LAST JACOBITE INSURRECTION. By John Hill Burton, Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Second edition. Vol. I. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

Mr. Burton's History of Scotland has generally been accepted, by those competent to judge of its merits, as the best work upon the subject which has yet appeared; and that this verdict is endorsed by the general reading public, is proved by the fact that we have here the first volume of a second edition. As the author remarks, it is no light task "to follow the destinies of a nation through seventeen hundred years, rendering an account of the remarkable events, tracing the changes gradual or convulsive, and unravelling, or rather endeavouring to unravel, whatever mysteries and difficulties obscure the sight." If this be true of all countries, of none is it more true than of Scotland, the early history of which is shrouded in a darkness so profound that in many cases it has been but intensified, instead of being dissipated, by the persevering efforts of investigators.

The present volume is but the first of the eight volumes which compose this admirable work. Its arrangement may, perhaps, at first sight, seem somewhat erratic, but it is in reality not unnatural and is certainly convenient. The first two chapters treat of the Roman period, from the first appearance of the legionaries in Scotland to the fall of the Roman rule in Britain. Next follow two most interesting chapters on the "unrecorded ages," dealing fully with the prehistoric remains of Scotland. It might be thought that these, as being clearly earlier in point of time, should precede those dealing with the Roman occupation; but the author's reasons for intercalating them here seem to be of a sufficient nature. The prehistoric memorials of Scotland "connect themselves with other occupants of the soil, who may have belonged to it any series of ages before the Roman occupancy, or throughout that period, or after it was over. Thus, it will be found that these memorials blend into, and form a sequence with, others of a distinctly later period, and the sequence thus created by the nature of things would have been broken by any attempt at a more accurate chronological adjustment." The author, however, not only treats of the hill-forts, round towers, Picts' houses, megallithic monuments, flint and bronze implements and the like, which are properly "prehistoric," in the sense that the history of their makers is absolutely unknown, and nothing can be predicated as to their age; but he also deals with memorials which, like the famous "sculptured stones," are only "prehistoric," in the limited sense that no history of them has been preserved, whilst the date of many of them can be at any rate approximately fixed. He shows, also, a somewhat remarkable scepticism, in some cases wise, in other perhaps somewhat strained, as regards certain very widely accepted archæological theories.

The scepticism we have just alluded to is exemplified in a still more striking manner, and unquestionably with just and sufficient cause, in the succeeding chapters, in which the author has to deal with such subjects as the Arthurian romances, the Ossianic literature, the huge Pictish controversy, and Druidism. To be open to conviction is unquestionably a good thing, and the destruction of rooted beliefs, when they have no foundation in actual facts, is undoubtedly a "useful process." Still, it will be with a pang of regret that many who have been fed in early life on the meagre diet of ordinary school histories, will give up King Arthur and his round table, or the Druids with their white robes and golden sickles. It is also a melancholy reflection that so much of the earlier portions of the histories of Britain which are usually set before the young, should have such a slender basis of fact for their justification.

The remaining seven chapters of the first volume are concerned with the early history of Scotland, from the time when Christianity was introduced, to the accession of Malcolm IV. and the Treaty o Falaise.

THE STORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1873.

Principal Dawson is one of the eminent men of science who at the same time are avowedly and distinctively Christian in their sentiments and beliefs. There are many eminent or obscure scientific observers who in their hearts are imbued with deep feelings of religiosity, who believe that the universe around them, "from beyond Orion and the Pleiades, across the green hem of earth, up to the imperial personality of man," is glorified by the indwelling presence of a great First Cause, but who, nevertheless, cannot lay claim to the title of "Christian," in the strict acceptation of this term. The God of the evolutionist, when he does not go so far as to dispense altogether with such a being, is a far-away, impersonal abstraction; and even less "advanced" thinkers class all religious conceptions under the head of "unthinkable" or "unknowable," and must thus be regarded as enemies to the Christian philosophy. Few men of science, indeed, are apparently willing to adopt the only two reasonable lines of conduct which present themselves to one investigating religious subjects from the so-called "scientific" standpoint. They will neither refrain from regarding an entirely non-scientific subject like religion—which is not based upon knowledge acquired through the medium of the senses—through scientific spectacles and treating it by the scientific method; nor will they "act upon that sound principle in philosophy and science which withholds those who may not have made themselves acquainted with all the elements of a given question from taking any part in the discussion of that question." Hence it happens that, though the study of nature is essentially a religious study, and though few eminent men of science could be called absolutely irreligious, few scientific authorities, comparatively speaking, could properly be called "Christian." Dr. Dawson, as we have already said, is a striking exception to this statement; and though he may at times have defended theological tenets which theologians themselves will probably ere long admit not to be necessarily connected with the scheme of Christianity, though he may sometimes have, perhaps, missed the substance in chasing the shadow, and though he may be at times hampered by beliefs which are not really necessary to a thorough acceptance of revealed truth—nevertheless it must be conceded that his position is, in the main, he only one left to those who think that the spiritual philosophy is founded on eternal facts, and who do not find themselves able to swallow the "new decalogue" so urgently pressed upon them by the "advanced" thinkers.

The present work originally appeared, for the most part, in the form of a series of articles in the *Leisure Hour;* and it may be considered as consisting of two distinct, though connected, divisions. The first division of the work, embracing three-fourths of the whole, may be regarded as a popular account of the leading facts of geology, as they present themselves to "a geologist whose studies have led him to compare with each other the two great continental areas which are the classic ground of the science, and who retains his faith in those unseen realities, of which the history of the earth itself is but one of the shadows projected on the field of time." The great formation of geology, from the Laurentian to the Pliocene, are passed in review one by one; the leading facts as to their lithology are briefly spoken of; and a graphic account is given of the more remarkable forms of life which characterised each successive period. The high eminence which the author has attained to as a geologist renders it unnecessary for us to say that the manner in which this portion of the work has been carried out deserves the utmost commendation. The general reader will find in it "the more important results of geological investigation divested of technical difficulties, yet with a careful regard to accuracy of statement, and in such a manner as to invite to the further and more precise study of the subject in nature, and in works which enter into technical details." The scientific reader also will not fail to meet, amidst much that is familiar, with some new facts as well as many "original suggestions and conclusions as to the relations of things." The work, therefore, may be regarded as being upon the whole a very interesting and popular account of the vast revolutions through which the earth has passed before finally assuming its present form, and become peopled with its present inhabitants. If any fault could be found, it is simply that illustrations might with advantage have been more generally introduced.

The last chapters of the "Earth and Man" will be those which are most deeply interesting to the general reading public, as containing the author's views on the notorious doctrine of evolution and on the question as to the descent of man. It need not be said, to those who are familiar with the literature of the subject, that Principal Dawson is an ardent advocate of the doctrine of creation as opposed to the doctrine of evolution; and that he wholly eschews the hypothesis that man—in all, at any rate, that makes him truly man—has descended from any lower animal form. He points out, and we think most fairly and justly, that the doctrine of evolution, if pushed to its logical conclusions, is distinctly and inevitably atheistic, and that, to say the least of it, its conception of the supreme Being is such as can never be brought

into harmony with any possible form of Christianity. We are, however, glad to see that the author does not ignore or overlook the real existence of natural selection and evolution, and that he is quite willing to recognise their operation within certain definite limits. In fact, he takes up the almost invincible position that evolution, within the aforesaid definite limits, forms part of the scheme of creation. The evolutionists themselves are very fond of asserting that this position is an untenable one, that the two ideas are incompatible, and that he who believes evolution to have taken place at all must believe that nothing else has ever taken place, whilst he who believes in a creative power cannot reasonably believe in any form of creation except the direct and immediate one. Never, however, was there an assertion more baseless. There is plenty of room in the doctrine of creation for a subordinate doctrine of evolution, and there is absolutely no essential antagonism between the two ideas. The antagonism is on the part of the evolutionists, who, recognising nothing but blind forces in nature, shutting out all design and purpose, and leaving no place for mind, are logically driven to exclude from their philosophy the idea of a Creator. On the other hand, the believer in a personal God is left perfectly free to believe, should facts seem to warrant the belief, that a part of the great work of creation has been effected by means of evolution. We will not do Dr. Dawson the injustice of endeavouring to reproduce in abstract the arguments by which he supports his position. For these the reader must refer to the work itself; but we may conclude with a quotation which embodies the author's views as to the general scope and tendency of the doctrine of evolution :—

"This evolutionist doctrine is itself one of the strangest phenomena of humanity. It existed, and most naturally, in the oldest philosophy and poetry, in connection with the crudest and most uncritical attempts of the human mind to grasp the system of nature; but that in our day a system destitute of any shadow of proof, and supported merely by vague analogies and figures of speech, and by the arbitrary and artificial coherence of its own parts, should be accepted as a philosophy, and should find able adherents to string upon its thread of hypotheses our vast and weighty stores of knowledge, is surpassingly strange. It seems to indicate that the accumulated facts of our age have gone altogether beyond its capacity for generalization; and but for the vigour one sees everywhere, it might be taken as an indication that the human mind has fallen into a state of senility, and in its dotage mistakes for science the imaginations which were the dreams of its youth. In many respects these speculations are important and worthy the attention of thinking men. They seek to revolutionise the religious beliefs of the world, and if accepted would destroy most of the existing theology and philosophy. They indicate tendencies amongst scientific thinkers, which, though probably temporary, must, before they disappear, descend to lower strata, and reproduce themselves in grosser forms, and with most serious effects on the whole structure of society. With one class of minds they constitute a sort of religion, which so far satisfies the cravings for truths higher than those which relate to immediate wants and pleasures. With another, and perhaps larger class, they are accepted as affording a welcome deliverance from all scruples of conscience and fear of a hereafter. In the domain of science evolutionism has like tendencies. It reduces the position of man, who becomes a descendant of inferior animals, and a mere term in a series whose end is unknown. It removes from the study of nature the idea of final cause and purpose; and the evolutionist, instead of regarding the world as a work of consummate plan, skill, and adjustment, approaches nature as he would a chaos of fallen rocks, which may present forms of castles and grotesque profiles of men and animals, but which are all fortuitous and without significance."

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.'s bulletin for the month embraces their reprint of Prof. Goldwin Smith's thoughtful and scholarly "Lectures on the Study of History," and a new edition of His Excellency, the Earl of Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes." The latter is enriched by a preface which His Excellency has been pleased to prepare for this edition. An excellent engraved portrait of the author, the work of the B. A. Bank Note Co., of Montreal, appears as a frontispiece to the book. This firm have also issued, by arrangement with the Palestine Exploration Committee, a Canadian edition of "Our Work in Palestine," a compilation of the results of excavations and explorations in Jerusalem and the Holy Land, undertaken at the expense of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The volume will be found of great value to all interested in sacred antiquities, as well as to the ordinary Bible reader. A number of maps and plans lend increased interest to the book.

The new edition, above noted, of Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," has had a special Canadian preface prepared for it by His Excellency. Like all the utterances of the distinguished gentleman it is most felicitously expressed; and from it the reader will learn, with a feeling of mingled interest and amusement, "what has become of Wilson"—his Lordship's valet, who figures so prominently and dramatically in the pages of the narrative.

His Excellency takes the opportunity in the preface of making a *naive* reference to the license of

American reprinters of European literature, which conveys its own admonition; and which, but for the circumstance alluded to in the opening sentences of the preface, would have deterred the author from assenting to a re-issue of the book on this side of the Atlantic. The reference, though adroitly pointed, is good humoured; and, unfortunately, as we in Canada are unavoidably accessory to the injustice of this literary-booty seizing, we cannot ourselves 'cast the stone.' When, may we ask, however, shall we be answerable for our sins alone? And when shall we have the opportunity to do justly on our own account? We append the passage referred to:

* * * * "But for this I should never have had the hardihood to appear as an author before the public of this Continent, whose geographical position and fiscal arrangements enable its inhabitants to skim the cream from the literature of Europe, without troubling themselves either with its sedimentary deposits or the irritating restrictions of its copyrights."

The following new novels are now ready in separate form:—"Pascarel," by Ouida; "The Death Shot," by Capt. Mayne Reid; "Old Kensington," by Miss Thackeray; "Little Kate Kirby," by Mr. F. W. Robinson; and "May," by Mrs. Oliphant. Lord Lytton's posthumous story, "Kenelm Chillingly: his Adventures and Opinions," has been issued by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., of Toronto, who also shortly publish reprints of "A New Magdalen," by Wilkie Collins; and "A Simpleton," by Charles Reade. "Middlemarch," by George Eliot, the great novel of the day, has been brought out in paper form.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. of Boston, have recently reprinted Mr. W. R. Greg's new work, "Enigmas of Life," which has reached a third edition in England; and "Memoirs of a Brother," by Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days." &c.

Mrs. Elliot's delightful work on "Old Court Life in France," is being re-issued on this side the Atlantic in *Appleton's Journal*.

Messrs. Harper have issued a reprint of "Turning Points in Life," by the Rev. Fredk. Arnold, a good incentive book for young men, of the stamp of Smiles' "Self Help," "Character," and other kindred works.

Messrs. Longmans' new works embrace Earl Russell's "Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe;" "A Life of Humboldt," translated from the German, and compiled in commemoration of the centenary of his birth; and a translation from the German also, of Prof. Helmholtz's "Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects."

As a contribution to the records of the personal life of Dickens, a most valuable book appears in "Charles Dickens as a Reader," by Charles Kent. It should be possessed by every one who has heard the novelist read.

A reprint of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's papers to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the title of "The Christian Vagabond," is very highly spoken of by English critics. The hero of the book is a sort of modern Christ, who, inspired with a gracious benevolence, pilgrimages through the land doing homage at the shrine of charity. The *motif* of the book would seem to be the antipodes of that of "The True History of Joshua Davidson," though we can readily comprehend why the latter should have so large a sale.

New revised editions are in progress of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and of Appleton's new American Cyclopædia. The latter will incorporate the matter of the annual volumes issued since the completion of the original work, and will be compressed into the compass of fifteen volumes, we believe.

Messrs. Strahan & Co. have just issued "The Men of the Third Republic," a series of sketches of the political leaders in France, and "Political Sketches—Cabinet Portraits," reprinted from the *Daily News*. Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have imported small editions of each of these entertaining volumes.

"The Story of the Earth and Man," a collection of the interesting contributions of Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, to *The Leisure Hour*, on popular Geology, has just appeared. Special Canadian editions have been imported by Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto, and Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The third and concluding volume of "The History of England from the year 1830," by the Rev. W. Nassau Molesworth, has just been published. The work is confined to a narrative of the successive political changes in the history of England from the period, and inclusive of, the Reform Bill. A ministerial history of modern times would be interesting reading, but the secrets of Cabinet manœuvring are not likely to be got at correctly by contemporary writers.

A further selection from the Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson appears under the title of "The Bath Archives." The period covered by the volumes is from 1809 to 1816, and they contain a profusion of anecdotes of the great personages of the time—royal, political, military, literary and diplomatic.

A new volume of the Haydn series of Manuals is ready, viz., "A Dictionary of Popular Medicine and Hygiene," edited by Dr. Edwin Lankester, assisted by Professors of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

A companion of the Moxon series of Poets has been issued in a critical history of the rival schools of poetry, &c. The work bears the title of "Comparative Estimate of Modern Poets," and is written by a Barrister, Mr. J. Devey, M.A.

A translation of the magnificently illustrated work of M. Flammarion, on "The Atmosphere," has been prepared by Prof. Glaisher, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Some ten chromo-lithographs and over eighty woodcuts enrich the work.

A series of popular essays on "The Structure of the Old Testament," by the Rev. Professor Stanley Leathes is just ready.

A volume of Sermons on "Prayer and Contemporary Criticism," by the Rev. R. Henry Roberts, B.A., is announced.

A new work by the "Literary Recluse," the Rev. Francis Jacox, is announced, under the title of "Traits of Character, and Notes of Incident in Bible Story."

The new series of the admirable "Biographical and Critical Essays" of Mr. A. Hayward, Q.C., recently published, has gone into a second edition. The subjects of the Essays are Miss Edgeworth, George Canning, Marie Antoinette, Lady Palmerston, Marshal Saxe, Alexander Dumas, Sir Henry Holland, and Lord Lansdowne.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 3.] JUNE, 1873. [No. 6.

CONCERNING CANADIAN SHIP-BUILDING: ITS RECORD AND RESOURCES.

BY CAPTAIN N. W. BECKWITH.

"OUTSIDE of the consideration whether the United States may or may not become rival customers with Great Britain for our tonnage, there is soon to be a largely increased demand. The 'rage' for iron ships is being followed by a more deliberate thinking, which will soon show that, after all, they are *not* so vastly superior to their wooden rivals as has been the fashion to assert. The consideration of the great comparative cheapness of the latter, which has whilom been lost sight of, will be recognised again at its true value, that of being one of the weightiest elements in the discussion; and it is the fact, as slight observation will prove, that even much less difference of cost in favour of the wooden ship than has ever yet obtained, still leaves her quite as desirable *an investment* as the iron. I have commanded both kinds, and although I find the last named, all things considered, undeniably the better, yet I also have found that that superiority has a near limitation, and is not so large but that it is more than counterbalanced by her greater cost. Nor is she, speaking without reference to that prime consideration, by any means so absolutely and incomparably preferable as the tank and boiler makers of Blackwall and the Clyde would have us believe. 'Per contra,' the wooden ship has *her* points of superiority, which, though fewer, perhaps, or of less relative importance, are yet, in the very nature of things, absolutely impossible of attainment by the other, in the present condition of science at least. Indeed the combination of the two—the 'composite ship'—is a much better vessel than either, uniting, as she does, the most desirable characteristics of both, while mainly freed from the exceptionable peculiarities of either. She is, and will be, the nearest possible approximation to naval perfection, until the world can afford to build *copper ships*.

"A recent event, it will be seen, has let much of the *gas* out of the inflated ideas now current upon the great question of iron *vs.* wooden tonnage. I allude to the finding of the commission of enquiry into the case of the *Megæra*, viz., that no iron ship can

be depended upon, even running under the most favourable circumstances, for a longer period than *twelve years*. And Lloyds' have revised their 'infallible decretals' to a code which practically relegates the very best iron ships to a '*four year class!*'—the least now accorded to *any* wooden one—and but *three years* to those of inferior construction. Twenty-one years A. 1., eh? But, besides all this, and of vastly greater importance from the present point of view, comes the late extraordinary advance in the price of iron. There are potent reasons why no expectations can be entertained that this advance will be followed by any corresponding diminution; on the contrary, continuous enhancement is probable, if not *certain*. Add to these another phase of the recent re-codification of Lloyds' rules—the extension of class of the hitherto much depreciated 'North American built ships,' by which eight years A.1. is conceded to our 'mixed wood' vessels, (French Lloyds' give them nine:) and by which it is rendered possible to construct in these colonies a class of 'composite' tonnage which shall be entitled to fourteen years of the same grade,—and we surely have sufficient warranty to act on the assumption that a broad and early increase of demand for Canadian tonnage will be developed."

The preceding are extracts from a copy of an unappreciated letter addressed some time since to one of the Dominion leaders. The present time affords an opportunity, or gives warrant for amplifying somewhat upon the texts therein contained, and kindred topics; especially as the prediction with which the second paragraph closes, has already entered upon its fulfilment,—two unequivocal signs of which are afforded in the rapidly risen and unusually high rates of freight now ruling along the whole seaboard, from New Orleans to Newfoundland; and in the more obvious, though not necessarily more significant indication found in the sudden increase of prices offered in the English markets for the purchase of colonial built vessels—a branch of trade which, since the close of the year 1867, had dwindled to a point beneath observation, but which, within the last few months, has again appeared above the commercial horizon, and in dimensions of which the measure is afforded in the fact that, according to the latest returns, old and lapsed* vessels command in cash a sum which approximates to the original cost of their construction—indeed, in some instances, where the ship was built at our cheaper building ports, becomes its full equivalent.† Correspondingly, we find an abatement in the enormous activity which has prevailed in the iron ship-building trade since the competitive energies of the American carriers dwindled to zero under the baneful influence of "war risks," and the burdens imposed by the most short-sighted and illogical legislation—as viewed from the present point—to which a great maritime people ever committed its interests. Trade is also falling off from the marine engine works from the same causes; and from some of the iron shipyards of the North comes the expression of a fear of complete stagnation. And they complain of a paucity of orders for new constructions, while at the same time reluctant to enter upon fresh engagements, owing to the utter uncertainty of the future cost of material. Further proofs might be cited, but enough has been said to show that the expected revival of demand for "British North American built" tonnage has begun, and is characterised by indications that it will be both heavy and sustained.

Here, then, we encounter the first question: What is the ability of the country to meet the demand?

In a former paper we discussed the condition of our forests, and noted some of the

* That is, vessels whose period of classification at Lloyds' has expired.

† Not reckoning cost of outfit.

principal causes which are acting to produce their rapid and wasteful dissipation. There has been no change. The term of unusual dulness in maritime matters there spoken of *has* come to a close, the tree-destroyer *has* improved the interval in sharpening his weapon and "making broad his ways," and the remoter districts, which constitute the hitherto untouched reserve, begin to feel his influence.* The quantities of ship timber brought out during the past winter (in the two maritime provinces) is at least double the aggregate of the preceding season; while the great activity which now characterizes the deal and timber trade will undoubtedly swell their drafts upon the fast diminishing forests in at least an equal proportion. We have seen how, in the very nature of things, the time is rapidly approaching when, to continue the banking figure, those drafts will be dishonoured, unless the remaining capital be protected by a sagaciously devised and wisely administered conservation; a pressing duty, be it observed, and one which rests exclusively with the Government; for the people, as the student of history too well knows, will never lift its ear—much less desist from chewing the particular thistle of the occasion—at the voice of the warner, unless the warning be enforced by the cudgel of the law. Unfortunately the gentlemen who "go to Ottawa" are, with but few exceptions, no more observant of the evils upon which we are rushing than are the pre-occupied constituencies which they so fitly represent; yet, as sometimes "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," the few may make themselves felt before the case becomes altogether hopeless.

If we are to measure the ship-building resources of the country under the restrictive influences of the powerful society known as British Lloyds', the answer to the query propounded above will not be found reassuring. In the tables which it promulgates for the guidance of ship-builders, sixty-four varieties of timber, domestic and foreign, are variously rated, according to strength, elasticity, durability, and the particular structural function and position assigned, at periods varying from four to fourteen years; to which from one to three years more will be added by a compliance, on the part of the owner, with certain prescriptions relative to the kind of metal used in fastening, the application of preservative agents to the materials, and protecting the vessel from the action of the weather while in course of construction, etc., etc.; or seventeen years in all for the highest, and seven for the lowest original grades.

Now out of these sixty-four, there are but eleven varieties which are to be found on Dominion soil. Of these again, but *two* may exclusively compose a ship rating as high as eight years in original class, although they may enter into the construction of British built vessels, along with timber of the higher rates, to produce tonnage of any grade, more or less largely—not being absolutely excluded from even the fourteen year class in such connection. (For the elaborate code of this powerful society must be read between the lines to discover its full significance; and then it will be found that it has another object besides that of establishing the highest possible standard of perfection for mercantile naval architecture; to wit, the encouragement of the exportation of the colonial ship *matériel* to the mother-country, and the *dis*couragement of its utilization at home.) And besides restrictions of class, there are disallowances with respect to size which materially narrow the scope of application of Canadian ship timber. Only three kinds, including the two just mentioned, may be used throughout in the construction of ships of all dimensions; four others may form the entire material of small craft of three hundred tons and under, only; and the remaining four can find but partial use

* Canadian Monthly, Vol. i, pp. 529-30.

in tonnage of any description whatever. Moreover, the higher rated and more widely applicable of this exceedingly meagre list are the very sorts that our forests produce most sparsely, or upon which the heaviest inroads have been made already. Thus white oak, which heads the list, is of very limited production in Ontario and Quebec; occurs as a mere sprinkling over the hill-ranges of New Brunswick; and in Nova Scotia is never found at all. Pencil cedar, although its northern range, in sizes fit for any considerable availability, will be found to approximate loosely the isotherm of 40°, is also not an indigene of the latter named province; though it occurs scantily, on swampy soil, in the others. And that really magnificent timber, the larch, and its varieties—once the pride of our forests, impartially and plentifully distributed over all sections of the country—has gone down to a corresponding rarity, partly by exportation, partly by home use, and largely by the heedless wastefulness and destructiveness of the purveyors. Indeed, so limited has the supply of this once superabundant material become, that the ship-builders of the Maritime Provinces already import Georgian and Floridan pitch-pine—(which rates exactly the same in the Tables of Construction)—wherewith to replace it in vessels intended for the eight year grade. And for the lower masts of ships of any considerable tonnage, foreign wood has been in use any time these fifteen years, at often excessive prices too, the indigenous "*red* pine" (so called at Lloyds' —*Pinus resinosa*, is apparently the species meant) being no longer found of sufficient dimensions for anything heavier than upper spars, nor in any respectable quantities at that. It is still both abundant and massive in the inland provinces, but the rate at which it is exported, in timber to England, and lumber, chiefly to the United States, being taken in connection with the rate at which the means of intercolonial communication are progressing, destroys all hope of any equalization of distribution save that which goes on through the seaports of the latter country. The neighbourly folk who "boss" the timber yards of New York have long been in the habit of accommodating the wants of their "bluenose" *confrères* out of their surplus masting pieces, imported *viâ* Buffalo and other lake ports—a fact not generally known in Gath, nor published from the housetops of Askelon, but which is nevertheless true; as is also the correlative subsidiary fact that much of the largest and finest of this product of the Dominion forests is believed by the too confiding consumer to be "Puget Sound," or "Californy sticks," and paid for accordingly. *Mas vale saber que haber*, says the terse old Castilian proverb; but, unfortunately, a real appreciation of the breadth and vigour of its meaning comes only to those whose riches have taken unto themselves wings. Hence, (one cannot refrain from saying, not for the sake of indulging in a cheap sneer at its framers —but since it enforces the lesson) hence the marvellous condensation of Iberian thought upon the evanescence of wealth, of which it is at once the product, proof, and index; and we are in a fair way to produce an equally sublime saying. The remaining varieties of native timber which "have a character at Lloyds'," as the pet phrase of the insurance broker so well expresses it, are, for the present, still abundant; and also pretty evenly distributed, excepting white cedar and hickory, which do not grow in Nova Scotia, and "*yellow* pine"—*P. strobus*)*—which, having once been the most plentiful as well as most readily accessible and *easily felled*, of all the trees of that province, is now absolutely extirpated from nearly all her most important sections;†

* There exists a confusion in the trivial names which must be kept in mind. What is in this country denominated *yellow* pine, is known in England (and in Lloyds' Rules) as *red*; and what is there termed *yellow* is here called *white*.

† Mainly exported as lumber.

which is also the case with beech. The very low rates—for the most part as unjust as low—allotted these kinds, have nevertheless tended largely to their salvation in this respect. For although a comparatively small proportion of colonial tonnage is ever classed at British (or any other) Lloyds' society, much to its own detriment under present circumstances, as we shall hereafter see, the influence—the *prestige* rather—of that Association is broadly traceable in the products of every shipyard in the land. Its rules, almost from the outset, came to be regarded as the practical embodiment of the most exact, most scientific, and withal (save by our neighbours, who preferred thinking for themselves on this as on most other questions) the most advanced ideas in "marine architecture," and consequently moulded the lines and dimensions, and relative proportions of the very archetype itself which every modeller seeks to realize; and does, more or less perfectly, according to his individual clearness of conception and skilfulness of hand. From like model like draft; from like draft like ship;—and when it came to the details of her construction, it is obvious that, in the very nature of things, the elaborated formulary could not be very widely departed from even by those who knew nothing, nor cared to know, of the prescriptive minutiæ, the collective influence of which yet moulded their conceptions and shaped their decisions albeit unconsciously; and, in the main, guided their selection of material. Hence, although the code of classification was not commonly adhered to with the rigour requisite to obtain the privileges such adherence commands, its general spirit was obeyed with an unintentional fidelity sufficient to produce about the same effect upon the forests as if it had been followed to the letter. But the saving effected in this negative way is not of great importance compared with any general feature of the question.

Here, we pause to remark, is the gap into which the rival society, *Bureau Veritas*, more commonly called "*French* Lloyds'," entered their wedge with so much success—splitting the classed registration of colonial tonnage in such a manner that, for every nine vessels whose names go down upon the books of the London establishment, seventeen find record in the columns of the *Registre International de Paris*. Their codification, though based on the same principles, is much less rigid in the application of the minute rules, giving some room for those modifications of any general system which inevitably accompanies its application in different localities. This flexibility enabled it to embrace the larger proportion of that tonnage which fell short of the unyielding standard of the British society; and to this was added the inducement of a longer period of "character," class for class. Yet upon the whole, from the present point of view,—which looks upon the ultimate result, which regards these great and important associations in a hitherto unconsidered phase, their bearing, namely, upon the question of resource—the effect upon the forests—both exert identically the same influence in kind, if not in degree.

However, the natural limit of Canadian ship-building resource is broader far than this artificial one; which is, furthermore, be it remembered, one which Canadians themselves have had no hand in framing; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that it proves to be as essentially foreign, although English, as if it had been devised in Canton to regulate the construction and equipment of junks and lorchas; and that the very best growths of Canadian forests are either not discoverable at all in the Tables of Construction, or found scheduled under rates altogether inappropriate. True, the species most suitable (from their durability when unaided by *constant* submergence below water-line) for the upper works of ships are not numerous; but their relative abundance, *per se*, is more than enough to

make up for any lack of variety; while for the bottoms, the Canadian shipwright might choose from a list containing almost as many sorts as the whole table of timbers rated by Lloyds', and to form which they have drawn contributions from every part of the world.

About twenty varieties of the *acer* grow on Canadian soil. All of these are applicable, when of sufficient size, in almost every detail of naval architecture. White and birds'-eye, or curled maple, possess every quality requisite to form any part of a twelve year ship; the first named, indeed, as far as durability goes, may rate with the highest. Rock maple (the *A. saccharinum*), is in every respect the superior of the much vaunted British oak, whether in strength—in which particular it is only surpassed anywhere by the *eucalyptus globulus* of Tasmania ("*Blue* gum," *more Hibernico*—because the bark is *grey*—in Lloyds' unfathomable nomenclature), in elasticity, or in power of retaining fastening; and is only on a level with it in liability to attack from "dry rot," when exposed above water-line. These, as well as three varieties of the ash—one of which would be considered a marvel of durability anywhere; the red, white, and Canada birch; the white elm; the American linden; several kinds of the much vituperated fir; the black oak of the inland provinces, and red oak of the maritime; the butternut, wild cherry, hornbeam; and the sycamore, buttonwood, or American plane tree (*platanus occidentalis*), as it is differently named in differing localities—much used across the border for blocks, bitts, windlasses, etc., and highly appreciated at American Lloyds'—have long been proved by our coasters, who, for the most part, build their sturdy craft without the remotest reference to *any* Lloyds', unless some exigency requires a "risk" of one class or another, when they usually obtain record upon the books of the American Society, the rules of which, framed in and for a country where the same *sylva* exists, generally speaking admits them with little disallowance. Their large and lengthened experience has also decided the real values of the varieties rated in the Tables of Construction, long ago, (excepting hemlock, for a "character" to which we must go to the farmer and backwoodsman,) and, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, their estimates differ enormously from those of the gentlemen of White Lion Court. In De Wolf's useful compilation, the "Registry of Shipping of the Province of Nova Scotia," under the letter A * alone, will be found forty-six vessels, the date of whose construction is anterior to 1840, and ranging from that year back to 1812, when the Avon took to its placid bosom the staunch little schooner "Ann," of forty-seven tons, built at Falmouth, and registered at Halifax by "William Young *et al.*," continues the record, which closes in 1867, when we find her at last "written off." Fifty-five years' unbroken service is indeed a marvel. The good old name must be favoured of Neptune and Boreas. There is another "Ann" (of Barrington,) only two years her junior; yet another of ten; and two of eleven years younger; while "Ann Isabella" was born into the world of waters in '33, "Annabella" in '40, and "Annie" in '36, and, for aught the record sheweth to the contrary, are running still. May "Anna Conda" (*sic*) sustain the omen, although the terrific cognomen makes us tremble for it; yet we take heart somewhat on discovering that eleven years have blown over her main-truck already, nor "cryaunce come til her harte;" and incline to transfer our misgivings to that dashing girl of the period, "Anna Lenora;' for whosoever, in these gynarchical days, retaineth his faith in the efficacy of the ancient maxim which prescribeth "well mating and proper manning" as the safeguard against *all* evils, is a stalwart believer indeed, be he landsman, seaman, or marine.

* Denoting alphabetical arrangement of names of vessels—not a classification.

Besides, men be less ready now to accept the responsible office of (ship's) husband than in those simple times when the rigging did *not* cost more than the hull. Other letters afford examples of even much greater duration—several dating from before the beginning of this century, and still remaining on the registry, or removed within a recent period. An analysis of the appendix which Mr. De Wolf issued in 1867, containing a list of vessels written off in that year, shows (in a total of 849,) 386 which date not later than 1840. Of these 320 are forty years old, 153 are fifty years old, 23 are sixty years old, 7 are seventy years old, 2 are eighty, and 1—the tough old "Betsy and Polly"—has held her own for all but ninety years.* It would be interesting to know what was the end of these venerable craft; for it must be remembered that "writing off" more frequently implies the sale of the vessel *out* of the province, than either her loss or condemnation—with Nova Scotian tonnage particularly. And of vessels of twenty to thirty years, both coasting and foreign traders, instances might be multiplied indefinitely. The barque "Palestine," built in '48, sold some ten years later where

> "Bleak Northumbria pours her savage train,
> In sable squadrons o'er the heaving main,"

and still goes "wherever freights may offer;" the brig "Daniel Huntly," launched in the same year, and sold "ever so long ago," in Liverpool, unexpectedly came within cognizance of her original owners "only last spring—staunch and sound as ever," though metamorphosed into the very ideal of an "old lime-juicer"; and the ship "Burmah," built in '52, new-topped in '66, is still found "fit for the conveyance of dry and perishable cargoes, to and from;" yet she was allowed only four years at Lloyds' when new. Even the remains of wrecks and abandoned vessels may be cited to testify to the durability of the much depreciated "British North American timber." Near the head of a cove in one of the Elizabeth Islands, the writer saw, in '64, the half-stripped hull (then in course of being broken up for fuel and for her iron fastening,) of a considerable craft, of which all that was positively known is that she was Canadian built—so much, indeed, was self-evident—and that she was "beached up" where she lay, in 1812. Yet, except some surface rot about sundry portions of her yawning deck-frame, no signs of decay were visible; her lower timbers (of black birch) indeed, showing under the axe a most beautiful freshness of preservation by every test. On Campo Bello, opposite the American shore, and washed by the swirling tides of the "Narrows," the frames of a "provincial-built" schooner have lain half-imbedded for that highly indefinite period which passes beyond "the memory of the oldest inhabitant." To the nautical antiquarian she is an object of surpassing interest, from the *total* absence, so far as can be ascertained, of any metallic fastening whatever; which primitiveness of structure is itself a proof of early colonial origin, and rather indicates French than British builders. They can hardly be the remains of the "Lord Sheffield," the first vessel built in New Brunswick (in 1786,) and which became the property of Benedict Arnold at the outset of her career; but would rather seem referable to some naval beginning of the Acadians. Megatherium-like, the black and jagged ribs stand out above the glistening ooze left by each receding tide, affording ample study to the nautical comparative anatomist, to whose critical eye is still abundantly evident the bucolic air—the *agresticism*—which invariably characterises the navicular attempts of a people unfamiliar with the sea, and which he distinguishes,

* This vessel, however, is not home-built. Rhode Island produced her during the Revolutionary days. Was she a prize? Doubtless she was built of oak, maple, and chesnut, with deck and topsides of red pine. The two of eighty years were both built at Lunenburg, on the Atlantic shore of N. S.

metaphorically, as "hay-seed;" *en passant*, indefinable but unmistakeable, it lingers about the best productions of our by-ports to-day.

The commanding officer of the party from Buddington's ship, which took possession of the abandoned Franklin Relief Ship "Resolute," in her icy cradle; and who afterwards, with the writer, "roamed desperate seas for many a day," was often wont eloquently to recur to that solemn episode in his strangely eventful life; and the weird impressiveness with which, amid those desolate solitudes, the lonely, snow-wreathed derelict *spoke* to him, when, as he gained her silent decks, his eye fell upon the still shining letters of brass:

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY,"

encircling her wheel's rim. "Were I to speak of it purely from my recollection of the *effect* produced upon my mind, I should say that the words suddenly rang out through that cold, still atmosphere, from an invisible trumpet; my memory bears no impression of *seeing* the actual characters at the time, and it is only by an effort of *reason* that I know I did so." A case for the psychologists.

> "From the sky, serene and far,
> A voice fell, like a falling star!"

Farlowe's Arctic reminiscence was queerly paralleled in the writer's experience, a short time ago, on visiting the hull of an old vessel lying near the line of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway (N.S.), where it skirts by the *embouchure* of the Avon. Coming aft, on a hasty tour of inspection, there, painted in letters of white on the fading green of the binnacle, spoke the stern injunction to every heedless timoneer:

"· MIND * YOURE * HELLAM ·"

Was it a twinge of the never-sleeping monitor anent certain long forgotten shortcomings of probationary days that brought the unconscious salute, and half-muttered response, "*Ay, ay, sir!*"

"Pat Fi'zhur'l (Fitzgerald?) painted them letters," said a volunteer *cicerone*, evidently in no way misdoubting the performance; "in the days when the "Old Rover" was a flash craft. Thirty or forty years ago she use't' make the long v'yages. Old? We-ell, dunno —nigh on about sixty year; guess—ben laid up, here, most ten; built in New Brunswick, she was, in the old folks' time. Y'see, she wuzzent none too well fastened, (*credite!*) they didn't know much about bildin' vessels them days—kinder raw at it, like;——'n' *so*, arter runnin' some forty er fifty year, she sorter got *shackly*, 'n' a good deal *wore*; 'n' *most* of all, too small fur the trade, like; 'n' *so*, they just hauled her up, though she *wos* sound enough fur as *that* goes; give her her time, like, fur the good she *hed* ben."

"And so, they just hauled her up." After her half century of tough service, laid up in a sort of honourable ordinary, under faithful and untiring supervision, I warrant thee, of the little ones. A kind heart was his who owned her, I trow; never would worn out steed of his be knocked on the head for hide and four shoes. And for thee, honest Patrick, more power to thine elbow, my boy! It is abundantly gratifying to know that the words which thou didst painstakingly potentialize into a never silent admonition, must have been heeded always, even to the end. And should there ever set forth from the banks of that fair river some new enterprise, high in aim and hope, let the promoters remember old Sir Petronel Flash, and "the ship of famous Draco;" nor, as they would value a prosperous voyage, forget to honour the faithful "Old Rover" with due propitiation. For, in verity, "my mind gives me that some good spirit of the waters shoulde haunte the desart ribbes of her, and be auspicious to

alle that honour her memorie, and will with like orgies enter their voyages."*

Subsequent research gave the "Schooner Rover, built in New Brunswick in 1812;" from the official records and entry on Nova Scotian registry in 1818. That she should "sorter get shackly" at last, can hardly be wondered at; and there is something hugely provocative in the reflection that in actual, literal verity, any vessel so built in this day would be utterly denied any "character" whatsoever at any Lloyds' establishment on earth, saving, perhaps, the American.

Not half a mile from the scene of this present writing, still another instance of durability may be found, in the remains of the old "Orient," launched in New Brunswick in 1828, and which, after running for some thirty years, was beached where she now lies, and built into a wharf, so that she must be considered as still doing service, after the lapse of forty-five years; the timber, in its new mode of utilization, being quite as good as ever, and, to all appearance, bidding equally fair with the surrounding new material for continued usefulness.

Researches of this nature occasionally develop curious bits of history. Sometime in the beginning of this century (the exact date cannot now be ascertained); and on the densely wooded banks of an inconspicuous cove, somewhere (the precise *locale* is equally indefinable) between Lunenburg and Shelburne, on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, was secretly constructed a vessel, whose strangely romantic career is not easily paralleled among any records; and whose feats have formed the staple of many tales and songs in at least three languages. Whenever it was, the time of her construction preceded the Spanish investment of Carthagena, as the first of her positively known exploits was an audacious running of that blockade, under the command of "Roaring Bob Hamilton," in broad daylight, proving thereby the means of leading her luckless pursuers into about as unpleasant a "fix" as a blockading squadron could well get into. For having, in the ardour of pursuit, held the chase until within range of the city defences, the "*terral*" suddenly died away, and left them becalmed and unmanageable, exposed for hours to a tremendous pounding from the shore batteries, without the ghost of a chance of any effective reply, much to the amusement of sundry neutral cruisers, who cachinnated most unfraternally at the "lubberly pickle" of the "Dons." Old Michael Scott, or one who told him, must have witnessed this affair—it afforded him one of the best "plums" in that rare book of his. "Tom Cringle" departs, however, from his usual nautical accuracy in describing the bold adventurer as "a little schooner." The *Maria E.*, (so she was called at this time—whether so christened or not is another question) was a large barque, extraordinarily so indeed, for her day. That provoking initial is another unsolved riddle; the admiring Carthagenes were not long in appropriately fitting it, however, and the name became *Maria Estrena*, an allusion to the date of her successful run, which was on or about Boxing day. She was probably armed before entering Carthagena, certainly having been constructed originally with no reference to the peaceful pursuits of commerce, being extreme ("Baltimore") clipper in model, pierced for a formidable battery, and, it is said "copper-bottomed;" whether that be correct or not, she is thoroughly copper-fastened, which was never the case with merchantmen of that period. At all events she was armed on running the blockade outwards, which she did unharmed, and appears next in the Indian Ocean, scattering the Spanish East Indian trade in all directions save the normal one. "*Hic et Ubique*" must have been Hamilton's motto; the fleet "Maria E." skimmed from sea to sea like a bird, if we are to trust the traditions of Spanish

* Ben Jonson; "Eastward Hoe!" Act III.

seamen. Next in the straits of Sunda, then into Manilla Bay itself, audaciously exchanging shots with the flag-ship at Cavité, and out again ere the Dons, paralyzed by such impudence, could decide how to act; thence, presumably by the Straits of San Bernardino, into the Pacific; then among the Ladrones, harrying Guam, and permitting the "Gobernador" neither "quiet meal, nor unbroken night" for a month; then, on a sudden, re-appearing off Corregidor, pounces on the ill-starred "Queen of Heaven," whose unavailing guns were heard in Manilla; plunders and burns her, and, ere nightfall, is thirty leagues to seaward, battling heroically with a fierce tempest, the imminence of which had kept the Spanish cruisers at their anchors despite the booming of the cannon at the entrance. Two or three nights later, off the coast of Palawan, she has a moonlight rencontre with an antagonist double her size and metal—two hours of desperate running fight in a freshening breeze and rising sea, when the corvette, sorely hammered, half her crew past fighting, and with her foremast tottering, "hauls off to repair damages," losing the wounded mast in spite of all efforts during the afternoon of the following day. About this time the light-heeled "*Christmas-box*" is making it lively for a squadron of Sea Dyaks, whose swift prohus leaped out on her as she swept past Mangaloon and Pulo Tiga—on the north-west coast of Borneo—and quicker still leapt back in unusual terror, as she tore through their midst, both batteries blazing, small arms crackling and bugles pealing; giving her stem to the attempting boarders, crushing the fragile craft like egg-shells, and shaking their tawny swarms from off her well-greased bows and head-gear, like so many rats. Hereafter the career of the daring privateer is traceable only in fragments. Hamilton, smitten by the deadly coast fever, died in Sierra Leone about 1815; whether still commanding the gallant craft which, under his foot, had become to Spanish ears "a name of fear," cannot be ascertained.* About ten years later she reappears as the *Estrena*, (the *Maria* being dropped, probably in the change of registry), under the Portuguese flag, and the command of a Brazilian named Carnaro, in the slave trade, in which she was equally successful as when a cruiser in the sacred cause of liberty. No wonder that sailors believe in the "luck" of special vessels.—Her dashing passages, her feats of daring in this illegitimate pursuit, would require a volume for their description, and would have immortalized half-a-dozen craft in any honourable cause. She changed her commanders often; the names of but four, however, are now known. After Carnaro, one Torm, a Swede; then, after an interval, Hardy, whilom a lieutenant in the English navy, whose *apprenticeship* to the slave trade was served in the squadron maintained for its suppression—by no means a solitary case we may remark—and, toward the close of her career as a slaver, which must have lasted something like twenty years,—the redoubtable "Black Jack," also famous from his connection with other "live-ebony" traders.

But "time would fail should I in order tell" of even her authenticated "scrapes" and adventures, and their plainest recital would cast an inconsistent air of romance over these matter-of-fact pages, which can only legitimately deal with her at all as evidence on the question of the strength and durability of North American ship-building material. To return, then:

In 1848–9, the "Estrena," no longer a slaver, re-appears in the Mauritius—derelict—having been dismasted in their vicinity during a tremendous hurricane—and where, at a "condemnation sale," she became the

* Spanish tonnage to-day is 654,000, of which a large proportion every year passes through the Strts. of Sunda, yet the blinded leaders of the Cuban struggle for liberty either do not see this vital exposure, or fear to strike at it.—N. W. B.

property of Captain De Bathe, a native of Caën, Normandy; "raised" in North Carolina, to quote his own expression; and in whose hands, half yacht, half merchantman, she has remained ever since. Old papers, damaged and fragmentary log-books, etc., which De Bathe discovered on board his purchase, form the authority for our preceding statements—doubtless they once formed a complete record of her whole career. Repaired, re-fitted, and re-named — here, despite our just noted protest, comes another unavoidable touch of romance. The research —we beg De Bathe's pardon! — *overhaul* of the old records, brought to light the earlier name of the mysterious waif so strangely come to his possession; he pieced it out with his own, and registered his ship under the appellation that *would* have been borne by a fair girl of Devonshire long years before, but that a grim rival forestalled him, one to whom even queens may not say nay. So, once more restored, our old acquaintance comes again under observation as the "Maria E. De Bathe," and bearing, instead of the gilded, incomprehensible sea-monster that formerly decked her prow, a white draped angel figure-head. Few keels have furrowed the waters of so many different ports as hers since then—it being a marked predilection of De Bathe's to be ever seeking new scenes; and being sole owner as well as commander, he has been enabled, in a great measure, to gratify his *penchant*. Partly to increase this independence, he changed her registry once more, though not the name in 1860, or thereabouts, while in the Sandwich Islands; and she has hoisted "Kanaka" bunting ever since. The latest date concerning her that has come under the writer's notice, was June 2nd, 1871, in the list of ships in China waters. This vessel's bottom was black-birch, her topsides framed of larch; the tough black-ash of her wales had been replaced with teak in Singapore about three years before we first made her acquaintance, (in Hong Kong, in 1865:) and her immense deck-beams were of white hemlock, as also her heavy bulwark stanchions.

Another "old China cruiser," was the barque "Victoria," built in New Brunswick, launched in the fall of 1837, and employed for the next twelve years in the Atlantic; after which she was sent East. For some time, on the coast of China, she was commanded by "Bully Ward," — more widely known, subsequently, as General Ward, and who, after his apotheosis — of which the Western world has recently been made aware —was affectionately and reverentially dubbed "St. Fred.," by his old familiars. She afterwards served him, on the rivers, as a sort of armed store-ship, transport, and general hack —like the Highlander's *skene-dhu*, which, according to Hudibras, is

> "A serviceable dudgeon,
> Either for fighting or for drudging:"

being then in charge of "wan" of St. Fred's worshippers, to wit, "Dom'" Lynch;—a "rearin,' tearin,' tattherin,' t'undherin,'" —an American, (of New Yark:) who will surely one day become *St.* Dominic in the same calendar, an' Chinese gratitude be not exhausted. On the swift and intricate Yang-(kee)tse, and its tributaries—on the bar bewildered Whang-ho—on the freshet vex't Tsien-tang, the dash and fret of her fiery commander pushed the unlucky "Victoria" into continual difficulties. Never anything built of wood and iron was subjected to more poundings, groundings, twistings, screwings, than she, and yet survive; "never jarred her a hooter," boasted much metaphor loving "Dom.'" "Soothered" down once more, some years later, into a quiet, honest trader, under "P. Murrough, M. M." (master mariner? — witness the gentleman's card:) she gets caught one day in a *ty-foong*, some where near the Bashees, and is presently a sheer hulk. Laboriously making port under jury-rig, she is refitted again, and placed in charge of Capt. Garraty—remarkable "affinity" she, for big Irishmen—and sails for Singapore only to be captured by pirates,

plundered and scuttled, but recovered by her crew, who had made a timely escape in the boats, returning after the marauders had left; and taken back to Shanghai it appears. At all events she was "laid up" there, under the stigma of "unlucky," doing warehouse duty for some two or three years. In '67, however, she was sold to a Spanish firm, who changed her name and registry, and put her once more in active service—in which, for aught that appears to the contrary, she continues still.

On this occasion it was the fortune of the writer to be associated with the Lloyds' surveyor of the port, and a toughly prejudiced old "tar-bucket" of the species "lime-juicer," in a survey upon her much-enduring bottom. Never were opened-up timbers more unrelentingly scrutinised. For a three days' battle had raged among the surveyors respecting the lasting qualities of "North American timber;" hot partizanship, mainly on the negative side, had loosed its clamorous tongue, and "What do you consider your opinion *worth*, sir?" had been bandied about until it "really grew quite intolerable, you know,"—and a goodly number of handsome "books" had been "made" on the issue. The result was "overwhelming discomfiture" to the overweening givers of "five to two." No sign of decay was anywhere discovered, and the survey report prescribed only caulking as the condition of a first-class risk."

It seems almost superfluous, after this evidence to enlarge upon the broad inference that follows. No one who will compare what Canadian tonnage really is with the "characters" it can obtain from the European societies, will fail to declare that it must henceforth seek that now-a-days indispensable pre-requisite at other hands,—or that the establishments referred to must supplement the scanty and grudgingly given concessions heretofore yielded with so much farther allowance as it is justly entitled to. Where those "other hands" are to be found, is equally obvious. The maritime interests of the country, if only due steps were taken to secure unity of action, are large enough, and powerful enough, to establish forthwith a "Dominion Lloyds'," whose decision—if based upon close, scientific, and exhaustive study of the qualities of our own material, will secure to our vessels the great advantage of just classification; add to the capital of the country the profits, now dissipated elsewhere, of "doing our own insurance;" and be respected at least—if not at the very outset held quite the equal of those of the existing organizations—in every part of the world. Better still would it be if the contemplated unification of interests could be so broadened as to amalgamate with the society of the mother-land; and notwithstanding the many points of difference arising from physical causes that must exist, a species of reciprocity could be devised which, intelligently grasping—and assimilating so to speak—those points, would be mutually productive of great benefit. At all events, that already important and rapidly increasing class of British shipowners who buy "North American built" tonnage, would find in such a consolidation an unmixed good. To these men is due already what slight concessions have been made; and their aid can be counted on in the movement for such reform. The recent establishment of the system of compulsory examination for masters and mates—though in itself not free from certain serious objections; coupled with the long denied recognition of Colonial certificates of competency at home—is no inconsiderable step in this direction, and much more can be made of it.

For the time, our forests can supply any demands, including the enormous accessions which the change in the registry laws of the United States, contemplated by their revenue reformers, would infallibly add thereto—and the probability of which daily increases; if, by either of the above modes, the just proportion of time of classification can be secured. So far as our possible American

customers are concerned, there would be no difficulty on the last named point; they would naturally and necessarily appraise our tonnage in accordance with its actual deserts. Add to the "Dominion Lloyds'" Society—or its equivalent—a thorough system of forest conservancy, and the period for which we can keep supplying all purchasers, at home and abroad, will extend indefinitely.

THE MARRIAGE HYMN OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

CATULLUS. CARM. LXI.

By Hon. Mr. Justice Bliss.

(Published by permission of the author, from a Collection of Translations printed for private circulation.)

SPRUNG from Heaven, Urania's son,
Thou that dwell'st on Helicon;
Thou that to the bridegroom's arms
Dost resign the virgin's charms;
Hymen, Hymen! hasten thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

Wreaths about thy temples bind,
Of sweet marjorum entwined:
Hither, on propitious wing,
Haste the bridal veil to bring;
While the golden sandals glow
On thy whiter feet than snow.

List our call—away, away!
Rouse thee, 'tis thy holiday;
Wake the nuptial song,—awake
Loud and full its chorus; shake
In thy hand the torch; with feet
Earth in measured cadence beat.

For, by happiest omens led,
Julia is to Manlius wed:
Such as was Idalia's queen,
By the Phrygian shepherd seen,
When before the youth she came,
Beauty's golden prize to claim.

As the Myrtle blossoming
In the warmth of Eastern spring,
Shooting forth its branches fair,
Nurtured by the wood-nymph's care,
Who the plant she loves uprears,
Feeding it with morning's tears.

Haste thee then, our call obey,
Hither bend thy winged way;
Leave Aonia's caverns made
In the rocks which Thespiæ shade;
Where, from out its fount of snows,
Cooling Aganippe flows.

To the new made bridegroom's home
Bid its willing mistress come;
Love possessing all her mind,
Love with every thought entwined;
Round the elm trees wandering,
As the clasping ivies cling.

Ye too, spotless virgins—ye
Fair and lovely, who shall see
Your own bridal day ere long—
Join with us the measured song;
Hymen! Hasten Hymen! thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

Pleased your summons to attend,
Hither he his course shall bend;
He who heart to heart unites,
Source of purest love's delights;
He whose smiles alone can shed
Blessings on the nuptial bed.

Mighty god of wedded love,
To what other power above
Should so oft the lover raise
Votive prayer and song of praise:
Half so frequent at whose shrine
Bends the votary as at thine.

Thee the sire, with tremulous tone,
For his child invokes ; her zone
From her virgin breast untied,
Yields to thee the blushing bride :
Thee, the anxious husband thee
Supplicates, on bended knee.

Hanging on her mother's face,
Clasped within her warm embrace,
Hymen, Hymen, thou dost tear,
Hymen, thou—the blooming fair,
Giving her, in all her charms,
To the eager bridegroom's arms.

Vain, unless thou dost approve,
Vain are beauty's charms and love ;
Without thee their pleasures pall,
Profitless and guilty all :
'Tis thy smile alone can bless
Wedded vow and chaste caress.

Ancient House, and honoured name,
Without thee no heir can claim ;
Nor delighted parent see
Infants climbing on his knee ;
Thou dost give them : Who shall dare
Mighty god, with thee compare?

Is there nation which doth slight
Thine, the spousal's sacred rite?
Never shall that country boast
Hardy champions of its coast !
Blessings these which spring from thee,
All-unequalled deity.

Quick, the portals wide unfold !
Forth the virgin comes ; behold
How the flickering torches blaze,
Splendid with their streaming rays !
Linger not, fair bride, the light
Is fast waning into nght.

Deepest blushes now express
All thy timid bashfulness ;
And the trembling tears, which fall
At our oft-repeated call.
But approach—the fading day
Chides thee for thy long delay.

Be supprest thy virgin fear,
Dried be every truant tear !
Crimsoning the Eastern skies
When the morning sun shall rise,
Happy bride, he shall not shine
On a lovelier face than thine.

Thus in some sweet garden, where
Flowers abound of beauty rare,
In its richly purple pride
Stands the Hyacinth. Fair bride,
Yet too long you linger ; day
In the twilight fades away.

Hasten forth ! Oh haste to claim—
New-made bride—that honoured name !
Hear our song, 'tis sung for thee.
Dost thou not already see
How they toss their torches high—
How the golden sparkles fly?

Thou no fickle youth dost wed,
False and faithless to thy bed :
Him shall fire no lawless love—
Him no wanton charmer move :
Constant he shall ever rest,
Pillowed on thy gentle breast.

Round thy neck his arms shall twine !
Closely as the pliant vine
Folds around its wedded tree,
Close shall his embraces be.
But approach—already day
In the west has died away.

Who the raptures can express,
Joys unbounded—measureless,
From the hours of night which spring,
Which returning day shall bring?
Then delay not, lovely one !
Day's expiring light is gone.

Now your flaming torches raise,
Wave, ye youths, on high the blaze ;
See where sweeps the veil along,
Louder swell the choral song.
Hymen, Hymen, Io ! Thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

* * * * *

Wedded fair, good luck betide thee !
Heaven's auspicious omens guide thee
Till thy golden footsteps fall
On the polished bridal-hall.
Hymen, Io, Hymen ! Thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

* * * * *

Welcome young and joyous groom,
Enter now thy bridal-room;
See, in all her charms arrayed,
Waits for thee the lovely maid,
With her blushes overspread,
As the poppy hangs its head.

All delights by yours; may love
Fruitful to thy wishes prove,
Crown thy bed with blessings, give
This thy honoured name to live;
That remotest times may be
Blest in thy posterity.

Soon the pledge of nuptial joy,
May a little rosy boy,
Lapt upon his mother's knee,
Stretch his infant hands to thee;
And his lips half open, while
He returns his father's smile.

Be he image of his sire;
That e'en strangers may admire,
As his father's looks they trace
In each feature of his face;
And the living likeness well
Shall his mother's virtue tell.

Blossom of so fair a bough,
Heir of all this virtue, thou,
Like Telemachus, shalt claim
From thy mother borrowed fame;
Whose high boast it was to be
Son of chaste Penelope.

But, fair maidens, close the door!
Time it is our song were o'er:
And ye, happy pair, adieu!
Blest with youth and health, may you
Loyal votaries ever prove
At the shrine of wedded love.

HALIFAX.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER VIII.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF FAIRY-LAND.

HAVING got as many quicken-berries* as he desired, "Matty the Mouse," took his departure; first slyly asking Maurice "If *he* hadn't better be coming, too?" and laughing quietly to himself at Maurice's decided negative and hasty assertion that he had a particular message from his mother to little Dorinn, which he had not given her yet.

"And so I have," said Maurice, when Matty was gone; "she bid me tell you she's coming to see if you'll do more for her than you would for me."

"Well, indeed, I'd do a great deal for your mother," said little Dorinn.

"I know you would, my pet," said Maurice, "but you wouldn't do more for her than for me, I hope; would you now?"

Maurice spoke half in jest, but he was half in earnest too.

"No, Maurice," said little Dorinn, with a burst of deep emotion that banished all her girlish coquetry; "there's no one in the world I'd do as much for as for you; you that have loved me so well, and been true to me so long! And Maurice," she continued, looking up at him with sweet, tender eyes, "since you tell me your mother's willing, what more do I want? I'll trust you for my poor old grandfather as well as for myself—you that's good to every one—and

* The berries of the mountain-ash.

I'll marry you any day you choose, if your mother thinks it right."

Greatly moved, Maurice clasped her in his arms and kissed her with a kiss in which, with a magic that others, perhaps, have also felt, their hearts as well as their lips met, and told, without words, the same sweet story of perfect love and happiness.

"And now I must go in," said little Dorinn. "It's getting late, and grandfather will want me."

"Well, if you must, come a bit of the way home with me first. Come as far as the big thorn. I've got a secret to tell you; don't you want to hear it?"

"I'll engage it's not a real secret at all, only some of your fun," said little Dorinn; but for all that she suffered him to draw her down the path.

Maurice's little dog, Trim, was lying on a bundle of heath that had been cut to make brooms, and as the lovers moved slowly away, with arms intertwined and hands clasped together, he raised his head and looked after them, but made no attempt to follow them. He was, no doubt, well aware that their farewells were generally many times repeated before the real parting came.

"Now, what's your secret?" asked little Dorinn.

"I'm going to Dublin to-morrow; and what do you think I'm going for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said little Dorinn; but at the same moment a vision of a plain gold ring seemed to float before her eyes.

"I'm going to buy some things to make the old house new for my darling, and I'm going to buy the wedding ring! Let me get a stalk of grass and measure your finger."

Having found a stalk fit for the purpose, Maurice measured the fourth finger of little Dorinn's left hand with the most careful accuracy, while she submitted to the ceremony with shy and timid delight; then he twisted the stalk into a ring of the proper size, and, wrapping it carefully up in a piece of paper, put it in his waistcoat pocket.

"People have been married with queer rings, sometimes, as I've heard," said Maurice, "curtain rings, and the ring of a door-key; and we'd be married with a straw one if we couldn't get a better—wouldn't we, darling?"

"Maurice," said little Dorinn, timidly, "I hope you're not going to have things too grand for me, or I'll be frightened and ashamed of myself—me that has been used to go barefoot, and lie on a straw bed."

"You ashamed of yourself, my beauty, my queen!" exclaimed her lover with passionate hyperbole, which yet seemed to him the simple truth, "there's not a lady in all the land has as much reason to be proud of herself as you have. I'd like to dress your pretty little feet in satin shoes, and put you to sleep on a down bed! The best I have, or ever could have, isn't half good enough for you; but I know the true love that goes with it is what you'll prize the most."

"Oh, Maurice, your true love's better to me than everything else in the world," said little Dorinn.

"I know it is, my heart's darling! And now that I'm going away to-morrow, and can't be back till the next day, won't you give me a kiss your own self, that I may have the sweet taste on my mouth to comfort me and keep me from feeling lonely till I come back?"

"But I'll be lonely, too," said little Dorinn, "I'll want comfort myself."

"Well, darling," said Maurice, with sly gravity, "sure I'm willing to give you as many kisses as you'll let me have. You can't say I ever grudged them to you."

"Oh, didn't you!" said little Dorinn. "You're a saucy boy, and you'll get no more kisses from me. There's the thorn-tree now, and I must go back, or grandfather will think I'm lost."

"I'll go with you and see you safe to the door," said Maurice. And so they went

back as they had come, Maurice's strong arm supporting the light form of little Dorinn.

A golden glory filled the west where the sun's after-glow still lingered above the horizon, lighting up the tops of the mountains till they shone as if surrounded by coronets of flame, and flecked the deep purple, brown and black shadows lying in their rifts and hollows, with flashes of fitful brightness. Down in the glen the light was soft and shadowy, and gradually paling into twilight; and, faintly piercing the amber radiance overhead with its silvery gleam, came the first star. The little stream, running and rippling over its mossy stones, and almost hidden by hazel bushes, made a fairy-like accompaniment to the voices of the happy lovers, and on the topmost spray of a young mountain-ash a robin sat and poured forth the last notes of his evening song.

"If you had a bit of good nature," said Maurice, when they were once more at the cabin door, "you'd come back again with me. I don't like passing that hazel glen by myself after sunset, I'm so much afraid of the fairies."

"Why, Maurice, I never heard you say such a thing before. I thought you didn't believe in fairies?"

"Well, I don't often," said Maurice, "but I do to-night. Come with me, won't you? Just this once."

"Maurice, you're a big rogue, so you are. You'd keep me coming and going this way all night, if I'd let you."

"Well, so I would; anything to keep you beside me. But wait till after the bright day that I'm longing for, and then if I let you out of my sight for half a minute, my name's not Maurice Byrne. If ever I *have* to leave you, I'll lock you up, for fear I wouldn't find you when I come back; you're always so fond of running away from me."

"Then there's the more reason for me to make use of my liberty while I have it," said little Dorinn, with her soft silvery laugh, "so good-night to you!"

"No, no! Don't go for a moment," said Maurice, holding her; "not without giving me a kiss at any rate!"

"There then," she said, giving his lips a light touch, as he bent his face down to hers, and again attempting to escape.

But Maurice held her fast. "That was no kiss at all," he said, "just like the brush of a butterfly's wing! Bid me good-bye properly, and give me a right kiss. How do you know what may happen to me while I am away? May be the Queen of the Fairies may take a fancy to me, and carry me off to live with her in Fairy-land, and then you'll never see me again. How would you like that?"

"Maurice!" exclaimed little Dorinn, "don't say that, even in fun; it frightens me."

"Well then, give me the kiss—a right kiss—and I'll never say it again!"

And at last the right kiss was given and returned; at last little Dorinn slipped away, and laughing and happy, without the faintest presentiment of the evil days coming, disappeared into the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

A FENIAN ORGANIZER.

CALLING to Trim, Maurice set off homewards in the highest spirits, whistling as he went, not from want of thought, but as a merely mechanical accompaniment to the bright hopes and delightful visions which made happy music in his heart. And then, as the picture of little Dorinn, his love, his bride, his wife, sitting by his side through the long winter evenings that were coming, making the warmth and brightness and comfort of the pleasant fire and homely hearth sweet and beautiful by her presence, grew more

and more vivid, his ecstacy broke into song, and without the slightest recognition of the meaning of what he was singing, but because the spirit-stirring tune and words came as an unconscious safety-valve for his excitement, he poured out a verse of the famous rebel song, "The Shan Van Vocht."

"Will Ireland then be free?
Said the Shan Van Vocht:
Will Ireland then be free?
Said the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea,
And hurrah for liberty!
Said the Shan Van Vocht."

The wild, warlike notes of the rebel song —"like the march of armed men hurrying on to victory"—rang out in the still clear air, and the echoes in the rocks and glens took up the strain, and seemed to bear it away on joyful wings to the very tops of the mountains.

"That's your sort, Maurice Byrne!" shouted a loud, commanding voice, and an active athletic looking young fellow sprang from behind a bank of stones and bushes into the path in front of Maurice. Pulling himself suddenly up, Maurice stopped and stood somewhat on his guard, a little surprised at this unexpected apparition, and the familiar sound of his own name uttered by one who seemed a perfect stranger; while Trim flew forward, barking furiously.

"Call off your dog!" cried the stranger, somewhat imperiously, swinging a light stick, which he carried with an unmistakeable shillelagh sort of air. "I don't want to knock him over, though he is such a little viper."

"No, not unless you're able to knock me over after him," said Maurice, in a very decided, though perfectly good-humoured tone. "But here, Trim! Come here, sir! Come behind me. And now," continued Maurice, as the little terrier reluctantly obeyed his master's orders, "may I ask who you are that seem to have my name so pat, whereas I never saw you before in my life, to my knowledge."

Maurice's quick glance had soon taken in the chief points of the stranger's appearance. He was young, well made, and by no means bad-looking; he had a keen, resolute, though somewhat hard face, a good forehead, and light blue eyes showing no small amount of acute intelligence. He had a dark red moustache, but no whiskers, and his dark red hair was closely cut. Maurice fancied there was something soldier-like in both his voice and carriage, and he had an air of ease and assurance which seemed perfectly unaffected, and was not ill adapted to make an impression on those with whom he came in contact. He confronted Maurice's steady look for a minute with a gaze of the coolest indifference, and then burst into a short laugh.

"No, you never saw me before," he said, "nor I you, but I know who you are right well. As to who I am, I might answer the question in various ways. I might say I was a grazier, from Kildare or Meath, buying up cattle; or a poet, or novelist, come to learn the traditions, and be inspired by the beauties of your mountains and glens; I might tell you I was a mining speculator prospecting for metals and minerals; or a student of Irish antiquities in search of round towers; and recommended to you as a person capable of giving me information and assistance on any or all of these points. In fact I might tell you any plausible fable, without your being able to contradict it."

"Well then, which fable *are* you going to tell me?" asked Maurice, sharply.

"No fable at all, but the simple truth. A young fellow who owns the name of Byrne, and can sing the Shan Van Vocht as you sang it just now, may be trusted. My real name's McCann; I'm a captain in the Irish Republican Army, and I've come down here to form circles and appoint centres, and enrol recruits."

Though he had already suspected that this was the stranger who had given old Matty

the bundle of Fenian ballads and pamphlets at the fair of Kilcool, Maurice was somewhat startled at this abrupt declaration. He was brave to temerity; had a passionate love of freedom; and had been brought up in those traditions of hatred to the Saxon and devotion to the Irish cause, which for ages have been faithfully transmitted from father to son, and religiously cherished by the Irish people. But he was not without common sense, and however he might feel while reading some national newspaper, or singing "The Green above the Red," he had a strong conviction that, unless under circumstances very different from any which he believed to exist now, rebellion against English rule would be vain and fruitless.

"Is there an Irish Republican Army?" he asked, "I never heard of it."

"But you've heard of the Fenian Brotherhood, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Maurice, "I have heard of them."

"And you'd like to hear more of them, wouldn't you?"

"I'm not sure that I would," said Maurice. "I'd like to see Ireland independent if I could, but I don't see how the Fenians are going to make her so."

"Well, I never expected to hear a true Irish boy, and especially one with the blood of the O'Byrnes in his veins, talk in that cold-blooded way," said McCann. "What has ever made any country free but the brave spirit of its people? That spirit is awake in Ireland now, and will never sleep till the invaders are driven off her soil. The heart of every true son of Ireland beats with it, and Fenianism is fast organizing them into a force which England with all her power will not be able to resist. If you like to know what has already been done, I can soon tell you, and I will not even ask a promise of secrecy from you; so you can carry the information to Chief Constable Lefroy, or any one else you choose, when you have got it. Now what do you say?"

"I say, what I dare say you know well enough, or you wouldn't be talking to me as you're doing now, that I am no informer; and if the Fenian Brotherhood means anything more than wearing green ribbons, and singing green songs, and making green speeches, I'm willing to hear all you can tell me about it."

"It means Ireland for the Irish, in right down earnest," said McCann. "It means that if we can't have our country without fighting for her, fight we will; and if you're not afraid to listen to me, I'll tell you how and when we mean to do it."

"Didn't I say I was ready to listen to you," said Maurice.

"Well, come on then," said McCann. "Our roads lie together as far as the Ford, and we can talk as well walking as standing."

Accordingly the two young men walked on together, Maurice's joyous mood completely gone, but another sort of excitement beginning to stir his young blood and rouse the sleeping fire of his nature. Trim followed, keeping close to his master's heels as commanded, but showing every now and then a very evident mistrust of their new companion, which he expressed by exhibiting his sharp white teeth and growling as loudly as he dared.

"You say you have heard of the Fenian Brotherhood," said the so-called Captain of the Irish Republican Army, "but it is plain you don't know much about it."

"No, I can't say I do," said Maurice.

"Do you know that there are two hundred thousand men at this very moment enrolled in the Army of the Irish Republic; a hundred thousand of them drilled and fit to take the field? Do you know that when all the counties in every province have been brought in, there will be nearly as many more? Do you know that our countrymen in America are ready to send us any amount of arms, ammunition and money, when we are ready to use them? Do you know that

there are a hundred thousand drilled and armed men there, all good Irishmen and Fenians, waiting to come over and help us when we give the word? Do you know that there are three manufactories of arms for our soldiers in Dublin, and one, or more, in every large town in Ireland besides?"

"No," said Maurice, "I don't know it; and what's more, I can hardly believe it, unless you will show me some proof."

"I am lodging at Miles Mahony's public-house," said McCann; "it's a poor place, but it suits me, for many reasons. Come with me there, and I'll show you documents to prove all, and more than all, I have said. Will you come?"

"Certainly I will," said Maurice. "I've heard too much to-night not to want to hear more."

They were now at the Ford, at which place four roads met, two leading down to the more level vale which spread out towards the sea; two going higher up among the glens and mountains. Turning into one of the upper roads, the young men walked rapidly on, both in perfect silence, Maurice feeling as if all within and without him had changed during the last few minutes, and McCann congratulating himself at having, as he believed, secured a valuable adherent to the cause. A winding and picturesque road, gradually ascending the side of a wooded hill, soon brought them in sight of a large and handsome cottage ornée, covered with roses, passion-flowers and myrtles. A pretty lawn, with beds of flowers in the turf and ornamental shrubs between, was divided from the road by a wire fence and screen of holly. Through the open doors and windows came a blaze of light and the sound of music, and groups of young people were moving among the shrubs and flowers on the lawn, apparently preferring the soft balmy air, perfumed with the breath of the flowers, and the lovely lingering twilight, to the greater formality and more artificial brilliancy within.

As Maurice and his companion came on by the wire fence, a youthful pair, who had separated themselves from the rest of the party, emerged from a path among the shrubs and stood at the gate of the lawn, looking down at the lovely valley beneath, through which the shining Vartrey flowed on to the sea. Both these young people were handsome enough to have attracted attention anywhere, and their looks were so admirably contrasted as to blend into as graceful a harmony as the lovely lights and shadows amidst which they stood. The young man was tall, broad shouldered, and strongly made; fair haired, blue eyed and brown bearded; his face altogether Saxon, with a good deal of quiet energy, steadfastness and power in his look. The girl, though not fair, had an exquisitely clear and delicate complexion, changing from pale to the softest rose tint, and then to pale again, with every varying mood. Her dark blue eyes looked almost black from under the shadow of their long jetty lashes; she had purple black hair, delicate, refined features, somewhat pensive and thoughtful when at rest, but expressing every emotion with eloquent animation when she spoke, and at all times irradiated with the light of a pure and noble nature—high-spirited and impulsive, but gentle, generous and sweet. It was said that her mother was of Spanish descent, and perhaps her beauty was a compound of the Spanish and the Celtic. Certainly the perfect grace of her figure and movements, and the light elasticity of her step, could not have been surpassed by any *senorita* who ever wore a mantilla. This lovely girl's name was Katherine Kirwan, and she was on a visit at the cottage, the owner of which was her uncle. Her companion was Frank Wingfield, the future heir and present manager of his father's large estate in the neighbourhood.

A soft amber light still lingered in the sky where the sun had set, gradually changing into pearly lilac and silvery blue, into which

the new moon's crystal crescent, faintly tinged with a golden gleam, was slowly rising, the planet of Love shining, large and brilliant, by her side.

"Oh, there is the new moon!" exclaimed Katherine, in a sweet musical voice. "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair! I must do her homage." And with playful grace she dropped a low curtsey to the pale crescent.

"Now I shall have my wish," she said.

"*I* wish, yet fear, to know what that wish is," said her companion.

"If you had taken off your hat to the goddess and wished in the right way, perhaps you might have known," said Katherine merrily. "Why did you not pay homage to her as I did?"

"She looked too cold and shadowy," said Frank Wingfield. "I don't believe she ever was in love with Endymion, or any one else. I prefer worshipping that bright star beside her. Beautiful Venus!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat and bowing low to the lovely planet, "be propitious to thy votary, and give him favour in the eyes of her he loves!"

He spoke in mock heroic tones, but there was earnest and pleading emotion in the look he now turned on Katherine.

"What a pair of geese we are!" she exclaimed hastily. "Look at those men in the road. What will they think of us if they have seen us bowing and curtseying to the moon and the stars!"

"Why, is it you, Maurice?" said Frank Wingfield, as the men came up. "Were you going to Dunran? Are you looking for me?" he asked, not a little vexed at the interruption.

"No, Mr. Frank," said Maurice.

But before he could say another word, McCann stepped forward. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I believe you are young Mr. Wingfield, of Dunran?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Wingfield. But you have the advantage of me. I cannot remember having ever seen you before."

"I don't think you ever have, sir; but Mr. Byrne, here, has been speaking to me about you, and about Dr. Wingfield, your father. "My name is Johnson, continued McCann, with admirable fluency. "I have been employed by Messrs. McGlashan and Gill, the Sackville Street publishers, to collect information about all the ruins and other antiquities of this county, and to search out any histories or traditions of the old Celtic clans that may be found, for a work on Irish archæology which they are going to publish; and I have been asking Mr. Byrne if he can give me any particulars of the clan O'Byrne."

"Mrs. Byrne can," said Frank Wingfield. "You should get Mr. Byrne to take you to see his mother. She knows far more about the history and genealogy of the sept than her degenerate son, and is far prouder of her warlike ancestors—chieftains and kings of the old days—than he is. Isn't that true, Maurice?"

"Quite true, Mr. Frank," said Maurice, but his laugh was rather forced.

"I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Byrne, then," said McCann. "And I am told, Mr. Wingfield, that the old gentleman, your father, is highly learned in Irish archæology, and takes the greatest interest in such matters. If you will allow me, I will call on him, and show him a prospectus of the book."

"Certainly," said Frank; "if my father approves of it, I have no doubt he will become a subscriber. And now I will say good evening. Good-bye Maurice."

"Good evening, Mr. Wingfield," said McCann, "I am much obliged to you." And raising his hat with a deferential air to Katherine, though she had drawn back from the gate, he walked on.

Frank Wingfield looked after them for a moment. "That fellow holds himself like a soldier," he said, as he joined Katherine, "and steps like one too. I'm not sure that he's all right."

"Do you suspect him of being a deserter?" asked Katherine.

"He may be. He does'nt look a bit like a student of antiquities, and I'm very much inclined to think he's a humbug of some sort or other, with his free-and-easy impudence, and his admiring bow to you! Hang the fellow! I believe I have taken a dislike to him because he stole from me some of the very few sweet moments I can ever have you to myself."

"Do you think they saw you taking off your hat to Venus?" said Katherine, ignoring his last words.

"I am more anxious to know if my prayer has been granted," said Frank. "Will you tell me?"

"I? How can I tell you?" said Katherine, trying to laugh.

"Yes," said Frank, "*you* can tell me; you, and only you."

Never was an hour or a scene better fitted for a lover to breathe his first vows. The young moon floated softly in the pale clear blue—

> "A slender crescent, woven of silver flame,
> And, one by one at first, then ten by ten,
> The stars slipped out, and in, and out again"

Venus burned with a tender, passionate radiance, "as if she shone for love, not fame." Faint as the light was, Frank could see how Katherine's cheek glowed. "Will you not tell me?" he whispered. "Say yes, only yes!"

But unlucky Frank was fated to endure another interruption to his love-making. Two or three of Katherine's young companions, who had been searching for her, rushed towards her, and insisted on her returning at once to the house, where she was wanted to help in getting up an impromptu dance. Cruelly disappointed, for his hopes for the moment had risen high, Frank silently followed Katherine and the other girls to the cottage; one of them whispering to Katherine, who scarcely knew where she was going to or what she was doing, "Mr. Wingfield looked as if he could have beat us for taking you away!"

Katherine was the last, except Frank, to enter the cottage, and as she did so her hand came in contact with a cluster of China roses which had got loose, and hung across the door into the porch. Almost like one in a dream, she put the spray aside and plucked a blossom. Quick as lightning Frank, who was close behind her, stooped down and whispered entreatingly, "Will you give me that rose?" She did not speak, but held it timidly towards him, and in an ecstasy of happiness Frank took it from the little white fingers which trembled as they touched his, and thrust it into his bosom.

In the meantime Maurice and McCann had walked quickly on to Miles Mahony's "Public."

"Didn't I manage that well?" said McCann, laughing heartily. "But you don't seem to approve of my little romance," he added, finding that Maurice did not join in the laugh. "My dear fellow, where the freedom of a nation and the lives of thousands are at stake, all petty scruples must be lost in wider views, and you know all stratagems are fair in love and war."

"How did you know that was Mr. Wingfield?" asked Maurice.

"Why, I may say I know almost every man in the county by name and description," said McCann. "Certainly every man who has either land or influence. I have a written book in which every man's face and figure, and manner of dressing, walking, and talking, are as minutely described as in a hue-and-cry advertisement; and a full account given of their politics and private and public character, past and present. You are in that book, and so is Mr. Frank Wingfield. He's one of Ireland's worst enemies."

"You can't know his character in the least, or you would not say that!" said Maurice, warmly. "There isn't a man in all Ireland who has her good more at heart."

"Oh, I know what he is well enough," said McCann; "he's a Liberal in politics, generous landlord, charitable to the poor, and all that. Such men as he are the most dangerous of all to the cause of Irish independence. They keep the people quiet, if not contented, under the yoke which they ought not to bear for an hour. The old fighting, gambling, racing, drinking landlords, with their hogsheads of claret and puncheons of whiskey, grinding the last penny out of their poor tenants, are the sort to help Ireland's freedom. And better still, the landlords that are improvers, and want to make the land support cattle instead of men, driving the poor people out of their homes to die of starvation by the road-side, or rot in the poorhouse, or forsake their native land—these are the men," said McCann, warming, "that make the poor man's blood tingle, and run through his veins like liquid fire, till his manhood rises up within him, and he is ready to die ten thousand deaths for the chance of setting himself and his country free—even for the chance of being revenged on his tyrants!"

"Mr. Frank will never help Ireland's freedom that way," said Maurice, "but no man has ever stood up for his rights better. He would abolish the State Church, he would give Tenant Right, and Home Rule ——."

"But not the one right which includes all these—our Independence. He does not want Irish nationality, and I am much mistaken if he wouldn't fight to the last sooner than see Ireland separated from England. He is rich, and has plenty of English relatives, and the present state of things suits him. He is not a Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and not likely to sacrifice family and friends and high position to join with the people, especially as he cannot know that our success is certain."

"He thinks that Ireland can gain all she requires by the gradual pressure of moral force," said Maurice, "and so did Dan O'Connell."

"O'Connell was great in his day, and did all that the time allowed," said McCann. "But we stand on a very different footing now, and we would be cowards and dastards if we didn't use the means he put into our hands to make ourselves now and forever a nation. But here we are at Miles Mahony's."

It was a rough-cast, white-washed house with a slated roof, standing at the foot of a low green hill, a stable at one end, a little gurgling stream at the other. Over the door was a signboard, on which some splashes of faded colour were supposed to represent a man and horse, and an inscription underneath proffering good entertainment for man and beast. Two or three men were lounging about the open door of the bar-room, but McCann passed on to another door, also open, and entered a kitchen, in which were two girls, one baking "griddle bread," the other washing up dishes.

"Och, is that yourself, Mr. Johnson?" said one of the girls, turning round. "Wipe your hands, Mary, and run up with the candles."

"Has any one been asking for me to-night?" enquired McCann.

"Not a bit of me knows," said the girl, "sure himself and the mistress is in the bar. Will I go and ask?"

"No, never mind now," said McCann. "Will you have anything to drink, Byrne?" he added. "I seldom take anything myself, but Mahony has some first-rate poteen that he keeps for his particular friends, and he'll let us have some of it if you'd like to try it."

"None for me," said Maurice, "I'm not much of a drinker at any time, and I don't believe in the patriotism that springs from poteen."

"Neither do I," said McCann. "But I see Mary has taken up the candles. Come along, and I'll show you things that will stir your blood far beyond any mountain-dew that ever was run in the Wicklow mountains."

The room into which McCann conducted

Maurice was the only private apartment "Mahony's" could boast, and was made to serve the purpose of parlour and bedroom. The parlour side of the room contained two or three well worn chairs, a shabby sofa, and a round table, on which Mary had put the candles. Some hanging shelves on the wall held a few books, and beside it hung a small map of the town of Wicklow, and a larger one of the county—all of which, Maurice conjectured, belonged to McCann. On a small table under the books was a collection of minerals, some of them labelled, and a pamphlet entitled "Glenmalure, or the Valley of much Ore."

"Look here," said McCann; and taking up a manuscript book which was lying on the round table, he turned over the leaves, and showed Maurice some pencil sketches, with brief explanatory notes under each. "Do you know these places? Here's the ruins of Black Castle, on the rocks above Wicklow; here's the old Abbey in the middle of the town; here's the remains of Strafford's Castle at Coolruss, that the people call Black Tom's Cellars; here's the seven churches of Glendalough, all together, and here they are separately, one after the other; and many other ruins. See, here's my initials under every one. T. D. McC., Thomas Dempsey McCann. I'm supposed to have done all these, but I never saw one of the places in my life. They were all done in Dublin as a blind for the police, should they take it in their heads to pay me a visit; and I got the minerals, you see, over there, for the same purpose."

"Is there any danger of their coming?" asked Maurice.

"There wouldn't be much danger in the matter, for I could soon slip through their fingers; but of course I don't want to leave this till-I've finished what I have to do, so I've been pretty cautious since I came."

"Do you intend to go and see old Dr. Wingfield, as you said you would?" asked Maurice.

"Not I, indeed," said McCann, with a short laugh. "I didn't quite like the way your friend, Mr. Frank, looked at me, I can tell you. I took off my hat to the young lady on purpose to vex him. He's a d——d aristocrat."

"Not a bit of it," said Maurice, "he's a true gentleman."

"Well, never mind," said McCann; "he's up now, but our time's coming. I'll show you something better worth looking at than these drawings in a minute."

Going to a small leather travelling bag, he unlocked it and took out a tin case. Opening this with a key which hung from his watch chain, he drew forth a number of cross-barred papers, like military roll-calls, also several letters, manuscripts, printed papers, maps and plans. These he brought to the round table, by which Maurice was sitting, and, spreading them out before him, sat down.

"Before I explain these to you," he said, "I'll give you a short sketch of the Irish Republican or Fenian organization. You've often heard of the Young Ireland Society, set on foot by McManus, John Mitchell, Gavan Duffy and others?"

"Yes," said Maurice; "Smith O'Brien's rising. The leaders were taken, or made their escape, and it came to nothing."

"It was badly managed, and exploded prematurely," said McCann; "but the fire which kindled it remained; the fire which nothing can extinguish, and which, God knows, has never wanted fuel to feed it. Some of the 'heads' escaped to Paris, and there began to organize a new confederacy. The leader was James Stephens, of Kilkenny."

"I have heard of him," said Maurice. "It was he that was wounded at Ballingarry, and to baffle the police, his friends gave out that he had died of his wound, and buried a coffin full of stones with his name on the lid in Kilkenny."

"That's the man," said McCann. "Well,

he and John Mitchell and some others got good advice, and promise of help in the way of military leaders, from the French revolutionists, and for the first time a feasible plan was formed to systematize the powerful help that the Irish in America were able and willing to give us. Money, men, arms and ammunition were there waiting for us to make use of them. The new confederacy was called the Phœnix Society, and organized on both sides of the Atlantic, but some how or other its machinery did not work well; its proceedings were detected, and some of the leaders brought to trial at Cork. O'Donavan Rossa was one of them. I dare say you heard of the Cork trials?"

"Yes," said Maurice, "I heard of them."

"After that the Phœnix conspiracy was supposed to be crushed, but out of its ashes sprang Fenianism—the words being closely connected; for Phœnix is said to be a corruption of Finnach, the camping ground of the Fiann, or soldiers of Leinster when Ireland was free, as it is now of the English usurpers.* You remember when McManus died in California, and his remains were brought home to Dublin. Tens of thousands followed his funeral procession in honour of the immortal cause for which he was a martyr, and from that day the difficulty was, not how to induce members to join, but how to enrol and organize them fast enough. Every lodge, or 'circle' has its chief officer, called the 'Centre,' and the circles are grouped together in districts, under district centres. James Stephens himself is Head Centre and Chief Organizer of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Every member takes an oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, to obey its legally constituted officers, and to keep its affairs a sacred secret even in the confessional. It is in fact a hidden army, being regularly drilled and taught the use of arms and military tactics. There are, as I told you, more than two hundred thousand men already enrolled, and when the organization is complete there will be double the number. There is a similar society organized in America, and the sympathies of the whole American nation are with us. Here, on the table before me, are documents that will confirm all I have said."

Selecting a roll of papers from those on the table, he laid before Maurice the returns of members sent in by the District Centres from the several provinces; returns from the Central Committee in New York; and a statement of the money and arms held by the Fenian Brotherhood there, in trust for the Irish Republic.

"You will see there are no returns from Wicklow and Wexford," said McCann, "but the people in those counties have not yet been properly appealed to. They were, as you know, in the very front of the rising in '98, and suffered so much after it that it is no wonder they are holding back; but when they know what is being done in their country's cause elsewhere, the spirit which inspired the Babes in the Wood of Killaughram, and Michael Dwyer's men in the Wicklow glens and mountains, will blaze up as fiercely as ever. Here is a map of this county, with the circles and sub-circles which we expect to form, marked; but I have not attempted to do anything yet. I came first to you, wishing to head my roll with your name, and believing that I'd find you as ready to fight for Ireland as any of your brave ancestors ever were."

"You have spoken of my ancestors several times," said Maurice; "what do you know about them?"

"I know all about them," said McCann. "I know they were always a brave and high-spirited race, from Feagh MacHugh, called by the English the Firebrand of the Mountains; and Edmund Oge, who surprised

* Other authorities say the Phœnix Park owes its name to Fion-uisge—clear or pleasant water—which the celebrated chalybeate spring in the park was anciently called.

Dublin Castle one night, liberated the prisoners and carried off the stores, down to your father's cousin, William Michael Byrne, who was the friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and suffered on the gallows for the good cause. I know there never was a Byrne yet kept back for the sake of life or limb, when honour called him forward; and it would be a shame and a scandal if a fine young fellow like you were the first coward and traitor of the name."

"I am neither one nor the other," said Maurice, steadily. "It is no fear for myself would make me hesitate; it is the thought of all the bloodshed and wretchedness that would follow our failure; all the men and women and innocent little children it would doom to misery and death!"

"A soldier must not think of these things," said McCann. "He must not dream of defeat, or slaughtered men, or weeping women, but of the fierce joy of battle, of victory and glory. But we cannot fail. Our prospects are very different now from what they ever were before. We were very near succeeding in '98. If the French had landed in Bantry Bay—if traitors had not betrayed the cause, we should have succeeded. Then help from France depended on the will of one man; now we have hundreds of thousands of auxiliary troops in America, burning to come over as soon as we give the word, and with no one willing or able to stop them. And our own people have more freedom, more knowledge, more strength than they had then, thanks to the noble hearts that suffered and died to win it for us. No, we cannot fail! But even if we did——" and his face darkened, "even if we did, would it not be worth a hundred years of common life to have revenge on our tyrants for one day."

"No," said Maurice; "I'd fight for freedom and independence, but I'll never fight for revenge. Revenge is a sword that cuts two ways, and it never falls on the right head."

"Well, at any rate you *will* fight when the time comes; and you'll join us to-night heart and hand, won't you?"

"I must know something more of the directors of this Irish Republic; something more of its army, before I take the oath of obedience and secrecy you spoke about. It is easy to put an army on paper, and I have no proof that these returns are authentic. Of course I don't mean to doubt your word; it is with the leaders and heads of the organization the responsibility lies."

"If I had you in Dublin," said McCann, "I could take you to the Committee, and introduce you to the Chief Organizer himself."

"I am going to Dublin to-morrow," said Maurice.

"I wish I could go with you, for I have set my heart on winning you to the cause. Your very name would have immense influence with the people, who remember their hero, Billy Byrne, of Ballymanus, so fondly. But I cannot leave my post here. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a line to a friend of mine, Colonel Ryan McGarvey, late of the United States, and now of the Irish Republican Army. He's one of the Committee, and he'll give you every information, and let you see the original returns, all properly checked and attested. You can post the letter as soon as you get into town, and if you'll tell me the name of the place you stop at, I'll let him know, and he'll call on you to-morrow evening."

"I stop at the Leinster Farmers' Inn, close to Smithfield," said Maurice.

"Will you look at that strategical map while I am writing?" said McCann, pushing it towards Maurice, as he sat down to write his letter. When it was finished, he handed it to Maurice, "Read it," he said. "It is worded in a way that will tell no tales should it fall into wrong hands, but McGarvey will understand it."

Whereupon Maurice read the following epistle:

"DEAR MCGARVEY,—I beg you will call on Mr. Maurice Byrne, of Roebawn, at the Leinster Farmers' Inn, near Smithfield Market, to-morrow evening. Show him every attention in your power, and give him all the information he desires relative to the business he is interested in. He is a fine, high-spirited young fellow, of a *good* family, and would be a great acquisition to our club, but he is a little *shy*. However, I don't doubt you will be able to cure him of that.

"Yours, &c.,

"T. D. McC."

"If your friend can satisfy me on certain points, neither he nor you will find me *shy*, as you call it, any longer," said Maurice.

"That's my belief," said McCann, and enclosing the letter in its envelope, he addressed it to Ryan McGarvey, Esq., with the number of a post-office box, and gave it to Maurice.

Putting it in his pocket, Maurice turned again to the map that lay open before him.

"That map will show you how perfectly our plans are organized," said McCann. "See here," he said, coming close to Maurice, and running his finger over the map, "Here are the limits of the different military districts. Every district will have its own battalions, and the whole combined will form the Grand National Army of Ireland. These places marked on the coast are the points most available for the landing of American troops and stores. These lines indicate the route to be followed by each corps, and as you see, every point of tactical importance along the line of march is marked. In fact the whole plan of the campaign is exactly laid down here."

Keenly interested in this programme, which seemed to promise a triumphant progress for the Grand National Army, Maurice listened to McCann's explanations, and comprehended them with the quickest intelligence.

"It's plain you were made for a soldier," said McCann, at last; "but so is every Irishman; and what's more, the greatest generals in the world have been Irishmen. I'll make a big wager that I'll live to see you one yet."

Maurice laughed, and, as they discussed the future campaign, he and McCann grew better friends than they had been before. When he left, McCann accompanied him down stairs and out of the house. "It's a fine starlight night for your walk home," he said, "but if I were you, I wouldn't sing the Shan Van Vocht quite so loudly as you did when I met you!"

"Never fear," said Maurice, "that was in sport; if I were to sing it now, it would be in earnest!"

"I'm glad to hear you say so!" said McCann; and as they shook hands he gave Maurice's hand a peculiar squeeze. "That's the Fenian grip!" he said. "McGarvey will teach it to you to-morrow night before he takes you to *the club*. And now, good-night, and good luck to you!"

"The same to you!" said Maurice as he walked away.

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

AS he left Miles Mahony's "Public" and Captain McCann behind him, Maurice did not feel the slightest inclination to sing the Shan Van Vocht, or indulge in any kind of musical demonstration. All his light-heartedness and gaiety had fled, and a thoughtful and even stern gravity had taken their place. As he neared the Ford some one crossed the wooden bridge, and came towards him, softly whistling "Love's Young Dream." It was Frank Wingfield, and Maurice at once recognized his clear sweet notes. For a moment he thought of jumping over the ditch, and avoiding a meeting which, for the first time in his life, he felt to be embarrassing. But running away was contrary to

young Byrne's nature under any circumstances, and so he came on, making a great effort to do so in his usual manner. The young moon had disappeared, but the sky was clear and full of stars, and Frank had no difficulty in recognizing Maurice at once.

In spite of difference of rank and education, some degree of intimacy and a very friendly feeling existed between these young men. From boyhood they had frequently gone out together to fish for trout, or to shoot rabbits or snipe. They had played on the same side in many a cricket match, and country sports and country occupations had often brought them together. There can hardly anywhere be greater familiarity of speech and manner—though with all the forms and phrases of respect scrupulously preserved—than exists between the higher and lower classes in Ireland, in those favoured spots—now, alas! few and far between—where agrarian disturbances are unknown. This may be owing to the privileges of birth and position being so willingly recognized there that no barriers of reserve or exclusiveness are necessary to guard social distinctions which are never disputed and never encroached upon. Old servants and hangers-on of the family are still allowed much of the liberty of speech common in primitive times. The beggar will bandy jests with the squire; and the young master, when out with his gun in the bogs or high up on the mountains, will often go into the first cabin he meets at noon, and take a floury potato out of the pot and a dip in the salt-box—a remnant, perhaps, of the days when the Irish chieftains who were knighted by King Richard shocked the refined Normans by following what they called their praiseworthy custom of allowing their minstrels and servants to sit with them at the same table and eat out of the same dish.

"What, Maurice! is this you again?" said young Wingfield. "I've been dancing at Fairy Lodge; where have you been? Not with that fellow Johnson ever since?"

"He was showing me some drawings and maps at his lodgings," said Maurice.

"And talking about the O'Byrnes, I'll engage," said Frank. "I hope you are not going to let him swindle you out of your money on any pretence of recovering the property that once belonged to them."

"I've no notion of such a thing, Mr. Frank, nor he either," said Maurice, quickly.

"Oh, well, I beg your pardon, Maurice, but I'm greatly mistaken if he hasn't some other purpose in coming here than to hunt up the histories and traditions of the Irish clans. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he were a Fenian. You've heard of the Fenian Brotherhood of course?"

"Yes, I've heard of it," said Maurice.

"I don't think we've got any of them here, but they seem to be peculiarly active just now in other places, and this Johnson, as he calls himself, may have been sent down to try what can be done among the Wicklow boys. He looks like a soldier too. Didn't you notice that?"

"Yes," said Maurice, "he looks like a soldier."

"I hope you will be on your guard with him, Maurice. I suppose you have no sympathy with those men, reckless enthusiasts or unprincipled adventurers, who are trying to stir up the people and bring on some outbreak which could only end in the ruin of all concerned in it. I take it for granted you see the madness and wickedness of such an attempt as clearly as I do."

"Well, Mr. Frank," said Maurice, throwing off his restraint, and speaking in the manly and open manner natural to him, "it might be mad, but I don't believe it would be wicked. Why should not Ireland cast off a yoke that is hateful to her if she can? And what seems madness to some people is inspiration to others."

"That's very true, Maurice. In some respects inspiration is a great power—the greatest in the world, but even inspired flesh and blood must give way before iron-clad

ships and Armstrong guns. Were all Ireland to rise against England to-morrow, the contest would end as it did in the days when the Irish were "scorners of armour," and fought in their fine linen shirts against the mail-clad Normans."

"If all Ireland rose at once, determined to be free, England would have to let her go," said Maurice. "She dare not bring her ships and cannon against us and govern us by force of arms. All Europe would cry shame on her—she that sympathised with Poland, with Hungary, with Italy—with all oppressed nationalities except the one she herself keeps in bondage. America would never permit it. And if resistance to and hatred of the English rule, and the preservation of national feeling through centuries of cruelty and wrong, can show a nation's heart, the Irish have shown it."

"Very well, allowing all you say to be true—if, through the interposition of other nations, or from deference to the spirit of the age, England permitted Ireland to separate from her, the Irish party would then have the Orangemen to fight against. Do you think the men of Ulster, the Protestant Boys of Derry, the fiery Orangemen of Antrim and Down, and all the King William's men of the fierce black North, would ever submit to Irish rule? These men are forever chafing at having lost that ascendency of which they were so proud, and of which England, since she has been trying to do justice to Ireland, has deprived them. It is only England's strong hand keeps them quiet now; and if that was once withdrawn there would be a deadly civil war. Were England to give up Ireland, they would execrate her treachery, and fight against the Catholics and nationalists with a fierce vindictive hatred and determination which nothing could conquer. Who could wish to plunge his native land into so fearful a strife, to which the only conclusion possible, or even to be hoped for by reasonable men, would be that England should resume her authority."

"The Nationalists would have America to help them," said Maurice.

"She would have to fight England first, and it is by no means certain that she would do so for the sake of Ireland. If she did, England would not want allies—Germany, for instance, who does not approve of Republics in Europe—especially Catholic ones. No, Maurice! you may take my word that Ireland can never force England to acknowledge her independence; and that England, wishing to remain a great power, will never grant it. Ireland separated from England—an alien nation, hating for the past, fearing for the future; allying herself to England's enemies in case of war, and calling in the aid of some foreign power to save herself from chronic war with the men of "the Pale," and such a state of things is not only possible but probable—would be a thorn in England's side not to be borne; and therefore nothing will ever induce her to let Ireland go."

"And nothing will ever make Ireland contented under her rule," said Maurice. "The Irish people never forget a wrong."

"So much the worse," said Frank. "Men are unfit for political freedom who, when they have obtained it, will not 'let the dead past bury its dead.' Look at Scotland. She once fought against England, and hated her as fiercely as the Irish ever could, and her patriots and heroes died to preserve her civil and religious freedom. She has always had as strong and far more united a nationality than Ireland could ever boast, and still preserves it while sharing England's power and prosperity, joined to the great British empire by ties which nothing now could break. Why cannot Ireland, too, bury the war-hatchet, and join hands in good faith, as Scotland did, with her ancient foe?"

"The cases are not a bit alike," said Maurice. "Scotland never was trampled under the feet of England as Ireland was. She was always able to hold her own. How it was with Ireland I need not tell you."

"Yes—formerly; but now there is nothing the Irish people have a right to ask which the English people are not ready to grant—always excepting independence."

"And yet that is the only thing will satisfy them," said Maurice.

"I can only hope time will prove you are mistaken," said Frank. I sympathise with the desire for Irish nationality, but unless it can be satisfied in some other way than separation from England, it will remain forever an unattainable Utopia. However, sometimes when I am in a sanguine mood, I dream that there may be some other way in which the national spirit may find scope."

"What way?" asked Maurice.

"It is too late to discuss it to-night," said Frank. "Some other time you and I will have our talk out. I don't despair of bringing you round to my opinion, especially when you are married to little Dorinn. When is that to be, Maurice?"

Little Dorinn! Was it a week, a month, a year, since he had pressed his parting kiss upon her lips, or only a couple of hours? Then he was a light-hearted boy, but now the sterner and deeper thoughts of manhood were asserting their dominion within him.

"Very soon, I hope," he said, as his thoughts flew back to his little sweetheart.

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Frank. You know I'm a great admirer of little Dorinn. I think she's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life—except one."

"That must be some young lady you're in love with, Mr. Frank," said Maurice.

"Well, perhaps it is," said Frank, laughing too. "But now I must really go."

But after he had gone a few steps, he stopped and called out, "Maurice, take my advice, and don't have anything to do with that Johnson, or any other Fenian, for I feel perfectly sure that a Fenian he is. You may tell little Dorinn that I've been warning you against Fenianism, and I'm certain she'll agree with me."

Yes, Maurice knew very well she would agree with him. But the smouldering fire ever ready to be kindled in the breast of a Catholic Irishman—the fire of hatred to English laws, English institutions and the English race—that worst of all hatreds, hereditary hatred, which in the imaginative Irish people has assumed almost the form of a great national *vendetta*, had in Maurice suddenly burst into flame. His latent belief that Wingfield was right,—that England, now at peace with all the world, with wealth to provide the most formidable armaments for any number of years, her strength growing, as it has always grown, with her danger, was not to be conquered by the fiercest Irish passion and patriotism—could not now extinguish it, nor could the more powerful influence of his love for little Dorinn. Yet at the same time, though the images of domestic peace and happiness his fancy had so vividly pictured a little while ago were now overclouded by vague shadows of war and all its horrors, he never thought of delaying his marriage. On the contrary, he was more anxious, if possible, to hasten it, as he believed he would be better able to protect her, when the struggle came, if she were his wife; and, when he joined the army, she and his mother could comfort each other. Should he fall, his heart told him they would not need comfort, or anything else, in this world long. Tender, loving, soft-hearted as his darling was, she would never be able to survive him; and though to his mother it would seem a law of nature that, if there was a "rising" in the county there must be a Byrne in it, he knew that to her also his loss would be a death-blow. But he resolutely banished these painful thoughts, telling himself that McCann was right; a soldier must not think of such things. A man must not let himself be turned from the path of duty and honour by the tears of women, and his country's cause must always be first in the heart of a true Irishman.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO SONNETS.

I.

On leaving Montreal, March, 1873.

ONE farewell look before the prospect close
I know so well. White snow yet clothes the slopes;
'Neath hard-ribbed ice the silent river flows
Unseen, well-nigh unrecked of, like the hopes
That live in frozen hearts. Once more farewell,
Thou royal city of the mount and stream.
E'en now at times do softer breezes tell
Of coming Spring, whose touch will break the dream
That holds within its spell the life of bough
And stem and seed, giving, for these wan weeds,
Soft-waving robes of living green. Oh! Thou
Whose changeless love supplies the changing needs
Of Thy weak creatures, teach our hearts to cease
From restless tossing in Thine own deep peace.

II.

"*And there was no more sea.*"—Rev. xxi. 1.

"AND there was no more sea:" to me erewhile
These words scant meaning and no comfort bore;
Regret to miss the myriad-dimpled smile
Of Ocean, and the music of his roar,
Possessed me rather. Time, that proves all things,
Has taught me better, and I love to muse
How each slow hour still near and nearer brings
That hour supreme when eyes that cannot choose
But weep to mark the barren, endless toil
Of the sad waves, shall hail this promise fair
With rich fruition crowned; and, cleansed from soil
Of life's long voyage, the tired mariner
Shall bid farewell forever to the sea,
Safe-anchored in the haven where he fain would be.

G.

NOTES ON THE BALLOT.

BY FENNINGS TAYLOR.

IN deference to the opinion expressed by a majority of the House of Commons rather than to any avowed change in his own opinions, Sir John A. Macdonald intimates his intention to incorporate with his amended Election Law the principle of the Ballot as it is practised in the Province of New Brunswick. The Bill in question will probably be placed with other Bills in the list of deferred measures. Apparently no injury can arise from postponement, and the time afforded by delay may excusably be occupied in considering some points which seem to have been overlooked, or touched upon very lightly, by those who have advocated the system of secret voting. Recent legislation has no doubt added to their task who object to the ballot, for in addition to Foreign and Colonial experiences, we have to deal with the English experiment. Nevertheless, before we accept them, or adopt it, we may, without impropriety, take a brief review of the case in its relation to Canada.

When Mr. Gladstone fell into the error of stating in the House of Commons that the principle of the ballot had been adopted by the Colonies as well as by the United States of America, he was at once corrected by Sir Stafford Northcote, who informed him that it had not been adopted by Canada. The British North American Provinces had not previously been referred to. This was unfortunate, for when Mr. Gladstone made his historical slip he was closing the debate, and consequently there remained no opportunity of presenting to the House of Commons the narrative of the Ballot as it might at that time have been found in the Journals of the Parliament of Canada.

The absence of evidence from Canada is to be regretted, as Sir Stafford Northcote had then recently returned from Washington, where, as a Member of the Joint High Commission, he had met with several of the public men of America and of Canada. Among other subjects, it is probable the ballot, which at that time was being discussed with some warmth by statesmen in England, might occasionally have become the subject of conversation by statesmen in America. Should such have been the case, it is also probable that the comparative merits of the system of "secret" as against open voting, would have received a fair amount of thought as well as a fair share of criticism.

Let us digress for a moment, for the situation was unique, and perhaps unprecedented. Sir Stafford Northcote, an English statesman, found himself at the American capital, associated on the same important Commission with gentlemen, residents of adjoining countries, whose Legislatures on the question of the ballot had pursued exactly opposite paths. Those countries, at a period not very remote, had formed parts of an ancient empire. Their histories had been interlaced, but their aspirations had diverged. The quarrel came, and the separation followed. The elder of those countries, unfortunately for her happiness, took advantage of her freedom to slip the cable which anchored her to the past. In a moment of exasperated inflation she cut herself from the moorings of ages to begin a new career on a comparatively unhistoric page. With no traditions to respect, with no restraints to control, with neither chronicles

nor landmarks, without charity or magnanimity, she made a covenant with hate, and bound herself by a wicked obligation to transmit through the generations to come an inheritance of revenge. Babes were to be taught to forswear the race from whence they sprang, while young men and maidens, old men and children, were required annually to execrate the names of their former rulers, and to glory in their severance from the English race. The loss of reverence and charity is a very serious one at all times, but the consequence of such loss may be seen in America in the fallacies, and possibly in the crimes, of a nation which has few ancestral memories to appeal to, and but little inherent excellence to transmit.

The people of America and of Canada, at a very early period in their history, arrived at a point from which many departures were made. The subjects, for example, of the franchise and the mode of election may serve to illustrate the opposite courses of the respective inhabitants of a once united country. Monarchical America retained the property qualification and the open vote; Republican America abandoned both, and in their place substituted manhood suffrage and the secret vote. Had the House of Commons been made acquainted with the Canadian as well as with the American history of the ballot, it is possible, even in that august assembly, a different conclusion would have been come to than the one at which it arrived. There can be no doubt that, among those who followed Mr. Gladstone into the lobby, there were many who went with reluctant steps and gave unwilling votes. There were some who probably felt they were paying homage to an effete tradition rather than to a present need. It was, as we all may recollect, a question about which the people generally had not only shown extreme indifference, but it was a question about which it would have been difficult to excite them. The party character of the question was destroyed by the apathy of the public; for if the great landlords had any reason to distrust the labourer, the great capitalists had still greater cause to look askance at the workman. A little more light on the subject might have resulted in greater liberty of action. Had Canada contributed a narrative of her history and experiences, the House of Commons might have been moved to closer thought. It would, at all events, have learned that transatlantic analogies, about which so much had been spoken, could be met with transatlantic contrasts on which nothing had been said. It would have learned that Colonial affinities could be balanced by Colonial aversions, and consequently that the whole of the English speaking race, as was generally supposed, had not adopted the secret system of voting. Earnest inquirers would have discovered, and possibly with satisfaction, that the inhabitants of half the continent of North America, having frequently had the opportunity, had persistently declined to substitute the ballot for the "open" vote. It is, moreover, possible that such an increase of knowledge would have suggested an increase of caution, and that a change which after all was adopted with hesitancy, and at the latest moment declared to be experimental, would altogether have been excluded from the Statute Book of the United Kingdom; and what is more, it would then have had but a small chance of finding a place in the Laws of Canada.

Ignorance is a power as well as knowledge. The lack of information with respect to Canada, and the affluence of it with respect to Australia, represented negative as well as positive advantages to those who opposed the open vote. It was therefore to have been expected that the imitation by the Australian Colonies of the system of voting practised in the United States, should have been appealed to in terms of satisfaction by such members of the House of Commons as usually become elated when they watch what they rhetorically term "the onward tide of

opinion;" and especially when such tide approaches the British coast, like a ground swell from the shores of America. In the absence of a pure example, which the United States cannot supply, it was quite natural to appeal to a weak experience, such as the Australian colonies furnish, as an excuse for a specious Act. Therefore were these Provinces spoken of in words of cloyed sweetness, for no other reason, it would seem, than because these Legislatures, being impatient of ancient customs, and practically unacquainted with modern examples, thought fit to lay aside the usages of their mother country, and to mould their institutions on American forms.

The example of the Parliament of England has very perceptibly influenced the Parliament of Canada. The fact need occasion no surprise; nevertheless it should not destroy our sense of caution. Every kind of legislation, whether sentimental or practical, from secret hanging to secret voting, has commanded attention and imitation in Canada. This, as a rule, is by no means to be regretted, for English legislation is not commonly of a speculative kind. But with respect to the subject under review, it may be as well to bear in mind the hesitancy which marked the passage of the Bill by the Parliament of England, as well as the doubts which were entertained by many, and expressed by some, as to its moral value and practical effect.

The people of Canada, as we shall presently have occasion to show, have manifested supreme indifference to the subject of the ballot. It appears to have been a members' rather than a voters' question, for the constituencies are, and for years have been, silent on the subject. No prayer for the ballot has been expressed in Parliament. Hence the recent debate in the Canadian House of Commons was limp and lifeless. Argument was wanting. Indifference gained the vote, for the question really seemed to be carried by default.

The absence of local feeling will better enable us to examine the question by the light of local history. Let us look into our Parliamentary annals and see what they teach, but before doing so it will be of advantage to bear in mind that Canada has a southern frontier of above four thousand miles, three thousand of which abut on the United States. In many places this long line of separation is only a geometrical one, and hence the inhabitants of the two countries can easily cross the imaginary border, and see without strain what takes place on either side. The institutions of the two countries, and the machinery by which those institutions is moved, are more or less familiar to the inhabitants of both. There are no restraints to intercourse, while facilities exist without number by which it can be carried on. A common origin, a common language, and a common literature, would have invited an interchange of courtesies, even had not self-interest, reciprocal commerce and social relations, supplied motives sufficient to justify such interchange. The science of government may have been scanned superficially, but it has been scanned generally, and is talked about fluently by the inhabitants of both countries; and thus even the humble folk of the borders can explain, with a fair approach to accuracy, how the government is worked on both sides of the line. The public men of the continent, whether American or Canadian, are not only theoretically informed of, but they are practically acquainted with, the institutions of both countries. They frequently meet, and as frequently have informal and "undress conversations" on the comparative merits of their respective systems of government. Neither is it by any means uncommon to hear thoughtful Americans confess, and they do so with regret, that the balance of advantage does not always rest in their scale. "No," said an American to the writer, "I would rather annex the half of your institutions than the

whole of your land;" one of these institutions being the "open" vote.

What then is the history of the ballot in Canada? Let us apply a thirty years' test, and see what the Journals of the Legislative Assembly of the late Province of Canada, and the Journals of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, have to say on the subject. It may be convenient to begin with the year 1841, being the year in which the history of Parliamentary Government may be said to have commenced.

For the space of thirty years, representing, let us say, as many sessions of the Legislature, six petitions only have been presented praying for the use of the ballot. We may easily show how they were disposed of.

Two of the above were presented in 1841. Upon motion, they were referred to a Select Committee, which Committee showed its appreciation of their value by making no report.

A third was presented in 1846. It proceeded from certain inhabitants of Montreal, and included, among other things, a desire that the ballot should be used at the municipal elections in that city. A Bill was introduced in accordance with the prayer of the petition. It was twice read, but on the usual order being made for referring it to a Select Committee, the House added an instruction "to strike out that part of the Bill which relates to the vote by ballot."

In the session of 1850 three petitions were presented from different parts of Upper Canada, including among other things a prayer for the ballot. The other things were sufficiently comprehensive, and reflected very fairly the "root and branch" views of a small coterie of backwoods politicians. The motion made by Mr. Perry, on the 10th of August of that year, was intended to express the petitioners', as well as his own opinions, on several important subjects. It is not necessary to give the motion at length, as an outline will enable any one—who will take the trouble—to fill without difficulty a picture that is by no means original.

Mr. Perry, seconded by Mr. Hopkins, moved: "That it is expedient to authorize the holding of a general convention by the people to consider various proposed changes, in the constitution and the laws, now agitating the public mind." The changes included "extension of the franchise,"—"abolition of property qualification for members," —"shortening the duration of Parliament, making "the office of Governor-General elective," "repeal of the Civil List Act," "abolition of the Court of Chancery," "free trade," "vote by ballot," and much more. A question of order arising, on a division Mr. Perry's motion was supported by three *yeas* in a house of eighty-four members.

The question again slumbered until 1852, when Mr. Papineau sought to revive it by introducing a Bill "for better securing the freedom of elections by the use of the ballot in Canada." Now it should be observed that Mr. Papineau for nearly a quarter of a century had been the unchallenged leader of the Liberal party in Lower Canada, and yet his eloquence and influence could neither awake a sympathetic cheer nor command a sustaining vote. His Bill disappeared, with his elaborate argument in support of it, for he was obliged to acquiesce in the discharge of the order for its second reading.

In 1854, and again in 1856, Mr. Huot presented Bills for the establishment of universal suffrage and vote by ballot. Being more objectionable than Mr. Papineau's Bill, they were read once as a matter of form, and dropped afterwards as a matter of fact.

In 1858 Mr. Cauchon and Mr. Ross brought in Bills "to amend the election law, and to provide for voting by ballot," which were read once and withdrawn.

The subject again hybernated for thirteen more years, and as no one complained, it

was supposed by many that it would not awake from so profound a sleep. Such, however, was not the case. In 1871 Mr. Tremblay introduced a Bill "for taking the poll at Parliamentary elections by ballot." This Bill lingered on the orders of the day until the time approached for the prorogation of Parliament, when it disappeared in the general massacre which is irreverently called "the slaughter of the innocents."

In 1872 Mr. Tremblay again introduced his Bill, which was lost at the second reading. But although the vote, 104 to 43, seemed tolerably decisive, the force of English legislation began to tell, and the example of the mother country was manifestly influencing the thought of the Parliament of Canada. The result became apparent in 1873, when, in a House of 200 members, Mr. Tremblay carried the second reading of his Bill on a division of 78 to 55.

Without dwelling on the futile efforts made by Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie, in 1852 and 1854, to effect by resolution what had not been accomplished by Bill, we shall pass on to note what occurred in the Legislature of New Brunswick about eighteen years ago. In the year 1855 the Government of that Province, for reasons with which few persons appeared to be thoroughly acquainted, introduced and passed a new election law, which included, among other things, a provision for the substitution of the ballot for the open vote. Lest too much stress should be laid on this exceptional act of the Province of New Brunswick, it may be proper to observe that its enactment was preceded by a concurrence of circumstances that do not commonly meet together. Sir Edmund Head, a statesman of rare attainments and indomitable will, had been promoted to the rank of Governor-General of British North America. Simultaneously with His Excellency's departure the then Parliament of New Brunswick expired, and we may add that the old system of Colonial Government in that Province expired with it. Thus it chanced that a new Local Governor, in the person of Mr. Manners Sutton, was installed, a new House of Assembly was elected, and a new administration was formed. So thorough were the changes that followed the treble event, that the critics, as they reviewed their sweeping character, rejoiced or lamented at what was termed the utter overthrow of "Conservative power" in New Branswick. The Session which immediately followed, though by no means deficient in useful Acts, was singularly conspicuous for speculative ones. Yielding, for example, to the pressure which the advocates of abstinence are frequently able to exert, the new Government, moved by pure intentions, succeeded in securing the passage of an Act "to prevent the importation, manufacture and traffic in intoxicating liquors." Of course such a law, we must admit the fact, is unsuited to the British race, and it was specially objectionable to the New Brunswick portion of that race. It was repealed, and with much more haste than it was enacted. Again, yielding to their own convictions of what would be of advantage to the country, that administration, in the absence of petitions, so far as the Journals inform us, or of popular pressure so far as we have been able to learn, introduced and passed a Bill to substitute the "secret" for the "open" vote. It apparently was a Session marked alike with social and political surprises. Prohibitions were issued against open drinking and against open voting, but the hopes which gave rise to these prohibitions have not been realized. Whether they ever can be realized by legislation is a question upon which earnest men differ. None doubt the excellence of the aim, but many question the propriety of the means. A Prohibitory Liquor Law will not prevent excess, neither will the secret vote secure purity.

Passing without especial notice the curious little episode of the ballot in Nova Scotia, we may stop to ask whether the experience of New Brunswick is either encouraging or

satisfactory. Have not the abuses of the ballot which are common in the United States, and to which we shall presently refer, found their way into that Province? Were the conditions which we are invited to attach to the secret system voting observed, let us say in the ballot election for the city of St. John? Was there no bribery, no fraud, no expense, no "dodges," no "personation," no "ballot-box stuffing," no "repeating," no voting "early and often?" Was the law of secrecy observed? Were no influences to control votes exerted? Was the election begun, continued, and ended, without the expenditure of money or the purchase of votes? A committee of inquiry into the system of the ballot as it has been practised in New Brunswick might be of use to the Parliament of Canada. It might remove doubt, or it might confirm aversion. In either case it would shed light, and perhaps prevent "a leap in the dark."

Thoughtful Americans are often perplexed when asked why they prefer the ballot to the open vote. Sometimes they answer at once that they do not prefer it, and add that, apart from the argument of convenience, to which we shall presently refer, no sufficient reason for its introduction in America could ever be advanced. Intimidation, in communities like the United States, Canada and Australia, is a chimera. There are no great territorial proprietors to control labour, and if there were, labourers are beyond such control. Manufacturers, as we have cause to know, are at the mercy of operatives, and he who should attempt to coerce a voter would soon find himself the victim of his own temerity. Labour can tie itself in a knot and make a fling at capital, while capital is impotent when it seeks to intimidate labour. "Virtue without force is contemptible," and, in new countries at least, the employer who abandons virtue for force must make his account with contempt. There can be no intimidation where there is little dependence and no poverty. The prime reason for the Bill in England, "intimidation," is wholly wanting in Canada. Will it secure secrecy and promote peace? Will it prevent bribery and abolish fraud?

Although Americans possess the formula of secret voting, it is notorious they seldom vote secretly. The voter in America, like the voter in England, is usually proud of his party, and enjoys the opportunity of publicly airing his opinions. Hence the ballot is but a feeble security against violence, for it is notorious that it does not save the elections from the stains of riot and blood.

If any importance is to be attached to current opinion, as it finds expression in the newspapers of the United States, we should suppose that the earnest men of that country would gladly get rid of the ballot, could they, in their elective system of government, combine convenience with the open vote. The American Encyclopædia, published by Appleton, contains the following observation: "Corruption," it observes, "will exist, whatever mode of ruling may be prescribed, if there is want of integrity in the people. Perhaps the open vote is to some extent a check on private bargaining, yet in our popular elections, whatever may be the moral disadvantage of voting by ballot, the facility and ease with which the elections can be dispatched by this mode must ensure its popularity in this country." This argument of convenience is an exceptional one, and applies only to a state which is required on the same day to elect two or three dozen public officers. It cannot apply to a country whose servants owe their appointments to the favour of the Crown. The argument of convenience being dismissed as inapplicable, we find ourselves brought face to face with the conclusion of the American critic, that there is a moral advantage in the open vote.

It would seem that the people of the United States are beginning to learn that where the voting is ostensibly secret that there it is flagrantly corrupt. And they have reason for their distrust. They have dis-

covered that their whole system of election is honeycombed with fraud. Earnest people have become indignant, and many, who were content to be the innocent spectators of the play, are now forcing themselves behind the curtain. Inside views are rapidly becoming outside properties. Institutions that were cherished as pure are now discovered to be tainted. Honest men are wondering at their own credulity, even while they stare with amused amazement at the ingenious and audacious methods by which they have been cheated and betrayed. For, making every allowance for the exaggeration of American newspapers, enough remains to stagger the most enthusiastic admirer of the American system. The State is wounded by its petted children, for the grossest scandals cling especially about the vagrant class it has enfranchised. The ballot is found to be an unsafe channel for expressing the suffrage, and more especially so as the latter is universal. Happily, and for the present, such offences are chiefly confined to urban—they have not spread to rural—constituencies. Nevertheless, an ingenious mechanism of fraud has been invented, whose successful operation depends wholly on the pressure or absence of adequate inducement. A sufficient price is alone necessary to secure indefinite expansion. Thus the evils which are now rampant in the State of New York require only adroit treatment to be transferred to the State of New England. The "dodgers" who destroy the value of the elections, who change majorities into minorities, springing, as they frequently do, from a Street Arab parentage, possess in a large degree the nomad qualities of concealment and locomotion. These dodgers are said to appear suddenly in battalions, and to disappear in single files. They come no one knows whence, and they go no one knows whither. Their existence and their discipline are alike notorious, for they move in form and under the direction of instructed guides. The methods by which they effect their purposes are classified, and the modes by which they are carried out are partially guessed at and explained by writers who seem to have informed themselves on the subject. Thus we read of "The Ringing dodge," "The Repeating dodge," and "The Counting dodge," and we are told that elections may be forced into any shape, and made to arrive at any result, by the dodging operations of "ringers," "repeaters," and "counters."

Neither are bribery and corruption got rid of. On the contrary the crimes are aggravated by the greater coarseness of the mode in which they are practised. Instead of the cost of such transactions being laid on the purse of the country gentleman, who was willing to pay for his pride or be filched for his party, in America such costs are either stolen from the public chest, or, in some other equally delicate way, filched from the tax-payer. In England such exactions, if recognized at all, are usually borne by the candidate; in New York at least, they seem to be paid by the municipality.

The very elaborate report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, of which the Marquis of Hartington was chairman, contains a mass of highly instructive evidence, gathered with much care from the observation of people resident in Europe, the United States, and Australia. We shall not dwell on the experiences to be gathered in France and Italy, but confine our extracts to the testimony of a few of the witnesses from Australia and the United States. Unlike the Queen's subjects in British North America, the Legislatures of four of the contiguous colonies in Australia seem to have been enamoured of certain points in matters of government which are commonly supposed to be the exclusive property of the Chartist party in England. Not content with responsible government, the Australians have added triennial Parliaments, manhood suffrage, and vote by ballot.

In answer to certain questions, Mr. George

Frederick Verdon, a member of the Government of Victoria, said there "was no great demand for the ballot. It was taken up as a theoretical principle, and not as a remedy for existing evils." A witness from South Australia stated "he knew nothing of the ballot beyond the descriptions he had found in the writings of American authors." Lieut.-Colonel Torrens, M.P. for Cambridge, formerly a resident of South Australia, said that the ballot "did not secure secrecy, for it is generally known how most persons vote; no one conceals his political opinions." Mr. W. P. Muir, of Victoria, frankly admitted the "impossibility of contriving a rogue-proof system;" and had Mr. G. F. Verdon been acquainted with the working of the ballot in the United States, he would have hesitated before saying that "bribery in a new country with universal suffrage is out of the question." Fraud, even thus early in the history of the ballot, has found its way in Australia, — for the "Tasmania dodge" seems to be alike familiar as a phrase and as a fact. The "dodge" in question we have little doubt belongs to a fruitful family whose nearest relatives may be sought for in the United States. Political life in Australia, as described by Colonel Torrens, has lost all the lineaments of health. It has apparently become degraded and debauched, and possibly by the very measures that were designed to raise and purify it. Party has been destroyed, and faction established.— One Legislature, says Colonel Torrens, is now divided into "ins" and "outs." People in office try to hold it, and those not in office try to get it "A man who has been turned out on a particular measure will immediately take up that measure when he comes in, and will carry it." "One result," continued Colonel Torrens, "there has been a change of ministry every seven months," and another, "that the best class in the colony take little part in politics." The portrait thus drawn by a friend of the ballot is a sorry one to look at, view it as we may. The most ardent advocate for a change of administration would be unwilling to accept a succession of seven months' ministries.

Turning from Australian to United States witnesses, we shall refer to the testimony of Mr. Allan Stewart Hankel, given before the same Committee. Mr. Hankel, then living in England, formerly resided in the United States. Speaking from a knowledge of both countries, Mr. Hankel says "there is quite as much intimidation in the United States as in England," but "it is the intimidation of classes and of mobs." The ballot neither "prevents violence" nor "secures secrecy," as it is "thoroughly known how every one will vote." The ballot is accompanied with "unbounded corruption of every kind,"— "far greater than in Eegland." "The open vote is superior to the secret one, for while it secures greater purity it facilitates the detection of fraud." "It is almost impossible to detect bribery in the United States."

Mr. Hankel's testimony was in no respect exaggerated, for the New York papers after the November elections in 1871, were chronicles of crimes and misdemeanors, the outgrowth of those elections. We learn that domiciliary visiting is actively practised by canvassers of all parties; that a large class regard the franchise as a property to be disposed of to the highest bidder. At a public meeting in Brooklyn, if we recollect aright, one speaker is reported to have said "that a gang of 'repeaters' went round openly on election day, and voted in almost every district and every ward of the city." Another speaker, Mr. Tracy, added that "at least ten thousand fraudulent votes were cast."— "New safeguards must be devised." "A large part of the twenty millions stolen within two or three years from the tax-payers of New York was used to buy legislators, repeaters, ballot-box stuffers, and canvassers; to run naturalization mills, to bribe judges," etc. One person is directly charged with the expenditure of twenty-five thousand dollars as a bribe for the office of State Sena-

tor; at the election just over, a like amount was expended by the same person for the like purpose, but it did not suffice, as he lost his seat. The critics do not complain of the bribery, they narrow their objections to the fact that the money so obtained had previously been stolen. While the papers to which we have referred are full of allusions to the wholesale manufacture of counterfeit votes, they confess that only a few clumsy operators have been detected, so few that they do not represent one coiner for a thousand counterfeit votes. With respect to criminal incidents and acts of violence, the New York *Tribune* of the 10th November, 1871, says: "One election was attended with scenes of disorder in the lower wards, and there was a large number of stabbing and shooting affrays in the evening." Such incidents would probably have been more serious except for the precautions taken to suppress riot. The paper last quoted adds that "the seventh, twelfth, twenty-second, and seventy-first Regiments were kept in their armouries during the day in readiness for service." We shall close our extracts with the following outspoken charge of systematic corruption:

From New York Tribune, Nov. 1, 1871.

"THE CRIME OF BALLOT-BOX STUFFING.

"People must be struck by the freedom and vigour with which our Democratic reformers denounce illegal and fraudulent voting, as also what Mr. O'Conor so forcibly terms 'that false canvassing which is the last diabolical resort.' * * * These men know whereof they affirm. They understood long ago that Sickles was counted into Congress over Wallbridge; that Hoffman was declared Mayor when Roberts had much the larger vote; and that he was swindled into the Governor's chair when Griswold had a legal majority. They know that the predominance of the Tammany Chiefs in City and State is based and built upon fraud at elections, &c. No sooner does an intelligent man fall out of the Tammany line than he begins to say: 'Your elections are polluted by fraud. The results claimed are nothing like the judgment of the legal electors who voted. I *know* them to be shams. You must devise new safeguards on the ballot box, or you might as well authorize the Tammany sachems to return whatever they please as the result, and save yourselves the trouble of going to the poll.'"

Such, then, is a description drawn by Americans of the working of the ballot in the United States. Knowing but little of the practical operation of the system, the Australians adopted it on the strength of what certain authors had written. Ignorance and distance exerted their usual charms, and men embraced, in a moment of enchantment, what has turned out to be an object of very doubtful virtue. The machinery may have been faulty, and the latest amendments adopted by the Imperial Parliament may supply a remedy for admitted defects. On this point, however, it is too early to speak with confidence. In the meanwhile, the practical working of the English law has suggested one or two important considerations which ought not to be overlooked by thoughtful statesmen.

Behind the secret vote secret influences seem to have arisen, the importance of which in Canada as in the United Kingdom, are by no means to be underrated. It is not necessary to discuss the merits of those influences, but it may be of advantage to point them out. Liberals and Conservatives, for it is no party question, are equally bound to examine the drift of a novel experiment, and especially if that experiment tends to contract rather than to expand the freedom of election. The prime purpose of the ballot is to counteract intimidation. Now, as we have elsewhere said, intimidation in Canada is impracticable. The labourer is independent of the landlord, and the capitalist is almost at the mercy of the operative. The question arises whether, in our endeavours to legislate against the work of intimidation, we may not strengthen the arm of certain forces which have the power to intimidate.

It is not necessary to our purpose to lay

any extreme stress on the passionate charge of Judge Keogh on the Galway election, but it is important to note that Father Cohen, who, no doubt, is an earnest and conscientious priest of the Roman Catholic Church, acting from his views of duty and according to the dictates of conscience, with commendable boldness fearlessly declared that, should the occasion arise, he would use the secrecy of the Confessional to control the secrecy of the ballot. In like manner, it is possible that the Grand Chaplain of the Orange Association might put in motion their organization of secrecy to neutralize the secrecy of the ballot box. So also might the Fenian Head Centre exert his malign influence in the same direction. Father Cohen, like Father Braun, of Montreal, in common with many who think with them, would act consistently enough, for they are of opinion that the temporal is, and should be, subordinate to the spiritual order. The Orangeman's view of ascendency is of a different character. We shall dismiss the Fenian and leave him to himself. It is, however, important to bear in mind that through the operation of Parliament the State may surrender its power to irresponsible parties. By its legislation it puts the franchise into commission, while the Commissioners, being self-constituted, are, and must continue to be, beyond its reach and control. This result may or may not be desirable. We decline to discuss the question; but, if it be inevitable, then it is worthy of much serious thought.

The political advantages of the secret system of voting have scarcely been established, while the moral drawbacks have been eloquently insisted upon. We cannot close this paper in words more earnest than those which were used by the Earl of Shaftesbury in the House of Lords, who, after quoting the language of Daniel Webster addressed to himself—"I tell you," said that eminent American statesman, "that America has the deepest interest in the welfare of England, and it would be the greatest blow to freedom if the ballot were introduced in the monarchy of England." His lordship concluded a speech of singular force in the following impressive words:

"Very many of those who advocate the adoption of the ballot, regard it as a very great evil, and very many more, if they could speak the truth, would express the same opinion. It is very possible the evil resulting from the system will not come to the surface all at once; and in all probability its pernicious effect will not be realized to its full extent until men's passions have been aroused by some extraordinary occasion. In the present aspect of affairs, I am prepared for the overthrow of many of our institutions; I am prepared to see the dissolution of the Church of England, torn as it is by internal dissension; I am prepared to see a vital attack made upon the House of Lords, hateful on account of its hereditary privileges; and I am prepared to tremble for the Monarchy itself, stripped as it is of its true supporters: But I am not prepared for an immoral people; I am not prepared to see the people exercising their highest rights and privileges in secret, refusing to come to the light 'because their deeds are evil.'"

LINES.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

UPON a day—no matter—here or there,
Sweet Philomel was singing, and the air
Was drowsy with the breath of roses everywhere :

II.

I lay and sang—as bees will hum in June
For humming's sake—vague prelude to no tune,
Songs without words, that yet come to an end too soon.

III.

Unknowing care or joy, or love or pain—
Pain that is blessing, or love that is vain—
And asking but to rest, and hear the bird again !

IV.

Behind the copse the sun had died in fire,
When the last wail came, faint, then swelling higher,
As of a soul o'ercome by passion of desire.

V.

So listening, aloud, all heedlessly
I said : " O bird, teach half thy pain to me,
Thou shalt not bear alone so great a misery ! "

VI.

And when I turned my prelude had an air,
My song found words, my careless heart found care ;
Ah me ! it was too late to pray another prayer !

OTTAWA.

UNDINE.

(*From the French of* M. A. THEURIET.)

CHAPTER I.

IT was an intensely disagreeable day in the month of April; rain fell in torrents, and the wind whistled fiercely through the streets of the borough of Rochetaillée, causing the trees to bend and groan, and the window-shutters to creak lugubriously. In the parlour of one of the houses in the *quartier des Corderies*, a young girl of about nineteen summers was seated before an old piano, her fingers wandering listlessly over the keys, while she glanced wearily around upon the faded furniture and sleepy-looking, old fashioned family portraits which graced the walls. Presently she rose and, approaching the window, leant her head against the streaming panes. Outside everything appeared gloomy and sorrow-stricken; the rain was pouring unceasingly, and the draggled hyacinths and other spring flowers lay dejectedly on the sodden ground. The generally clear and limpid stream of the Aubette was dull and muddy; smoke curled in dense masses from the chimneys of the dripping roofs, and the whole country seemed dissolved in tears. The young girl shivered, and, returning to the piano, commenced playing a brilliant waltz. Suddenly, letting her hands drop from the keys, she exclaimed:

"What a weary world it is!"

"What is the matter, little one?" asked the servant entering suddenly, with her sleeves rolled up, and attired in the inevitable apron and a white cap, the strings of which were floating on the breeze. She was a stout, motherly woman, with kindly blue eyes, and preserving her fresh complexion in spite of her forty years. "What is the matter, Antoinette?" she repeated in a kindly tone.

"Céline," replied Antoinette, raising her melancholy eyes, "I shall die if this dreadful rain continues much longer. Such an atmosphere of gloom pervades the whole house, from the stupid paper flowers to these horrid ancestral portraits, which I feel tempted to tear out of their frames from sheer lack of amusement!"

"Poor dear! If M. de Lisle were not so dreadfully proud, and would allow you to visit at the notary's or the doctor's, there is some society even here; but with his haughty airs he has managed to set all Rochetaillée against him. *He* prefers the tavern of Pitoiset, where he can carouse at ease with his friends the poachers."

"Poor papa!" sighed Antoinette, "his life in this village is not by any means a happy one; he mourns the loss of the happy days at Tours, and his good situation."

"But why did he lose his situation?" queried Céline. "He spent his days in hunting and his nights at cards, and as a natural consequence the government dismissed him. He did not trouble himself much about you, and after your mother's death, had it not been for me, you would often enough have had to run about in tattered boots."

The servant shrugged her shoulders and leaned her elbows on the piano. "Do you know," she continued, "instead of quarrelling with your mother's family, your father should have left you in Paris with your grandparents, who would doubtless have found you a good husband."

"Ugh!" retorted Antoinette with a disdainful movement. "Heaven preserve me from a husband of my grandmother's selection—cross-grained and surly government employés, bald as apes and methodical

as parsons. Much obliged! I prefer the boarding school at Passy, in which I was shut up."

"Why were you not left there then?"

"Because it was expensive—and we are poor, Céline."

"Poor!" repeated Céline; "yes, your father, after having eaten all his cake, economises the brown bread of other people and becomes a miser. As for your grandparents, they are misers also. Your mother was their only child, and they could easily have supported you and paid your school bills.—Don't mention their names to me."

"Oh Céline!" sighed Antoinette in despairing accents, "nobody cares for me!"

"Nobody!" exclaimed Céline reproachfully. "Have I not petted and spoiled you from the very day I entered your parents' service—eighteen years ago next Christmas. When I saw you lying in your cradle, so frail and delicate, with your large wistful eyes, my heart went out to you, and I loved you at once, you poor neglected little darling. It was I who tucked you in your little bed, who dressed you like an angel on Corpus Christi Day, and who crammed you with sweetmeats when your mamma punished you. Nobody love you! You ungrateful girl! Well surely, if I had not loved you devotedly I would not have refused to get married ten times, for," continued Céline, straightening herself; "I had my share of lovers, gallant ones too, I can assure you; but then I would have been compelled to leave you. Do you think I would have remained in your parents' service if it had not been for your sake? Never say that nobody loves you."

"Yes, dear Céline, *you* love me" exclaimed Antoinette, clasping her arms round her nurse's neck, "you love me truly. But nobody else cares for me."

"What other love do you require? Besides, you have M. Ormancey, and he is surely a good and kind friend."

Antoinette pouted. "Evonyme!" she said, "yes, he is comical enough at times, and once I amused myself by endeavouring to make him fall in love with me."

"Oh, you dreadful child," said Céline reprovingly.

"Don't be uneasy," laughingly replied Antoinette, "his heart is by no means endangered; it is altogether too capacious for that—flowers, birds and books, in fact every thing, finds a place therein, and I would never accept simply a *share* of love. Besides Evonyme is not my ideal; the man whom I could love must have a grand and noble character, an iron will which bows to none, but in my hands pliable as wax."

"Such a man does not exist, my child. Holy Virgin, I hear your father in the stable, and instead of chattering to you I ought to be preparing supper."

Céline was not mistaken, for loud whistling from the direction of the stables announced that the master was at home, and that, as usual, his first visit was paid to his cattle, of which he was exceedingly proud. A few minutes later M. de Lisle, dressed in velveteen leggings and soft felt hat, appeared in the doorway, and, calling to Céline to know if the animals' supper was ready, again led the way to the stable.

Truly the fine ladies of Tours, with whom he had flirted in the days of his prosperity, would have been slow to recognise in this man in farmer's dress the handsome Norbert de Lisle who used to set their hearts fluttering. And no wonder, for he was completely changed. M. de Lisle was the son of a rich landed proprietor at Rochetaillée, and had, through the influence of his wife's relatives, been appointed Inspector of the Stud. He led a gay life for the space of twenty years in the rich country of Tourraine, but finally, some of his pranks having lost him his situation, he was obliged to return to Rochetaillée and live upon a small remnant of his inheritance. Since that time he was an altered man—a thorough farmer, working in the fields with his labourers, and not

ashamed to sell his cattle and grain at the market of Langres. Of his former life he retained only a commanding tone, haughty manners, and a passionate love of hunting—or rather poaching, for scandal said of him that he pursued his favourite occupation on government lands rather than on his own modest domain.

When the cattle had been properly attended to, M. de Lisle returned to the kitchen, where the lamp was lighted and the table in readiness. In spite of his fifty years and some signs of obesity, he was still a handsome man—tall, robust, and well made; with an eagle eye, Roman nose, and white teeth gleaming through his iron-grey moustache. As he reclined in an easy-chair near the chimney, Antoinette came up to kiss him; then she seated herself on a low seat by his side, while in front of both lay Tant-Belle, M. de Lisle's pet dog.

"Well, little one," said M. de Lisle, "why don't you ask for my news?" and, as Antoinette merely shrugged her shoulders in reply, he continued: "In the first place I met Evonyme; he is dining with the Justice of the Peace, and will be here presently. Secondly, the new *garde-général* has arrived."

"Indeed" said the girl, stifling a yawn; "does he resemble his predecessor? Is his every second word an oath? Has he a pack of hounds at his heels, and does he delight in card-playing?"

"I will answer all your questions to-night, for after dinner I mean to walk as far as the inn where he has put up, and if I take a fancy to him shall ask him up to see us: it is always best to be on the right side of these foresters."

Céline, who was just dishing the soup, muttered to herself: "Ask him here, indeed! as if there were not enough tiresome people coming to the house without him." Then she continued aloud: "Why don't you take Antoinette a little into society, to the notary's, or some other respectable neighbour's house. That would be far better for her than inhaling the odour of tobacco and listening to unbecoming conversation."

"Hold your tongue, you old scold," said M. de Lisle, "it is your remarks that are unbecoming. Mind your own business and let us have our soup."

"Here it is," growled Céline, putting down the vegetable soup which, with a mutton stew, composed the bill of fare.

Just as they were finishing their repast the dog barked, and Céline remarking, "that is M. Evonyme," hastily left the room to open the door for him.

Evonyme Ormancey was tall and slight; his fresh complexion, blue eyes, and fair hair and whiskers, gave him an almost boyish expression, although he was thirty years old. And boyish he was, notwithstanding his Parisian birth and education; being of rather an erratic disposition, he had left Paris and taken refuge in the woods in order to satisfy his taste for reverie and restless wandering. In early youth he had evinced a talent for literature, but whether from timidity or idleness, he had now relinquished all attempts at authorship, and passed the greater part of the year on a farm, situated in the heart of the forest, where he lived in a poetical world of his own creation. His farm was about a mile distant from Rochetaillée, and here he had renewed his acquaintance with Antoinette, whose mother had been a relative of his. The young girl was amused by his simplicity and odd manners, and M. de Lisle liked him, and encouraged his visits, because he was rich and generous.

Scarcely had he shaken hands with M. de Lisle when the latter rose, and whistling to Tant-Belle, set out for the inn, leaving Evonyme and Antoinette alone by the ample fireplace in the quaint old kitchen.

"Come, bird of melancholy," said Antoinette, coquettishly stretching out her pretty little feet, "this lugubrious rain has tuned me exactly to your pitch—tell me one of your graveyard stories. I am just in the humour for listening."

"Don't laugh at my graveyards," replied Evonyme; "I saw a lovely one only yesterday at Vivey, which set me dreaming to such an extent that I actually put down the whole reverie in my journal."

Antoinette smiled. "So that famous journal is still in existence. I thought you had long since given up writing."

"For the public, yes—for myself, never! When I am utterly weary of wandering over hill and dale, tired even of my familiar friends Montaigne and La Fontaine, I open my journal and talk to it. In it are inscribed, like bygone melodies, my thoughts and feelings of every day; there I can breathe the fragrance of flowers which, though faded long ago, can never lose their sweet perfume for me. My journal consoles me for my own nothingness; it and I are like lovers:

"'Nous sommes l'un à l'autre un monde toujours beau,
Toujours divers, toujours nouveau.'"

"Why in the world," interrupted Antoinette, "did you never get married, your disposition is so domestic." Evonyme heaved a sigh. "Ah," he said, "all my friends ask me the same question; but, you see, marriage means giving up all useless, pleasant dreams; it is like a journey into an unknown land made under the escort of a cicerone, during which you are compelled to submit to all the forms prescribed by your guide." Antoinette laughed, and Evonyme continued in an absurdly confidential tone of voice: "Besides, I must confess that I am afraid of women."

Antoinette bent towards him and said saucily: "Are you afraid of all women?—Even of me?"

"Of you?" replied Evonyme, after a moment's pause, "yes, certainly, of you most of all. A woman is dangerous and incomprehensible, but a young girl is an Isis, whose mystic veil falls only after marriage, and only then is it revealed to a man what companion he has by his side—whether an angel, nun, fool, or fury."

"Pray what shall I be like when once unveiled?" exclaimed Antoinette as, rising abruptly, she stood before Evonyme with a piqued and provoking air. The firelight illumed with soft glow her graceful form, whose faultless proportions were admirably displayed by her well-fitting blue merino dress. The rest of her person was lost in mysterious gloom, except when, at intervals, the flickering flames revealed the delicate throat and perfect oval face shaded by tresses of rippling gold—a head that might have served as a model to Leonardo da Vinci.

Looking thus upon the young girl, with her large liquid blue eyes and delicately chiselled red lips, all the artist awoke in Evonyme. He had never before realised her wondrous beauty, and when she spoke again, repeating her question, he started as from a dream.

"You?" he replied slowly, his eyes still riveted on the beautiful picture—"you are Undine! a child of the deep. You have all the charm, the graceful motion of the waves; you have their sudden anger and the water's treacherous calm; your very eyes assume its varying hues. The man whom you love must have a heart of steel, or you will drag him relentlessly with you into the depths of your native element." He stopped suddenly on perceiving that Antoinette's face was overcast; her smile had vanished, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"How wicked you must think me!" she murmured.

And Evonyme, filled with remorse at sight of her tears, endeavoured to throw as much tenderness as possible into his gruff voice as he answered:—"I have been joking, and like La Fontaine's donkey, who tried to imitate the little dog, my jokes are rather awkward. Pray forgive me, and do not take my words to heart."

Just then Tant-Belle was heard scratching at the door, and Antoinette hastily brushed away her tears as M. de Lisle entered, looking rather out of sorts.

"Well," inquired his daughter, "did you see your new *garde-général?*"

"Yes," growled M. de Lisle, "and a queer fish he is too; he scarcely condescended to take any notice of my politeness."

"Exactly what I expected," said the young girl; "he is another surly, ill-tempered old grumbler."

"He is not old,—not above thirty; but his black beard and surly aspect make him look like a conspirator." Antoinette's expression lost somewhat of its indifference, and Evonyme inquired the new-comer's name.

"Duhoux," replied M. de Lisle.

"Duhoux!" repeated Evonyme, rising to go. "I had a college friend of that name—strange if it should be the same."

"Duhoux!" exclaimed Antoinette, "that name just suits his description. He must be a friend of yours, Evonyme. Good-night. I am tired, and am off to bed."

CHAPTER II.

THE following day, Jacques Duhoux, whose arrival had aroused M. de Lisle's curiosity, was awakened by the usual stir in the inn-yard at Pitoiset. This, the only hostelry of Rochetaillée, could scarcely be styled a Temple of Concord; the jingling of glasses, the desultory talk of the habitual topers, the barking of dogs, mingled with the harsh voice of the hostess, made so discordant a tumult that the new *garde-général* could not endure it, and, dressing hastily, he sought refuge in an avenue of linden trees in front of the inn. This avenue, bordered by two arms of the Aubette, and known as the *promenade "entre deux eaux,"* connected the houses in the village with the ancient Abbey of Rochetaillée, and was overlooked on one side by the mill and terraced garden of the house of *les Corderies.* The noise and confusion which prevailed at the inn were utterly distasteful to Jacques Duhoux, accustomed to a quiet and methodical life at his father's house, and he felt completely out of his element. Walking backwards and forwards under the lindens, the fresh landscape and the murmuring water in a measure soothed his ruffled spirits, although at the same time the familiar sights around him recalled his native place, and woke in him a feeling of homesickness.

He wandered thus, a prey to sad recollections, utterly unsuspicious of the fact that he was being closely scrutinized. Mlle. de Lisle had perceived him from the terrace, and at once divined that the strange pedestrian could be none other than the new forester, though it must be confessed that he in no manner resembled the picture she had drawn of him in her imagination. Jacques Duhoux was not handsome, but his stern and energetic, although irregular features, his deep-set eyes and expansive forehead, gave him a manly and imposing appearance. His expression and bearing indicated depth of character and an iron will. Suddenly shaking his head, as if to rid himself of some tormenting thought, he disappeared in the direction of the inn.

Half an hour later he might have been seen plunging into the woods which extend from Rochetaillée to Vivey, and in truth he could have sought no better cure for melancholy. Passionately devoted to his calling, the woods possessed a powerful attraction for him; their silence and solitude were full of charm, and always imparted to him a feeling of rest and calm. Jacques had scarcely gone a hundred yards ere he was himself again. Whistling softly, he crossed the little brook, and was advancing into the glade when he saw approaching him a peculiar figure, book in hand, gesticulating violently, and speaking to himself. Such an apparition, in this remote spot, struck Jacques as so singular that he stopped to examine the excited student more closely. When about two steps distant, the latter raised his head, and exclaimed:

"Jacques! is it possible?"

"Evonyme!" cried Jacques, at the same time recognising a college chum whom he had not seen for ten years. They shook hands heartily, and overwhelmed each other with questions about the past, and about friends whom they had long lost sight of.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" queried Jacques. "I have repeatedly sought your name in the papers, for I thought you were launched upon the sea of letters."

Evonyme shook his head sadly. "Yes," he sighed, "I promised fair enough! But the fairy godmother who endowed me with a taste for literature bestowed on me a love of idleness as well, and once fairly started on my downward course, with nothing to impede my progress, I glided gently and almost imperceptibly to the foot of the hill. I manage to find consolation in my books," he added, tapping the volume of Montaigne which he held in his hand, "and then I live at peace here, in a sort of dreamland. The birds and breezes compose my orchestra, and I dance with my fancies. I know that I must appear quite as ridiculous as any other grey-haired waltzer, but my partners persuade me to the contrary; they flatter me, and whisper gently that poets who sing their lays to the public are least in earnest and least sincere."—Jacques laughed—"And you, old friend," added Evonyme, grasping the other's hand, "how has your life turned out?"

"Oh," replied Jacques, "my life is simple and uneventful enough. The programme which I sketched out for myself at the age of twenty was as prosaic and uninteresting as a proposition in algebra, yet so far I have followed it out, and I have no higher object than to adhere to it faithfully until the end. I am devoted to my profession, and up to the present time have lived more in the society of trees than of men. My ambition is to see our hills clothed anew with trees, for a country without woods and forests is a country deprived of its future. I mean to work hard for a few more years, then I will return home and marry some gentle girl—whom my mother is to select for me. When I am quietly settled I shall write a book on the preservation of forests."

"You intend to marry!" exclaimed Evonyme, "Well at times I wonder whether I should not do likewise; I am certainly no genius, but if I had children they would, at least while they were little, look upon me as a great man."

Thus they chatted for about a quarter of an hour, and then separated with a promise from Jacques that he would breakfast with Evonyme the following morning at the farm of Val-Clavin.

The same evening Evonyme went to spend an hour at *les Corderies*. M. de Lisle was out, but he found Antoinette walking under the walnut trees in the terrace, and to her he related his meeting with Jacques.

"He is not in the least changed, but is still the same stern, honest and loyal-hearted fellow I knew at College. He is coming to breakfast with me to-morrow, and I shall heartily enjoy a long chat with him."

"Do not forget to read him your journal by way of dessert," laughed Antoinette. She walked on a few steps, then turning abruptly towards Evonyme, she added: "I am quite anxious to make the acquaintance of this wonderful puritan; won't you bring him to call upon me?"

Evonyme looked annoyed. "What an idea! Jacques would probably treat such a proposition just as he did your father's advances. He is a perfect savage. Besides I am sure he would not suit you any more than you would please him."

"And pray why should I not please him?"

"Because your character is the very reverse of his."

"That means that I am silly, thoughtless and frivolous! Many thanks, Monsieur, for the compliment."

It was useless for Evonyme to attempt getting getting out of the scrape, by explain-

ing that his friend was shy, and avoided the society of ladies. All this merely increased Antoinette's curiosity, and she insisted on knowing the forester, adding in a saucy tone, that it would be such fun to turn the head of this virtuous Grandison. Evonyme became impatient at last, and said that she would only waste her time, as Jacques was already betrothed to a young girl in his native town.

"Betrothed!" exclaimed Antoinette, disdainfully, "to a red-haired provincial who makes preserves and does tambour work! My dear friend, if I only cared to take the trouble I should have him at my feet in the course of a week, in spite of his shyness and his fair betrothed."

Evonyme smiled incredulously, and Antoinette, who felt aggrieved and exasperated by contradiction, declared she would make the attempt.

"Upon my word," said Evonyme, "I am curious to know how you will manage to make a fellow fall in love with you whom there is not a chance of your meeting, and who will certainly never call upon you."

"I have not quite settled that point yet myself. Perhaps you will bring him here some of these days."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!"

"Very well then, I shall meet him elsewhere."

"I dare you to do it."

"You dare me!" Antoinette's eyes fairly flashed, and she trembled so violently that for a moment she could not continue.—"I shall see him no later than to-morrow—will you bet?"

"Bet what?" enquired Evonyme with a burst of laughter, which further aggravated the girl.

"If you lose, you shall give me that copy of Musset to which you cling so tenaciously. Ah, you dare me to do it; we shall see!" and she turned hastily into the house, leaving Evonyme behind in a state of bewilderment. The following morning M. de Lisle left home at daybreak to attend a fair at Grancy, and was not expected back until night. Antoinette went about in a nervous, restless manner. Immediately after breakfast she said coaxingly to Céline: "Come, be good, and take me for a nice ramble in the woods."

It was quite useless for Céline to prophesy rain, and to declare she would not stir out of the house, for it concluded, as usual, by her humouring the spoilt child. Five minutes later they were both in the woods which led to the Val-Clavin, Antoinette attired in a coquettish grey felt hat, and her little hands daintily thrust into the pockets of her jaunty jacket; poor Céline panting behind her, pointing out the dark clouds, and relating tragical tales of people who had caught their deaths by venturing out in just such weather.

Antoinette was utterly heedless of her nurse's warnings; she went gaily on, stopping occasionally to pluck a flower or fern, while Céline, quite out of breath, vainly endeavoured to keep up with her. Suddenly the heavy clouds burst, and the rain came pelting down.

"I told you so," moaned Céline; "let us go home."

"It won't hurt us in the least," replied Antoinette. "Let us leave the path; if we get under the trees we will be protected by the foliage."

Accordingly she struck into the woods, as if following a previously formed plan. The leaves proved but a scanty protection to the two adventurers, who, in a short time, were completely drenched. Suddenly they came to an opening in the forest, from whence they saw, rising in the midst of green meadows, the grey walls and roof of a farmhouse.

"What a state we are in!" exclaimed Céline, shaking out her dripping skirts. "What shall we do?"

"Our troubles are over now," replied Antoinette. "Before us lies the farm of

Val-Clavin; we will ask Evonyme for shelter."

Céline, however, protested against this. Had not M. Evonyme told them he expected the *garde-général* to breakfast? What would the gentleman think if he were to see Antoinette and her nurse come in looking like gypsies?

"He may think what he pleases," replied Antoinette.

Having uttered these words in a hasty manner, she turned aside from the forest, and, with utter disregard of Evonyme's corn-fields, made directly for the farm, followed at a slower pace by Céline. When the house was reached she did not allow herself time for a moment's reflection, but with head erect and beating heart, opened the door.

The friends had finished their coffee, and were smoking by the fire. At sight of Antoinette, Ormancey sprang from his seat, while Jacques rose, laid aside his cigar, and looked curiously from his host to the young girl.

"Is it you?" finally exclaimed Evonyme.

"Yes, it is I," was the answer, in a voice rendered indistinct by emotion. "You owe me a Musset, my dear Evonyme! I have disturbed you. I hope the gentleman will pardon me."

Jacques bowed silently, and fixed his black eyes wonderingly on the strange apparition. Antoinette, in the centre of the room, bouquet in hand, with sparkling eyes, humid cheeks, and bearing in her hair and on her garments the traces of the recent shower, looked a very naiad. Evonyme was silent, and appeared confused and annoyed. During the momentary silence which ensued, the sweet warbling of the larks could be heard distinctly from the corn-fields. Antoinette, feeling her courage forsake her, tried to smile as she said: "I wanted to have a ramble in the woods, and when we were caught in the rain it occurred to Céline that we should take refuge here."

At this point, Jacques' eyes, which during the relation of this rather improbable narrative had remained fixed upon her with an expression of disapprobation, became too much for Antoinette. She could not finish her sentence, and was obliged to turn to Céline to hide her embarrassment.

"Come," said Evonyme, who was secretly enjoying her discomfiture, "come and get dry, both of you. And next time, take counsel of your barometer before venturing into the woods of Val-Clavin!"

The tone of mocking pity which accompanied his last words exasperated Antoinette. She would not endure his compassion before this stranger. She experienced a mingled sensation of humiliation and regret for her wild escapade, which was too much for her already over excited nerves. "You are too kind!" she exclaimed, haughtily. "I am not wet, and had better go home. Come, Céline, it has cleared up now."

"What a strange little being," said Jacques to Evonyme. The forester had recommenced smoking, and was walking up and down the room.

"She is the daughter of a friend of mine, M. de Lisle; a spoilt child, and brought up like the deuce in a Paris boarding-school. But you must not judge from appearances; she is a splendid girl, and has a good heart," and poor Evonyme set about enumerating all Antoinette's excellent qualities.

"Yes," replied Jacques, "a fashionable young lady! A style of woman I fear, and that is utterly distasteful to me."

CHAPTER III.

THEY returned to *les Corderies* silently through the heavy shower, and immediately on their arrival Antoinette retired to her room, whence she only emerged in the evening, in exceedingly bad humour;

but on perceiving Céline's woe-begone countenance, and hearing that she was suffering from lumbago, the young girl kissed her tenderly. She overwhelmed her with caresses, and immediately set about preparing a decoction, which she compelled Céline to swallow. "Alas!" she cried, embracing her devoted nurse, "forgive me; I know I am a hateful girl."

"Come, come, dear," replied Céline,—"don't talk nonsense; I don't bear you any ill-will; it is decidedly not your fault that it rained, and that we were so inhospitably received at the Val-Clavin, thanks to the rude and disagreeable forester."

Antoinette's cheeks flushed painfully.—"If you love me pray never mention that ridiculous adventure again, or I shall die of shame."

Sobs choked her utterance, and throwing herself into her nurse's arms, she burst into tears. Céline succeeded at last in quieting her, but she could not forget the scene at the farm. For several days she was thoughtful and preoccupied; whenever she closed her eyes she could see Jacques Duhoux before her, as he leaned against the mantelpiece contemplating her with a look of haughty pity. This scrutinizing look, which had so completely disconcerted her at the farm, haunted her even in her dreams.

When Evonyme returned to *les Corderies*, Antoinette's first words were a request that he should not mention her escapade to M. de Lisle; then she added hastily, with downcast eyes "I should like to know what your friend said of me after my departure."

"Not a word," answered Evonyme, who did not wish to add to her confusion by repeating Jacques' speech.

"What! not one word?"

"No. Jacques is very reserved. He is entirely engrossed by his studies, and has doubtless by this time forgotten the incident."

"So much the better," said Antoinette in a disappointed tone.

This utter contempt seemed to her an insult. She would have preferred the keenest satire to such total indifference; had she but known it, however, Jacques was far from feeling indifferent. Antoinette's abrupt appearance had produced so deep an impression upon him that he became uneasy. In his hitherto quiet life he had met only women of staid demeanour, or timid and "well brought up" young girls. To these Antoinette, with her easy manners and rather peculiar dress, but above all her original and marvellous beauty, formed a striking contrast—a contrast similar to that produced by a rare exotic flower of brilliant hue and rich fragrance in a bouquet of monthly roses. The glory of her beauty dazzled and bewildered him, and although he was too reticent to let Evonyme perceive his feelings, he was none the less impressed. He was perpetually haunted with the recollection of Antoinette as she appeared at the farm, with burning cheeks and rain-drops glistening in her hair. It was in vain that he tried to rid himself of this picture, which would come between him and his work; in vain even did he determine to avoid the village on his way to the forest, lest he should again behold the enchantress.

Chance was to baffle all his wise precautions. Towards the end of May, the daughter of one of the under-foresters of Rochetaillée was to be married, and her father celebrated the event by a dinner and ball, to which all his friends were bidden. Jacques Duhoux of course could not affront his subordinate by refusing to appear, and Evonyme, who was at all the village weddings, as well as M. de Lisle, were among the guests. Antoinette had promised the bride to be present at the ball, and towards evening she was duly escorted there by Céline.

The forester's house was situated in the woods a little above the ponds of La Thuilière, and it was uncommonly warm for the month of May. The dinner had been served in the open air, where the ball also was to

take place. The spot was admirably chosen, being a clearing known as La Belle Etoile. Round the dancers the dense forest formed a dark belt of shadow, while an opening in the trees showed a glimpse of the hollow where lay the calm and silent ponds, and where the setting sun was slowly disappearing in the western horizon.

When, after smoking his cigar, Jacques appeared among the dancers, the orchestra was playing a waltz, and the first person his eye lighted on was Antoinette. She was attired in a white muslin dress with blue stripes; a graceful tulle *fichu* was crossed over her beautiful shoulders; her hair, which was rolled back, and confined by a tortoise-shell comb, was adorned simply with narcissus flowers. She waltzed charmingly, and seemed to glide through the dance like a fairy; her lips were wreathed in smiles, and her eyes beamed with pleasure and happiness. On beholding her Jacques instinctively retired into the shade, whence, hidden behind chaperons and wall-flowers, his eyes ever followed the dancer in the white and blue dress. She had an irresistible attraction for him—never before had he looked upon so beautiful and graceful a vision.

Gradually night had come on; the coloured lanterns shone like glow-worms among the leaves, and through the trees the stars twinkled like golden eyes. The waltz had been succeeded by a quadrille; Antoinette danced *vis-à-vis* to the bride, her face lustrous, and her eyes sparkling with delight.

M. de Lisle, who did not consider the ball very entertaining, began to find the time hang rather heavily on his hands, and quietly withdrew. Seeing Antoinette so happy he did not wish to curtail her pleasure, and trusted to Evonyme to see her safely home. Evonyme, however, was sunk in one of his fits of melancholy abstraction, for the sight of a wedding, the sound of music, or the gaiety of a ball, always affected him strangely. He was endeavouring to solve the problem of marriage; gazing thoughtfully at the radiant faces of the newly married couple he sighed wearily. "These people are happy," thought he. "After all, getting married and becoming the head of a family is perhaps the true aim and purpose of life." Musing thus he lit his pipe, and turning towards the lonely old forest, whose mysterious gloom seemed to attract him, he plunged into its shadow and disappeared.

Meanwhile the ball progressed, the hours glided on unperceived, and Jacques still continued to feast his eyes on Antoinette, who seemed not to weary of dancing. Suddenly he beheld her no longer, and, ashamed of his folly, he was preparing to return to the borough, when the under-forester's harsh voice resounded behind him. Turning abruptly he beheld Sauvageot and Antoinette, the latter draped in a white *burnous*, whose hood partly fell over her eyes. "M. Duhoux," said the forester, "may I request a favour of you? Here is mademoiselle de Lisle anxious to return to Rochetaillée. As you are about leaving, would you have the goodness to escort her home?"

A refusal was out of the question. Jacques bowed his acquiescence, and, bidding his host good-night, set off beside Antoinette. At first neither of them spoke; Jacques, embarrassed by this unexpected *tête-à-tête*, walked along lost in thought, while Antoinette, half buried in her *burnous*, listened to the music which resounded behind them, her graceful step still keeping time to the distant music. Suddenly she slipped on the pebbles and uttered a little cry; Jacques mechanically offered his arm, which she refused, on the pretext that the path was too narrow for two people to walk abreast. Jacques did not press her to accept his offered support, and the conversation ceased again. Just then the pale crescent of the moon became visible; her bluish light seemed to glide like a tracery of silver over the great tract of the wooded country.

Beneath, in the hollow towards La Thuilière, a long streak of silver, intertwining itself with millions of gleaming lines, lay calmly on the bosom of the dark waters of the lake and lit up its wooded shores, while in the distance, from the Val des Frais, were heard the soft notes of a nightingale. "M. Duhoux," said Antoinette suddenly, "confess that you have a horrible opinion of me, and that my freak at the Val-Clavin shocked you dreadfully."

"Oh! mademoiselle!"

"Yes, you think me a very ill-mannered girl. Own it frankly, and I will not be offended; I have enjoyed myself thoroughly to-night, and nothing makes me more willing to confess past misdeeds than present happiness."

"Indeed," said Jacques, in a slightly sarcastic tone, "are you often in such a frame of mind?"

She stopped, gave him a saucy look, and answered in a decisive tone of voice: "Certainly, whenever I have my own way."

"Well that," replied Jacques, "is something which does not occur frequently in a lifetime."

"Oh, it does though!" continued Antoinette; "at all events so far as I am concerned, for people generally end by yielding to me. Papa never dreams of opposing me, and as for Céline, she spoils me completely."

"Who is Céline?"

"My nurse; she has been with me ever since I was born. I am very fond of her, and she idolizes me. When mamma used to punish me Céline always found means to comfort me; and I often required her good offices, for I was a very naughty and idle little girl."

"I think," said Jacques, half joking, half seriously, "it would have been better for you had she boxed your ears."

"Indeed you are greatly mistaken; I can be ruled by love, but never by harshness! They expected to tame me when they sent me to the Sacred Heart at Marmoutiers."

"Well, and what was the result?"

"Quite a tragical one . . . When I found myself shut up and compelled to wear a horrible dark green uniform, I was in despair, and resolved to kill myself. I had brought my paint-box along with me to school, and I abstracted a cake of Prussian blue from it; Céline, who was always warning me against putting my brushes into my mouth, had told me that colour was poisonous, and I now hoped that I had a sufficient quantity of it to kill me. I kept my Prussian blue in my pocket, and put it under my pillow at night; one evening, feeling more wretched and lonely than usual, I swallowed it."

"It must have made you horribly ill!" exclaimed Jacques, astonished and shocked at this recital.

"Yes, but it did not kill me," laughed Antoinette, "and I was taken away from the Sacred Heart."

"That was a decided mistake," moralized Jacques, who had become thoughtful again; "you should have been left there, and I am willing to assert that you would not a second time have tried an experiment with Prussian blue."

Antoinette looked at him and shrugged her shoulders. "I should not advise any one to trust to that," murmured she; then suddenly interrupting the conversation, she ran to pick some wild honeysuckle which was swaying between the branches of a walnut tree. One of the stalks proving too strong for her fingers, she rose on tip-toe, and, taking the green wood between her teeth, attempted to bite it. Jacques stood admiring her dimpled arms and the pearly teeth which sparkled in the moonlight. "You will cut your lips," he said in tones so gentle and almost tender that they formed a striking contrast to his usually stern manner. Antoinette stopped in surprise. Their eyes met for the first time, and Jacques experienced a new and strange emotion.

When she had wearied of gathering flowers

they descended into the hollow: this was the longer road, but Jacques made no observation. Soon they were on the banks of the little lake, which glittered with fairy-like splendour in its framework of whispering rushes. With a rapid movement of her head Antoinette dropped her hood and threw her *burnous* from her shoulders. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "I love the water; I love it passionately!"

"Perhaps you have an Undine as godmother," said Jacques laughingly.

She smiled, but pouted as she replied, "Evonyme says I am one myself, because I have green eyes."

"Green!" exclaimed Jacques. "I thought they were blue."

"That is because you have never seen them properly. Look," she added thoughtlessly, raising towards Jacques her beautiful face irradiated by the moonlight.

Jacques was fast losing his self-possession. "Do you know," he said in slightly tremulous accents, "that the Undines have rather a bad reputation? They are said to prove fatal to those who love them."

"Nonsense," said Antoinette, approaching a little nearer to the margin of the pond; "that is because their lovers do not love them fondly and truly enough. In order to love enough one must love too much. Well, while we are in my kingdom I will pluck some flowers to complete my bouquet."

A few yards from the slope was a little island covered with willows and connected with the road by a slender foot-bridge, just below which a bed of water-lilies waved their graceful heads. Antoinette stepped on the plank, as if to pluck them.

"Don't do that," cried Jacques; "the plank is unsafe and the pond is deep."

"I am not afraid of water," answered the girl, trying the plank with her foot, and causing it to bend.

"You have been placed in my charge, and you shall not be guilty of such imprudence," said Jacques sternly, and as she did not appear to be listening, he continued: "Do not take another step—I forbid it."

"Oh, you do!" she retorted defiantly. In another instant she was in the centre of the plank, and, kneeling down, dipped one of her arms into the water. Jacques followed her; his knowledge of existing danger, and the stubbornness of the giddy girl, had provoked him exceedingly. He seized her arms angrily and raised her abruptly. Unfortunately their double weight proved too great for the frail plank, which bent like a reed; a dull cracking was heard, and Antoinette uttered a cry of alarm as she felt her feet getting wet. Jacques strained her to his breast with half-savage violence, and with a single bound reached the shore.

The girl's surprise and terror had been so intense that for a moment she lay motionless in the forester's arms, and while her charming head rested on his shoulder the young man had time to admire her eyes, softly shaded by long curling lashes, and to notice the pretty pink, shell-like ear, which was just visible among her dishevelled hair. A sort of magnetic attraction caused him to incline his head towards that of Antoinette, but just at that moment she trembled violently and opened her eyes; quickly disengaging herself from his arms she blushed violently, then burst into a fit of laughter.

Jacques, who had regained his composure, felt nettled by her mirth, and said rather crossly: "That was nothing to laugh at. The pond is so full of slime and waterweeds that it would have been impossible to swim, and we might both have been compelled to remain in it."

Antoinette had seated herself on the trunk of a tree and was shaking her dripping cloak. "Well," she said, "I would have taken you into my kingdom, where my sisters the water nymphs dwell, and sing while they comb their green hair with golden combs. Is not that how the legends end?"

"Your feet are wet," replied Jacques impatiently; "You had better walk on."

She rose with a pout, and they were soon on the road once more. After taking a few hurried steps they saw a little woman advancing rapidly towards them. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Antoinette, "is not that Céline?" So soon as they were within earshot the latter exclaimed, "Is that you, little one? I have been crazy with anxiety about you. The idea of your father leaving you alone in that crowd! It is just like him."

She seized the girl's arm, threw a heavy shawl about her shoulders, and at the same time overpowered Jacques Duhoux with thanks. At the entrance to the borough the *garde général* bade Mlle. de Lisle farewell.

"Au revoir!" said she gaily. Then offering him the flowers she had rescued from the pond, and which she had preserved carefully, she added, "Take my water lilies. I think you deserve them."

When Jacques Duhoux was alone he gazed thoughtfully at the wet blossoms. "It was high time the servant arrived," thought he, "for I was on the point of making a fool of myself."

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

OUTSIDE the limits of a town there lay
The people's spacious city of the dead
In more than usual peace; for now was shed
O'er it the soft white snow. I saw the way
Which led thereto—just as I passed the gate—
Beaten and hard, though it had snowed of late,
And left but comfortless the paths of every day.
Awak'ning thought! the way that leads from life
Is beaten thus! trodden incessant by the feet
Of viewless souls, which haste to meet,
Alike through nature's elemental strife
And war of good and evil, their just doom.
Dread way! So lone, so crowded! Thou hast room
For all; and saints with blessings find thee rife!

JOHN CARRY, B.D.

Jan., 1873.

JOHN STUART MILL.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

ON the ninth of last month, within sight of Laura's tomb, in the ancient city of the Popes, whither he had gone to watch and tend, during the pregnant hours when the force of spring makes violets of the sacred dust below, the gardened grave of his beloved wife, John Stuart Mill, economist, metaphysician, sociologist, statesman, passed into that world which was to him, more perhaps than to most men, a land of shadows. His death was to some extent a surprise. For, though delicate, and approaching the allotted limit of human life, there was no perceptible decay of energy. It seemed only yesterday that he was presiding over a mass meeting in London, advocating with his usual force the rights of the nation to the unearned increment of rent, and men had not ceased speaking of the scholarly paper on Grote's Aristotle in the *Fortnightly* for January. In the opening sentences of that essay, gazing down on the unfinished but far from fragmentary work of the historian, he mourns the shortness of human life. The circumstances which inspired that sigh happily do not repeat themselves in Mr. Mill's case. His work was done. On all the subjects which interested his original and capacious mind we have his matured opinions. An intellect so piercing in its faculty of analysis, and so richly stored with materials for forming just opinions respecting new problems, cannot but leave a great gap behind it. But happily, thanks to the art by which human speech and thought can be preserved for ages after the eager brain that struck them forth has become the clod of the valley, we know, and our remotest posterity will know, all he had to teach. A great intellectual sun has been extinguished, but our atmosphere is still, and will long remain, ablaze with his light.

Thirty years ago Mr. Mill published his first great work. Prior to that time he aided in the foundation of a powerful organ of opinion, and in its pages and elsewhere advocated views which he afterwards gave to the world under the influence of a name that had become a power, and strengthened and finished by protracted reflection. Thirty years ago the ballot, which has now passed into law, was the crotchet of a feeble member of the House of Commons. Thirty years ago Mr. Carlyle's influence and the demoralizing worship of mere force—that influence and that worship which have respectively dwindled into admiration for wit, and collapsed into a desecrated shrine and a prone dethroned idol,—were asserting themselves over the rising generation of intellectual men. Thirty years ago the Woman's Right question, which has come to the front, and which gives us an annual debate in Parliament on the expediency of giving women the franchise, scarcely existed, and when heard of was greeted with derision. Thirty years ago only a few men here and there meditated on the problem of elevating the intelligence and standard of comfort of the lower classes, which is the problem of limiting population. Now a large and influential organisation exists in London for propagating opinions on a subject the difficulties of which could not awe the mind of Mr. Mill. Thirty years ago Parliamentary Reform was regarded by the great majority

of Englishmen of education from the "Rest and be Thankful" standpoint. Thirty years ago the knowledge of Political Economy was confined to the learned; it is widely diffused at this hour. Thirty years ago Sir William Hamilton commenced to build up a metaphysical system on the ruins of that of Brown, and some men thought that at last, on a subject which can never be mastered, one might repose in something ultimate. That structure has been shattered by the merciless artillery of Mr. Mill. During those thirty years the human mind has advanced with extraordinary rapidity, and social questions have ripened in a manner altogether unprecedented. There is some sign of a freer and more tolerant spirit obtaining a hold on the world. A great system of national education is at work in England. We in Canada had anticipated this for ourselves. In producing all the changes which have already taken place; in causing impending changes to assume their present imminence; in antidoting the energetic virus of enthusiasm for strength, regardless of the principles which guided it; in the great sum of forces which go to make up human progress for more than a quarter of a century, Mr. Mill has been an originating and directing spirit.

Educated at home by his father, Mr. James Mill, the historian of British India, and himself a philosopher of high pretensions, whose fame has been overshadowed by that of the delicate intelligent boy on the education of whom he bestowed so much pains, John Stuart Mill, when only in his seventeenth year, was sent into the office of the East India Company as a clerk. He put on the harness of the world when most lads are commencing their studies. Yet on the foundation laid by his father he made time, during the hours unclaimed by business, not only to superstruct a rare and splendid scholarship, but to speculate fruitfully on every question of his day. His career shows how much may be done by a man, whatever his occupation, who forms a life-plan early, and pursues it undeviatingly. We are, most of us, the waifs of circumstance. The half of life is gone; youth is a memory; glorious energies have been trifled away; sad anticipations of sunset obliterate the image of dawn with its bedewing sense of freshness and power, when we devise our schemes of conduct, if we devise them then. But Mr. Mill, from the first, knew himself, and knew the ways before him. He chose his path, and never faltered in the noble line he set himself to walk.

He rose steadily in the office of the East India Company. In 1856 he succeeded to the post which his father had held, as Examiner of Indian Correspondence in the East India House. On the transfer of the administration from the Company to Her Majesty's Government in 1858, he retired, and declined an offer made to him by the present Lord Derby, of a seat in the Indian Council. He married the widow of a London merchant, Harriet Taylor, who had one daughter by her previous marriage. By Mr. Mill she had no offspring. From the moment of their union she devoted herself to the cultivation of literature and the study of philosophy with as much zeal as her husband; to all invitations they returned for answer that they had formed their plan of life, and did not mean to go into society. She seems to have exercised as great an influence over the mind of Mill as the beautiful daughter of Michælis did over that of Schelling. In the dedication of his essay "On Liberty" to her memory, he tells us that, like all he had written for many years, it belonged as much to her as to himself. "But," he adds, "the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination, which they are now never destined to receive." There is doubtless in this language some of the exaggeration of a lover. But

when we recall the many authentic instances in which women seem to have breathed a new power into the mind of genius, inspiring confidence where there has been timidity, calling into joyful and creative activity all the energies of the soul, ennobling ambition, and by the magic of their love filling all the ways of life with rapturous bursts of melody, we shall probably conclude that in those few sentences which seem to wed Romance and Philosophy, we have an account of one of the most fruitful streams of power which fertilized and bore forward his thoughts. We certainly have here an explanation of Mr. Mill's passionate championship of women's claim to all the privileges of men.

In 1827 he edited the Rationale of Judicial Evidence, in 5 vols., from the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. He and some friends formed a little circle, in which philosophic questions were discussed with exhaustive thoroughness. Later on he was joint editor, and subsequently editor and proprietor, of the *London and Westminster Review*, and was looked on as the rising hope of the Benthamite School. He was known to studious and literary men as a thinker of great promise. But even his friends were not aware of the full magnitude of his powers until, in 1843, he sprang full panoplied into the arena of literature and philosophy, an unknown knight, but strong against all comers. His "System of Logic," justly pronounced the greatest philosophic effort since Locke's Essay, at once informed the reviewers that a giant was among them, and generous critics gave vent to the joy of an intellect dilating with renewed power at the mighty touch of a great original mind, in words which showed appreciation of the fact that Mr. Mill reflected honour on an age half redeemed from superficiality by his existence, and was destined to influence it until a philosophic spirit should be the most distinguishing characteristic of the students of the near future. This work cannot be read intelligently without leaving the impression that another knot has been added to the bamboo cane of life, registering a new epoch in the mind's history.

The book, as Mr. Mill stated in the preface to the first edition, made no pretence of giving the world a new theory of our intellectual operations, and he grounded his claim to the attention of his readers on embodying and systematizing the best ideas which had been already promulgated or conformed to by accurate thinkers. But effectively to discharge the task he had set himself required "a considerable amount of original speculation," and having stated that he lays claim to no other originality than this, with equal manliness and modesty the author launches one of the greatest books of this century.

It would be impossible, within the limits at our disposal, to even cursorily glance at the variety of topics which he discussed. But we may say that though induction occupied the most prominent place in the treatise, the syllogism was vindicated against such writers as Dr. Campbell and Dugald Stewart. Its defence was taken up where Archbishop Whately left it by no means impregnable, and its true nature explained with a penetrating clearness which showed that even the acute mind of Whately had not got beneath the crust. The Archbishop had contended that syllogizing, or reasoning from generals to particulars, was not a peculiar mode of reasoning, but the philosophical analysis of the mode in which all men reason, and must do so if they reason at all. Mr. Mill held, on the other hand, that "not only *may* we reason from particulars to particulars without passing through generals, but we perpetually do so reason;" general propositions being merely registers of inferences already made, and short formulæ for making more. "The major premiss of a syllogism consequently is a formula of this description; and the conclusion is not an inference drawn *from* the formula, but an inference drawn *according* to the formula:

the real logical antecedent, or premisses, being the particular facts from which the general proposition was collected by induction." Thus in the syllogism—

All men are mortal ;
Sir John A. Macdonald is a man ;
Therefore
Sir John A. Macdonald is mortal ;

the major premiss "all men are mortal" is a generalized inference from numbers of individual cases of mortality, and the inference of the mortality of the present Prime Minister of Canada is not concluded from the proposition "all men are mortal," but from the particular instances which led us to register this truth. Thus we are delivered from the dilemma in which we had been placed by those who contended that we can only reason by a process which is acknowledged to be a *petitio principii*. Reasoning may always be exhibited in the syllogistic form, and yet may conduct us to a new truth. The reader will see from these brief remarks that, unlike Whately, who represented induction, so far as it is an act of ratiocination, as resolvable into deductive and syllogistic reasoning, Mr. Mill reduced the syllogism and deduction of all kinds, under the head of induction.

On this last subject he, in defiance of the dicta of Whately and Lord Macaulay, devised a system and brought it into "scientific form," a thing pronounced by the two eminent writers named an impossibility. His metaphysical views, afterwards elaborated in his "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," came out by the way, and thus we see that from the first he placed the science of ontology beyond the reach of the human faculties, while he traces, with more force and ingenuity than Brown possessed, causality to experience.

In the following year appeared "Essays on some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy," all of which were reproduced in an after work with the exception of the fifth essay "On the Definition of Political Economy and the method of investigation proper to it."

Sir James Steuart, Quesnay, and Adam Smith treated Political Economy not as a science but as an art. Mr. Mill condemned this method, and instead of the well-known definitions, which certainly were open to objection as confounding the distinct though closely connected ideas of science and art, he defined Political Economy to be "the science which treats of the production and distribution of wealth so far as they depend on the laws of human nature." Four years after this he gave the world his "Principles of Political Economy." But instead of acting on his previously expressed opinions he wrote of Political Economy as a positive art, his views of it however as a science being interwoven with his precepts.

In this, as in all his writings, he decides many questions without raising them, a circumstance which has given rise to some adverse criticism. But it will generally be found that such questions depend on others which are elaborately discussed and settled. Time and space and human patience all alike made this method advisable.

In the second and last books of the five which make up this great work, we are introduced to those questions in sociology and politics to which he afterwards devoted separate treatises. The position of the agricultural labourer in England twenty years ago filled him with alarm, and the remedies he proposed for the indigence of the rural populations have an interest for us apart from the fact that they were his opinions. Laying down the rule that the only thing which could succeed in keeping wages above the starvation level, prevent overcrowding, and all the moral and material evils of poverty, was to check the increase of population, he dismissed remedies then popular, such as public works, allowances and allotments, with merited contempt. He proposed that the Government should inaugurate a great national scheme of colonization, and that

all common lands hereafter brought into cultivation should be devoted to raising a class of small proprietors. The necessity of a national measure of colonization was no longer as great when the cheapening of the means of transport led to spontaneous emigration. But the principle continued to have to the last Mr. Mill's approval.

The chapters in which the proper limit to the functions of government are discussed, are some of the most original in the book, and contain the germs of the Essays on "Liberty" and on "Representative Government."

He exempts from the interference of government all that part of human conduct which concerns only the life, whether inward or outward, of the individual, and does not affect the interests of others, and "even in those portions of conduct which do affect the interests of others, the onus of making out a case always lies upon the defenders of legal prohibitions." These views are supported with great force of argument in more than one of Mr. Mill's books. He was strongly of opinion that liberty was almost as much imperilled in free countries from the majority as ever it was beneath the rule of a tyrant or an oligarchy.

"Experience," he says "proves that the depositories of power, who are mere delegates of the people, that is of a majority, are quite as ready (when they think they can count on popular support) as any organs of oligarchy, to assume arbitrary power, and encroach unduly on the liberties of private life. The public collectively is abundantly ready to impose, not only its generally narrow views of its interests, but its abstract opinions, and even its tastes, as laws binding on individuals. And our present civilization tends so strongly to make the power of persons acting in masses the only substantial power in society, that there never was more necessity for surrounding individual independence of thought, speech and conduct, with the most powerful defences, in order to maintain that originality of mind and individuality of character which are the only source of any real progress, and of most of the qualities which make the human race much superior to any herd of animals."

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Mill would not approve of legislation to protect drunkards from their vicious craving for drink, and would regard the remedy as fraught with more evils than the disease.

To the general rule of non-interference he admits a few exceptions, where the interest and judgment of the consumer are not a sufficient security for the goodness of the commodity. Thus the State should supply the people with education. The next exception embraces a class of cases where there is no person in the situation of a consumer, and the person to be protected is to be protected from himself. Interference in these cases must be justified by special circumstances such as those in which lunatics, infants, and idiots are placed, and even women according to much modern legislation, which of course receives Mr. Mill's strong disapprobation:

"The practical maxim of leaving contracts free is not applicable without great limitations in case of engagements in perpetuity; and the law should be extremely jealous of such engagements; should refuse to sanction them when the obligations they impose are such as the contracting party cannot be a competent judge of: if it ever does sanction them it should take every possible security for their being contracted with foresight and deliberation; and, in compensation for not permitting the parties themselves to revoke their engagements, should grant them a release from it on a sufficient case being made out before an impartial authority."

Even if we had not had this explained by subsequent publications, it would be clear that Mr. Mill was desirous of facilitating divorce. On this and one or two other social questions we doubt if he saw the magnitude of the difficulties in the way of his

theory. In those parts of the world where divorce is obtainable on the ground of incompatibility, the domestic state is not attractive. Neither the man nor woman is taken out of the matrimonial market, and life becomes a mass of intrigue. People should not marry without careful and protracted deliberation, but when they do they ought to take each other for "better and for worse."

The remaining exceptions are those in which the magnitude of the work to be done makes individual agency impracticable, as in the case of railways and gas works; where the law is required to give effect to the judgment of individuals, as in the instance of the observance of Sunday as a day of rest; the Poor Laws; Colonization; important undertakings, such as voyages of discovery, in which no individual is specially interested.

Since 1848 Mr. Mill's masterly chapters on government have been studied by all thoughtful politicians, and have guided the speculations of students and professors. The consequence is the clear grasp of the real functions of government that we find abroad among the people. Mr. Mill taught the journalists, and these have taught the masses. The chapters on production, on wages, and on coöperation have precipitated the coöperative movement, given the artisans lessons which have duly borne fruit, amongst other things in dragging Mr. Mill himself into public life, and which are at this moment preparing the way for legislation of a very sweeping character. The "woman question" received an impetus from his authority which has not yet spent its force, and the annual Amazonian debate in the House of Commons is distinctly traceable to Mr. Mill's teaching, as effect to cause. His "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," in 1859, became a text-book with liberal politicians. The influence of his essay "On Liberty," and his "Representative Government" was, chronologically speaking, supplementary to that of the chapters in the "Principles of Political Economy" to which we have referred.

The "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical," consist of essays contributed chiefly to the *Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews*. In these, as we have indicated, he avowed himself an adherent of the Experience Philosophy, and explicitly lays down that the nature and laws of things in themselves, or of the hidden causes of phenomena, are radically inaccessible to the human faculties. He also avows himself a Utilitarian, and expounds his view of the science of history, which is that of the Positivist school, all history being in his opinion a progressive chain of causes and effects, and the facts of each generation the complex phenomena caused by those of the generation preceding, and causing in its turn those of the next in order. In some of these essays we find the same rapturous exaltation of woman which is characteristic of Mr. Mill whenever he has to speak of the other sex.

It is not necessary to dwell on "Representative Government," published in 1861, or on "Utilitarianism," which appeared in the following year. Nor would there be space to eulogize his admirable exposition of the Positivism of Comte. In 1865 he published his "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," and at once took a place in the foremost rank of metaphysicians. He shattered many of Hamilton's opinions, whom he does not always, however, seem to have understood. But his own airy structure of sensationalist idealism, in which there is neither external world nor a mind to grasp it, will not bear a very rude onset.

In 1867 he delivered a masterly address as Rector of St. Andrew's University. In the following year he published "England and Ireland," and in 1869 his book "On the Subjection of Women." The tenor of these publications will easily be gathered from what has already been said. Mr Mill's generous estimate of the Irish people may

however be given. He thought them of all modern peoples most like the ancient Greeks, and the more this estimate is analysed, the more truthful will it appear. The wit, intellectual fineness, eloquence, exuberant joy in life, of the countrymen of Demosthenes and Aristophanes, are reproduced in the countrymen of Sheridan and Sheil.

A general election took place in 1865, and Mr. Mill was induced to leave his scholarly seclusion and stand for Westminster. He was away on the continent during the early part of the contest. He ran with Captain Grosvenor, and, if the truth must be told, it was the Grosvenor interest that secured his return.

His first speech was in Committee on the Cattle Diseases Bill, and well illustrates the kind of service he rendered in Parliament. It was proposed to compensate those who had lost by the ravages of the disease, and great pity was expressed for the unfortunate farmers. Mr. Mill showed that the class, as a class, would be compensated in the ordinary course of things by the increased price of meat consequent on the diminished supply. Henceforth, on every great subject he spoke, and spoke with the weight that belongs rather to a man of distinguished reputation in philosophy and literature than as a powerful speaker. His speech in favour of the Reform Bill was one of the best in the debate; and he, on a subsequent occasion, when Mr. Disraeli was passing his Household Suffrage, moved an amendment which would have given women a vote. He was defeated. But it was mainly owing to him that three-cornered constituencies disfigured the Bill. He continued to the last an advocate for Mr. Hare's doctrinaire contrivance for securing the representation of minorities.

His success in the House was remarkable, for his "bodily presence was weak," and save for its matter, his "speech contemptible." The present writer had abundant opportunities of observing him during the time he was in Parliament. His manner was decidedly bad, diffident, hesitating. He had a curious nervous twitching of mouth and eyes, which was very ludicrous in its effect. His voice was weak and somewhat peaky. His body small and not compact. He used to be more persistent in his attendance than any other member in the House, and slept a great part of the time. He never walked deliberately in or out of the House, but ran like a boy, with a queer uneven trot. Whoever his tailor was must have been as original as himself. When the struggle for reform came on, he displayed an eager excitability regarding all the movements of the party, which the vulgar notion of a philosopher would not have led us to expect. He never posed. No man had less of the actor in him. Traits which at a superficial glance seemed ridiculous, on examination proved to be indicative of greatness of mind. He became a popular leader, and ever since 1865 he actively identified himself with the cause of the working man. It was a curious and suggestive spectacle to see the frail figure on a platform addressing a huge audience of artizans and labourers, and to watch them following his close reasoning, or fired by the political passion in which his own slight frame shook as a leaf in a storm.

His intellectual courage was remarkable. No unpopularity of man or cause, no probability of misapprehension could make him hesitate to support what he deemed the side of justice, however weak. He lost his seat in 1868, in consequence of some of the newspapers making garbled extracts from his books, on the strength of which he was most illogically accused of atheism. Yet this could not disturb his philosophical calm, and he scorned to reply to such mean and mercenary diatribes. The famous passage in which he put his conception of the absurdity of Mansell's Metaphysics, in the strangest possible way was tortured with all the rancorous ingenuity of political partizan-

ship. He never hesitated to avow a change of opinion, and after advocating the ballot for the greater part of a lifetime, turned the batteries of an all but resistless logic upon what he had done, more than any other man, to make a conviction and a creed.

One of the main causes of his influence and popularity may easily escape attention, as the inhabitants of Italy do not dwell on their clear atmosphere, which brings out every delicate outline of tree or building. Mr. Mill was master of a most lucid style. Some persons affect to sneer at literary form; but John Milton was wiser when he expounded the importance of speaking and writing a man's tongue well. Those who write slovenly think slovenly, and what is true of slovenliness is most probably true of obscurity. We know no prose work in the language in which English can be found so clear, so idiomatic, so forcible, so eloquent, and yet so natural and unpretentious as in the essay "On Liberty." A great river, whose broad expanse reflects the heavens and the pendent woods, and whose pellucid depths reveal every pebble, is what his clear, calm, full, vigorous prose suggests to us.

Those who read only his philosophical writings never suspected the existence of certain features of Mr. Mill's mind and character. His appreciation of poetry was singularly true, and his literary feeling was of the finest order. He had wit, as many an epigrammatic phrase attests. But he had no humour, though his delight in hearing a joke was intense. In the House of Commons he used to laugh and cheer with all the vigorous *abandon* of a boy at a penny reading when Mr. Bright or Mr. Disraeli put the position of an opponent in a ludicrous light.

He founded no school, and from many of his opinions his most enthusiastic disciples dissent. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, who acknowledges him as a master, has just written a book in which the essay "On Liberty" and Mr. Mill's opinions regarding women are attacked with great power, though in a spirit that, from a philosophical point of view, cannot be regarded as final. His object was not to make followers, but thinkers. In his estimate, the most important of all things is the development of man. The words of Wilhelm Von Humbolt, prefixed to his essay "On Liberty," might, with a slight alteration, be written on the tomb where he lies, in the old French city, alongside of the wife whom he loved with a noble passion, not less elevating than the original inspiration he had drunk from her fervid sympathy and quickening love. The grand leading principle towards which everything he wrote converged, was the absolute and essential importance of human development in its richest diversity, and of this doctrine he was not merely a preacher but a grand exemplification.

NOTES ON THE SESSION.

IF the general election of last summer has not produced all the results that were expected of it by those who gave unlimited credence to the too enthusiastic predictions of the anti-ministerial organs, it has still visibly altered the relations of parties, and wrought no inconsiderable modification in the character of the House of Commons. The ministry, on every division, rolled up its majority of from twenty-five to thirty or over, but this, although sufficient for working purposes, is a marked falling off compared with the majorities frequently obtained last session. Then there is the disagreeable and, we fear, somewhat ominous fact, that so far as the Province of Ontario is concerned, the majority is against the Government. Confederation was sought, as all the world knows, as a means of escape from the evils and dangers which the utter incompatibility of Upper Canadian and Lower Canadian political sentiment had brought upon the old Province of Canada. It offered to the Western Province that which it had so long been fruitlessly trying to obtain, representation based upon population. With this great reform conceded, it seemed as if that Province could not possibly have anything further to complain of; and no doubt the Reform party thought that, under the new constitution, they would have little difficulty in grasping the reins of power and enjoying a long triumph over their old political enemies. This blessed consummation has not, however, arrived; and it must by this time be tolerably clear, even to those to whom the truth is most unwelcome, that representation by population does not necessarily mean the supremacy of the party that acknowledges Mr. Mackenzie as its Parliamentary leader. Under Confederation, just as when Upper and Lower Canada formed a Province by themselves, Sir John Macdonald is at the head of affairs, and the dominant party in Ontario is compelled to satisfy itself with the comparatively humble role of loyal Opposition.

This state of things is not satisfactory, for there is no knowing to what it may lead; no knowing how much of ill-feeling and irritation it may produce throughout the country; no knowing whether, under Confederation, government may not be brought to the same kind of dead-lock as existed in the year 1864. One thing is tolerably certain, that as party warfare is conducted just now, there is very little chance of any favourable change occurring. What is wanted is a Government that shall be cordially supported in Ontario, and yet not inspire distrust in the smaller Provinces; but so difficult of fulfilment are these conditions that the present Government may be said to have forfeited its popularity in Ontario in the very process of conciliating the smaller Provinces, and making them feel at home in the Confederation.

There is little doubt that in the new House party lines are much more strictly drawn than they were in the old. A few of the new members, especially among the younger men, seem hardly to have quite settled down into their places, or to have learned that degree of subordination to their leaders which is looked for under the party system; but upon the whole the voting has been pretty "straight," and poor Sir George Cartier, had he returned during the session, would have found a very well-ordered "camp" behind him, and—what would have pleased him hardly less—one in front of him equally well-ordered and somewhat reinforced both in numbers and ability since last he had cast defiance at it across the floor of

the House. At the same time, while party organization has improved, party principles are harder to find than ever. There is at this moment scarcely any important question of public policy on which the followers of Mr. Mackenzie are prepared to act at all differently from those of Sir John Macdonald. The fact is that, when any question that can be called one of policy comes up, it is found almost, if not quite, impossible to make a party matter of it. We had two examples of this during the late session. In the first place the principle of the Ballot was accepted by the Government and the House after a somewhat desultory discussion which showed that the principle had advocates and opponents on both sides. The second case to which we refer was that of the Insolvent Law, a matter of very grave importance, and one on which members divided without any reference whatever to party. All the important party divisions of the session, with one exception, turned upon matters of special rather than of general interest. Such were the divisions on the West Peterborough and Toronto Centre election cases, on Mr. Huntington's motion for a Committee of Enquiry; on the resolution censuring Mr. Anglin for his attack on the 107; on Mr. Mackenzie's censure of the Government for their conduct in relation to Section No. 5 of the Intercolonial Railway, and his subsequent motion condemning Mr. Gilbert Griffin for taking too benevolent an interest in the vote of the Postmaster of Allanburg. The exception to the general rule was Mr. Mills' motion for a re-constitution of the Senate; on this question the Opposition seemed agreed, and they may therefore claim to have acquired one "plank" towards the construction of a "platform," viz., the principle of an elective Senate. If they value their "plank," we advise them to look sharply after it, for according to a very influential member of the cabinet—Dr. Tupper—nothing is more graceful, proper or virtuous, than for a government to appropriate the ideas of its opponents, and work them out in practice; so that, should the idea of an elective Senate, or a Senate appointed by the Local Legislatures, gain any popular value, the modern "Ulysses" will go for it just as surely as Ulysses of old went for the horses of Rhesus.

The changes of *personnel* which the House of Commons has undergone as the result of the late election are somewhat singular. Not one Opposition man of any importance who had a seat in the old House is missing from the new. On the Government side quite a number of men of more or less Parliamentary weight and ability have either not returned or not *been* returned. Among those who voluntarily retired we have Messrs. Morris, Harrison, Irvine and Chauveau; among those whose retirement was involuntary we reckon Messrs. McDougall, Shanly, Jackson, Walsh and Sproat; while by the death of Mr. Street, the Government has lost one of its steadiest as well as most disinterested supporters, and one who, as a great capitalist and a man of acknowledged judgment in financial matters, occupied an important position in the House. The average of ability on the Opposition side is higher than it was; on the Government side it is hard to say as yet whether there has been gain or loss in this respect. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Sir John A. Macdonald will be found to have held his own, for if he has had to part with some serviceable friends he has gained others who promise him a hardly less valuable support.

We propose to say a few words with regard to the more important members who have dropped out of the House of Commons, and also upon those whose accession to that body has excited some degree of public interest.

First of all our attention is claimed by that eminent man whose recent and unexpected death has given the whole country, in a greater or less degree, a sense of loss —almost of bereavement.

Ever since he assumed office as Provincial Secretary in Sir Allan McNab's government in 1855, Sir George Cartier has been one of the most prominent figures in the political life of Canada ; and not only one of the most prominent, but, it must be confessed, one of the most popular. We may not altogether admire the political ideal which his public course, from that day to this, may be said to illustrate : we can conceive of something far higher than that careless administration of patronage for party purposes which was with him a favourite political weapon ; but at the same time it is impossible not to join in the tribute which so many, foes as well as friends, have had to pay to his indomitable energy and courage, his genial spirits, and his straightforward, uncompromising way of dealing with men and measures. Two men of more different mould than Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier could scarcely have been brought together ; and that they should have worked together so harmoniously and successfully for so long a period, is surely a wonderful example of the attraction and blending of opposites. They had, to be sure, in common, a certain gaiety of spirits and kindliness of temper, the gaiety being more strongly marked in Sir George, and the kindliness in Sir John ; but beyond this there seemed absolutely no resemblance in their characters. Sir John has a nervous, sensitive organization, and altogether a wider range both of ideas and feelings than his late colleague. He sees both sides of every question, and, just because he does so, he cannot be so dogmatic or so confident as men are whose minds move in narrower grooves, and who easily satisfy themselves with the first view of any subject, or the view that happens to suit their own immediate interest. If Sir John were not so conscious of the weak points in his own position, he would probably both speak and act with more decision. It must be confessed that he has a natural tendency to move in what physicists call "the line of least resistance," a line which may be illustrated by almost any woodland path, winding through the hollows, and turning aside from time to time to avoid the obstacles with which forest travel is beset,—here a fallen tree, there a piece of marshy ground, and here again too dense a bit of brush. This was not at all Sir George Cartier's disposition ; he was always for attaining his ends by rough-and-ready methods, attacking his enemies in front, and carrying their strongholds by assault. Sir John does not care to irritate his opponents unnecessarily, but his colleague's instinct (not that he always acted upon it), was to say and do precisely the things that would be least agreeable to the gentlemen on the other side, or at least that would serve to show how little account he made of their hostility.

Yet whatever fault there may have been to find with him in some respects, it remains a fact that Sir George was a favourite with the country at large. He was credited with some tyrannical actions but no mean ones, and people could not help admiring his cheery temper and indomitable pluck. Though very absolute in the exercise of power, he was a man of the simplest and most unaffected manners in private intercourse. It was his custom here for a good while to have little *réunions* at his own house every Saturday evening, to which were invited not people of influence only, but many who had no claim to be so regarded ; and on these occasions the most unrestrained enjoyment would prevail, the host himself taking the lead in all kinds of fun and merriment, and displaying a wonderful talent for amusing and being amused.

That there was in his character much of good and little of evil, is proved not only by the influence he exercised in life, but by the feelings with which those who were most pointedly opposed to him in politics find themselves thinking of him now that h

is gone. Who is there throughout the length and breadth of the land at all acquainted with our politics who has not a kind word to say for "Sir George," a regret—not conventional but sincere—to express? He was high-handed; yes, but he was high-minded too; and true—true not only to his friends (though that was much), but true in all engagements, and true to his own standard of public duty. Small sins may not have sat heavily upon him, but neither did great labours or sacrifices, when they were required for a cause that he loved or a principle in which he believed. Take him all in all he was a man Canada can ill afford to spare, a man whose influence upon his fellow-countrymen was altogether unique, and who used that influence as far as possible for the good of the whole Dominion. Leaning as he did mainly upon the Province of Quebec for support, he had in the first place to represent the interests of that Province. But in the widest sense the word has yet received, he was a *Canadian* at heart; and no man, probably, in this country, has better deserved than he the noble name of patriot.

To the party with which he was associated the death of Sir George Cartier is an event of the greatest moment. His absence from the House during the late Session was a manifest source of weakness to them, and the question who is to supply his place is one far more often asked than answered.

A notable blank has been left in the House by the voluntary retirement of Sir A. T. Galt, a man who for breadth of political view, and for the power of enforcing his opinions by lucid and vigorous argumentation, has had very few superiors in Canadian Parliamentary history. Some allowance must perhaps be made for the partiality naturally resulting from old association and friendship, but it was, no doubt, a sincere opinion that Sir George Cartier expressed in the Session of 1871, when he said that, having heard budget speeches both from Mr. Gladstone and Sir Alexander Galt, he decidedly preferred those of the Canadian minister. After the retirement of Sir Alexander from the Government, the function he fulfilled as a private member of the House was a most valuable one. It was given to him at times to express that true and unprejudiced view which the partizans on both sides had equally ignored, or perhaps had been really unable to discover. When a man has once surrendered himself to a party, and thoroughly identified himself with it in his endeavours to retain or to conquer power, things begin at once to present themselves to his eyes with more or less of distortion and false colouring; the unreal mixes itself up with the real to such an extent that, with little or no conscious dishonesty, he can, as occasion requires, run to almost any length in partiality, exaggeration and hollow sentiment. No wonder the contrast is striking between this state of mind and that of a man who, having taken an independent stand, is in a position to utter his sincere convictions, and has, moreover, some sincere convictions to utter. Sir Alexander Galt, as everyone knows, was never a very strong party man: he was sufficiently in accord with the present leader of the Government and Sir George Cartier, to occupy the post of Finance Minister under their successive administrations; but at all times he preserved a large measure of independence in matters of political opinion. As a political thinker, indeed, we are inclined to rank him very high. His position, it must be allowed, has been favourable to the exercise of broad and dispassionate reflection upon the problems of politics; for while he has had to do with large interests, he has never had the wearying, exhausting work that devolves upon the leader of a party under our present system, of looking after the organization of the party, and providing day by day ways and means for its subsistence; balancing rival claims, composing differences, soothing the intractable, confirming the uncertain, and all the while

keeping an eye on the enemy without. A man who has this to do may be excused if he does not indulge in any unnecessary theorising as to desirable constitutional changes, but leaves that kind of thing to those who have enough leisure and calm to pursue such contemplations. Sir Alexander Galt has sometimes been accused of being too visionary, too fond of speculation; but it should be remembered that one of his speculations was the very federal system under which we are now living.

Another man of undoubted power, whom we miss from the present Parliament, is Mr. Wm. McDougall. Debate was Mr. McDougall's natural element, and, whether on the stump or in his place in the House, he was at all times a formidable man to encounter. Demosthenes used to say of Phocion, "Here comes the pruner of my periods;" and many a fine speech has the late member for North Lanark pruned in his day; probably many another is he destined to prune. It must be very trying, when one thinks he has produced a good effect, to see a man getting up who has a knack for taking the fine edge off everything, and thinning out imposing arguments until they seem to have nothing left in them worth noticing. Yet this is really what, in many an instance, Mr. McDougall has accomplished, when he has followed some eloquent speaker with hostile intent. He claimed to be above all things a "practical politician," and in every speech his apparent aim was to place the matter in hand in the simplest and most common-sense light; to divest it of all the perplexities and intricacies in which it had been involved by the too laborious or too fanciful reasonings of others; to brush away sophistries, dismiss sentiment, and proceed at once to the real elements of the question. He had a very clear, practical head of his own, and he possessed an almost unrivalled knowledge of the details, as well as the general principles of public business. He always retained some of the habits belonging to his original profession of the press, amongst others that of continually consulting the opinion of the country through the press. To do this successfully a man requires a certain experience of newspapers and their ways, and this experience Mr. McDougall possessed. He knew what discount to take off for the exaggerations and falsifications of party spirit, and knew when real opinions were taking shape and gathering strength. In 1867 he saw that the country would sustain him in remaining in Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet; and his quondam friends are now disposed to give him great credit for prescience in connection with his celebrated statement that the building of the Intercolonial Railway would keep any Government in power for ten years. No doubt they would be glad if the prophecy failed of fulfilment by a few years, but meantime it is a pleasant thing to be able, on so high an authority as that of an ex-minister, to assert that Sir John has been kept in power by the patronage of the Intercolonial.

No one who attended the debates during the session of 1870 can fail to remember the fierce personal encounters between the gentleman just named and the Hon. Mr. Howe. Both are now removed from the scene of their conflicts, but it is satisfactory to know that while they yet met on the floor of the House the old animosities were healed. The retirement of Mr. Howe cannot be regarded as an event of any great moment as regards the position or strength of the Government. For some time previously he had taken but little part in the discussions of the House, and his physical strength was manifestly unequal to the strain of any kind of hard work. His present position is much better suited to him in every way, and it is satisfactory to think he occupies it with the general approval of the people of Nova Scotia. The honourable gentleman's career has been too long and too eventful for anything like a review of it to find place in these pages

Unfortunately, that portion of it with which people in this part of the Dominion are best acquainted has won so little approval that it is impossible to dwell upon it with satisfaction. Rightly or wrongly, his opposition to Confederation was regarded as animated to a great extent by sheer wilfulness, or by personal feelings that he should never have allowed to sway him in a matter of such importance; and when, four years ago, he gave in his adhesion to the new constitution by becoming a member of the cabinet, there was little joy in the old Canadian Provinces over his conversion. Still it is hard in parting not to say a kind word or two. We shall not speak of his oratorical powers, or of any intellectual gifts or accomplishments. These have been amply acknowledged in times past, and it is not by these, moreover, that a man wins affection or causes the world to forget his faults. More to the purpose is it to say that Mr. Howe was a man of true, unaffected kindness of heart, of strong sympathies and generous impulses. This is the impression which all have borne away who have been admitted to any close acquaintance with him; and few even of those who have met him merely in the way of business have failed to be somewhat touched by the warmth and geniality of his manner. No doubt, being naturally impulsive, he has often been led away, in the heat of debate, to say violent things. But he was not a man needlessly to perpetuate enmities; the way to reconciliation with him lay always open. More than once, it is but right to add, we have had to admire the patience with which he endured the attacks of much younger men than himself; and more than once have thought that the younger men in question might have spared a little of their contempt and bitterness towards grey hairs on which, in the past, not a few well-deserved honours had been bestowed.

The cabinet of Sir John A. Macdonald has within a year furnished two of our Provinces with Lieut.-Governors. Of the Parliamentary career of Mr. Morris there is not much to be said. That he was a sensible and very respectable man everybody admits, but the only other fact respecting him that is universally admitted is, that he was a very tedious one. There is only one instance on record in which he made anybody angry, though a thousand might be cited in which he made people yawn. The man whom he angered, strange to say, was Mr. Howe, who launched out into a most passionate philippic against his meek assailant. This, of course, was in Mr. Howe's anti-union days; and Mr. Morris' speech was in reality a very effective demonstration of the inconsistency of the course the member for Hants was pursuing.

By the retirement of Mr. R. A. Harrison the Government lost a man who, by the solidity of his legal attainments as well as by a considerable power of eloquence, gave them an important support. Mr. Harrison was not long enough in Parliament to become thoroughly at home in it, and from his parting address to his constituents we gather that the life of a Canadian politician was neither suited to his tastes, nor advantageous to him in a pecuniary sense. That Mr. Harrison has the ability to make a useful legislator nobody can doubt, but, seeing how unduly he was depressed by the difficulties he had to encounter as a politician, it is equally impossible to question the propriety of the course he took in abandoning the political arena.

Mr. Walter Shanly was a man who spoke but little, but that little was always listened to with attention and respect. It seems very unfortunate that party strife should have driven from Parliament a man of the highest character, and one whose professional ability rendered him a valuable authority upon a number of important matters in which the House is from time to time interested.

Turning to the Province of Quebec, the only two prominent supporters of the Government we miss are Messrs. Chauveau and

Irvine. Mr. Chauveau is, as the phrase goes, "in another place," and as he is a man of somewhat portly presence and great suavity of manner, he will, no doubt, fill very satisfactorily the position to which he has been appointed. Mr. Irvine is a man whom we are sorry to lose from the House. He was not only a sound lawyer, but a terse and effective speaker, and a man, altogether, very much above the average. He was not one to give a blind support to any party; in the session of 1872, it will be remembered he voted with the Opposition upon their proposal to refer controverted election cases to the Judges.

Of the new men, the one who probably brings the greatest strength to the Government side is Mr. James McDonald, of Pictou: the fact of his having been placed on the Committee of Enquiry into Mr. Huntington's charges is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which he is held by the members of the Cabinet. Mr. McDonald has all the appearance and air of an experienced Parliamentarian, and he has the reputation of being an orator and debater of no ordinary kind. In the Local House at Halifax he made some scathing attacks upon the Government of the Province, and no doubt Mr. Annand is glad that the honourable gentleman has sought a wider sphere for his talents. It is too soon to pronounce such an opinion with confidence, but we are inclined to think that Mr. McDonald is the strongest man that Nova Scotia has yet returned to the Parliament of the Dominion.

In Mr. Palmer, of St. John, the Government has gained another supporter of established reputation, but a man of very different mould from the member for Pictou. The latter is naturally a silent man, while Mr. Palmer does dearly love to hear himself talk. Hardly any question has come up, involving half an hour's discussion, on which Mr. Palmer has not stated his opinion at length. He reminds one forcibly of that gentleman, "fort content de lui," whom Montesquieu's Persian met in Paris, who, in the course of a quarter of an hour, decided three questions in morals, four problems in history, and five points of science. "Je n'ai jamais vu," says the unsophisticated Persian, "un décisionnaire si universel." Well, Mr. Palmer is just such another: he knows what deck-load a ship ought to carry, understands all about gas-metres, and can at a moment's notice lay down a policy for the Government, and prove himself right by the most incontrovertible reasonings. It is alarming to think how much the House of Commons would have missed if Mr. Palmer had unfortunately failed of being returned. His views are often, it must be confessed, very sound, but why will he be so unwise as to make a Parliamentary bore of himself?

Much younger men than the two last mentioned are Mr. Stephen Tobin of Halifax, and Mr. Domville of Kings, N.B., the former being about thirty-five years of age, and the latter a little under thirty. Both are men of decided ability, and Mr. Tobin is an exceedingly fluent and forcible speaker. There is sometimes a certain impatience in his tone which is not very becoming, and one might almost suppose that he thought he had done the Dominion Parliament no slight honour in consenting to accept a seat in it. No doubt these little peculiarities will wear off after a session or two, and if Mr. Tobin settles down seriously, as we think he seems inclined to do, to his duties as a representative, he will certainly make an able and useful member of the House.

Mr. Domville is a man of decided originality and force of character. There is an air about him at once of independence and decision. He supports the Government because he thinks it right to do so, but he is not the man whom anybody can make a tool of, or twist round his fingers. There is a strange mixture in him of nervousness and self-possession, the nervousness, however, having nothing to do with timidity. His voice is pitched in a very high key, so high

that a person hearing him for the first time cannot help being somewhat amused. There is excellent sense, however, and a great deal of candour in what he says. You may smile a little at his manner, but you will seldom laugh at his matter. Of course he is inexperienced, but he is one of those men who have a natural aptitude for business, and he will soon fall into the ways of the House. We may say of Mr. Domville, without fear of contradiction, that, in some way or other, he interests everybody, and that the interest felt in him is very generally of a friendly sort. Before passing on we may just remark that it was inconsiderate on Mr. Domville's part, and not in very good taste, to suggest, as he did, that members of the House should receive no indemnity at all beyond their travelling allowances. A moment's thought would have shown him that it was simply tantamount to saying to the people of Canada: "Look at me! I am a capitalist, and do not require to be paid for my services in Parliament. Elect only men like me, and you will get your legislation done for nothing." To which address, if really made, the people of Canada would reply that they prefer very much paying for what they get in the way of service, and have no wish to come under obligation to rich men like Mr. Domville, any more than to any other class; that further, they have serious doubts whether a Parliament of capitalists would do the work of legislation half as well or as faithfully as the present miscellaneous gathering which constitutes the House of Commons. The people of Canada, taking the average of them, fall much below Mr. Domville's level of wealth and refinement, but still, like the poor French cook whose suicide is recorded by Madame de Sevigné, they have "de l'honneur á leur manière," and they really regard such offers as the one so generously made by the member for Kings as rather too patronising.

Among the new men from Ontario on the Government side, Messrs. W. H. Gibbs, Wallace and Glass may perhaps be regarded as the most influential. They are all men of intelligence and good speakers, and may probably be set off against Messrs. Edgar, Ross and Blain on the Opposition side. Mr. O'Reilly, of South Renfrew, has attained a certain reputation at the bar, but as a politician, supposing he retains his seat, he will never be a success. His pompous and somewhat tawdry eloquence is not of the kind that takes well on the floor of this or any Parliament. Mr. J. B. Lewis, of Ottawa, is a man of a very different stamp. He has no eloquence of any kind, but he is a man of excellent judgment, and one whose legal opinion carries great weight. It is hard to know whether to class him as a decided supporter of the Government or not, for on one occasion he voted dead against them, and on a previous one he walked out of the House rather than vote in their favour. This was in connection with the West Peterborough election case; and it is said, whether truly or not, that he laboured hard to show the member for Carleton, who ordinarily defers very much to his judgment in legal matters, that the course the Government was taking was distinctly illegal, or at least that it countenanced a violation of the law. The effort, however, was in vain. Honest John Rochester, whom the leading Opposition journal was fondly counting among the "independents" during the whole election campaign, and whom it hoped to see gathered into the fold of which Mr. Mackenzie is chief shepherd, asked nothing better than to give a straight vote for the leader of the Government, which he did.

Turning to the Opposition side, we find a number of recruits of more than average ability, but no man who has as yet produced a decided "impression" on the House. Mr. Edgar, Mr. Ross, of Middlesex, and Mr. Wilkes, are perhaps the best speakers among the new men from Ontario. Mr. Edgar has already been employed by his

party in a very confidential position, and has acquitted himself of his duties in a satisfactory manner, winning a considerable measure of popularity on both sides of the House. He is a man whose tastes seem to lie in the direction of politics, and this is in itself an important element of success. Mr. Ross is fluent almost to the point of glibness, and he has a tendency towards that kind of eloquence which consists in heaping phrase upon phrase, question upon question —a style which is sometimes admired in the pulpit, but rarely finds favour in Parliament, or anywhere where men are engaged in serious business. He seems, however, to be tolerably well informed upon politics, and has a vigorous way about him that we like. He will make an able backer of Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. Wilkes speaks with remarkable ease, and also with very great accuracy, but his tone is too expostulatory or hortatory to be very effective in Parliament. In this respect he reminds us of a former member for Toronto—Mr. John Macdonald. Mr. Wilkes wants to show the Government, in the mildest possible manner, the error of their ways, and so work upon their better feelings. We admire this spirit very much, but doubt whether it is adapted to the sphere of politics.

In the Province of Quebec quite a number of constituencies were won by the Opposition from the Government, but as yet the new members returned have failed to distinguish themselves. Mr. John Young of Montreal discusses questions of trade with the ministers, for the most part in a very friendly way. Mr. Jetté, Sir George Cartier's successor, says nothing, or next to nothing; he is evidently more of a meditative and studious than of a practical turn of mind. He served the purpose of the Opposition in defeating Sir George Cartier, but whether he is the man to lead them on to victory in the House, is, to say the least, questionable. Mr. Mercier, of Rouville, is an excellent speaker, and a man of superior intelligence. He has what so many public speakers lack, an utterance wonderfully clear and distinct, without being too precise. His manner, too, is very good, and altogether we regard him as a decided acquisition to the House of Commons.

In glancing at the Treasury Benches, we notice important changes of *personnel* since last Session. Two of the ministers of 1872, as already remarked, have left the House altogether, Messrs. Howe and Morris. Sir Francis Hincks has resigned the Ministry of Finance and taken a back seat. Dr. Robitaille has been called to the front, and sits in the place of Mr. Howe. Mr. O'Connor has crossed the House and taken his seat as Minister of Inland Revenue. Mr. Mitchell has left the too placid, too Olympian atmosphere of the Senate, in order, as some Roman poet says, to gather dust and sweat in the Campus Martius of the Commons. Of all these changes, the most important by far is the retirement of Sir Francis Hincks, the ablest Finance Minister, probably, that Canada ever had. Mr. Tilley is apt enough at figures, but he does not deal with them in the same vigorous, commanding, decisive way as his predecessor. When Sir Francis Hincks was discussing finance, he made the whole House feel that he possessed his subject thoroughly, and that if he erred it could only be upon some small matter of detail, and not in anything involving the principles of finance. Moreover, he was a man to whom the House, and indeed the whole country, looked for a vigorous initiative in financial matters, and whose ideas it was disposed beforehand to accept. He was a man who could be bold without being rash, just as any man can who possesses an unusual insight into any subject. If the people of Canada were polled to-day as to who should be their Finance Minister, they would return Sir Francis Hincks by an immense majority of votes over any other man that could be named. Although no longer in the Govern-

ment, Sir Francis is on the most friendly terms with all his former colleagues, and is always ready to come to their assistance when a word of his can be of any service.

Mr. Mitchell is justly entitled to the credit of being a hard-working, zealous, and able Minister. When the House met, he had a large budget of measures all ready to be submitted; and, in fact, he has succeeded in passing nearly as many Bills as all the other Ministers put together. The House, we fear, began to get a little tired of his deck-loads, and light-houses, and harbour appointments, and was disposed to wish that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries would not go at things with such a rush. Mr. Mitchell's tendency, as everyone allows, is to magnify his office, but this is a foible the country will readily pardon in a man who applies himself as diligently as he does to the duties of his department.

Turning now to the course of events in Parliament, we see abundant and lamentable proof of the truth of the position, so often taken up in these pages, that party-government in this country means simply the unlimited degradation of our politics, and tends directly to the injury, if not the ruin, of the most important public interests. The thunder-cloud which had been hanging over the heads of the Ministry since the opening of the Session, may be said to have burst when Mr. Huntington, amid the cheers of the Opposition, moved for a Committee of Enquiry into the blackest charges ever formulated against any Canadian Government. The vote taken on that occasion showed that the Ministry was secure in the confidence of a considerable majority of the House; but it is needless to say that the public mind has been greatly exercised since with regard to these charges. The first impulse of every honest man, or at least of every man who has not been trained by party journalism into an utter lack of confidence in the common honesty of public men, must have been to refuse all credit, all serious consideration, to accusations of so extraordinary a nature; and we think that, even at this moment, there are few intelligent and thoughtful persons in the country who regard it as possible that such accusations can be established. At the same time we can imagine that, even among the friends of the Government, a little uneasiness may have been caused by the anxiety they have evinced lest, in some way or other, advantage should be taken of them by their enemies. First of all, the Committee of Enquiry is constituted on a strict party basis, the Government availing themselves of their majority in the House to place on the Committee three of their own personal friends, leaving only two seats to be filled by the Opposition. Of course they had a perfect right to do this; but, in the event of that complete acquittal to which we may presume they look forward, would it not have been more satisfactory, would it not have heightened their triumph, if the verdict had been pronounced by a court in which their own political enemies preponderated? Or was it really supposed that the verdict might depend upon which side had the most votes in the Committee? Have we sunk so low that some of our most distinguished public men cannot be trusted to decide even so important, so solemn, so painful a matter as this, in an honest and impartial manner? It may be Quixotic to say so, but we should much have preferred if the Government had voluntarily given three votes to the Opposition, asking only two for themselves; for unless the demoralization produced by the party system has proceeded much further than we suppose it to have done, this difference in the constitution of the Committee could not have made any difference in the verdict, and such a course would have done more than anything else to give a confident tone to the public mind. As regards the further steps taken by the Government in the matter, and particularly

the postponement of the enquiry until after the arrival of certain of the accused parties, we do not see that they can reasonably be objected to; but still it is a pity that the Opposition (who seem, like good patriots, to have the proving of the charges very much at heart) should be able to say that all the reluctance to proceed was on the part of the Government.

When the motion to adjourn the Committee was under discussion in the House, all the Opposition speakers made it a point against Sir John A. Macdonald that he had given no previous intimation that he considered such an adjournment necessary, but on the contrary had allowed the House to suppose that the Committee would proceed with its labours at the earliest moment. For our own part, we see no inconsistency in the course pursued by the Premier. When the Opposition pressed for the special sanction by His Excellency of the Oaths Bill, it would have been very much out of place for the Premier then to have suggested delay on the ground of certain action that he proposed to take before the Committee after that Bill was passed. To have said to the House, "Well, as you wish it, I shall advise His Excellency to come down specially and assent to the Bill, but I don't think there will be much use in it, as I intend to apply to the Committee for an adjournment,"—would have been most unbecoming. The retort would at once have been made: "How do you know your application to the Committee will be successful? Do you know beforehand how it is going to decide?" The only proper course, it seems to us, was the one Sir John A. Macdonald actually took, viz., to place his power as responsible adviser of His Excellency at the command of the House to the extent of procuring early assent to the Oaths Bill, and then, in his character as the party accused, to make such an application to the Committee as he deemed fitting.

Upon the whole we are of opinion that, although the Government might have acted more satisfactorily than they have done in the matter, that is, so as to have produced a better effect upon the public mind, their conduct compares favourably with that of the Opposition. The Government have throughout merely stood upon their undoubted rights, whereas the other side have raised a cry because they could not have everything arranged just as they wished.—Moreover, the manner in which they have taken up Mr. Huntington's charges, their manifest desire that Government may be convicted of the high crimes laid at their door, is not a pleasant or a creditable spectacle. Surely with two such men as Messrs. Blake and Dorion on the Committee, men whose keenness and vigilance nothing is at all likely to elude, and who, if they dissent from the conclusions of the rest of the Committee, can publish their views to the world accompanied by the evidence on which they are based—with, too, the public opinion of the country to try the case over again, and confirm an honest, or reverse a partial verdict—they might have been content to acquiesce without opposition in the very reasonable proposal that no evidence should be taken until all the chief parties concerned could be present.

We have no space to attempt a review of the legislation of the session, such as it was, but must confine ourselves to noticing briefly those incidents by which the session of 1873 will in future be remembered. If it has not given us the ballot, it has at least promised it. Whether the boon is one to rejoice over or not is a point very much disputed. The subject has never been much discussed in Canada, but, silently, a feeling has grown up in favour of secret voting, which the Legislature at last has been compelled to recognize. Our own feeling, we must confess, is against it, for the simple reason that we regard the conventional public morality of the day as somewhat higher, perhaps a good deal higher, than the average private morality of

individuals.* While voting is conducted publicly, that conventional morality of which we speak has necessarily a powerful influence in directing the course of a great number of men; but once establish secrecy, and each man falls back upon those standards that govern his own secret life. There are, of course, other considerations that bear upon the question, but this, as being far the broadest, seems to us the most important. The Premier has been attacked, as might have been expected, for yielding a measure to which he was personally opposed; but seeing that almost all the world beside has adopted the ballot, and that a number of his own supporters were in favour of it, it would have been an act of singular folly and obstinacy to have resisted the popular demand to the point of bringing on a ministerial crisis.

Sir John A. Macdonald is far from having that love of legislation which characterizes his colleague, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. On the contrary, he would seem to regard a great bill as a great evil, something only to be dealt with under the pressure of necessity and at the last moment. It is not, therefore, surprising that his new Election Law, introduced on the 21st March last, should never have come up for a second reading. Probably, as the Premier alleged, there was no great necessity for passing the Bill in question this year, and a further excuse for delay was found in the fact that, by the decision arrived at by the House in favour of the Ballot, it became necessary to incorporate with the Bill certain clauses providing for the introduction of that mode of voting. Still the delay, however it may be accounted for or defended, will, by very many, be regarded as characteristic of the author of the measure. It is satisfactory to think that the Controverted Elections Bill, though it lingered long in Committee, has finally passed. To the Opposition belongs the credit of this measure; at least, considering the attitude of the Government last year with respect to it, the Opposition may fairly claim that the present Act is a result of the strong pressure they then brought to bear in favour of the general principle of referring Controverted Election cases to the Judges.

We cannot but regret that it was found necessary to withdraw the measure introduced by Mr. Pope for the establishment of a uniform system of registration for the whole Dominion. The provisions of the Bill never received any discussion in the House, but the Bill was printed and distributed, and there is no doubt that in its general features it was approved by a large majority of the House. We regret the failure of this measure all the more on account of the nature of the opposition to which it succumbed, an opposition (there is no secret about it) proceeding entirely from a portion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Lower Canada. The civil government, it is pretended, has no right to demand returns from the clergy; it has no right to appoint officers "to fulfil a function that falls within the exclusive domain of a distinct and independent authority." It really is amusing, though a little humiliating too, to think that an important measure like this can be thrown back by the veto of a single Roman Catholic prelate. The Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Taché, had, it seems, with all due humility, submitted a copy of the proposed Bill, on the 31st March last, to His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, to see whether the Government might venture to proceed with it. The answer he received was, he positively asserts, favourable *; and relying on this, Mr. Pope, in all innocence and confidence, brings forward the Bill in the House.

* "Les hommes, fripons en détail, sont en gros de très-honnêtes gens: ils aiment la morale * * * cela se voit admirablement bien sur les théâtres: on est sûr de plaire au peuple par les sentiments que la morale avoue, et on est sûr de le choquer par ceux qu'elle réprouve.—*Montesquieu*, xxv. 2.

*See a Letter in the *Nouveau Monde*, signed XXX, and dated 7th May, 1873.

No sooner is this done than the ultramontane journals cry out that such a Bill should have no application to Lower Canada. "But the Bishop of Montreal approves of it," says the *Minerve*. "No he doesn't," replies the *Nouveau Monde*, and to settle the dispute the Bishop himself appears on the scene with a distinct denial that he had ever given the Bill his approval; so when the second reading of the Bill is moved one afternoon on the stroke of six, Mr. Dorion gets up, utters a few ominous words, and that is the last heard of it for the session.

What the intentions of the Government are with respect to this measure we are not aware. Whether the opposition of Bishop Bourget will be overcome, or whether, if he persists in his opposition, the Government will allow it to prevail over their own views of public policy, those who live shall see. The question we are inclined to ask is—"Quousque tandem?"—how far is the Roman Catholic Church disposed to go in thwarting the course of legislation in this Dominion? Surely it is difficult to conceive a more appropriate field for the action of the government and the legislature than the collection of such statistics as may be necessary to determine the civil and legal status of each member of the community, and to register those changes in population from the study of which so many useful results are to be obtained. It would certainly be a weak government that would not insist upon having its own way where it was so unquestionably in the right, and we cannot believe for a moment that the present administration, after having promised the country to introduce a general measure of this nature, is going to be baulked in its purpose by the irrelevant objections of Bishop Bourget and his clergy.

It is evident, indeed, in more ways than one, that the Dominion of Canada cannot hope to escape those religious difficulties which have been such an impediment to progress, and so fertile a source of discord, elsewhere. In the division of the 14th ult., on Mr. Costigan's motion for a recommendation to His Excellency to disallow certain Bills passed at its last session by the New Brunswick Legislature, almost a solid Catholic vote was cast on the affirmative side. The Ministry voted unanimously against the motion; but in spite of the most earnest and, as we think, convincing appeal by Sir John A. Macdonald, men who were accustomed to follow him with the most unwavering fidelity, and to accept without question his opinion upon all constitutional matters, took a directly opposite course to that which he recommended. He told them they were inflicting a blow on the constitution, and endangering their own position as a minority; and they, by their votes, replied that neither the constitution nor any calculations of what might happen in the future were of any account to them in comparison with following out the line of action prescribed for them in this matter by the Church. We are far from blaming them for the course they took. A man is culpable who does not obey the highest authority his conscience recognises, whatever may be the point at issue; but to those who do not believe in the infallibility of the power to which Roman Catholics submit themselves, and who remember that that power has described as evil and pernicious many, if not most, of the most cherished liberties of the age, it is not reassuring to observe in what solid masses they can be wielded on occasions like these. The very essence of modern institutions is free discussion, and, as a consequence or accompaniment of free discussion, a certain openness to argument upon the part of those engaged in it. But here we have a policy marked out without any reference to the circumstances or exigencies of the community to which it is to be applied, a policy deduced from *a priori* principles, and to this a large section of our fellow-countrymen are prepared at any moment to conform their whole conduct. Should such irruptions of the re-

ligious element into the domain of politics become at all frequent, there will manifestly be an end to the institutions under which we now live, and what will take their place it is impossible to foresee. We are not, we confess, without sympathy with the Catholics of New Brunswick: but look at the matter in this light,—What would they have done if Confederation had never taken place, and there had been no question of the interference of any other authority in the acts of the New Brunswick Legislature? What *could* they have done except follow the same course as their co-religionists in the old Province of Upper Canada, and work by all legitimate and constitutional means for what they regarded as their rights? Well then, how is the case affected by Confederation? Confederation did not establish a central authority that could on any occasion, or on any pretext, undertake to revise, to modify, or to repeal the acts of the local legislatures. It supplied a certain very definite basis of agreement between the several Provinces entering into it, according to which certain powers and functions were assigned to the central authority, and others reserved to the constituent Provinces. To strain the interpretation, or go beyond the provisions of that instrument in the direction of interference with local prerogatives, would be just as much an act of tyranny and wrong as if, before Confederation, any of the neighbouring Provinces, or all of them combined, had undertaken to force a certain policy in school matters on the Province of New Brunswick. The question then is simply one of law. Has New Brunswick by her action in this matter invited or justified the interference of the Dominion Government? The Minister of Justice, whose experience and acumen in constitutional questions none will deny, says No. His colleagues, among whom are at least two lawyers of marked ability, say No. The legal advisers of Her Majesty's Government, after hearing both sides of the question, say No. Well then, unless all these authorities are wrong, we are simply brought to the conclusion that the Act of Confederation has provided the New Brunswick Catholics with no resource they did not before possess against the Act of which they complain, and that to ask the federal government to interfere in the matter is to ask them to exceed their powers and violate the constitution. The case is now to be brought before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on appeal, but it is in the last degree improbable that the judgment of that Court will be in any respect different from that already pronounced by the Law Officers of the Crown.

No doubt the Government were placed in an awkward position by the vote of the 14th ult., but it remains to be seen whether the Ontario Opposition, who so unaccountably voted for an arbitrary interference with provincial rights, will not find their position more awkward still. All the world knows how anxious they have been of late to catch Catholic votes, and what tender passages have occurred between the quondam opponents of separate schools and the Catholic league, but nobody expected from them so extraordinary a manœuvre as they executed on the occasion referred to. Had Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues been found disposed to strain a point in order to relieve a religious minority of what they regarded as a serious grievance, and had Mr. Mackenzie and his followers been making a grim stand for the constitution, no one would have been surprised; but, as the case stands, it has been left to Sir John to go against his natural leanings in order to maintain inviolate the pact between the Provinces, while the others have done violence to all their professions and traditions in order simply to put the Government in a momentary minority.

We must now pass very hastily over the remaining matters on which it seems necessary to touch. The discussion on Mr. Wallace's resolutions affirming the necessity of a change in the relations between Canada

and the Mother Country can scarcely be said to have been a serious one. The subject, we must confess, is not yet ripe for discussion; that is to say, a certain conventional opinion with regard to it is so strong that independent opinions make no impression, and indeed scarcely dare to make themselves heard. Sir John A. Macdonald, who this session has shown a tendency to use somewhat extreme language, said that "he could not see that circumstances would ever arise which would involve the necessity of separation."

Mr. Mills' motion for a re-constitution of the Senate will bear postponement for a session or two. The Senate, it is true, is not at present contributing in any eminent degree either to the education of public opinion, the improvement of legislation, or any other single desirable object; still it is not doing, and is not likely to do, any great harm, and that is more than can be said of some Second Chambers.

Mr. Blake, in introducing his resolution advising that steps should be taken to secure for Canada the free navigation of the Columbia River, could hardly have expected it to be accepted by a House led by one of the late Joint High Commissioners.—When the Reform party accedes to power such a motion will be more in place, and, should it lead to anything, all the credit will belong to those who were its originators.

The discussion on the resolution brought forward by Mr. MacDonald, of Pictou, pronouncing certain editorial letters in the *St. John Freeman* an attack on the authority and privileges of Parliament, is entitled to notice as one of the memorable incidents of the session. The letters in question were far from creditable to their author, the member for Gloucester; but we quite fail to see that they justified the action taken by Mr. MacDonald and those who voted for his resolution. The strictures indulged in by Mr. Anglin were of an unusually sweeping kind; but that was the only feature by which they were distinguished from numerous articles that, from day to day, disfigure the columns of the party press. Nothing is more common than to see the basest motives ascribed to individual members of Parliament, and "dishonesty," "falsehood," "treason," "villany," are terms in constant requisition to characterize the conduct of political opponents. The only respect, then, in which Mr. Anglin's articles were peculiar, was one that might well have consigned them to silent contempt, namely, their utter and absurd want of discrimination. Mr. Anglin made no exceptions: every man of the 107 who voted Nay on Mr. Huntington's motion was a traitor to conscience and to country, a voluntary wallower in unimaginable filth, and ready for still viler deeds in future, if such could be found for him to do. Was this language of which Parliament needed to take notice? The charges were the same in essence as are constantly being made, and were stated in such a way as to make them more damaging by far to their author than to the persons assailed; yet Mr. MacDonald of Pictou must come forward with a resolution on the subject, and take up a whole afternoon and evening with reading a very ineffectual lecture on propriety to Mr. Anglin. The resolution was carried, but only by a strict party vote, the Opposition rightly taking the ground that until some principle was laid down as to what criticisms on the conduct of members were allowable and what were not, it was idle to pass a resolution condemnatory of Mr. Anglin's extravagancies in particular. So far as moral effect was concerned, the 107 members who considered themselves slandered would have done quite as well, and better, if they had met in caucus and passed the resolution which they availed themselves of their party strength to place on the Journals of the House.

We must pass over the lively discussion that took place on the dealings of the Gov-

ernment with the contract for "Section No. 5," and also the debate on Mr. Gilbert Griffin's letter to the Postmaster of Allanburg; nor is any detailed discussion here possible of the re-adjustment of the Provincial debts. That some re-adjustment was necessary may be taken for granted, for there is undoubtedly a good deal of force in the argument of the Finance Minister, that the subsidies to the Provinces are not worth now what they were when Confederation took effect. We cannot, however, but object very strongly to the payment to New Brunswick in perpetuity of an annual sum of $150,000, in consideration of the abolition of duties which have never reached a higher figure than $67,000, and which could not very long continue to yield anything like that amount. If "better terms" are being conceded to New Brunswick, why not say so at once? Parliament was not unwilling to give the whole subject a careful and impartial consideration, and, had sufficient cause been shown for it, would have voted New Brunswick an additional $100,000 a year without any difficulty. But no; the words "better terms" had fallen into a certain amount of popular disfavour, and so the $150,000 must be asked for as an equivalent for abolished timber dues that never reached half that amount, and two-thirds of which, moreover, were collected not from Americans but from citizens of New Brunswick. A more unsatisfactory way of attaining the object in view can hardly be imagined.

Prince Edward Island is entering the Union on terms which can only be described as extremely liberal. The Islanders, it is well known, have always placed a very high value upon their adhesion to the Confederation, so we may fairly suppose they consider the conditions now offered them as in every way fair and satisfactory. For our own part we give them a cordial welcome into our "happy family," and trust they may make themselves perfectly at home. Only don't let us hear anything about "better terms" for a little while.

If the Dominion does not prosper it will not be for want of territory. We have territory enough and to spare; what we do want is the spirit of union. It is a small satisfaction for a thoughtful man to think of his country as embracing so many provinces, or, as stretching from ocean to ocean across the whole width of a continent, unless he can at the same time think that, vast as are its bounds, one spirit animates its separated populations, and that, over all local interests and feelings, rises, strong and clear, the sense of national life and national unity. We are but in the beginning of our career as a confederated people, and as yet the dividing lines between Province and Province are very strongly marked; the national sentiment is but feebly expressed. There is therefore the most urgent necessity that those at the head of affairs, and our legislators generally, should do all in their power to allay any antagonisms or suspicions that may be found to exist between different portions of the Confederation, and at the same time to bring into prominence on every occasion the idea of duty to the nation. Unhappily this is the very course which it seems impossible for our politicians to take. Of course they have fine sentiments to utter upon occasion; but when, let us ask, was the Government unwilling to represent the Opposition in an odious light to the people of one Province, or certain Provinces in particular? And when was the Opposition unwilling to pursue a similar course towards the Government? Yet whenever this is done local prejudice is stimulated, sectional animosities are inflamed. We cannot but believe that the Dominion is entering upon a very critical period of its career. In 1867 the different Provinces (except Ontario and Quebec) were strangers to one another, and were disposed, as strangers, to act towards one another with a good deal of ceremony and civility. Now the strangeness has worn

off to some degree, and, as when people are becoming better acquainted, likes and dislikes are being formed; and it remains now to be seen whether, as the result of increased acquaintance, the union sentiment will be strengthened or impaired. Little disposed as we are to advocate the institution of party, we could almost wish that parties *in the old sense* were possible in the Dominion; that is to say, that some questions would arise that might separate, throughout all the Provinces, those who thought in one way from those who thought in another, so that upon the basis of such a real opposition in political opinion party organization might be carried on and party energies put forth. For the effect of this division would be, as in the United States, if not to annihilate, to weaken those territorial divisions and jealousies that so embarrass political action, and so endanger the future of the country.

Parliament stands adjourned till the 13th of August. The Session that has just closed has been the most unsatisfactory we have had since Confederation, and it has left the public mind in far from a settled or comfortable state. It was a Session marked by a great deal of bitterness, recrimination and idle contention. Political rivalry is supposed to proceed from opposite views of public policy, and to be entirely consistent with the utmost personal respect of opponents for one another; but in the Dominion Parliament there is no pretence of this, and upon numerous occasions during the late Session the recognized language of Parliament was put to its utmost strain to express the contempt which honourable gentlemen on one side felt for honourable gentlemen on the other. It is not by such conduct as this that the country is going to be built up and consolidated; already we feel the effects of it in a certain depressed tone of the public mind, and a general anxiety as to what will happen next. In a commercial point of view the Dominion is flourishing; the era of surpluses is not yet exhausted. So long as this condition of things lasts, the weakness of our position will be to a great extent concealed; but let financial difficulties overtake us, with political feeling in the same dangerous state of tension as at present, with local jealousies unabated, and it is hard to say what the result might be.

Let us hope, however, for better things. There are many men in the Dominion Parliament who, though they follow their leaders with too implicit an obedience, are not devoid of strong sentiments of honour and duty. At any moment it is possible that a new combination might occur, which would show the House of Commons in a very different light. At present the leaders are wrangling furiously, and the moderate men at their backs vote as they are bid, and so seem to support them in wrangling. But change the leaders, or change the ground of discussion, and the moderate men will be only too glad to have the opportunity afforded them of voting and working in the public interest, and discarding the animosities in which they have previously borne a silent, and, we must believe, more or less unwilling part. We have here in Canada the fair beginnings of an empire: what we need to strengthen our present and secure our future position as an independent people, is national spirit. If we possess this, there will hereafter be, upon this portion of the American continent, a great and powerful nation, working out its own ideas, upholding its own institutions, and exerting, let us trust, an influence for good upon the world. If we possess it not, then, sooner or later, the fabric which political ingenuity has reared must fall to the ground, and we must commit our destinies to some people more favoured in this respect than ourselves.

SELECTIONS.

OXFORD.*

[About a year ago died, before his hour, George Hughes, the elder brother of "Tom Brown." He was truly "Tom Brown's" brother, for he was a man not only of muscle and flesh, but of intellect and heart. Evidently, in fact, he was the living embodiment of the character depicted in the book so familiar to us all. The life of him by his brother, from which the following extract is taken, is addressed to the younger members of the family.]

MY brother went to Oxford full of good resolves as to reading, which he carried out far better than most men do, although undoubtedly, after his first year, his popularity, by enlarging the circle of his acquaintance to an inconvenient extent, somewhat interfered with his studies. Your grandfather was delighted at having a son likely to distinguish himself actually resident in his own old College. In his time it had occupied the place in the University now held by Balliol. Copleston and Whately had been his tutors; and, as he had resided a good deal after taking his degree, he had seen several generations of distinguished men in the common room, including Arnold, Blanco White, Keble, Pusey, and Hampden. Moreover, there was a tradition of University distinction in his family; his father had been Setonian Prizeman and Chancellor's Medallist at Cambridge, and he himself had carried off the Latin verse prize, and one of the English Odes recited before the United Sovereigns when they paid a visit to the Oxford Commemoration in 1814, with Wellington, Blücher, and a host of the great soldiers of that day.

His anxiety as to George's start at Oxford manifested itself in many ways, and particularly as to the want of punctuality, and accuracy in small matters, which he had already noticed. As a delicate lesson on this subject, I find him taking advantage of the fact that George's watch was in the hands of the maker for repairs, to send him his own chronometer, adding: "As your sense of trustworthiness in little and great things is a considerably multiplied multiple of your care for your own private property (which doubtless will grow to its right proportion when you have been cheated a little), I have no doubt old Trusty will return to me in as good order as when he left me. Furthermore, it is possible you may take a fancy to him when you have learnt the value of an unfailing guide to punctuality. In which case, if you can tell me at the end of term that you have, to the best of your belief, made the most of your time, I will with great pleasure swap with you. As to what is making the best of your time, you would of course like to have my ideas. Thus, then"—and your grandfather proceeds to give a number of rules, founded on his own Oxford experience, as to reading, and goes on:

"All this, you will say, cuts out a tolerably full employment for the term. But when you can call this in your recollections, '*terminus alba cretâ notandus*,' it will be worth trouble. I believe the intentions of most freshmen are good, and the first term generally well spent: the second and third are often the trial, when one gets confidence in oneself; and the sense of what is right and honourable must come in place of that deference for one's superior officers which is at first instinctive. I am glad you find you can do as you please, and choose your own society without making yourself at all remarkable. So I found, for the same reasons that facilitate the matter to you. Domestic or private education, I believe, throws more difficulties in the way of saying 'No' when it is your pleasure so to do, and the poor wight only gets laughed at instead of cultivated. After all, one may have too many acquaintance, unexception-

* From "Memoir of a Brother," by Thomas Hughes. London: Macmillan & Co.

able though they be. But I do not know that much loss of time can occur to a person of perfectly sober habits, as you are, if he leaves wine parties with a clear head at chapel time, and eschews supping and lounging, and lunching and gossiping, and tooling in High Street, and such matters, which belong more to particular cliques than to a generally extended acquaintance in College. In all these things, going not as a raw lad, but as a man of nineteen, with my father's entire confidence, I found I could settle the thing to my satisfaction in no time: your circumstances are precisely the same, and the result will probably be the same. I applaud, and clap you on the back for rowing: row, box, fence, and walk with all possible sturdiness. Another thing: I believe an idea prevails that it is necessary to ride sometimes, to show yourself of equestrian rank. If you have any mind this way, write to Franklin to send Stevens with your horse; keep him a few weeks, and I will allow you a £5 note to assert your equestrian dignity, now or at any other time. This is a better style of thing than piaffing about on hired Oxford cocky-horses, like Jacky Popkin, and all such half-measures. The only objection to such doings is, that you certainly do see a style of men always across a horse who are fit for nothing else, and *non constat* that they always know a hock from a stifle-joint. But this is only *per accidens*. And if you have a fancy for an occasional freak this way, remember I was bred in the saddle, and whatever my present opinions may be from longer experience, can fully enter into your ideas."

You will see by his answer how readily George entered into some of his father's ideas, though I don't think he ever sent for his horse. A few weeks later, in 1841, he writes:

"Now to answer your last letters. I shall be delighted to accept you as my prime minister for the next two years. Any plan of reading which you chalk out for me I think I shall be able to pursue—at least I am sure I will try to do so. Men reading for honours now generally employ a 'coach.' If you will condescend to be my coach, I will try to answer to the whip to the best of my power."

Your grandfather accepted the post with great pleasure; and there are a number of letters, full of hints and directions as to study, which I hope you may all read some day, but which would make this memoir too long. You will see later on how well satisfied he was with the general result, though in one or two instances he had sad disappointments to bear, as most fathers have who are anxious about their sons' work.

* * * * * * *

I have told you already that this was our first separation of any length. I did not see him from the day he went to Oxford in January, until our Rugby Eleven went up to Lord's, at the end of the half-year, for the match with the M.C.C. It was the first time I had ever played there, and of course I was very full of it, and fancied the match the most important event which was occurring in England at the time. One of our Eleven did not turn up, and George was allowed to play for us. He was, as usual, a tower of strength in a boys' Eleven, because you could rely on his nerve. When the game was going badly, he was always put in to keep up his wicket, and very seldom failed to do it. On this occasion we were in together, and he made a long score, but, I thought, did not play quite in his usual style; and on talking the matter over with him when we got home, I found that he had not been playing at Oxford, but had taken to boating.

I expressed my sorrow at this, and spoke disparagingly of boating, of which I knew nothing whatever. We certainly had a punt in the stream at home, but it was too narrow for oars, and I scarcely knew a stretcher from a rowlock. He declared that he was as fond of cricket as ever, but that in the whole range of sport, even including hunting, there was no excitement like a good neck-and-neck boat race, and that I should come to think so too.

At this time his boating career had only just begun, and rowing was rather at a discount at Oxford. For several years Cambridge had had their own way with the dark blues, notably in this very year of 1841. But a radical reformer had just appeared at Oxford, whose influence has lasted to the present day, and to whom the substitution of the long stroke with sharp catch at the beginning (now universally accepted as the only true form) for the short, digging "waterman's" stroke, as it used to be called, is chiefly due. This was Fletcher Menzies, then captain of the University College boat. He had already

begun to train a crew on his own principles, in opposition to the regular University crew, and, amongst others, had selected my brother, though a freshman, and had taken him frequently down the river behind himself in a pair-oar. The first result of this instruction was, that my brother won the University pair-oar race, pulling stroke to another freshman of his own college.

In Michaelmas Term, 1841, it became clear to all judges of rowing that the opposition was triumphant. F. Menzies was elected captain of the O. U. B. C., and chose my brother as his No. 7, so that on my arrival at Oxford in the spring of 1842, I found him training in the University crew. The race with Cambridge was then rowed in the summer, and over the six-mile course, between Westminster and Putney bridges. This year the day selected was the 12th June. I remember it well, for I was playing at the same time in the Oxford and Cambridge match at Lord's. The weather was intensely hot, and we were getting badly beaten. So confident were our opponents in the prowess of the University, that, at dinner in the Pavilion, they were offering even bets that Cambridge would win at three events—the cricket match, the race at Westminster, and the Henley Cup, which was to be rowed for in the following week. This was too much for us, and the bets were freely taken ; I myself, for the first and last time in my life, betting five pounds with the King's man who sat next me. Before our match was over the news came up from the river that Oxford had won.

It was the last race ever rowed by the Universities over the long six-mile course. To suit the tide it was rowed down, from Putney to Westminister Bridge. My brother unluckily lost his straw hat at the start, and the intense heat on his head caused him terrible distress. The boats were almost abreast down to the Battersea reach, where there were a number of lighters moored in mid-stream, waiting for the tide. This was the crisis of the race. As the boats separated, each taking its own side, Egan, the Cambridge coxswain, called on his crew: Shadwell, the Oxford coxswain, heard him, and called on his own men, and when the boats came in sight of each other again from behind the lighters, Oxford was well ahead. But my brother was getting faint from the effects of the sun on his head when Shadwell reminded him of the slice of lemon which was placed in each man's thwart. He snatched it up, and at that time F. Menzies took off his hat and gave it him, and, when the boat shot under Westminster Bridge with a clear lead, he was quite himself again.

In our college boat—of which he was now stroke, and which he took with a brilliant rush to the head of the river, bumping University, the leading boat, to which his captain, F. Menzies, was still stroke, after two very severe races —he always saw that every man had a small slice of lemon at the start, in memory of the Battersea reach.

Next year (1843), owing to a dispute about the time, there was no University race over the London course, but the crews were to meet at the Henley Regatta. The meeting was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest, as party feeling was running high between the Universities. In the previous year, after their victory in London, the Oxford boat had gone to Henley, but had withdrawn in consequence of a decision of the stewards, allowing a man to row in the Cambridge crew who had already rowed in a previous heat, in another boat. So the cup remained in the possession of the Cambridge Rooms, a London rowing club, composed of men who had left college, and of the best oarsmen still at the University. If the Cambridge Rooms could hold the challenge cup this year also, it would become their property. But we had little fear of this, as Menzies' crew was in better form than ever. He had beaten Cambridge University in 1842, and we were confident would do it again ; and, as the Rooms were never so strong as the University, we had no doubt as to the result of the final heat also. I remember walking over from Oxford the night before the regatta, with a friend, full of these hopes, and the consternation with which we heard, on arriving at the town, that the Cambridge University boat had withdrawn so that the best men might be draughted from it into the Rooms' crew, the holders of the cup. Those only who have felt the extraordinary interest which these contests excite can appreciate the dismay with which this announcement filled us. Our boat would, by this arrangement, have to contend with the picked oars of two first-class crews ; and we forgot that, after all, though the individual men were better, the fact of their not

having trained regularly together made them really less formidable competitors. But far worse news came in the morning. Menzies had been in the Schools in the previous month, and the strain of his examination, combined with training for the race, had been too much for him. He was down with a bad attack of fever. What was to be done? It was settled at once that my brother should row stroke, and a proposal was made that the vacant place in the boat should be filled by one of Menzies' college crew. The question went before the stewards, who, after long deliberation, determined that this could not be allowed. In consequence of the dispute in the previous year, they had decided that only those oarsmen whose names had been sent in could row in any given race. I am not sure where the suggestion came from, I believe from Menzies himself, that his crew should row the race with seven oars; but I well remember the indignation and despair with which the final announcement was received.

However, there was no help for it, and we ran down the bank to the starting-place by the side of our crippled boat, with sad hearts, cheering them to show our appreciation of their pluck, but without a spark of hope as to the result. When they turned to take up their place for the start, we turned also, and went a few hundred yards up the towing-path, so as to get start enough to enable us to keep up with the race. The signal-gun was fired, and we saw the oars flash in the water, and began trotting up the bank with our heads turned over our shoulders. First one, and then another, cried out that "we were holding our own," that "light blue was not gaining." In another minute they were abreast of us, close together, but the dark blue flag the least bit to the front. A third of the course was over, and, as we rushed along and saw the lead improved foot by foot, almost inch by inch, hope came back, and the excitement made running painful. In another minute, as they turned the corner and got into the straight reach, the crowd became too dense for running. We could not keep up, and could only follow with our eyes and shouts, as we pressed up towards the bridge. Before we could reach it the gun fired, and the dark blue flag was run up, showing that Oxford had won.

Then followed one of the temporary fits of delirium which sometimes seize Englishmen, the sight of which makes one slow to disbelieve any crazy story which is told of the doings of other people in moments of intense excitement. The crew had positively to fight their way into their hotel, and barricade themselves there, to escape being carried round Henley on our shoulders. The enthusiasm, frustrated in this direction, burst out in all sorts of follies, of which you may take this as a specimen. The heavy toll-gate was pulled down, and thrown over the bridge into the river by a mob of young Oxonians, headed by a small, decorous, shy man in spectacles, who had probably never pulled an oar in his life, but who had gone temporarily mad with excitement, and I am confident would, at that moment, have led his followers not only against the Henley constables, but against a regiment with fixed bayonets. Fortunately, no harm came of it but a few broken heads and black eyes; and the local authorities, making allowances for the provocation, were lenient at the next petty sessions.

The crew went up to London from Henley, to row for the Gold Cup, in the Thames Regatta, which had just been established. Here they met the Cambridge Rooms' crew again, strengthened by a new No. 3, and a new stroke, and the Leander, then in its glory, and won the cup after one of the finest and closest races ever rowed. There has been much discussion as to these two races ever since in the boating world, in which my brother was on one occasion induced to take part. "The Oxford University came in first," was his account, "with a clear lead of the Leander, the Cambridge crew overlapping the Leander. We were left behind at the start, and had great difficulty in passing our opponents, not from want of pace, but from want of room." And, speaking of the Henley race, which was said to have been won against a "scratch crew," he adds: "A 'scratch crew' may mean anything short of a perfectly trained crew of good materials. Any one who cares about it will find the names of Rooms' crew at p. 100 of Mr. Macmichael's book, and by consulting the index will be able to form a judgment as to the quality of our opponents. *We* had a very great respect for them. I never attempted to exaggerate the importance of the 'seven oars' race,' and certainly never claimed to have beaten a Cambridge University crew on that occasion." It will always remain, however, one of the most

interesting of the heroic records of a noble English sport.

He announced his own triumphs at home as follows, from the Golden Cross, where the Oxford crew then stopped :

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I should have been with you yesterday, but was obliged to wait because they had not finished the gold oars which we have won at Putney. We have been as successful here as we were at Henley, and I hope I shall bring home the cup to show you. I shall be home to-morrow, and very glad to get to Donnington again. I don't feel the least unsettled by these proceedings, and am in an excellent humour for reading."

The two great cups came to Donnington, and remained for the year on your grandfather's sideboard, who could never quite make up his mind about them ; pride at his son's extraordinary prowess being dashed with fears as to the possible effects on him. George himself, at this time, certainly had no idea that he was at all the worse for it, and maintained in his letters that pulling " is not so severe exercise as boxing or fencing hard for an hour." " You may satisfy yourselves I shall not overdo it. I have always felt better for it as yet, but if I were to feel the least inconvenience I should give it up at once."

One effect the seven-oar race had on the generation at Oxford : it made boating really popular, which it had not been till then. I, amongst others, was quite converted to my brother's opinion, and began to spend all my spare time on the water. Our college entered for the University four-oar races in the following November Term, and, to my intense delight, I was selected for No. 2, my brother pulling stroke.

Our first heat was against Balliol, and through my awkwardness it proved to be the hardest race my brother ever rowed. At the second stroke after the start I caught a crab (to use boating phrase), and such a bad one that the head of our boat was forced almost into the bank, and we lost not a stroke or two, but at least a dozen, Balliol going away with a lead of two boats' lengths and more. Few strokes would have gone on in earnest after this, and I am not sure that my brother would, but that it was first race for a University prize. As it was, he turned round, took a look at Balliol, and just said, "Shove her head out ! Now then," and away we went. Of course I was burning with shame, and longing to do more than my utmost to make up for my clumsiness. The boat seemed to spring under us, but I could feel it was no doing of mine. Just before the Gut we were almost abreast of them, but, as they had the choice of water, we were pushed out into mid-stream, losing half a boat's length, and having now to pull up against the full current while Balliol went up the Oxford side under the willows. Our rivals happened also to be personal friends, and I remember well becoming conscious as we struggled up the reach that I was alongside, first of their stroke, the late Sir H. Lambert, then of No. 3, W. Spottsiwoode, and at last, as we came to the Cherwell, just before the finish, of our old school-fellow, T. Walrond, who was pulling the bow oar. I felt that the race was won, for they had now to come across to us ; and won it was, but only by a few feet. I don't think the rest of us were much more distressed than we had been before in college races. But my brother's head drooped forward, and he could not speak for several seconds. I should have learnt then, if I had needed to learn, that it is the stroke who wins boat races.

Our next heat against University, the holders of the cup, was a much easier affair. We won by some lengths, and my brother had thus carried off every honour which an oarsman can win at the University, except the sculls, for which he had never been able to enter. I cannot remember any race in which he pulled stroke and was beaten.

There are few pleasanter memories in my life than those of the river-side, when we were training behind him in our college crew. He was perhaps a thought too easy, and did not keep us quite so tightly in hand as the captains of some of the other leading boats kept their men. But the rules of training were then barbarous, and I think we were all the better for not being strictly limited even in the matter of a draught of cold water, or compelled to eat our meat half cooked. He was most judicious in all the working part of training, and no man ever knew better when to give his crew the long Abingdon reach, and when to be content with Iffley or Sandford. At the half-hour's rest at those places he would generally sit quiet, and watch the skittles, wrestling, quoits, or feats of strength

which were going on all about. But if he did take part in them, he almost always beat everyone else. I only remember one occasion on which he was fairly foiled. In consequence of his intimacy with F. Menzies, our crew were a great deal with that of University College, and much friendly rivalry existed between us. One afternoon one of their crew, R. Mansfield, brother of George's old vaulting antagonist, rode down to Sandford, where, in the field near the inn, there was always a furze hurdle for young gentlemen to leap over. In answer to some chaffing remark, Mansfield turned round, and sitting with his face towards his horse's tail, rode him over this hurdle. Several of us tried it after him, George amongst the number, but we all failed; and of course declared that it was a trick, and that his horse was trained to do it under him, and to refuse under anybody else.

The four-oar race was the last of my brother's boating triumphs. At the end of the term he gave up rowing, as his last year was beginning, and he was anxious to get more time for his preparation for the Schools. I am not sure that he succeeded in this, as, strong exercise of some kind being a necessity to him, he took to playing an occasional game at cricket, and was caught and put into the University Eleven. He pulled, however, in one more great race, in the Thames Regatta of 1845, when he was still resident as a bachelor, attending lectures.—Number 6 in the Oxford boat broke down, and his successor applied to him to fill the place, to which he assented rather unwillingly. The following extract from a letter to his father gives the result, and the close of his boating career:—

"You will have seen that Oxford was unsuccessful in London for the Grand Cup, but I really think we should have won it had it not been for that unluckly foul. I only consented to take an oar in the boat because they said they could not row without me, and found myself well up to the work."

He always retained his love for rowing, and came up punctually every year to take his place on the umpire's boat at the University race, to which he had a prescriptive claim as an old captain of the O. U. B. C. And this chapter may fitly close with a boating song, the best of its kind that I know of, which he wrote at my request. It appeared in Mr. Severn's "Almanac of English Sports," published at Christmas 1868. I had rashly promised the editor to give him some verses for March, on the University race, and put it off till it was time to go to press. When my time was limited by days, and I had to sit down to my task in the midst of other work, I found that the knack of rhyming had left me, and turned naturally to the brother who had helped me in many a copy of verses thirty years back. I sent him down some dozen hobbling lines, and within a post or two I received from him the following, on the March Boat Race:

The wood sways and rocks in the fierce Equinox,
The old heathen war-god bears rule in the sky,
Aslant down the street drives the pitiless sleet,
At the height of the house-tops the cloud-rack spins by.

Old Boreas may bluster, but gaily we'll muster,
And crowd every nook on bridge, steamboat, and shore,
With cheering to greet Cam and Isis, who meet
For the Derby of boating, our fête of the oar.

"Off jackets!"—each oarsman springs light to his seat,
And we veterans, while ever more fierce beats the rain,
Scan well the light form of each hardy athlete,
And live the bright days of our youth once again.

A fig for the weather! they're off! swing together;
Tho' lumpy the water and furious the wind,
Against a "dead noser" our champions can row, sir,
And leave the poor "Citizens" panting behind.

"Swing together!" The Crab-tree, Barnes, Chiswick are past;
Now Mortlake—and hark to the signaling gun!
While the victors, hard all, long and strong to the last,
Rush past Barker's rails, and our Derby is won.

Our Derby, unsullied by fraud and chicane,
By thieves-Latin jargon, and leg's howling din—
Our Derby, where "nobbling" and "roping" are vain,
Where all run their best, and the best men must win.

No dodges we own but strength, courage, and science;
Gold rules not the fate of our Isthmian games;
In brutes—tho' the noblest—we place no reliance;
Our racers are men, and our turf is the Thames.

The sons of St. Dennis in praise of their tennis,
Of chases and volleys, may brag to their fill;
To the northward of Stirling, of golf, and of curling,
Let the chiels wi' no trousers crack on as they will.

Cricket, football, and rackets — but hold, I'll not preach,
Every man to his fancy—I'm too old to mend—
So give *me* a good stretch down the Abingdon reach,
Six miles every inch, and "hard all" to the end.

Then row, dear Etonians and Westminsters, row—
Row, hard-fisted craftsmen on Thames and on Tyne,
Labuan, New Zealand, your chasubles peel, and
In one spurt of hard work, and hard rowing, combine.

Our maundering critics may prate as they please
Of glory departed and influence flown—
Row and work, boys of England, on rivers and seas,
And the old land shall hold, firm as ever, her own.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

IT is curious how difficult it is to arrive at certain calculations in science, even as to facts which are mere matters of observation, and which, one would think, could be verified or disproved with the greatest ease. It is well known that the classical writers gave very remarkable accounts of the habit of ants, their providence, industry, and wonderful "harvesting" instincts. They give minute and detailed accounts of how the ants ascend the stalks of corn, and gnaw off the grains; whilst others station themselves below and detach the seed from the chaff. The ants were further related to carry off the corn to their homes, to gnaw off the radicle, so as to prevent germination, and finally to store away the grain in receptacles for winter use. What schoolboy does not know all this? It is, however, also well known that modern entomologists, including such pre-eminent authorities as Huber, Latreille, Kirby, Blanchard, and others, have unanimously discredited these observations, and apparently upon excellent grounds. None of these distinguished observers ever succeeded in detecting any ants engaged in carrying out these alleged harvesting operations. Ants are, for the most part, strictly carnivorous in their diet, and they are not active during the winter in temperate regions, but, on the contrary, "hybernate" or become dormant. The "larvæ" or young of ants are, however, not unlike grains of corn, and the ants have the habit of carrying them about in their mouths; hence, as was supposed, the error of ancient observers. Indeed, Messrs. Kirby and Spence, who are amongst the best and most popular of writers on insects, for these and other reasons, go so far as to say that, "when we find the writers of all nations and ages united in affirming that, having deprived it of the power of vegetating, ants store up grain in their nests, we feel disposed to give larger credit to their assertion. But when observers of nature began to examine the manners and economy of these creatures more narrowly, it was found, at least with respect to European species of ants, that no such hoards of grain were made by them; and, in fact, that they had no magazines in their nests in which provisions of any kind were stored up." In view of these positive statements on the part of the most eminent of modern entomologists, it is curious to learn that observations recently carried out in the south of Europe, by a competent naturalist, have resulted in the complete confirmation of the views of the classical writers. Mr. Moggridge, by observations at Mentone and other places on the shores of the Mediterranean, has verified, in every detail, the account given by ancient

authors of the habits and economy of the "harvesting ants." He has seen them in the act of collecting seeds; he has traced the seeds to the granaries, from which all husks and refuse are carefully carried away; he has seen them bring out the grains to dry after rain, and nibble off the radicle in those which had begun to germinate; and he has seen them, when kept in confinement, actually feeding upon the grains so collected.

Professor Agassiz is well known as holding rather remarkable views upon various subjects in Natural History, and amongst these is the view that all the varieties of man are so many distinct species. One may well ask, however, if the following, as to the points of difference between the white man and the negro, should be regarded as emanating from the learned Professor or from the exuberant imagination of some newspaper reporter of strong anti-abolitionist tendencies. In a recent lecture the eminent *savant* is made to say (as reported in an American journal):—"I have pointed out over a hundred specific differences between the bonal (*sic*) and nervous systems of the white man and the negro. Indeed, their frames are alike in no particular. There is no bone in the negro's body which is relatively of the same shape, size, articulation, or chemically of the same composition, as that of the white man. The negro's bones contain a far greater proportion of calcareous salts than those of the white man. The whole physical organization of the negro differs as much from the white man's as it does from that of the chimpanzee—that is, in his bones, muscles, nerves, and fibres, the chimpanzee has not much farther to progress to become a white man. This fact science inexorably demonstrates. Climate has no more to do with the difference between the white man and negro than it has with that between the negro and the chimpanzee, or between the horse and the ass, or the eagle and the owl. Each is a distinct and separate creation. The negro and the white man were created as specifically different as the owl and the eagle. They were designed to fill different places in the system of nature. The negro is no more a negro by accident or misfortune than the owl is the kind of bird he is by accident or misfortune. The negro is no more the white man's brother than the owl is the sister of the eagle, or the ass the brother of the horse. How stupendous and yet how simple is the doctrine that the Almighty Maker of the universe has created different species of men just as He has different species of the lower animals, to fill different places and offices in the grand machinery of nature." In the last sentence we recognise Agassiz; but it is to be hoped, for the credit of American science, that the sentences which precede it may justly claim their parentage elsewhere.

If we could transport ourselves to one of the forests of the coal-period, we should find ourselves, says Dr. Dawson, in one of "those great low plains, formed by the elevation of the former sea-bed. The sun pours down its fervent rays upon us; and, the atmosphere being loaded with vapour, and probably more rich in carbonic acid than that of the present world, the heat is, as it were, accumulated and kept near the surface, producing a close and stifling atmosphere, like that of a tropical swamp. This damp and oppressive air is, however, most favourable to the growth of the strange and grotesque trees which tower over our heads, and to the millions of delicate ferns and club-mosses, not unlike those of our modern woods, which carpet the ground. Around us, for hundreds of miles, spreads a dense and monotonous forest, with here and there open spaces occupied by ponds and sluggish streams, whose hedges are bordered with immense savannahs of seed, like plants springing from the wet and boggy soil. Everything bespeaks a rank exuberance of vegetable growth, and, if we were to dig downwards into the soil, we should find a thick bed of vegetable mould evidencing the prevalence of such conditions for ages."

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons of Edinburgh have just brought out an excellent chart of the North Polar regions, by the well-known geographer, Mr. Keith Johnston. Besides the most recent discoveries of voyages within the Arctic circle, the chart also indicates each of "the farthest points which have as yet been reached on the margin of the great unvisited area, the glaciers and snow-fields, the average and extreme limits of the appearance of sea-ice, the northmost limits of tree-growth on the land, the depths of the Arctic waters, so far as these are known, and the elevation of the land which surrounds them."

THE FINE ARTS IN ONTARIO.

A NEW pleasure has been found for us, with its welcome evidence of growing culture and progress, in the opening of the first Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. It chanced that the enterprise of Messrs. Notman & Fraser, whose triumphs in photography have won for Canada a foremost rank in that branch of art, had led to the erection of a fine gallery and suite of rooms for their own use, in the main centre of resort in our Ontario capital. This was liberally placed at the disposal of the young society of Artists; and it but remained for them to do their part. We employ no extravagant language when we say that the result surprised us. A collection of upwards of two hundred and fifty oil paintings and water-colour drawings by Canadian artists was brought together, many of which were of such high merit that they could not fail to gratify the most cultivated taste. Nor was there any lack of appreciation shown. During the brief period of the exhibition, upwards of five thousand visitors were present, and purchases of over one hundred pictures, to the value of $6,665, were made. It need not be matter either of surprise or disappointment that the selection by purchasers was not in every case the most judicious. We have happily reached that stage in the progress of our country which leaves a fair amount of superfluous wealth available for refinement and luxury; and on nothing can this be more beneficially expended than in the cultivation and encouragement of the Fine Arts. But a refined and cultivated taste is not to be looked for among the native products of our Canadian clearings. The wealthy lover of art, here or at home, must buy his experience as well as his pictures; and will no doubt be glad, in a few years, to part with some of the most prized of his recent purchases for works suited to a more advanced taste. For an annual exhibition of paintings constitutes one of the most valuable means of national refinement. It educates the eye, develops the taste, and creates a higher standard, affecting dress, furniture, house decoration, architecture, and much else which is supposed to be entirely beyond the artist's sphere. Few things are more uninteresting to read than a detailed account of the contents of an Exhibition Gallery which we have not seen; we shall not therefore place our readers in that predicament. But the formation of a Canadian Academy of Art, and the first exhibition of pictures under its auspices, are events too important to be passed over unnoticed. We doubt not that years hence they will be looked back upon as the beginnings from which great results will be found to have sprung.

One of the most noticeable charms of the exhibition was its essentially native character; and the general preference shown by purchasers for Canadian, in preference to European, subjects will no doubt contribute still more to the same result in future years. The wooded creeks and river valleys of our neighbourhood had been lovingly visited; and some lovely snatches of characteristic native scenery were rendered with fine effect, in water colours. The names of Fowler and Millard, of Mathews, Martern, and Verner, all claim a creditable place in noticing the more important contributions in this branch of art. Some of them were charming studies, evidently finished on the spot. Though in reference to this it may not be out of place to remark that, while the study of nature cannot be too strongly inculcated; yet a sketch from nature, and a finished picture embodying the earnest and oft renewed study of nature, are not to be confounded without misleading results. We think it well, at the present stage of Canadian Art, to avoid individual censure; but we may remark that some of the larger water-colour drawings betrayed only too much evidence of being done on the spot. They had plenty of accuracy of detail, very valuable as artistic study; but wanted the breadth of effect which is needed to make a picture. Photography will give the detail of the landscape under any light and shade, and from any point of view; but the *art* of the true artist is required to bring his accumulated study of nature to bear on this subject; just as the poet makes "a thing of beauty" out of what seems homely and prosaic to the common eye.

Among younger native artists, Mr. L. O'Brien had more than one Indian scene of great beauty. His "Passing Away," for example, representing Indian guiding his canoe among the reeds and rushes of a lovely lake, into the shadows of a quiet sunset, was replete with the true poetry of art. Mr. J. Hoch has a minutely finished style, especially in his trees, effective and truthful in the characteristics of the diverse foliage; though verging at times on mannerism.

Flower subjects, always popular, were in great force. Mr. Fowler attracted all eyes by his brilliant depiction of a cactus in full flower; and won the patronage of one of our best judges of art by his more unobtrusive Jug of Lilacs. In the treatment of cer-

tain fruit pieces, another artist of considerable ability seemed to regard perspective as one of those old world follies with which this young Dominion has no need to trouble itself. In one of his pictures, a picturesque, antique, Elizabethan mansion, in the shade of old trees, formed the "Haunted House," and background to some fallen fruit; an apple with a blemish on its plump cheek, and a downy, purple plum. The house was nicely sketched; and the fruit cleverly rendered; but as the two appeared in juxtaposition, the apples and plums rivalled the hugest pumpkin that ever carried the prize at a provincial show.

Mr. J. A. Fraser had but one water colour drawing; but it was a charming one—"In the Wilderness,"—the glow of a dying sunset, seen through the thicket of trees. But it was in the department of oil paintings that he was seen to greatest advantage. It is impossible, without such minute references to individual pictures as would prove tedious to the general reader, to review the list of oil paintings which furnished such creditable evidence of the varied native skill at the service of an appreciative patronage of art. Landscapes predominated, and among these, the gem of the exhibition was Mr. Fraser's "Dry Bed of a Mountain Stream:" thoroughly true to nature, even in a certain clearness, if not hardness of distant outline, illustrative of the contrast between the clearness of our Canadian climate, and the hazy, vaporous distances of England's more humid atmosphere. "A Shot in the Dawn," "On Lake Scugog," and "Carrying the Oats," a fine harvest landscape from the Eastern Townships, strikingly contrasted with each other in their studies of effect at different hours of the day; while in his "September Afternoon" the same artist boldly dealt with the brilliant tints of our native autumnal foliage. In this respect his picture contrasted favourably with some other studies on the wall. The painters seem rather to have studied the acquired time-tints of some old Cuyp or Hobbima, than to have attempted the reproduction of those glorious hues of our Canadian forest which would have defied the most brilliant art of Turner to outvie them. Perhaps the long work on a large oil painting through the leisure of a Canadian winter may have had something to do with this timid rendering of its gay autumn glow.

In addition to his success as a water colour painter, Mr. Martern exhibited some highly creditable pictures, among which his "Georgian Bay," and his "Blue Mountains," claimed by their size, as well as by some specially attractive qualities, a central place among the oil paintings. Other large canvasses in the Exhibition were somewhat more ambitious, and a little too theatrical in their effects. But they won admirers, and found purchasers also. Our own taste would have led us to prefer some of the smaller and simpler studies of nature; and among these were genuine bits of art. Hancock and Verner, Matthews, Fowler, Sutherland, Lee, and others, vied in their claims on the appreciative student of art. It is scarcely to be wondered at that evidences met the eye of a sense of uncertainty in more than one painter as to his true specialty. Fruit-pieces, Still-life, Landscapes, Sea-pieces, Figures, and Portraits, all proceeded from the same studio; sometimes with very conflicting results as to the standard of merit. But this will remedy itself; and doubtless the experience of even a single season will be productive of improved results.

Among the fancy portraits, the arch look, and well pourtrayed charms of Mr. Forbes' "Beware" attracted the notice of all visitors. But we have not space to review each work of merit. Suffice it to say that this First Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists has proved in all respects a most creditable success. It has shown that we have a body of artists in our midst who only require adequate remuneration to beget a native School of Canadian Art; and to contribute in many ways to the refinement of taste and the development of education in the highest departments of æsthetic culture. Already a School of Design, a National Gallery of Paintings, and much else of a like kind, are spoken of. Let us not be too ambitious at starting. We must carry art much higher before we can trust ourselves to make permanent selections for a National Gallery. Works of art for such a purpose should be of the very highest class; otherwise the education that results from their study will be imperfect, inferior, if not wholly false. To leave the purchase of pictures to the honest, well-meant intentions of our Provincial Cabinet Ministers, for example; to the authorities of the University, or to the Council of Public Instruction, would afford no guarantee of a judicious selection. But there is one thing our Government can do, without risk of error. Not a little of the success of this first exhibition is undoubtedly traceable to the free use extended to the artists of a good, well-lighted gallery in the most fashionable thoroughfare of Toronto. This has afforded them an opportunity of proving what they are capable of doing if proper facilities are furnished to them.—Already, under the joint name of Arts and Manufactures, money has been appropriated for years from the Provincial revenue. Let this now be turned to account in providing an adequate gallery for future exhibitions; and we doubt not the day will come when its walls will be claimed for a permanent collection of native art worthy of the Province, and of the Dominion of Canada.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Scribner's Monthly for May has a severe satire, though written with the usual American irreverence of expression and treatment, upon the exculpation of criminals so morbidly prevalent in American society. No murder can be committed in the United States without calling forth, in a degree corresponding to the murderer's social position, the most strenuous efforts, legal and journalistic, to secure an acquittal for the felon. Of late the fashion has been to plead insanity for the interesting offender of his country's laws; and a spurious and wicked sympathy is always managed to be excited on behalf of the ruffian who has taken life, but whose righteous deserts should be speedy and condign punishment. The article, "The Insanity of Cain," which we give place to, is a keen satire on this atrocious injustice—so false in its sentiment and outrageous in its result:

THE INSANITY OF CAIN.—Whatever is startling in the fact of questioning Cain's sanity only goes to prove the simple justice of the doubt. For more than five thousand years humankind has been content to look upon the First Born as a murderer. Each new generation, convicting him as it were without hearing of judge or jury, has felt far more concern that the conviction should be understood as a so-called religious fact than that their remote and defenceless fellow-creature should have the benefit of human justice. One-tenth of the zeal and candour with which our own Froude has endeavoured to make a saint of England's chronic widower might have sufficed to lift a world's weight of obloquy from the shoulders of Cain. But, until to-day, no philosopher has chosen to assume the difficult and delicate task. No jurisprudent has dared to investigate a charge that has been a sort of moral stronghold for ages. So grand a thing is it to be able to point away, far back, deeper and deeper into antiquity, to the very First Families, and say, Behold the fountain-head of our murder record!

Doggerel has much to answer for. It has driven many a monstrous wrong into the heart of its century. It has done its worst with Cain, but not *the* worst.

> C——— is for Cain,
> Who his brother had slain,

though winning in cadence, lacks spirit as a charge. It is too non-committal. The feeble soul that contrived it was fit only for jury-duty. It wants the snap of preconceived opinion. But CAIN, THE FIRST MURDERER, is grand, unique, statistical. Hence its vitality and power. Generation after generation, taught to loathe his very name, has accepted the statement on general principles. There had to be a first murderer—and why not Cain? Again—why not Abel for the murderee?

There was no miasma in that sweet, fresh time; no scope for contagious diseases; there were no pastry-shops, no distilleries, no patent medicines, no blisters, no lancets and no doctors. Consequently, there was no way for a man to die unless somebody killed him. Cain did this thing for Abel. That we do not dispute; nor that he did it gratis and unsolicited. But was he a murderer? Setting aside the possibility that Abel's time had not come, are we to judge Cain by the face of his deed? May there not have been palliating conditions, temperamental causes? In a word, was he sane?

For centuries, ages, the world has overlooked the tremendous considerations involved in this question, placidly branding an unfortunate man with deepest ignominy and taking it for granted that his deed was deliberate,—the act of a self-poised, calculating and guilty mind. Let us see.

In the first place, Cain, for a time, was the only child on earth! That in itself was enough to disturb the strongest juvenile organism. All the petting, nursing, trotting, coddling, and watching of the whole civilized world falling upon one pair of baby shoulders! Naturally the little fellow soon considered himself a person of consequence—all-absorbing consequence, in fact. Then came Abel, disturbing and upsetting his dearest convictions. Another self! A new somebody! A kicking counterfeit, held fondly in *his* mother's arms, riding to Banbury Cross on *his* father's foot!

A Brother? What did it mean? There were no books to tell him; and if there had been, the poor child never knew a letter. There were no philosophers or metaphysicians in those days to explain the phenomenon. The earliest Beecher was not born; Darwin was still a lingering atom in some undreamed of, unorganized pseudo-protoplasm of a monkey. The child had no friends, not even a school-fellow. Adam's time was taken up with what modern conundrumists have called his express company; Eve had the baby to mind, and Cain was left alone to brood over the unfathomable. Think of the influence thus brought to bear upon the delicate, sensitive brain of that very select child. A mature intellect would have given way under a far less strain.

But Cain survived it. He became reconciled, we will say, to the little Abel. They played and shouted together as children do in our day, racing the fields at will, growing to be strong, brave little animals, fierce, impulsive, and aggressive—especially Cain. But how did they fare æsthetically—no academies, no Sunday schools, no gymnasiums, nothing to direct and balance their young minds?

Their parents were plain people, caring little for society, we imagine, and anything but dressy in their tastes. There were no lectures in those days, remember; no concerts, no Young Men's Christian Associations to make life one long festivity—everything was at a dead level. Probably the only excitements Adam and Eve had were thrashing the children and making them "behave." Whatever sensation Adam may have made among the beasts of the field, the only public movement possible to his active minded wife was to notify all mankind (*i.e.*, little

Cain and Abel) to look out, for Adam was coming! Naturally, Abel, being the baby, the last and therefore the best and dearest, was spared these thrashings and public excitements to a great extent; and so the burden of social responsibility fell upon poor little Cain. Who shall blame him, or wonder at the act, if now and then he indulged in a sly kick at Abel—Abel, the good boy of the family, the "rest of the world," who would not on any account be as naughty and noisy as brother Cain?

Yet who of us can say that any such kick was administered? At that early stage of his existence, the controlling mind of Cain had not yet given way.

It is no light matter to be the first man in a world like this; and Cain certainly was preparing to hold that position. Adam, his father, was created for a purpose. Like Minerva, he sprang into life full grown; therefore, though we may safely consider him as the first human creature, he certainly was not the first man. For how can one be a man who never was a child?

Here we have another argument in favour of Cain. Besides having no bad boys to pattern after, he was under the constant direction of his parents, who certainly, if only from an instinct of self-preservation, would have trained him never to be passionate or cruel, when in his right mind. To be sure they laboured under a peculiar disadvantage. Herbert Spencer himself, coming into the world booted and spurred, with no childhood to look back upon, might have been at a loss how to manage the first boy. We must never forget that there was a time when instinct and reflex action had the start of the doctrine of precedent and law of consequences; when the original "I told you so!" had yet to be uttered. Even the warning example of Cain was denied to the moral advancing of this first boy.

Still the situation had its advantages. There were no fond uncles and aunts, no doting grand-parents to spoil the child and confound the best endeavours of Adam and Eve. Fortunately for the boy, poor Richard's Almanac was yet unwritten; George Washington's little hatchet was never brandished before his infant mind; and Casabianca had not yet struck his attitude on the burning deck. So young Cain was spared a host of discouraging influences. In short, there is every reason to believe that, in spite of depressing conditions and surroundings, he grew up to be at least a better man than his father, who never had any bringing up at all. That he did not kill Abel in his boyhood is proof enough of this. There was discipline somewhere.

And in the name of developed science and Christian charity why not, in considering subsequent events, make due allowance for whatever phrenological excesses the cranium of young Cain may have possessed? An intelligent father of to-day, figuratively speaking, can take his child's head by the forelock. He can detect what is within it, and counteract proclivities. If an ominous bump rise near his baby's ear, he is ready to check combativeness with "Mary had a little lamb," "Children, you should never let," and other tender ditties. In a word, he may take observations from the little mounds of character on his child's head, and so, if he be wise, direct the young life into safe and pleasant places. But Adam knew nothing of phrenology. Nor have we great reason to believe that, if he *had* known of it, he would have discreetly followed its indications. Children are not always cherubs. We all know how the dearest of our little ones sometimes become so "aggravating" as to upset our highest philosophies. Was Adam more than human? Say, rather, he was the fountain-head and source of human passion.

Again, both children were the victims of an abiding privation. They had the natural propensities of childhood. They had teeth, stomach, appetite,—all the conditions, we will say, of cholera infantum, except the one thing for which they secretly yearned—green apples! These of course were not to be had in that house. They were not even allowed to be mentioned in the family. Not once in all their lonely childhood were those children comforted with apples. Think of the possibilities of inherited appetite, and then conceive of the effect of these years of unnatural privation!

Again, who shall question that at times the deepest and most mysterious gloom pervaded that household? Even if Adam and Eve did not confide in their children, their eldest boy must have suspected that something was wrong. *What was it?*—the terrible something to be read, and yet not read, in the averted faces of that doomed pair? They evidently had seen better days. Where? Why? How? What had become of some vague inheritance that Cain felt was his by right? Morning, noon, and night, misty and terrible suspicions haunted his young mind. Night and noon and morning, the mystery revolved and revolved within him. Was this conducive to sanity?

Conceive of the effect of the animals seen in the childrens' daily walks! There were no well-ordered menagerie specimens then, with Barnum or Van Amburgh in the background as a foil against terror. Savage beasts glared and growled and roared at every turn. Whatever geologists may say to the contrary, we must insist that the antediluvian animals did not necessarily antedate Adam. Taking the mildest possible view of the case, the plesiosaurus, pterodactyl, mastodon and megatherium, in their native state, could not have been soothing objects of contemplation to the infant mind.

Well, the boys grew up. But how bleak their young manhood! No patent-leather boots, no swallow-tails, no standing-collars, no billiards, no girls to woo, no fellows to flout! Nothing to do when the farm-work was over and the sheep in for the night, but to look into each other's untrimmed faces with a mute "Confounded dull!" more terrible than raving.

Fathers of to-day, would your own children pass unscathed through such an existence as this? Your little Abels might stand it, but how about your little Cains? Would they not "put a head" on somebody? Would they not become, if not stark, staring mad, at least *non compos mentis?* Gentlemen of the jury, these considerations are not to be lightly passed by.

In judging of Cain, look at the situation. On the one hand, a terrible family mystery, no schools, no churches, no lectures, no society, no amusements, no apples! On the other hand, the whole burden of humanity borne for the first time; paternal discipline; undue phrenological developments: monotonous employment; antediluvian monsters; antediluvian parents, and an antediluvian good brother in whose mouth butter would have remained intact for ages.

Undoubtedly that brother had an exasperating

smile. He was happy because he was virtuous. He had a way of forgiving and forgetting that for a time would deprive the offender of reason itself; above all, he had a cool, collected manner of his own, added to a chronic desire to be an angel. His offerings always fulfilled the conditions. His fires needed only to be lighted, and the smoke was sure to ascend with a satisfied, confident curl far into the sky.

Cain's, on the contrary, refused to burn. We can see it all. The smoke struggled and flopped. It crept along the ground, and, clinging to his feet, wound about him like a serpent. It grew black and angry, shot side-ways into his eyes, blinding and strangling him—

And there stood Abel beside *his* pile, radiant, satisfied, wanting to be an angel!

It was but the work of a moment. The pent-up, disorganizing influences of a life-time found vent in one wild moment of emotional insanity. Abel was no more!

Why dwell upon the tragedy? The world is familiar with its sickening details. We shall not repeat them here, nor shall we question the justice of the punishment that came to Cain,—the remorse, the desolation, the sense of being a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. He had killed his brother, and the penalty must be paid. Sane or insane, a terrible retribution must have overtaken him. But how about his guilt? Would it have been the same in either case? Are hereditary organism, temperamental excitability, emotional phrenzy not to be considered? NO, a thousand times NO! What "competent juror" would acquiesce in such a proposition?

Friends, the time has come when this case must be taken up. Its mighty issues can no longer be set aside. If Cain was not sane at the moment of the killing, the stain of murder must be wiped from his brow now and for ever. This tardy justice may at least be done him. Our children and our children's children must be taught to speak of Cain the manslaughterer; Cain the mentally-excitable; Cain the peculiarly-circumstanced. But Cain the murderer? Never!

A man's own testimony shall not convict or acquit him. But are we not to take into account, as indicative of his state of mind, actions and declarations coincident with the commission of the crime alleged against him? If at or about the time of the fatal deed, there was positive evidence of incoherence—what then? Witness the last recorded words of Cain:

EVERY ONE THAT FINDETH' ME SHALL SLAY ME!

Is this the utterance of a sane mind? *Every* one that findeth me shall slay me? Gentlemen! Cain at this point was not only crazy—he was the craziest man that ever existed. No ordinary lunatic, however preposterous his terrors, expects to be killed more than once. But to this poor creature retribution suddenly assumed a hydra-headed form. His distracted brain, unconscious that Adam was the only other man in the world, instantly created an immense population. He saw himself falling again and again by the strokes of successive assassins, even as Abel had fallen under his hand. His first dazed glimpse of death expanded and intensified into a horror never since conceived by mind of man. His happiness overthrown; his reason a wreck: a prey to fears that stretched before him forever, with no possible hope of final destruction,—the only consolation is that he could not foreknow the merciless verdict of posterity. He did not recognize in himself The First Murderer. Rather than dream of such ignominy as this, was it not better that he should cry out in his ravings: Every one that findeth me shall slay me?

We leave the question to the intelligence and the justice of this faithful and enlightened century.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MIDDLEMARCH: a Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1873.

In a letter to Mr. Forster, Charles Dickens, with a generous appreciation of contemporary genius characteristic of the man, commended earnestly some tales in *Blackwood*, afterwards collected under the title of *Scenes of Clerical Life*. "Do read them," he wrote, "they are the best things I have seen since I began my course." These sketches, put forth tentatively, doubtless, introduced to the public the pseudonym of George Eliot. The nascent power, whose earliest indications attracted the admiration of Dickens, has fulfilled its promise in the brilliant series of novels beginning with *Adam Bede* and closing, for the present, with *Middlemarch*. It is a terrible thing to be a recognized power of any sort now-a-days. Time was when a novelist could conceal his personality, as Sir Walter Scott did, for years without suspicion. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Were Prometheus still chained to Mount Caucasus, instead of a visit from Hercules, he would have an "interview" with a newspaper reporter, hungering for items and ready to serve up the Titan's woes, the state of his liver and the pedigree of the vulture for to-morrow's breakfast. The ramparts of Elsinore, in like manner, would present a more lively appearance than they do upon the stage, if Hamlet, after leaving Horatio and Marcellus, were attended by an efficient *corps* of stenographers, when he "interviews" the Ghost. The chances are that they would speedily worm out of the apparition "the secrets of the prison-house," he refused to disclose to his son. It did not require much critical acumen to discover that the writer of *Adam Bede* was a woman; and, as soon as the authorship was fixed, the gossipers set to work. When George Eliot's biography is written, as it will be in due time, we believe that much light will be thrown upon the peculiar views she entertains on human life. Meanwhile it is not surprising

that "she dislikes to talk about her books," or otherwise indulge the idle curiosity of the Paul Prys of the time.

Our author has been called "The ablest novelist of the age," and the distinction is no doubt a just one; yet, if it be intended as establishing her relative position in the literary world, it seems to us without meaning. Where there is but one star of the first magnitude, comparison with the lesser lights is profitless, and the luminary shines in solitary splendour, with clear, cold beams—apart and alone. With regard to the work before us, considerable difference of opinion prevails as to its position amongst the author's novels. To some critics, *Middlemarch* appears to be her crowning achievement; to others, the early enthusiasm, if we may apply the word in such connection, seems to have died out, or to have been transformed into a cynical discontent with the world, and the institutions of the world. There seems to be part of the truth in both these estimates of *Middlemarch*. There are, doubtless, particular excellencies to be found in one or other of her former works which do not appear so conspicuously here. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the canvas is broader, the figures more numerous, the general plan more elaborately laid and executed, and the finish of the whole more thoroughly artistic than in any of her other works. Moreover, those peculiar features which were the signs of intellectual power, have been evidently matured by time. The searching analysis of character which enables us to read the inmost hearts of her *dramatis personæ* with a clearness we can never attain in the closest intimacy with those around us, seems more incisive and more thorough than before. Within the narrow circle of *Middlemarch* and its vicinity, the scene is constantly shifting, new groups of characters appear, every member of which is submitted to the scalpel, its hidden secrets of character, its moving springs of action laid bare until, however significant in himself or for the purposes of the story, he acquires an individuality which makes him somewhat respectable in the reader's eyes.

It would, of course, be out of the question, within the limits of this notice, to give the most cursory glance at the large number of figures which move in the microcosm of *Middlemarch*. Let us content ourselves with a brief reference to a few of the more prominent characters. Dorothea the heroine, with her sister Celia, who serves as a foil to the high-minded spirituality of the former, occupies the front ground. The mention of her name brings us face to face with the theory upon which the work is founded. Given a young woman with lofty aims, an enthusiastic nature, tinctured with Puritan principles and yearning to fulfil a noble mission in the world, to discover what will be the end of her aspirations, hampered by the false "social morality" of the world, and made the sport of external circumstances. George Eliot replies,—"a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur, ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity." In other words, nobleness of nature, in the world of to-day, stands in imminent danger of shipwreck from the chilling atmosphere in which its lot is cast. George Eliot would say with the poet, "There is a Providence which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may;" but she seems to have lost faith in Providence and substitutes for it society, and its rules and prejudices. According to this gospel, if that term be not a misnomer, man and woman, especially the latter, are the playthings of their surroundings, and their destiny is forecast, not by them, but for them, and often in spite of them. Let us quote a passage: "Any one watching keenly the stealthy convergence of human lots, sees a slow preparation of effects from one life on another, which tells like a calculated irony on the indifference or the frozen stare with which we look upon our unintroduced neighbour. Destiny stands, sarcastic, with our *dramatis personæ* folded in her hand." This sentence appears like a truism somewhat strongly stated; but let us observe the use made of it. Dorothea with that impetuous self-will, which hurried her into the mistakes the author lays at the door of society, encounters a dry-hearted pedantic bachelor of fifty, Edward Casaubon. He is engaged in the study of comparative mythology, and is wasting his energies in the attempt to establish the rather trite position which he evidently supposes to be an original conception of his own—"that all the mythical systems or erratic mythical fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition, originally revealed." Dorothea immediately fancies that the way for her lofty mission lies upon before her. She falls in love with the elderly scholar, learns the Greek characters, so as to be able to read to him, and is betrothed and finally married to him. As might have been anticipated, both parties are disappointed. Her illusions are dispelled, the warmth of her nature chilled, and her idol shattered. His awakening to the sober reality takes the disagreeable form of jealousy, and he becomes as uncomfortable a companion as a conceited head, and a withered, affectionless heart, can make a man. One would think that there was nothing in this first great mistake wherewith to frame an indictment against society. All Miss Brooke's friends opposed the match. Her uncle even, in his feeble, helpless way, remonstrated. Sir James Chettam, afterwards Celia's spouse, although an interested party, honestly opposed the match, rather on Dorothea's account than his own. Celia was astonished at the outrageous proposal, and Mrs. Cadwallader, the quaintest of epigrammatists, was furious at the idea of it. The latter declared that a drop of Casaubon's blood had been examined under a microscope, and was found to "contain nothing but commas and parentheses." Celia in a conversation with the vicar's wife said,—"I am so sorry for Dorothea." "Sorry," said Mrs. C., "It is her doing I suppose." "Yes; she says Mr. Casaubon has a great soul." "With all my heart." "Oh, Mrs. Cadwallader, I don't think it can be nice to marry a man with a great soul." "Well, my dear, take warning. You know the look of one now; when the next comes and wants you to marry him, don't you accept him." "I'm sure," said Celia who had an eye on the good-natured Sir James Chettam, "I'm sure I never should." It seems certain that when these lines were penned, George Eliot had no complaint to make against the "social morality" of the borough of Middlemarch. What more could Dorothea's friends have done, unless they had put strychnine in Casaubon's tea, or prevailed upon Sir James Chettam to carry off the lady, and marry her out of hand? In the Finale, however, in a passage of singular beauty, the author, that she may be true to her theory, is false to her facts. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few sentences. Speaking of the "determining acts" of Dorothea's life, she writes—"They were the mixed result of young and

noble impulse struggling under prosaic conditions. Among the many remarks passed upon her mistakes, it was never said in the neighbourhood of Middlemarch that such mistakes could not have happened, if the society into which she was born *had not smiled on propositions of marriage from a sickly man to a girl less than half his own age*—on modes of education which makes a woman's knowledge another name for motley ignorance—on rules of conduct which are in flat contradiction with its own loudly asserted beliefs. While this is the social air in which mortals begin to breathe, there will be collisions such as those in Dorothea's life, where great feelings will take the aspect of great errors and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it." With the remark on female education we fully agree, and the last sentence contains a truth no one will be likely to deny; but there is ground for complaint that in the author's theory the word "greatly" is exaggerated into "entirely," to the exclusion of human volition and the positive influence of individual character altogether. The first count of the indictment which charges society with the ill-starred marriage is not only not proven, but clearly disproven by the narrative itself.

This discrepancy between fact and comment excepted, the figure of Dorothea is nobly conceived and exquisitely finished. She commands the reader's admiration in spite of her illusions, although it can hardly be said that she wins his love. Her victory over the shallower nature of Rosamond is complete in every respect—and is altogether the most powerful passage in the work. Dorothea's second marriage is also dwelt upon as the unfortunate result of "the meanness of opportunity." Having first married a cold-blooded pedant, "old enough to be her father, in a little more than a twelvemonth after his death she gave up her estate to marry his cousin—young enough to be his son, with no property, and not well-born." Will Ladislaw was a somewhat rash, capricious and petulant young reformer, but this second marriage was one of mutual affection. "They were bound to each other by a love stronger than any impulses which could have marred it." Still the author thinks that a love-match, happy as this one admittedly was, was another mistake. Dorothea's life was necessarily a life of emotion, and her affections were satisfied. But her great ideal was to remain for ever unfulfilled; her personality had been lost in her husband's, and nought remained for her but the activities of domestic life. "Many who knew her thought it a pity that so substantive and rare a creature should have been absorbed into the life of another, and be only known in a certain circle as a wife and mother." Most of our readers, whilst they will differ from the author's reflections on Dorothea's fate, will thank her for leaving her so happy even in the "inferior" position of wife and mother. We are pleased to find a woman so noble in character happy and contented, even under circumstances lowering to her dignity as a high-minded woman. Before leaving Dorothea, we cannot avoid noticing the touch of genius which makes her faithful to the task she undertook on her first marriage. Taking up after Casaubon's death the "Synoptical Tabulation, for the use of Mrs. Casaubon" of his mythological work, she sealed it in an envelope, and inscribed upon it these words:—"I could not use it. Do you not see *now* that I could not submit my soul to yours by working hopelessly at what I have no belief in?" Locking the paper in her desk she showed that "the pity which had been the restraining, compelling motive of her life, still clung about his image, even while she remonstrated with him in indignant thought, and told him he was unjust." Lydgate the surgeon, is a gentleman with an ideal which "the meanness of opportunity" also disappoints. Rosamond Vincy, who became his wife, is, we think, hardly treated by the author. She is held up to our scorn before she has done anything to merit it, and we are expected to hate her at first sight. As the story proceeds, the dark tints are deepened, and we begin to dislike her, though with the vague suspicion that her character has suffered from the prejudices of the chronicler. Mary Garth, the plain girl of the story, is a sweet, good, commonplace little creature, and we are gratified to find that her fate is not marred, as her superior sister's is represented to have been.

Mrs. Cadwallader is a perfect marvel in her way. "The country-side would have been duller," we are told, "if the rector's wife had been less free-spoken and less of a skin-flint." On all social topics, she retained details with the utmost accuracy, "and reproduced them in an excellent pickle of epigrams." To quote all the sparkling bits of humour uttered by this village diplomatist would be to reproduce all the conversations in which she takes part. We laugh heartily with her, but we laugh at Dorothea's uncle, Mr. Brooke, the gentleman "of acquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote," who goes with everybody, and coincides in every proposition "up to a certain point." His election utterances are exceedingly rich. Bulstrode, the philanthropic banker, "who predominated so much in the town, that some called a Methodist, others a hypocrite, according to the resources of their vocabulary," comes to grief, as such men are sure to do in the hands of George Eliot. Then there is Standish, the old lawyer, "who had been so long concerned with the landed gentry that he had become landed himself," and therefore uses oaths properly pertaining to the soil. Mr. Chichely belongs to the same group. His study of the fair sex had proved detrimental to his theology, since he was clearly of opinion that "there ought to be a little of the devil in a woman."

Here our space admonishes us to pause. As we have already remarked *Middlemarch* cannot be surpassed in the delicate art of its construction, and the breadth of delineation shown throughout. George Eliot does not label her characters with a single eccentricity, and expect the reader to recognize them by it, when they turn up in the story. Every figure is conscientiously formed, and laboriously worked out into perceptible shape and proportions. The moral tone of the work is of the highest kind, as it is in all the author's works. The undertone which runs through the whole is melancholy, but the sadness is not often obtruded. The author is too great a master of the art to fail in the distribution of light and shade.

Still we must confess the conclusions to which we are invited are disappointing and unsatisfactory, not to say repulsive. A theory which at once ignores God's guidance and man's will in the affairs of life is a cheerless creed even for genius to work with. We can well rejoice that so powerful a champion of woman's just claims to a higher culture and nobler opportunities has arisen. But when she tells us that "the Supreme Power" has fashioned woman's

nature, "with inconvenient indefiniteness," our sympathy begins to falter in the blackness and darkness around us. The complaint has been made that George Eliot lacks enthusiasm, as if enthusiasm were possible with such a view of human life. Strive as she may to deck the barren rocks of her creed with creeping plants and flowers, the bloom and the verdure but scantly cover the sharp angles of the hard and callous mass beneath. This is not a gospel to regenerate the world; it is the realistic outgrowth in art of utilitarian ethics and sensational philosophy—the yearning and groping of a transition period struggling in darkness—the stretching forth of longing arms to welcome the dawning of the coming day.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Intellectual Life," is the title of Mr. P. G. Hamerton's new book. This author's previous volume, "Thoughts about Art," was received with great favour, and, we doubt not, the present work, which takes the form of a series of ideal letters addressed to literary aspirants and others, will be equally acceptable.

A reprint is announced of a rather remarkable book on political philosophy, viz., "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C., which has been recently issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

The same publishers announce Mr. Robert Browning's new poem, which bears the unpoetical title of "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country; or, Turf and Towers."

The press, of late, has been prolific of works of theological enquiry and speculation. Of these publications a few may be enumerated, as indicating the drift of contemporary thought:—Prominent in the list is the recent work of Dr. David Strauss, "The Old Belief and the New," which has called forth the denunciations of Mr. Gladstone, though in the midst of political excitement. "Literature and Dogma; an Essay towards a better apprehension of the Bible," by Mr. Matthew Arnold, is at present exciting the hostility of orthodox critics. Mr. W. R. Greg's "Enigmas of Life," is attracting many readers. "Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, is suggestive of the critical enquiry of the age. "The Theory of Prayer, with special reference to Modern Thought," by the Rev. W. H. Karslake, is timely in its discussion of a subject which Prof. Tyndall led off in. "Faith and Free Thought," the Christian Evidence Society Lectures; "The Scientific Bases of Faith," by Mr. J. J. Murphy; "Blending Lights, Natural Science and the Bible," by the Rev. W. Fraser, are other recent works in this department.

A new work by Mr. Darwin is announced under the title of "The Evil Effect of Inter-breeding in the Vegetable Kingdom."

Messrs. Routledge & Sons, who have become the proprietors of all the works of the late Lord Lytton, are about to issue an entirely new edition of them, in uniform monthly volumes.

A new work entitled, "White Rose and Red," is announced, by the author of "Saint Abe and his Seven Wives."

Canadian publications continue to claim attention. The Messrs. Campbell issue an interesting and profusely illustrated volume of a thoroughly national character. It bears the title of "Ocean to Ocean," —the narrative of Mr. Sandford Fleming's expedition across the Continent, in the Pacific Railway Survey Mission. The work is edited by the Rev. Geo. M. Grant, of Halifax, the Secretary to the Expedition; and we trust to be able to notice it more fully in our next issue.

Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. supplement the service they have just rendered to native novel readers, in the publication of Lord Lytton's recent story, "Kenelm Chillingly," by issuing Mr. Wilkie Collin's latest novel, "The New Magdalen."

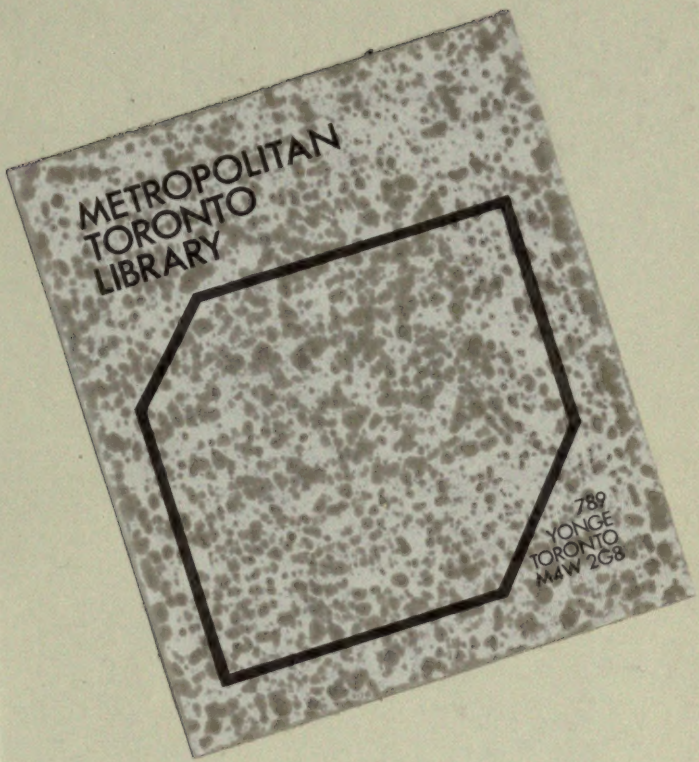
Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. publish their handsome "Punshon Memorial Volume"—the Lectures and Sermons of the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, D.D., issued by arrangement with the author. The volume, which is meeting with an extensive sale, is *par excellence*, the most artistic effort in native publishing which has appeared in Canada. Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. are the printers and binders of the volume. "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," by H. H.—a suggestive work on home education which should find a place in every Canadian household; and a new work from the pen of the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, entitled "Questions of the Day," are among the current issues of this firm. The Rev. Dr. Scadding's long expectant and important volume of local history, "Toronto of Old," is to be immediately issued by this house, which has also just issued Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin's Lecture, in reply to the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, on "British *versus* American Civilization."

Dr. A. M. Ross, Toronto, has issued a supplemental volume to his useful and attractive little work on Canadian Birds, lately published by Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchison. The present production is a handbook of the "Butterflies and Moths of Canada," described from specimens represented in the authors collection. The work is tastefully illustrated, and commends itself to all lovers of native entomology.

Messrs. Dawson Bros. of Montreal, have completed their series of School Histories of Canada, by the Deputy Minister of Education for Quebec, H. H. Miles, M. A., LL.D. It consists of three works —"A Child's History for Elementary Schools," "A School History for the Model Schools," and "An Advanced History for Superior Schools, and intended also to serve as a general reader in French Schools." The series has been prepared with great care, and is calculated to stimulate a taste for the study of our native history.

Messrs. Lancefield Brothers, Hamilton, have issued a *mélange* of prose and poetry from the pen of a native poet, Mr. J. R. Ramsay. The contents are varied in character, and principally concern themselves with Canadian subjects.

GIC
REF
CIR
SR
REF
CIR


METROPOLITAN
TORONTO
LIBRARY
789
YONGE
TORONTO
M4W 2G8